

FRASER'S
M A G A Z I N E

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. VI.

AUGUST TO DECEMBER, 1832.

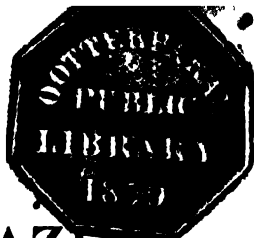
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IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

11289

26.10.76

LONDON: •

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

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No. XXXI.

AUGUST, 1832.

VOL. VI.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GENTLEWOMAN.

THIS paper, the first of a series, belongs to a class of literature which has hitherto been almost exclusively French. We, no doubt, have had several valuable autobiographies of statesmen, and of individuals distinguished in their day; but the easy, light, court gossip has been alone cultivated with taste and spirit by our lively neighbours. We have, therefore, great pleasure in presenting our readers with a species of publication at once interesting, agreeable, and almost new to the English language. Our satisfaction, however, is not so much derived from the work itself, as from the example and excitement it may produce, and the consequences to which it may lead. The last fifty years has been one of the most remarkable periods in history; and the internal tranquillity which Great Britain has enjoyed, during the convulsion of the terrible events which will ever render it memorable, makes it desirable that those who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the private history of public events may be induced to imitate our fair correspondent in giving their reminiscences to the world.

No. I.

MADAME DU BARRI.

Few persons besides myself are, I believe, now in existence who were acquainted with Madame du Barri during her residence in England, or who knew the reasons which induced her, by adopting the fatal resolution of returning to France, to rush upon her own destruction. Curiosity is ever on the watch to seize the most trivial particulars respecting persons who have played so conspicuous a part in the great theatre of life as Madame du Barri; and although I have no inclination to appear before the public as an authoress, yet I think it would be churlish to withhold from my own particular friends, who wish for further information, such as it is in my power to give, and may be gratifying to them. I do this the more readily, because it will place the character of Madame du Barri in a

new light:—it cannot veil the depravity of her early life; but I hope and trust that the tenderness of heart which she displayed, her noble sacrifice of all self-consideration, even to depriving herself of the slender means of subsistence which she had secured in the English funds, to relieve the necessities, and restore to liberty the grandson of Louis XV., may operate favourably in her behalf in the breasts of her fellow-mortals.

It is necessary that I should begin by stating the circumstances which led to my acquaintance with a woman whose society, when at her highest exaltation, was not likely to be sought by any Englishwoman tenacious of her reputation; and who, after the death of her royal lover, was shunned by many less rigid Frenchwomen, who

had not scrupled to court her with servile adulation, and had largely profited by the exertion of her interest, whilst she held sovereign sway in the heart of Louis XV.

When Monsieur de Calonne was dismissed, in 1783, from the office of comptroller-general of the finances and prime minister of France, he came immediately to England, and very soon after received, in a house which he had taken in Piccadilly, a French lady of very high birth, aunt to the Prince de Talleyrand, with her son and his wife; whose sister, having married a relation of my father, of a noble English family, an old and intimate friend of my mother and myself, it followed, of course, that we should shew every possible attention to these foreigners. They passed the winter in London; and, as we had an almost daily intercourse with them, a great intimacy ensued, in which Monsieur de Calonne was included.

Some months afterwards, in July 1783, I was at M****n, with my aunt Lady C****, when I learnt the marriage of Monsieur de Calonne with the rich widow of Mons. d'Hervilly, treasurer of France, and that that they were at Bath, within a morning's drive of M****n. My aunt accompanied me to make the wedding-visit, invited them, and the friends staying with them, (three pretty Frenchwomen and Monsieur de Calonne's nephew), to M****n, where they were superbly entertained; and we went with them the next day to S*****d, where they were agreeably surprised with a very pretty impromptu fête.

These civilities made an impression upon the mind of Madame de Calonne which never was effaced; and not having an opportunity of making any acknowledgment to Lord and Lady C**** (who did not come to London), her gratitude devolved wholly upon me. She soon became warmly attached to me, treated me in all matters which related to herself with unreserved confidence, and reposed as much in me, as to other things entrusted to her, as she could without a breach of faith. Madame de Calonne was not easy if she did not see me every day; whatever company they had, I was asked to be of the party; and nothing was omitted that could tend to prove the warmth and sincerity of her affection for me. Our regard for each other was mutual; and, notwithstanding the

disparity of our ages, continued without interruption or abatement to the moment of her leaving England.

One evening that I was sitting *à-tête-à-tête* with Madame de Calonne in her boudoir, a servant announced that a Mr. Froth, or Forth, (or some such name,) was below. Madame ordered him to be shewn up stairs; and then told me that he was the *homme d'affaire* employed for the recovery of Madame du Barri's jewels, and beautiful miniatures by Petitot, stolen from her country house of Lucienne. It was the first time that Madame de Calonne had ever mentioned the name of Madame du Barri to me; consequently, I was surprised to find that there was sufficient intimacy between them to engage Madame de Calonne to take any interest in her concerns; but the entrance of Mr. Froth suspended my inquiries. I learnt from their conversation that Madame de Calonne was consulted as a friend, upon whose good offices Madame du Barri relied, and that the presence of the latter in England was immediately necessary to identify and put her in possession of such part of the stolen property as had been discovered. As soon as the man took his leave, I hastened to express my desire for further information, and was then told that Mons. d'Hervilly (Madame de Calonne's first husband) had, in consequence of his situation of treasurer of France, been in the habit of constant communication with Madame du Barri during her reign of *maitresse en titre* to Louis XV. The acquaintance had been kept up after the death of the king, and to the end of Mons. d'Hervilly's life, who was also intimate with Madame du Barri's friend, the Duc d'Aiguillon.

Very shortly after this, Madame du Barri arrived in England. No sooner was this known to Madame de Calonne, than she told me that she felt it her duty to guard against my becoming acquainted with a woman of such ill fame, and also to ensure herself against the censure which would be cast upon her for introducing Madame du Barri to me. She had therefore given orders to her coachman to be always in readiness to get the carriage for me whenever I happened to be at her house when Madame du Barri called; in the meantime I would remain in the boudoir or the library, and the countess be shewn into another room. This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory

to me, but no occasion offered of putting it in practice. At one of their earliest meetings, Madame du Barri asked Madame de Calonne after her friend Miss M*****n, whom she hoped to know. Madame de Calonne parried this proposal by answering, that I did not like going into company, especially of strangers, on account of the illness of my aunt, the Dowager Lady G****y. Madame du Barri, however, was not so easily put off; and every time she saw Madame de Calonne the inquiry was repeated, but still the same reply was given. And when the Duchess of D*****e was earnestly begging Madame de Calonne to have a party, and invite Madame du Barri, whom she wished much to see, having been disappointed when asked to meet her at a supper of the Duchesse de Luynes at Paris, something having occurred to prevent Madame du Barri's being there. Madame de Calonne, with great propriety, said, "No, my dear duchess, I cannot ask any person to my house to be looked at like a cow with two heads. If I may tell Madame du Barri that you wish for her acquaintance, and will visit her after meeting her here, I will in that case make a party as you desire—but not else." The duchess, turning to me, said, that she envied me, for I had seen her of course. "No, indeed, my dear duchess," again said Madame de Calonne, "Miss M*****n has not seen her; neither shall she see her in my house, unless you, or some English lady of high character, as well as of high rank, take notice of Madame du Barri." The duchess readily promised to accede to these terms; but one thing or other happened to postpone the party from time to time, and it never took place.

The winter passed away without my seeing Madame du Barri; but, in the meanwhile, I heard constantly from Madame de Calonne of Madame du Barri; and, among other things, she assured me, to my great astonishment, that, if happily a counter-revolution could be effected, Madame du Barri was to be received publicly at court by the King and Queen of France, with every mark of high favour; that already she had rendered essential services to the king and queen; that by both, particularly by the queen, she was held in esteem, and confidentially relied upon as the firm supporter of themselves,

and of the royal family, to the utmost extent of her ability. Both the king and the queen regretted the treatment which Madame du Barri had received immediately upon the death of Louis XV., and wished to make what reparation they could to her for it. Madame de Calonne repeatedly told me that she knew all this to be true, beyond the possibility of doubt; but was not at liberty to divulge by what means it had come to her knowledge.

Early in the spring of 1792, Madame de Calonne informed me that she was vexed at the pertinacity with which Madame du Barri adhered to her desire of seeing me; and Lady G****y having died in January, she had no longer that excuse to make for my unwillingness to go into company. Madame du Barri went so far as to say, upon receiving another refusal, "I believe, after all, that you are ashamed of producing this Mlle. M*****n, *tant vanté*;" which drew forth a most flattering and affectionate reply from my friend on my behalf. At last Madame de Calonne announced to me, that she thought she might now satisfy the longing of Madame du Barri, and my own curiosity (which was somewhat excited), without compromising either me or herself, as Lady H*****e, the very intimate friend and constant companion of Queen Charlotte—by far the most rigid and uncompromising, not only among females of high rank, but of almost any rank in the kingdom—had made it her particular request to have Madame du Barri invited to meet her, at Madame de Calonne's, not in a party. Myself being the only female to be admitted, and that sanctioned by the presence of the queen's favourite lady of the bedchamber, she defied any person to dare cast any reflection either upon me or upon herself. Lady H*****e was etiquette and formality personified; and as an introduction in her presence to Madame du Barri might make me uncomfortable, Madame de Calonne proposed that it should take place a day or two before the evening meeting. Madame du Barri was to call upon a day fixed, to take Madame de Calonne to dinner in the country at an early hour, and Madame de Calonne would desire her to alight, and be introduced to me, whilst she (Mad. de C.) was making ready to accompany her. I accordingly breakfasted with Madame de Calonne, and then went into the

bow-window room, looking into Hyde Park, to await the coming of Madame du Barri. When the thundering knocker proclaimed her arrival, I stepped out of the side window upon the balcony, that I might not shew any anxiety to become acquainted with this once great, but now fallen, frail one; revolving in my mind how I should comport myself towards her, to mark my indifference, without any want of civility. I had not long to wait. In a few minutes the door opened, and Madame de Calonne (who had gone to the top of the stairs to meet and prepare her for the rencontre) entered, followed by Madame du Barri, in a white muslin dress, a white chip hat with sky-blue ribands, a light walking-stick dangling from her wrist—prettily and simply dressed, without any ornament, without any appearance whatever of display or pretension. I stood unmoved, leaning one arm upon the balcony, whilst Madame du Barri advanced with a slow and steady pace, her head and body flung back, with something like an assumption of regal dignity. Madame de Calonne hurried forward, saying, that Madame du Barri, who was quite *empressé* to be acquainted with me, had got out of her carriage solely for that purpose; and taking hold of my hand, as I stepped over the window, presented us to each other. A few short sentences passed between us; we only sat down whilst Madame de Calonne put on her cloak, and then separated. As the room was more than forty feet long, I had leisure to make my observations upon the countess, without changing my position, till she was quite near me. I thought her still very handsome, although the bloom of youth had long been departed. She was fair; and her skin had a transparency, a cleanliness, which was really beautiful. Her features were well formed, her eyes blue, with a profusion of light brown hair. She was scarcely the middle height, and her figure too much *embonpoint* for beauty. Her countenance I thought very prepossessing—it bespoke good nature and benevolence; and every thing I heard of her gave me reason to believe that she in reality possessed those qualities; for never during her prosperity—I may say, during her reign—was she known to act contrary to their dictates, or to do a harsh or unkind thing; but many were the acts of pure benevolence which

she performed: she did good whenever it was in her power.

Lady H***** met Madame du Barri at Madame de Calonne's, as she had proposed, the Rev. Mr. Dutens (*le voyageur qui se repose*) and myself the only other persons present, besides our hostess. Mr. Dutens chattered as usual. Lady H***** was scrupulously polite to Madame du Barri, but with a certain degree of reserve; with me she was previously acquainted, and had distinguished me in a very flattering manner. The evening passed very agreeably. I have since been almost convinced that Lady H***** had requested to pass an evening in company with Madame du Barri, not for the gratification of her own curiosity, but for that of her royal master and mistress; for it is well known that George III. was eager to learn all the chat-chat and gossip of London; and even I have been asked for information upon particular points by one of the chief noblemen belonging to the royal household, and living in great familiarity with the king and queen. From that time I never saw Madame du Barri at the house of Madame de Calonne, who left England early in the summer to join her husband, then with the French princes at Coblenz. I left my card for her at Græmer's, when I knew she was from home, and only met her twice accidentally at Ranelagh. She had, however, succeeded in finding many persons willing to associate with her, particularly Lady B***** (Albina): they were frequently together at public places, and with parties into the country, and lived in great intimacy.

Soon after the departure of Madame de Calonne, a friend of mine, who often visited Madame du Barri, told me that she absolutely tormented him to bring messages to me. I entreated him to line doing so; and assured him that it would displease me excessively, and he readily complied with my injunctions. But, at the end of three weeks from Madame de Calonne's leaving London, a servant, who had lived with her as her own footman, and was much in her favour, begged leave to speak to me. I concluded that he wanted me to recommend him to a place, and accordingly admitted him. I was, however, mistaken. The man told me that he was in the service of Madame

du Barri, who had sent him, with an earnest request that I would allow her to wait upon me, to inquire after Madame de Calonne, from whom she had expected a letter, but had been disappointed; and being in total ignorance respecting my friend, and unable to obtain any private intelligence relative to the King and Queen of France, she was in such a state of misery, that she hoped I would not refuse receiving her, and allowing her to talk with me upon the subject which wholly occupied her mind. I could not resist this appeal to my feelings, and Madame du Barri came to me the next day. She spoke of Madame de Calonne in terms of high respect and esteem, and of the poor king and queen with so much enthusiasm, such complete devotedness, shedding at the same time a torrent of tears, that she quite affected my mother, as well as myself. Whilst Madame de Calonne remained in London, Madame du Barri had heard constantly of the king and queen, by means of a correspondence carried on between me and a medical man attached to the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.) * The subject-matter of my letters was furnished by Madame de Calonne. She owned to me that "my son Charles," the constant object of my pretended maternal solicitude was the Comte d'Artois; but who was meant by "mi lord, mon mari," she did not tell me, and I thought it would not be delicate to inquire, although I conveyed the sentiments and much advice from his supposed papa. All the answers were directed to me. I read them, and then sent them to Madame de Calonne; and have much reason to believe, that not only was the whole correspondence submitted to Mr. B***c, but also that some parts of the letters which I wrote were of his dictation. As this communication had ceased upon Madame de Calonne's departure for Coblenz, and as Madame du Barri had no other channel through which she could hear direct from France, the state of suspense she was in rendered her very miserable.

In due time I returned the visit of

the countess at a house she had taken in Orchard Street. She was in the bath when I arrived, and came to me so speedily, that it was evident she had not lost much time in making her toilette. She did not, to be sure, appear before me exactly like another Venus rising from the sea, but she was as lightly clad as she could with decency present herself to the eyes of a modest woman. Madame du Barri was *en chemise*, which, as I had been informed by Madame de Calonne, was bordered with lace; she wore also a very short petticoat of cambric muslin, and a *peignoir* of the same material, trimmed with lace—no cap—and her luxuriant tresses negligently, but gracefully, fastened with a comb. Altogether I thought her infinitely handsomer than she had ever before appeared to me. The form of her bust, and of her arms was strikingly beautiful; and her skin so fair, so smooth, and so clean-looking, that she was really *éblouissante*. She expressed herself delighted at my visiting her; and when she began upon the (to her) all engrossing subject of the King and Queen of France, her anxiety for their safety was extreme.

More than three months elapsed before I again saw Madame du Barri, but I heard of her continually from some of my friends who were acquainted with her, and from the Abbé Sabatier de Cabre,* who had been especially recommended to me by Monsieur de Calonne when he returned to England for a short time after the departure of Madame de Calonne; and on the eve of his again leaving England, made it his particular request, in the name of Madame de Calonne, as well as in his own, that my mother would receive the abbé as a person in whom they took the strongest interest; and, in consequence, the abbé visited us regularly every evening—usually dividing his time between my mother's house and that of Madame du Barri's, from whom he brought me frequent messages and pressing invitations to visit her. She had removed to a small house in Bruton Street, and seldom went from home, having given shelter

* The Abbé Sabatier Cabre was one of the *conseillers au parlement*, exiled at the same time as the Duc d'Orleans, for refusing to register an *édit du roi*. The duke was ordered to Villers Coterets; the Abbé Sabatier was exiled to the Mont St. Michel, where, as his only beverage was water, and the water at Mont St. Michel was very bad and unwholesome, he was near dying, but persisted in not petitioning for his release, which the king granted, unsolicited, on hearing of his illness.

under her roof to the Duchesse de Brancas and the Duchesse de Mortemart, both of the high noblesse; and, by her benevolence to them, incurred a load of expense which ill accorded with the very limited state of her own finances. Towards the Duchesse de Brancas Madame du Barri was solely actuated by her own generous feelings; and although her attachment to the Duc de Brissac operated, I have no doubt, in favour of his daughter, the Duchesse de Mortemart, yet such I believe to have been the noble sentiments which filled the breast of this unhappy woman—such incontrovertible proof did she give of genuine good feeling—that I am persuaded the circumstances under which the Duchesse de Mortemart reached England would have been sufficient, without any additional motive, to have produced the tenderest sympathy in Madame du Barri, and the exertion of her utmost efforts to alleviate the Duchesse de Mortemart's distress.

This lady was the daughter, I believe the only child, of the Duc de Brissac, governor of Paris, and mentioned in the memoirs of Madame du Barri as Duc de Copé. He was, in fact, her lover; a mutual and strong attachment subsisted between them at the time of Madame du B.'s quitting France. The Duc was murdered (8th of Sept. 1792) in one of the dreadful tumults of that sanguinary period. The savages, having cut off his head, and divided his body into quarters, fixing each upon a pike, set out for the duke's château in one of the provinces, for the express purpose of presenting his mangled remains to his daughter, who, in the absence of her husband, the son and heir of the Duc d'Harcourt, had taken refuge with her young children under her paternal roof. Luckily, some person who got knowledge of the route this horde of barbarians had taken, and their inhuman intentions respecting the duchess, found means to give her notice, and urge the necessity of immediate flight. She succeeded in making her escape, carrying one child in her arms and holding another by the hand—reached the sea-coast—and finally arrived safely in England, where, as I have already related, she was received in the house of Madame du Barri with every attention and respect that affection could dictate.

It was not till after receiving many

invitations that I at last fixed an evening for visiting Madame du Barri. This was in January 1793. I found in her drawing-room the Duchesses of Brancas and of Mortemart, and Miss V***, daughter of Lady Harriet V***, and maid of honour to the Queen; the Prince de Poix, and his son Charles de Noailles; Monsieur Bertrand de Molleville, the Abbé Sabatier Cabre, two or three other Frenchmen, and Mr. H*****, of P****, whose daughter and heiress married the Marquess Amadée d'Harcourt.

I had chosen an unlucky time for making my visit: Madame du Barri and her French friends were awaiting, in trembling anxiety, for an account of the trial of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—not that a shadow of hope could be reasonably entertained of any favourable result from a tribunal composed of such persons as those who were to pronounce judgment upon him. It was the confirmation of their fears that they had to dread; and when the newsman's horn, followed by the cry of "Bloody news! bloody news!" struck their ears, it had an instantaneous and distressing effect—a simultaneous burst of feeling, the ladies as well as the gentlemen all screaming, at the same moment, for "*la Gazette! la Gazette!*" and uttering exclamations of despair—of despair vehemently expressed. The bell was hastily rung, and before the servant had half opened the door, the cry of "*La Gazette! la Gazette!*" giving him notice of the impatience of his mistress and her friends for the newspaper, he quickly reappeared with it in his hand. But here a difficulty arose: it was in English, and not one of the Frenchmen possessed sufficient knowledge of the language to translate it aloud. In a moment, I was assailed on every side to read it to the company. At any time this would have been a difficult and disagreeable task to me: diffident by nature, shrinking from any sort of exhibition, and even to entering a room alone: I was quite dismayed at the proposal. If the company present, I was only acquainted with Madame du Barri, the Prince de Poix and his son Charles de Noailles, and the Abbé Sabatier; the rest, with the exception of Miss V****, were total strangers, whom I had never beheld before that night. Deeply interested for their unhappy king, in whose fate their own was in a

great measure involved, and, of course, in the most painful state of anxiety, I felt distressed almost to tears, and sorely repented having yielded to the urgency of Madame du Barri's invitation. I entreated Mr. H***** to read the newspaper, assuring him that I never in my life had courage to attempt translating, except upon paper. But no excuse would be admitted. The Prince de Poix, Monsieur Bertrand de Molleville, and the Abbé, almost upon their knees, implored me to put an end to their dreadful suspense. The females joined in the clamour, till at last I found myself almost compelled to begin, although nearly choking with trepidation.

Never, never can the scene be effaced from my memory! Every sentence I uttered planted a dagger into the heart of my auditors. English people would have vented their lamentations in sighs and tears;—not so the French: their worst anticipations were become certainties; every hope for the life of their sovereign was extinct; and the most direful apprehensions respecting their friends and relatives who remained in France, combined with the loss of their own property, formed such an accumulated mass of misery and horrible forebodings as called forth loud and violent expressions of distress—men as well as women shedding tears—Madame du Barri far beyond the others, and my own flowing with them. Such was the scene! As soon as I had concluded the very disagreeable task imposed upon me, I hastened to make my exit, but not till I had been loaded with the thanks of the French. Madame du Barri was in a truly pitiable state—the very image of woe, with the tears still coursing down her cheeks. She affected me so much, that I resolved against ever again putting myself in the way of witnessing such another melancholy scene. I dreaded seeing Madame du Barri, and contented myself with inquiring after her. We never met again; and it was from the Abbé Sabatier, who continued his regular visits every evening to us and to Madame du B., that I heard of her, and of the circumstances which forced her to return secretly to France, in the hope of remaining there concealed until she could by stealth obtain some portion of her property.

I have already stated that Madame du Barri was obliged to come to Eng-

land to identify the jewels and other property stolen from Lucienne; but she never recovered the whole, and only received restitution of about eight thousand pounds, which she placed in the English funds. She brought, also, some property with her from France, but the exact amount I never heard: altogether it afforded her a very scanty income.

Some months after the death of Louis XVI., Madame du Barri learnt that his brother Monsieur, and the Comte d'Artois, who were then at Ham in Germany, were under arrest for the sum of either four or five thousand pounds. They were not put into prison, but each was accompanied, by night and by day, by a soldier, who was responsible for the safe custody of his prisoner, and who never lost sight of him for a minute. They were allowed to walk about the town, each with his guard, but upon no account to leave it, even for a temporary excursion. On receiving this intelligence, Madame du Barri became almost frantic, and, without an instant of hesitation, declared that she would pay the money and restore the two princes to liberty. It was in vain that her friends remonstrated, and represented that if she sold so large a sum out of the funds, she would not leave herself wherewithal to purchase bread. "What," she said, "if she did give up all she had in the funds, and left herself penniless, was it not her duty to do it? Did she not derive it all from the bounty of their grandfather? and what right had she to retain it for her use, whilst his grandchildren were suffering the degradation of being under arrest for debt?"

Who that possesses one grain of honourable feeling can refuse the tribute of applause to such just, such noble sentiments? What more could have been expected from the highest born, the best educated woman? They were not mere words; she carried them into effect without loss of time, and thus put the stamp upon her sincerity, and gave incontrovertible proof of the genuine goodness of her heart. Her friends continued their efforts to dissuade her from ruining herself, without doing any permanent service to the royal objects of her solicitude; but no arguments were of avail. Faithful to her resolve, she sold out of the stocks the sum necessary to liberate the two princes, and sent it to them.

To obtain, if possible, some provision for her future support, became her next consideration. She still had a great quantity of plate and other articles of great value concealed at Lucienne, and her own good feelings would not allow her for one moment to doubt of the attachment of Zamore, the negro whom she had educated, and on whom Louis XV. and herself had been lavish of their bounty, the king making him governor of Lucienne, with a salary annexed. She deemed herself secure of his assistance if she could see him, and accordingly devised the means of getting into France and remaining there, known only to one or two persons upon whom she could entirely rely. Her plan succeeded perfectly; — she reached her destination unsuspected and in safety, but she did not dare to approach Lucienne. She therefore sent for Zamore, treated him with her usual kindness, and, flinging herself upon his gratitude for all the benefits he had derived from her and from Louis XV. through her means, she confided to him every secret concerning the valuables that remained at Lucienne, and implored him to prove his sense of the obligations he owed to the memory of the king, and to herself personally, by aiding her in getting away so much of her own property as could be done by stealth, and furnish her with the means of returning to England, and ending her days there in retirement and peace.

Zamore promised compliance; and having obtained from her the fullest information upon every point necessary to the fulfilment of her wishes, he hastened to the National Convention—denounced his benefactress—laid open her offer to him, her place of concealment, and the means of securing her person and putting her under arrest. She received as a reward a very considerable part of her property, and then left her to her fate.

The account of Madame du Barri's death, as given in the Preface to her memoirs, is the same as it was related to me. She ran about the scaffold, screaming and impotently struggling to escape from the hands of the executioners, who at last by force compelled her to submit. A Chevalier Lorenzi, who accompanied her to England, and acted as her écuyer, was also mentioned, but whether on account of having assisted her, I never heard.

I am very ready to believe that the memoirs published under the name of Madame du Barri are compiled from authentic documents; but I very much doubt their having been written by herself, and for this reason: one very remarkable circumstance is omitted, which Madame de Calonne told me, and repeated several times in my presence, as a fact well known to herself. It was of a nature not to be passed over in silence, there being nothing in it that required concealment; and if, in truth, she was in the habit of writing to a confidential friend every passing event, she could not have failed giving him the entertainment this anecdote was likely to produce.

The enmity Madame du Barri and the Duc de Choiseul had against each other is too well known by every person acquainted with the history of the court of France during the reign of Louis XV. to need repetition here. As the death of the king put an end to their rivalry, and struggles for power over his mind, so ought to have ended their enmity. The duke wished to see and converse with this celebrated woman; and some overtures to that effect were made to her, at his request, but were firmly resisted by Madame du Barri; and his friends seemed to importune her; but the duke, whose heart was much set upon having this interview, bethought himself of a stratagem, which succeeded in bringing them together, although not in effecting anything like a reconciliation between them. The Duc de Choiseul was said to bear some resemblance in his person to Lord N***h, the prime minister of England; and upon this resemblance the duke founded his hope of getting admittance to the countess, and enjoying with her a conversation which he was well aware she would not grant to him in his own character. The first step was to mention casually, in her presence, but not addressed to herself, that Lord N***h intended visiting Paris. The bait was swallowed with avidity: Madame du Barri was eager to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. In due time, Lord N***h's intention was spoken of with certainty, and as likely to take place immediately. Madame du Barri repeated her great desire to receive a visit from him, and the friend promised to use his endeavours to accomplish her wish. At last Lord N***h's arrival in Paris

was announced to the countess, all preliminary steps for their introduction to each other properly arranged, the day and hour fixed, and Madame du Barri prepared to receive his lordship, and anticipating prodigious pleasure in talking over the period of her life when she had, by her unbounded influence over the king, exercised the power in all affairs of state. The English premier was received with all the distinction due to his rank. Madame du Barri, delighted at his attention in visiting her in her fallen state, put forth all her power of pleasing, and they soon fell into the conversation earnestly wished for by both. Madame du Barri had been told that Lord North spoke French like a native; there was nothing, therefore, to surprise her in the fluency with which he carried on his part of the conversation, and all went on smoothly and satisfactorily, till, unluckily, in some matter of state appertaining to France, Lord North betrayed a knowledge scarce possible to have been possessed by an English minister. In a moment the truth flashed upon Madame du Barri;

she detected the trick that had been put upon her, became outrageous, refused to speak to the duke, reproached the person who had introduced him for betraying her, and was for some time deaf to all endeavours to appease her. At length, however, a truce was concluded; but she could not be prevailed upon to enter any further upon the affairs in which they had been opposed to each other; they had touched her too nearly: the king's infatuation had led her to expect that he would have followed the example of his great grandfather, and place her in the same elevated situation that Madame de Maintenon had held. The duke had, by every possible means, endeavoured to prevent this degrading, this disgraceful union; but however wisely and honourably he had acted in this business, it cannot be wondered if Madame du Barri, still smarting under the treatment she received, immediately after the death of the king, could not forget, and cordially converse with the person to whom she chiefly attributed the disappointment of her high-raised hopes.

DOCTOR O'GORMAN.

Now listen, one and all of you, and I shall tell you about the illness of poor little Dennis, who was cured of his rheumatics by good ould Doctor O'Gorman, who lives down in Dublin, in the middle of the town, just alongside of the great chapel, where Father O'Connel spounds and splains, and says mass, and what not, for the good of our souls. Here's a health to his reverence, and may he live for ever and ever!

Och! an' it was poor, dear little Dennis was taken ill of that there complaint the doctors call the rheumatics — may St. Patrick drown them in the bog of Allen for inventing such a disaise to trouble honest people with! I cannot tell you how he caught it, tho' his mother — my wife Judy that is — always swore it was bekaise of drinking too much poteen; but I don't believe none of this nonsense, for (poor dear innocent!) he never drank above three glasses at a time all his life, seeing as how he was but a child, not turned of six till the next Michaelmas. Be that as it may, he caught the rheumatics, and plaguy ill he was with them, as you will hear by and by.

It was lamentable to see him, poor, sweet sowl, how he tossed in bed, and pointed to his joints, and called all the saints to his assistance; but devil a saint would come! his bawling was of no use; and if Father O'Connel himself had been present, the matter would not have been mended. At last, after suffering a woundy deal, and kicking up such a row as never was heard of, he called me aside to him, and axed for a glass of whiskey.

"Can't you give me a stiff caulker?" says he; "it's of no use to be lying blubbering here, when a thimblefull of neat poteen will cure me."

"Och, my sweet honey!" said I to him, "that's impossible. Didn't Dr. O'Reilly say you were not to taste a single drop of the cratur till you got quite well?"

"Doctor O'Reilly is an ass," said he, "and I don't value him a frosted potatoe."

"And didn't your mother say how you got your rheumatics by drinking too much poteen?"

"My mother is an ass too!" cried the dear darling. "Can't you give me what I want?"

"Indeed I won't, Dennis—that's flat!" says I.

"Then you're a greater ass than either. May the ould enemy run away with the whole of you! Ochou! I'm a poor, dear, unhappy tortured child, and when I'm dead I'll swear that you kilt me—indeed I will!" And here Dennis began to weep bitterly, bekaise he could get no more whiskey; and his mother wept, and so did Doctor O'Reilly, and so did aunt Dorothy and uncle O'Leary, and so did I. We were all weeping like Rachel for her children: and were there not good raisins for it, seeing as how Dennis said we would be the death of him?—a pitiful case! And so we sat weeping and wailing; for our hearts were as soft as butter in the month of July; and thof we could not give the poor innocent what he wanted, we loved him—indeed we did—better than ever.

In this mah'ral bamboozlement, and whin the child was like to slip out of our fingers, like a pinch of rappee or the snuff of a candle, we were visited by ould Doctor O'Gorman, the famous Dublin physician—him that waits on the great folks at the castle, and what not. Now the doctor happened to be in Cork, on a visit to his cousin, Counsellor O'Flaherty; and hearing as how little Dennis was ailing, he called upon us (worthy sowl!), and told us what to do.

"You're a fool!" says he—maining myself; "and if you don't take care of that there boy, he will soon be in heaven, hark ye!"

"St. Patrick forbid!" cried I, crossing myself, and uttering a loud sigh. "Can you do nothing, dear doctor, to keep him from going there? By the rowly-powly, if you can only cure him, I'll pray for you and drink your health the longest day that you live!"

"Can't you hold that tongue of yours?" said the doctor; "you all seem a pack of fools together—both yourself and your wife, and aunt Dorothy and uncle O'Leary. There you stand humming and strumming, like a sow playing upon the bagpipes, leaving the poor, dear child on the road to—
—the plague take you all!"

Saying, he struck the floor with his silver-headed stick, pushed us aside, and going up to Dennis, who lay in bed, took him kindly by the hand, and axed him how he was.

Then Dennis 'spounded and 'splained the thing, and tould Doctor O'Gorman the whole case as it stood, and how he was troubled with rheumatics; and how neither his father, nor his mother, nor Doctor O'Reilly, nor aunt Dorothy, nor uncle O'Leary, would allow him to taste the spirt; and how he was well-nigh kilt by them—the ould enemy take them for it! And when the doctor heard all this, he was mighty wroth, and kicked up as great a rumpus as ever Saint Patrick did among the varmint, and swore that the boy knew his own case better than we did, and that, if we didn't give him what he wanted, he would be in heaven before to-morrow morning, and his blood would rest upon our heads. So he ordered the black poteen-bottle to be brought, and made Dennis drink off a glass of the same. And when Dennis done this, the doctor took a glass—ay, two of them—to himself, and swore it was the finest stuff he had ever tasted since he was surgeon to the Cork Volunteers, in the time of the Rebellion.

"Now, my dear child," said he, "how do you feel your rheumatics? I hope they are better."

"Och, an' please your honour!" quoth Dennis, "that they are—a good deal better, but not quite well."

"As to that, keep yourself aisy, my dear: Ireland wasn't made in a day; but by to-morrow, I'll pledge my professional character, that you will be well—both sowl and body—if you will take this here physic, and go by my directions."

So the doctor took out a small white powder, wrapped in paper, from his pocket, and gave it to me, saying at the same time, "Murphy Mahon," says he, "do you see that there white powder? Well, then, you will make your boy a noggin of good stirabout; and on the top of the stirabout you will put the powder, and on the top of the powder you will put the milk; and when you have dole this, Dennis must sup the whole, and by to-morrow morning he will be as well as ever."

When the doctor was gone, we set about preparing the stirabout, which Dennis ate readily, poor child! for he trusted to the word of ould Doctor O'Gorman, that he would be cured, and able to leave his nest, on the morrow. But the truth must be tould, for neither

the stirabout, nor the white powder, nor the milk, did the poor boy any good. His rheumatics soon became worse than before, and he bawled for mere whisky; but we did not dare to give it to him, as the doctor had left us no directions about it at all at all. So he passed a most miserable night, squalling sometimes for pain, sometimes for poteen, and wishing myself, and his mother, and aunt Dorothy, and uncle Leary, in the very bottom of purgatory. Such a night as we had of it! We did nothing but weep and lament—beating our brains out to keep him quiet, and praying for the speedy arrival of the worthy ould doctor.

At last he came; and a mighty funk he was in, I assure you, when he saw how matters were looking. The first thing he did was to ax me if I had done as he directed; to the which I answered, "Yes," because I supposed I had performed all that he wished me to do. But this would not satisfy him, for he ordered me to tell him all that I done—word for word, and deed for deed. Then I told him how I first put the stirabout into the noggin, then the milk upon the stirabout, then the white powder upon the milk, and how I made Dennis gobble the whole up.

Now, if you had seen how O'Gorman looked when I told him all this, your soul would, I am sure, have leaped out of your body. The foam came from his mouth, his eyes shot forth purple fire, and his face became as red with rage as a pulpit-cushion. Och, it was fearsome! Then he stamped, and fumed, and blew, and puffed, with such might and main that the house was too small to hold him. There was no stopping him, one way or another; he scolded us right and left, swore that my wife was an ass, that aunt Dorothy was a sucking-pig, that uncle O'Leary was a barber's block, and that I was the whole of them put together. "Murphy Mahon," says he, "you ass, you sucking-pig, you barber's block! don't you see that you have kilt the child? don't you see that you have sent him to heaven—the foul fiend take you for it!—with your confounded blundering, and blarney, and botheration? Didn't I tell you, in words as plain as that large potato I see roasting upon your fire, that you were to put the stirabout in the noggin, the powder upon the stirabout, and the milk upon the powder? Instead of that, havn't you put the milk upon the stir-

bout, and the powder upon the milk?" By the powers, and all this was true! And now, not only had I the doctor upon my head, but my wife Judy, and aunt Dorothy, and uncle O'Leary, who all of them swore that I had kilt the boy outright! So we again fell a-weeping—both myself, and uncle, and aunt, and wife, and poor Dennis, who thought he was fairly murdered, and that there was now no hope whatever for him on this side of the grave. Such a scene of bewailing, sure, never took place in the town of Cork! It was like a wake for the dead. Even the very dog howled with grief, to say nothing of the cat, who wiped her eyes, like any other person, out of sheer sorrow for our pitiful case. At last, the doctor, seeing how completely we were humbled, took compassion upon us, and forgot his anger.

"Murphy Mahon," said he, kindly, "what has been done cannot be undone. You are a great fool, but, as I dare say you are very fond of the dear boy, I shall forgive you for being so stupid, and do what I can to cure him."

Then he caused us to make some more stirabout; and when it was in the noggin he put some of the white powder upon it; then he put the milk upon the powder, and made Dennis eat the whole. And to prevent any more mistakes, he saw it done with his own eyes; so that there was no more blundering in the case. And when the child had finished the mess, he gave him a glass of poteen, and took two to himself, saying, as before, that it was the finest stuff he had tasted since he was a surgeon in the Cork Volunteers, in the time of the Rebellion.

And Dennis, in a few days, got quite well; and every time he tastes the poteen, he drinks long life to Doctor O'Gorman!

Now this is a true account of the illness of the poor, dear boy, and of the wonderful way he was cured by the stirabout, and the powder, and the milk. And, Och! when you read it, always do the doctor's bidding, and don't be after blundering as I did, and risking the life of them that are dear to you by your confounded mistakes. So here's LONG LIFE TO DOCTOR O'GORMAN! And when he comes again to Cork, he will never want a drop of good whisky, or a good turn of any kind, from the hands of his grateful and obliged sarvint, Murphy Mahon.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

No. III.

NECESSITY OF AN APPEAL COURT.

BEFORE I proceed with any further general remarks on the Old Bailey Court and Newgate, I shall make some observations in support of the arguments already advanced of the necessity there is for the institution of a Court of Appeal.

A court of this kind should be invested with powers to enforce the attendance of witnesses in a summary manner; and, if necessary, means should be furnished to bring the evidence before the Court, and supply the agents employed with funds which may be needful for seeking the truth of any statement an appellant might make, having the appearance of probability and truth. For want of such a power and means, it is incredible what a number of apparently very hard cases pass uninvestigated, which on the face of them bear all the appearance of innocent persons undergoing the punishment of the guilty. If a collection of these cases were made at any period, for twelve months together only, they would fill a volume which would much surprise the public, proving "that truth is stranger than fiction." Many have come under my own observation, and of which I have taken notes. No flights of imagination could possibly equal some of these cases of real life,—many of them similar to the one I am now about to relate,—as further illustration of the need of an appeal power from our criminal courts in London and Middlesex, if not extended farther. Whether the parties in this case were really guilty, or otherwise, is not for me to say, I can only declare I believed them innocent. But let the tale speak for itself.

Two British sailors were taken on the high seas, in a Spanish slave ship, which was carried into a West Indian port and condemned. They were brought to England, and tried at the Old Bailey Admiralty Session, found guilty, and sentenced to death. After going through the usual ordeal of confinement in the cells of Newgate for several months, they were respited, and ordered for transportation for life. As they told a story which, if it had been proved on their trial, would have acquitted them,

they excited some commiseration, and were, through Mr Wontner's representation to the under-secretary, retained in Newgate for a considerable time, in a hope the men would be enabled to establish their statement, and obtain a pardon. Indeed, the sheriffs and Mr Wontner had so far succeeded as to have the promise, that when they themselves were satisfied of the truth of the statement the men should be liberated and they were told so. They (the sailors) stated, that on a certain day, a few months before they were taken, they entered into the service of a merchant at Liverpool, on board a certain vessel, bound to a certain port, and commanded by a captain whose name they gave, as also the agent at Liverpool who engaged them for the voyage, that, on the coast of Africa, the vessel they went out in was wrecked, and all lost save themselves and the captain, that, in consequence of this catastrophe, they were left in a most desolate situation, when one day they saw the ship in which they were captured running along the coast they hailed her, and were taken on board, on condition of assisting in navigating the vessel to America, that about a week afterwards they were captured, and that they did not know until they were on board of the nature of the trade the ship was engaged in; and, consequently, they ought to be considered in the vessel against their will, being so situated by the force of circumstances over which they had no control.

One thing appeared against them on their trial. It was given in evidence, that when the ship was captured they professed to be subjects of America, and not born in England. This, no doubt, was the cause of their being found guilty, and serves to shew, that the straightforward path of truth is always the best, under any circumstances. These men, seeing themselves in a dilemma, thought of escaping by disowning their country, which told hard against them at the time, and was the cause of all their subsequent sufferings. It however does not alter the real facts of the case. I wrote to the

merchants in Liverpool to my letter, and acknowledged that two sailors, bearing the names of these men, went on a voyage in a ship of theirs, which was lost on the coast of Africa, at the time and in the manner stated in my letter; but they had no knowledge of their persons, and consequently could be of no use to the parties in the way which was needed, namely, identification. And they concluded by referring me to the captain, who had reached home, and was then employed in navigating a steam-vessel between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. To this gentleman I dictated a letter for one of the men to write, who after some time gave them a reply, acknowledging the occurrence of all the circumstances, saying he hoped soon to be in town, when he would come to identify them.

Months passed away, when, in a letter I got from the agents at Liverpool, a suggestion was made, that if ten pounds were sent, in all probability the captain would come up on purpose. Mr. Wootner most considerably named this to the sheriffs, who promised to advance the sum. I dictated several letters afterwards for these men to the sheriffs, on the faith of this promise; but whether the pressure of other business diverted their attention, or on reflection they thought themselves not prudently justified in risking the money, without some security that the captain should fulfil his engagement, I know not; but the matter was lost sight of, and suddenly one day—as is usual when men are removed from Newgate, on a few hours' notice—these men were sent to the hulks. I have not since heard whether the captain has taken any steps to serve them. This case is cited for the further purpose of shewing how remote is the chance for the prisoner to prove a particular fact, when the entire onus is thrown on himself whilst in confinement. These men were tried and condemned upwards of two hundred miles from the place where any one who knew them resided, being without a penny in their pockets to influence any person to use the smallest exertion in their behalf. Ignorant themselves of the matter and forms of law, what could be expected from them in the way of defence? Had they been sentenced to transportation for life,

more than probable no persons would have interested themselves regarding them, and no steps would have been taken to prove even as much of their statement as is here set forth; but as they were under sentence of death, and, in consequence, placed in the cells, they immediately became objects of interest, and had every opportunity afforded them of seeing and conversing with all the gentlemen who are usually active in such matters, and their story became known.

When reflecting on the influences under which men act, as viewed in connexion with Newgate, nothing is so inexplicable to me as the extraordinary anxiety shewn by the gentlemen above alluded to, in every case of condemnation, to ascertain the real guilt or innocence of each individual under sentence of death, and the readiness evinced in every instance to give a patient hearing, and to take of themselves the trouble of after-inquiry. Yet no sooner does the respite come down, than all interest ceases; investigation ends in every instance, even should some of the cases have the day before amounted to a moral certainty of the parties' innocence, and which, if inquiry had been followed up, would have satisfied them of the same, and have been brought to a legal proof. But now the man is *only to be transported for life*, no one will take the trouble even to listen to any thing he may have to say, much less inquire into the merits of his case, or commiserate his sufferings. Surely, it would be more charitable never to interfere, and not hold out hopes of assistance they mean to disappoint. Besides, in a case of innocence, the punishment of death would be a mercy compared with transportation for life, as the one would end his sufferings, but the other perpetuates them. To live among convicts, and to bear the punishment and opprobrium of one unmeritedly, and this for life, must assuredly be considered the acme of human misery, rendering death far preferable to such endurance.

Mrs. Fry appeared to take strong interest in the fate of these men. One of them said to me, when I expressed a hope, after his having had a conversation with that lady, that she would be of some service to him, "The lady, sir, gives us both good advice; but we

want justice, and nothing but justice. I understand her: she, in the goodness of her heart, endeavours to soothe our condonion; but we stand on our innocence: it is for life *guilty* to listen to lessons of penitence." I explained to him that it was not in her power to relieve him from the heavy sentence he was under, or in that of any other person. *And thus it is of which I complain*, and which has induced me to relate the case. If I thought others were needed, and would have any effect in the establishment of a power to redress these wrongs when they occur, I could cite them.

The only objection I have ever heard to the institution of such a court, is, that it is not needed, as the city authorities are sufficiently patient in hearing cases of this nature, and equally active in obtaining pardons when necessary. Let us for a moment suppose they are competent to this duty, and that all cases of innocence do come under their cognizance, and that they never fail in obtaining pardons, is it no injury to have been condemned by one authority in error, and, when the same is known, for that error not to be acknowledged publicly, and the world disabused by such public acknowledgment, by an authority at least equal to that under which the condemnation occurred, and thereby disarmed of any cause of reproach towards the party? The simplest compensation should be made. For the feelings in these cases no satisfaction can be offered. It would be some gratification to the wounded honour of a man, when his sentence was reversed, if it were gazetted, and the fullest publicity given to all the merits of his case. Pardon does nothing: the word implies forgiveness, and indirectly confirms the sentence of the Court, only forgiving the punishment annexed to it. But it is not true that any exertion of the city authorities is efficient look at the case cited in page 745, in the last Number, where two aldermen satisfied themselves of a young man's innocence. One of them was on the trial, and does not even now scruple to condemn the conduct of the judge who tried him; and yet they have not been able to obtain what is called a pardon, for an innocent man, although they went in person, and urged the matter with great zeal and perseverance, having in their hands affidavits,

taken by themselves, to prove the facts on which the application was founded, and still came back *re infectis*. Nothing can be more creditable to these gentlemen than their conduct on this occasion: one of them, to the present hour, says he will never desert the young man. But few cases are taken up with so much warmth; and the statement of it shews the uncertainty of the power when exercised as one for redress. The fact, however, is, that the sheriffs generally leave cases of this nature entirely for Mr. Wontner to bring under their notice, having an idea that they are more liable to be deceived than that gentleman. This is a duty which ought not to be imposed upon him; he has other important and heavy duties to perform, besides which, there are serious objections against any governor exercising functions of this nature. First, no man can fill his situation, even for a few years, without imbibing unconquerable prejudices. I am willing to acknowledge the gentleman now filling that office is as free from prejudice as any one can be similarly situated. Still, every manager of a gaol will unavoidably have strong prejudices, which makes them lose sight of the spirit of our laws. They believe every man brought into their custody guilty as far as a matter of safe keeping goes, it is well they should entertain this opinion; but I will not concede that they are endowed with qualifications to discriminate in questions of guilt and innocence—and that both before and after trial; thus, in the latter instance, becoming a succedaneum for a Court of Appeal, which would have duties of a higher nature to perform, were it once established. Besides, in every case wherein they interpose, they are placed in the invidious position of either opposing the magistrate who committed, or the judge who tried, the prisoner. And the dependent and subservient nature of their office restrains them from using their judgment with freedom—examples of which might readily be adduced. Secondly, notwithstanding the sheriffs (particularly when they first enter their office) look to the governor for information in all matters relative to the prison, yet he is embarrassed by so many conflicting interests and considerations of jealousy ever observable in the city corpo-

rate body, that he can scarcely in any age ever give satisfaction to one authority without offending others,—so extremely tenacious are they all lest any one should aspire to or usurp what they consider their prerogative and privilege of office. This is conspicuously apparent among them in every discussion relative to the prison. They seldom or never can be brought cordially to take the same view of any case, and support each other: even in that of life and death, a thousand opposite opinions will be broached, and much bickering transpire. Thirdly, the governor is, in all cases of interest in which the prisoner is in any way supposed to be injured, liable to come into immediate contact with the prosecutor, and have his mind warped by interested and false statements; especially in instances where the prosecuting party has a strong personal interest in not setting the prisoner at liberty;—cases which often occur in the city. Again, in other instances, there is danger when recommendation lies in his hands, from the ready access to his ear, of unworthy cases being favoured by a super-exaltation of character, and recommendation arising out of the most benevolent feelings, but which renders the effect partial and produces injustice; not to mention the bare possibility of a venal perversion of the power. I cannot but offer an apology to Mr. Wontner for the latter allusion. He has, I believe, filled the office for nine years. All who know that gentleman will join me in offering testimony that it is impossible for any person to exceed him in diligence, judgment, or humanity, in all which appertains to the painful and responsible duties of the situation. Far be it from me to let one word escape which can be construed into a reflection on one so eminently calculated for the office. I must, however, claim for myself fair liberty to use every argument in support of what I have propounded—namely, the absolute necessity there is for an Appeal Court. Had I not, as said before, after what I have seen, thought it a public duty, I should not have imposed this task on myself, for many considerations. Fourthly, there is always some danger in investing the governor of Newgate with the power of recommending cases for the royal mercy, lest it should in his hands be-

come a kind of patronage. In proportion as this is most felt by him, is he restrained from exercising usefully this privilege for the benefit of those who deserve it; and I am firmly persuaded that Mr. Wontner's conduct is often influenced, in his desire to please on the notice of the secretary any particular case, by a fear which exists in his mind that he (the secretary, or those who perform the duty for him) will think he is too officious, and too freely using a privilege allowed him only for their convenience in prominent instances of claims for pardon; so that, if more *bonâ fide* cases requiring the interposition of the pardon power should occur, in one session, than is on the average usual, it is probable the governor would be deterred from advocating them at all, at least with equal zeal, although his judgment might dictate the justice of treating them all with the same sincerity. I am as equally convinced that he is, from the same considerations, led to seek his opportunities, of introducing the cases either to the aldermen, sheriffs, or under-secretary (with the latter gentleman he comes immediately into contact), on these subjects; and thus many chances are lost for doing a duty to which his heart prompts him, but of which his judgment denies him the exercise—not a judgment that informs him the case does not deserve his patronage, but a judgment which tells him if he is not very wary in using his influence, it may be lost altogether, and that it is better to serve a few of the unfortunates, than, by an injudicious exercise of his privilege, to be deprived of the power of serving any. He is, in consequence, generally accused of tergiversation, the appearance of which is perhaps unavoidable in his situation. It is remarkable, that the greatest number of cases pardoned, and of those in which the cases of innocence have been made the most clear, have always occurred in the shrievalty of gentlemen characterised for their extraordinary activity and perseverance. I have no doubt but the instances in Newgate are tolerably uniform, but the want of equal industry in the sheriffs, or their more pressing private concerns, prevents the same number each year, being brought to light. Sheriff Wilde did more in this way than any other before or since his

innocence. He saved the lives of two men after they were ordered for execution, viz. James Anderson and George Morris. Through the talent and extraordinary zeal of this gentleman, these men's innocence was made perfectly clear, even after they were ordered for execution. Had they been condemned in the shrievalty of gentlemen more passively disposed than Mr. Wilde, they would have suffered; after which, any one who might hold an opinion they were innocent would have been laughed at, particularly in the vicinity of the recorder's seat at the Old Bailey. Every man who takes on himself the task of shewing that cases of innocence do come under condemnation at the Old Bailey, I am aware, subjects himself to the sneers of many persons in the city. I have no wish to exaggerate any thing which came under my observation in Newgate; on the contrary, I have great difficulty in writing the result of my experience, and in relating real facts in a manner calculated to obtain the credence of the inexperienced, which I am obliged to do by relating cases not overcharged with extraordinary events, and which are within my proof when challenged to give them; not but others of a more romantic nature have occurred, and are in my note-book, reserved for another occasion. All I have in view at present is the establishment of a Court of Appeal, which I hold should be instituted, were it on no other grounds than these—viz., that a large portion of the prisoners brought into Newgate are remarkable for their stolidity and obstinacy (not professed rogues), who, even when innocent of the charge brought against them, appear as it were petrified and astounded, in which manner they are often taken to trial, without making any effort (more than declaring their innocence) to acquit themselves of the felony. I have often thought that this, with very stolid prisoners, was the effect of conscious innocence. After their trials they begin to tell their story, which is often of such a nature, that if, in many cases, it had been known to any intelligent person before they were tried, they could have readily been instructed how to show their innocence in court. I shall presently speak of a measure which, in my view of the subject, will be very useful in these cases of

ignorance. Mr. Wakefield (page 132) says, "But what shall be said of the system which, in seven cases out of sixty-two, would have destroyed life improperly, but for the voluntary interference of humane and skilful men?" But these seven are like the prizes in a lottery: the blanks are never heard of. Mr. Wakefield treats only of death, when speaking of the number of cases of innocence discovered. I am anxious, and shall endeavour to shew that it is not only in capital cases persons are condemned who are innocent; others do occur, and that very frequently, which are of equal interest, according to my notions of justice; though some persons appear to think, that if a man is not to be put to a violent death, it is of no consequence enslaving him for life, guilty or otherwise.

A case occurred, upwards of three years since, of great hardship, in which all connected with the administration of the laws in the city and in the prison were, there is every reason to believe, convinced of the reality; but the circumstances were of so delicate a nature, the bench itself being immediately involved in the affair, that all, whilst they appeared to commiserate, were tenacious of interfering. The prisoner and a large family, in consequence, fell a sacrifice to the peculiarity of his situation. He had nominally been clerk to an attorney in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, into whose service he had entered under the following circumstances: having a connexion of his own which would have brought him professional practice, but was unable to avail himself of it, not being a certificated attorney, he entered into an engagement with a gentleman who was in the profession, under a written agreement, wherein it was stipulated that he (the prisoner) should bring his connexion to the office of the attorney, and that the profits accruing from the same should be divided equally between them. After a time, a misunderstanding took place between the parties relative to their pecuniary affairs. The prisoner, conceiving he was in danger of losing his fair proportion of the profits of the business done, went to his own immediate friends who had brought employment to the office, and collected all the money he could, amounting to about sixty or seventy pounds, when he went back to the

office and demanded a settlement, stating what money he had received, and from whom, saying, "I wish to come to an amicable adjustment, but I will not give up the money of which I have possessed myself until you consent to balance the account, in conformity with the tenour of our agreement." After some further high words, they parted; and in a short time afterwards, the attorney caused him to be apprehended, and preferred a charge of embezzlement against him, for the several sums of money received by him. When the parties came before Sir Peter Laurie (it was a city case), the prisoner produced the written agreement of partnership, and urged his justification on that ground. This occasioned several remands. At length, Sir Peter Laurie said he felt the question to be one of great difficulty: the agreement between the parties being an illegal instrument, a certificated attorney could not legally enter into partnership with an uncertificated man; still, he thought the existence of such an agreement between the parties would destroy the felony, but it was for a jury to decide the question; and the prisoner was committed to Newgate for trial. In the interval between the committal and the commencement of the session, much negotiation took place between the prisoner's friends and the prosecutor, who now felt that he had incurred a penalty of the law in having entered into such an agreement with an uncertificated partner. The prisoner prepared for his trial in full confidence of an acquittal, on the exhibition of his agreement. Just, however, as he was about to be called up, his friends came to him and said they had made an arrangement with the prosecutor, to which they wished he would accede. They pointed out the uncertainty of law; that probably the court would not admit an illegal instrument to be given in evidence, although he felt himself justified in

what he had done; adding, that it was agreed, if he would plead guilty to the indictment, and thus prevent the further exposure of the transactions between them, the prosecutor's counsel and his own had had an understanding with the judge that only a nominal sentence should be passed of a few days' imprisonment. Thus urged, and further induced by the tears of his wife and the distress of a young family, he consented, if he could have an assurance from his counsel that such an arrangement had been made. His own and the prosecutor's counsel both gave him this assurance, saying the affair had been intimated to the judge, and that it was so understood. On the faith of this he pleaded guilty. When the day of sentence came, he went up, expecting nothing but that his judgment would be respited; but, to his dismay, he heard himself sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, the fullest penalty of the law, under Sir Thomas Plomer's act, for persons convicted of "embezzlement." It was now evident that he had either been entrapped into the plea of guilty, or that some serious mistake had occurred. Inquiry was made through every accessible channel. The counsel for the prisoner wrote a letter, which I saw, and which is still extant, confirming the arrangement, and expressing a readiness to call either on the judge or the secretary to serve the prisoner. The judge himself was applied to, who said, "he thought he had some slight recollection of the matter, but had made no note of it;" and recommended an application to the secretary of state, who would, no doubt, under the circumstances, grant relief. Numerous communications took place during the course of one year, in which I took a part on behalf of the prisoner; in which time one of his children died, and the whole family fell into the utmost poverty. The only explanation which was ever given was, that the

* I know a case in which Mr. Harmer was attorney for the prosecution, and in which the prosecutor was so situated with the prisoner, that he (the prosecutor) was himself in dread of an indictment for a conspiracy, and also another for perjury, if the prisoner should obtain his liberty; and relented having commenced the prosecution. In his perturbation of mind, and doubts whether to proceed, or withdraw and conciliate the prisoner, in case of his discharge, he gave a written paper, worded in the strongest manner, declarative of the prisoner's innocence of the offence with which he was charged. Yet the judge held this instrument could not be admitted as evidence. This extraordinary and interesting case, with all the circumstances connected with it, will shortly be laid before the public.

judge who presided when the prisoner pleaded guilty wrote the plea against his name in the book which is on the judge's desk in court, without any note, and on the instant left the bench, which was immediately occupied by another judge, who, casting his eye on the last name in the book, saw a blank in the sentence against a plea of guilty to the crime of embezzlement, and filled it up, without inquiry, by inserting fourteen years' transportation. It is remarkable, that almost all the gentlemen who usually examine cases of this kind entered into the particulars of this, yet nothing effectually was done. Affidavits were drawn up, to which the agreement of partnership was annexed, and other documents, including a copy of counsel's letter regarding the original understanding, which were laid before the secretary; and the prisoner was, from time to time, led to believe he would obtain his liberty. Ultimately, however, he was sent to Van Diemen's Land, where he now is, in an attorney's office at Hobart Town. About sixteen months since, his family was sent out to him. Every facility has been given him for a comfortable settlement under the sentence, most likely in consideration of the circumstances connected with his case. No one is impugned in this affair, though some carelessness was shewn; and if the interlocutory conversation did take place between the counsel, judge, &c., does it not confirm my previous statement respecting the affairs of the Old Bailey Court being muddled by the interference of others? There cannot be a greater truism: it wants no confirmation—the thing is too generally known, and it never will be otherwise until the business of the session is out of the hands of the city corporation.

Had a Court of Appeal been open to this man, can any one doubt but the question of his guilt or innocence would have been settled? But the truth is, if such a court had been open, the case never would have occurred. An Appeal Court would hang, as it were, in *terrorem* over the other, and the business at the Old Bailey would be better performed. Many considerations prevented the man having a pardon. The object here, as in all similar cases, was to keep the public mind quiet on the subject. "If we let him out," they say, "his first act will be to institute proceedings against the

attorney on the illegality of the agreement, and give publicity to the case. In fact, whilst he was in Newgate, I prepared a statement for publication, accompanied with affidavits to prove the truth of the particulars in all their bearings. He was desirous to have it published; but, as I thought it might offend those who at the time were interesting themselves in his behalf, I persuaded him to forego his intentions. Other feelings are suppressed by the usual reasoning: "It will be better now for him to go abroad, as he has lost his character by being in Newgate, and will be unable to do any good in this country;" although a gentleman had come forward and offered to take him into his employ at two guineas per week; and this he did in compliance with a suggestion made by one of the aldermen, who thought it would facilitate the man's enlargement.

It would be superfluous to use further arguments, or adduce other cases, in proof of the necessity there is for an Appeal Court. It may be said, a writ of error can now be brought. The practicability of this proceeding is admitted; but it is a very expensive procedure, and out of the reach of most men in common life; besides, if not brought within a very limited period after the trial, the parties lose their claim to it, unless the attorney-general will give his consent. The fees for his acquiescence are arbitrary, and may, if he exacts them, amount to a hundred pounds or more; consequently, the instances of persons availing themselves of this appeal are rare; and I believe there is but one case on record in which a sentence of death was reversed by a writ of error being brought. The party was discharged on a point of law, by the Court of King's Bench, after the judges in a criminal court had decided against the appellant. It related to a robbery committed upon some shipping in the river. And, if I understand this privilege of "writ of error" rightly, it is only to be claimed when a point of law is to be settled, and consequently will be of no use to a prisoner who can prove his innocence only on general grounds. Referring, again, to the difficulties the accused labour under of proving their cases, no part of the subject is of more importance than the difficulty they have to compel their witnesses to attend at

the trial. It will be asked, Why, have they not a subpoena at their command? Yes, they have; but if the party whose attendance is required is supposed to be friendly towards the prisoner, and can give evidence serviceable to his defence, it is the practice of all attorneys to recommend that no subpoena shall be served, lest it should offend him, and prevent his attending; and they substitute solicitation and entreaty. If, on the contrary, the party is adverse to the prisoner, but the evidence he could give favourable, they know that in 99 cases out of 100 it is never regarded. I ask, does any one know, under the latter circumstances, of a person ever summoned respecting the instrument called a subpoena to attend at the Old Bailey? The reason why they are disregarded is very manifest: every man receiving a subpoena consults either his own interest, inclinations, or convenience, placing the consequence of non-attendance against the inducements he may have for staying away. Reasoning thus, he soon comes to the conclusion that he will not attend; because, if the man should be convicted, he will not be in a situation to take any steps for enforcing the penalty; and if acquitted, it is clear his evidence was not required; and consequently, as he could be of no use, no penalty was incurred. Where shall we seek for an instance wherein any person in a criminal case was ever punished by fine or imprisonment for non-compliance to a summons issued from the clerks of the peace office in London or Middlesex, when issued at the instance of the accused? I never heard of one, and may add, never knew many obeyed when there was any motive to stay away. I knew one instance wherein a witness for the prosecution absconded just as a trial came on, after having waited several days, and who thought (having been there so long) it an excuse to leave; being unwilling to give evidence against a young man, his intimate friend, on a charge of embezzlement. In this case, the witness was sentenced to several months' imprisonment, as his absence favoured the acquittal of the prisoner. This instance, however, is not one of contempt of summons, as he had been bound over, before a magistrate, to recognizances to appear. It is evident that some of the difficulties attending a defence are applicable to the habitual

delinquent, who fairly can have none to make; but if I had the power to re-organise the system, I would provide as much against the possibility of any injustice being done the prisoner (depriving him even of the shadow of a complaint), as I would against giving the slightest chance for the escape of an offender who merited punishment; knowing, as I do, that on both sides of the question the nearer we approximate to perfection, the more the one will assist in accomplishing the other object — namely, the conviction of incorrigible thieves, and the discharge of the innocent; of which latter there are really more instances than the world are aware of. When, however, the multifarious transactions of men in this metropolis are considered, and that the modes of getting money are so multivarious, and that the spirit of the times is to sail as near the wind as possible — in other words, to get money in any way, so as to avoid the penalties of the law — it is no wonder that often, when men disagree and are foiled in their grasping views of aggrandisement, they should, under their disappointment, take any steps, however unjust, to revenge themselves on those who have caused their illicit speculations to fail. There are instances at the Old Bailey Court, of daily occurrence, wherein the prosecutors and prisoners have for years been in the habit of transacting business together, and whose consciences jointly never restrained them from obtaining money in any way, however dishonest; but when they fall out, if one has not, through habits of careless confidence, so well prepared himself for the rupture, and the other can see an opportunity to take advantage, it is seldom passed over; and as the dealings between them have been ever loose, occasions are rarely wanting for one to become a prosecutor, and turn honest man by sending his old acquaintance to the antipodes; and oftentimes this is done for no other purpose than to appropriate to themselves property which they see, under a conviction, within their grasp. In most of these cases, the prosecutor's moral and legal guilt, taken in the aggregate, exceeds the prisoner's. I have taken down some extraordinary cases of this kind, with a view of tracing the operations of the mind under various circumstances and in different grades of

society ; but, as they are not applicable to my present purpose, I will not trouble the reader with them. At another time, and in another form, I may attempt to amuse the world with these anecdotes. My only object in naming them at all, is to illustrate the motives that witnesses have, in a number of instances, for disregarding the service of a subpoena, as the business is now conducted. In the cases where all the parties are tainted, and none connected with them are influenced by principle, the prisoner is sure to come off the worst. The prosecutor, having his liberty, finds various means of bringing in and keeping out of court just so much evidence as suits his own purpose. With these characters a subpoena from the prisoner is laughed at. I have many times turned this inconvenience over in my mind, and felt indignant at the contempt shewn to the Court, and have thought of the means to remedy the evil, not for these men only, but for the general good and the better respect of the Court. I will not waste time in attempting to shew the utter inutility of the penalty of money, as inserted in the instrument, and the words "At your peril, fail not." A prisoner convicted *cannot* bring an action, and one that is acquitted *will not*. The Court should, in every case, take the responsibility of enforcing its own orders : whether for or against the prosecution, they should punish every contempt. They do so when they are inconvenienced by the non-attendance of summoned jurors, and why should they not visit witnesses with penalties, when it is fair to presume, in every case of dereliction, the parties have a sinister motive for so doing? In many cases, it is a kind of passive perjury. To remedy this, I propose there shall be an office in, or attached to, the prison, from whence the subpoena shall be issued, where the prisoner may have as many as he shall need, on payment for the same. Men should be appointed to serve them, similar to the Insolvent Debtors' Court services of notice to creditors ; of course, receiving a remuneration for the service, at the lowest possible rate of charge. I calculate 1s. 6d. for the service would be sufficient, when the number is taken into account, and how many would be served in one day, by taking the town in dis-

tricts, as bankers' clerks now do in presenting bills of exchange. Let us suppose this to have been accomplished ; then have the messengers in attendance during session, with their books alphabetically arranged, in which would be entered the names of the prosecutors and prisoners, together with all the witnesses summoned on each trial. When a case came on, if any one were absent, there would be the messenger to prove the service, or account to the Court if he had been unable to serve the process on the party.

The Court should further be empowered to levy, *instantly*, such fine or punishment, as might be deemed efficient to deter parties from treating its summons with contempt. If the messenger, on oath, should acquaint the Court that any person was "running up and down," as it is termed in law, to avoid the service of a subpoena, then the judge should issue his warrant for apprehension, as is done in the superior courts, when affidavits of the fact, in civil cases of law, are laid before them. They should never depart from this rule, taking the entire responsibility of enforcing the attendance of witnesses on itself. I cannot imagine a more deadly blow to the hopes of all rogues than the adoption of this measure : the certainty of the witnesses being compelled to attend against them, will remove one of the main props on which they stand, in calculating their chances of escape after being committed ; and, on the other hand, would insure to all others a fair prospect of having their cases properly laid before the Court. The officers who would be employed to serve the subpoena, might be made very useful during session in collecting witnesses together for the trials next on the list, in apartments which might be appropriated for the purpose. This would enable the Court to proceed with regularity, and avoid all the bustle now so annoying to itself and the public ; particularly the custom of bawling out the names of witnesses at the door of the Court, who, in most cases, are sitting drunk at the neighbouring public-houses, whilst the prisoner is standing in awful suspense at the bar. The number of inebriate persons, or those in some measure excited with liquor, put into the witness-boxes at the Old Bailey Courts every session, is very

great, and, if possible, should be prevented. Almost all cases of prevarication committals arise out of the parties' intoxication. The larger portion of the witnesses every session are drawn from the working classes of society, who are never from their work but they will drink. Conceive several hundreds of these men waiting for eight and nine days together, in a confined neighbourhood, where every third house is one of entertainment. Mr. Wakefield says, persons before honest, have been so highly excited at witnessing an execution as to become thieves on the spot.* In accounting for the manner in which men are drawn into crime, I am surprised he passed over this scene, acted on the same spot, where, for a whole week together, men are in a state of excitement from drink, who are associating and conversing with persons on the subject of crime and the tricks of swindlers, talking over the extraordinary good fortune of some and the ingenuity of others, and in every way becoming familiarised with loose notions and bad principles. Here, indeed, he might have found out a fruitful source of crime. Every week so spent in idleness and debauchery corrupts, on a moderate calculation, or destroys the principles of, fifty persons,† who, if proper arrangements were made, might have immediately deposed to the facts they knew, and have forthwith gone home to their avocations. No language can be too strong when used for the purpose of denouncing the system which leads to the present confusion regarding the trials at the Old Bailey. It disgraces the city authorities especially, as it can be so easily remedied.

To the plan I have proposed for subpoenaing witnesses, and the arrangement of them at the Court, there can be no objection on the score of expense. The office may be made a source of great emolument, which, perhaps, may operate as an inducement to the citizens not to oppose a salutary arrangement. The cost of a subpoena, which is now obtained from the clerk of the peace, is but a mere trifle.

If, therefore, they charge 5s. for the service, the expense will not be more than 7s. each, at the utmost, which will be a great saving both to the prosecutor and the prisoner, who, in all cases when it is done by an attorney, on the most moderate calculation, must pay 1l. 1s. for it, with the charges of "instructions, service, letters, messages," &c. &c. This charge of 5s. would enable the managers of the office for subpoena to employ a competent person to go round the prison from time to time, between the sessions, to hear all the prisoners had to say; and if he thought any, from their story, really worthy of consideration, to give them his advice and the subpoena gratis, if needed, that they might have a proper chance of proving their innocence on their trials; and in every case assisting all in preparing for their defence, by patiently hearing their own account of themselves, and afterwards advising them to the best of his judgment. An immense advantage would accrue from the adoption of this plan. So far from increasing the business of the place, as may be supposed by some, it would at once remove a moiety of the burden now encumbering the present system. It is for the gaol-committee to remedy many of the evils here pointed out; they have the power in their hands to interfere in all the internal arrangements of the prison. It only needs that they should consider well the working and effects of their management for these last twenty years, and reflect on what has and what might have been done in the way of improvement.

*Information respecting the character of prisoners.**

There can be no doubt but the judges, and their coadjutors, the aldermen, &c., are anxious to secure a known thief. They have, however, not hitherto hit upon the method to find him out. On the trials it is usual for the judge to ask the police-officer who gives his evidence against the prisoner, whether he has any knowledge of him. The officers in this service generally hitherto have been in it so short a time,

* E. G. Wakefield, Esq. on the Punishment of Death, p. 181.

† Many boys and young men have told me, their first ideas of crimes were generated and imbibed by mixing in the company of those who loiter about the Old Bailey during the sessions; and that they have come, in some instances, as witnesses, and gone away thieves in intention.

and exchange it so frequently for other employments, that they acquire but little knowledge of the body of London depredators. After the officers, the governor of the prison is referred to, either in court (which is often done by signs), or in private, when the judges determine on the sentences. His information is gathered from several sources: 1st, his own recollections of their persons; 2dly, his books of description; 3dly, the powers of recognition possessed by the turnkeys; and, lastly, the information obtained from prisoners who are retained in Newgate as wardmen, whose special business it is to report all they know or can collect regarding every prisoner coming into their respective wards. All these sources are very defective. The governor's own experience can avail but little, except in very recent cases of recommitments, when the recollection of any other person in the place would equally answer the purpose. The books aid very little, as no man goes into Newgate twice with the same name, trade, or place of nativity. With regard to the turnkeys, it is left entirely to chance whether they choose to give information or not, unless called upon in some particular cases of doubt and disputation to give an opinion as to the identification of a prisoner. This is at all times, however, a bad source of information, for obvious reasons—their powers of reminiscence being very unequal. But the information obtained from the wardmen, and which is the most depended on, is the least certain of all, and is much abused. It is natural for these men to make their report exactly in accordance with the money, or other presents, they can obtain from the prisoners. There is one of these men who boasts of making forty pounds each session by writing briefs. He is most consulted on the subject of the prisoners' characters. That he does write briefs is true, but his employment is chiefly obtained by threats, saying he can influence the governor for or against them, and that they cannot expect he should make a favourable report unless they engage him for their defence.

Out of this arise great abuses, and, in real truth, it is fraught with much mischief and wickedness. Without referring to any individual so employed in particular, I have no hesitation in

denouncing this part of the system, and of declaring that great injustice is done to many men through this source. Money with such characters does every thing: he who pays is an honest and a good fellow; he who has not money, or will not be imposed on, is an old offender and a scoundrel, &c. &c. All reports and tales carried into the office through such media are poisoned, and from an impure channel: they should never be heeded by any sensible and experienced man. Those who listen to them are laughed at in secret. It is useless to find fault with any plan without proposing a better. The difficulty of recognising old offenders in Newgate, makes the authorities consent to use these men as auxiliaries in their views for that purpose. The only method would be to employ acute men as agents, who would soon acquire experience. Their time should be wholly employed in visiting prisons in London and Middlesex; making themselves acquainted with the prisoners, by repeated views of their persons in the several wards where they are placed; occasionally conversing with them, by inquiring who they are, from whence they came, and how they had been employed in life; and many other questions, such as experience would suggest: sometimes accusing them of being old offenders, and of personating other characters than their own. By these means, regularly pursued, they would at least become acquainted with the persons of all who went into prison twice. When they ascertained a former conviction, it should be their business to bring into Court a certificate of the same, and be sworn at the time as to the identity of the prisoner, and the same if the prisoner had been before put on his trial and discharged; in every case giving the prisoner seven days' notice before trial of their intention to prove a former conviction or convictions, and imprisonments; so that the prisoner might have a fair opportunity of disproving the statement, if the officer should fall into an error. This would put the Court in a proper position to act with decision and certainty, and relieve the keepers of the prison from an irksome duty. The channels through which information respecting the character of the prisoners reaches the ears of the judge should be stopped up, and all done in open

court. The prison reports, whether favourable or unfavourable to the prisoner, pass through so many hands, and are influenced by so many circumstances, that, before they reach the judge, no reliance can be placed on them, except in very flagrant cases, when the culprit is known to all, and no private report is wanted. I grant that in some instances, by these means, men who would otherwise escape with a slight punishment are brought under the eye of the judge; but the same information would be equally useful, and *more satisfactory*, were it given in open court, after the manner I have above proposed. The proceedings and sentences in each case would then stand fair before the public, and open to discussion as to the cause and effect in every case of severe or slight punishment. In recognising thieves, the governors of other prisons are sometimes called in; their opinion is not given in open court, and ought not to be relied on. Similitude of personality, with some carelessness on their parts, often lead to serious mistakes: they are gentlemen not easily persuaded on these points to give up their opinion when in error.

To prove that the information is not faithfully conveyed to the judge, it is only necessary to read the two following cases, which occurred nearly at the same time, and are not of a twelve-month's date.

A man was committed for robbing, or attempting to rob, a cart, in the street (what is called "dragging"), who had been twice under sentence of death (once in the country, and once at the Old Bailey), and who had not many months before been discharged from Newgate, where he had been confined for six years. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation. If his character and former convictions had been known to the Court (and which ought to have been known), he would have been sent out of the country for life. If

the plan of employing officers for the sole purpose of recognising bad characters, and who ought to be held responsible to the Court for every known former conviction, had been brought into practical experiment, this man would not so easily have escaped, after having spent six years in Newgate. Reasons, I know, will be given why this was kept from the Court: these reasons, however, will not stand the test of inquiry. Sir Robert Peel thought he did much towards repressing crime when he brought in a measure to increase the punishment on second and third convictions. God help him! he knew but little of the character of men he was legislating on, or the system under which his law was to be rendered effective.

The other case is that of a young man who, before his trial, had given the wardsmen some umbrage, and, in consequence, was reported to have been transported once before, although he was not twenty years of age. Owing to this report, he was transported for fourteen years. As the nature of his crime, which was a minor offence, and good character given in court, led the father of the prisoner (a most respectable tradesman, in a principal town of Sussex) to expect a much less sentence, he was greatly surprised, and naturally inquired the cause of his son's having this heavy punishment. There was no hesitation in telling him. When it was made known to me, I advised the father to begin with the life of his son, from seven years of age, and to bring affidavits to track the young man's course up to the day of his apprehension. This he did, and they were laid before the secretary without effect. These two cases need no comment. My next paper will contain some observations on the pardon power, and the practice of the London thieves.

[To be continued.]

GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ALL-IN-MYNE-ÈS, OR FANCY ISLES.

(FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF JACOB SLY, MARINER.)

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me to make your excellent work the channel of communicating my discoveries to a, doubtless, wondering world. The public, I am aware, is sufficiently tired by this time of the Parrys, and Lyons, and Richardsons, and Franklins, with their eternal icebergs and polar bears, and snow-boots and whale-blubber, and Heclas and Gripers, and frozen fish and Esquimaux, and seals and sea-horses, and other such *monstra horrenda*. Every thing is so cold and bleak about these fellows, that even while freezing over their log-books, beside a crackling, sparkling, hissing ton of sea-coal, one is every now and then tempted to raise his finger to his nose, to discover whether it be still in *existentibus*, or frozen to an icicle, "to hang on Dian's temple." But for an occasional cawker of the unchristened alcohol, it would be impossible to get through without being frozen to death; and my old man, Walter Tarrytrews, who spends his superannuation with me in the capacity of Caleb Quotem, or master of all work, has more than once caught me in a state of suspended animation, with the laps of my ears as purple as violets.

Now I, too, am "an Ancient Mariner," but have sailed in a very different direction from these polar monsters; and since that I am laid up in ordinary, with a wooden pin and a glass eye, I rather jealouse, although I have not yet come to a determined resolution, and may yet "break through the line" of my intentions, that I will try my hand on a comely quarto, with maps and charts, and a few natives and wild beasts, curiously coloured after nature.

Can you assist me, Mr. Editor, with your advice in this matter? I have been an old Tory since the day my mother suckled me; ay, and as loyal as you like on all occasions. It is this that makes me apply to you therefore, ~~more~~ especially on this emergency, as I know you are no advocate for the ~~Saturian~~ *Saturian* plan of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, and have a fellow-feeling with me in the amaze-

ment with which I behold the consti-
tutions of Europe having their old
knee-timbers sawed out, and new gim-
crack ones spliced in instead, without
the slightest looking forward to the
dry-rot. The truth is, that I have a
hankering doubt about the quarto pay-
ing, and would like to have a cock-
boat sent afloat to try the water before
launching the big ship. Allow it,
therefore, to float for a few minutes
over the pages of the Magazine.

No man, sir, ever travelled twenty
times the length of his own nose with-
out having seen much to astonish him,
provided he had an eye of observation
in his head. It is very cruel, therefore,
in the public being sceptical about
travellers' narratives—upright gentle-
men, whom we could not suspect of
any design on the world's credulity.
Shades of Mandeville, Mendez Pinto,
Anacharsis the younger, Gulliver, and
Munchausen! what might you not
reasonably think of the insinuations
so heinously thrown out against you!
Ungrateful world! is this thy reward
of their years of pain, peril, and fatigue?
No! We hope, for the sake of honest
unsophistication, that there are yet
some choice spirits who swallow their
relations for gospel. Marvels are not
miracles; and we abominate a scepti-
cal spirit, which is the besetting sin
of the age. Truth, however, wears a
cork-jacket, and duck him down as
you like, he ever reascends to the
surface. It is thus, therefore, that
universal credence is now given to the
adventures of Lemuel Gulliver, which,
although long suspected to be apocry-
phal, are known to have been corrected,
while going through the press, by the
traveller's very distinguished friend,
Dean Swift. Wonderful they even
yet appear, and a little removed from
the ordinary course of events; but
that is the very circumstance which
called for their publication, as no man
has a right to thrust upon the public
long stories of what he sees, unless he
either sees double, or something which
no other person ever saw before him.
If travellers had nothing to tell us but
what we may see every day we walk
the streets, they had better keep their

information to themselves. The history of *Robinson Crusoe* may be as authentic as that of *Peter Wilkins*; and, indeed, internal evidence proves it to be so. Baron Trenck scarcely deserves mention here, being only a narrator of strange difficulties and dangers, and not a beholder of miraculous appearances; but it would be cruel to pass over, "without the meed of a melodious" mention, the name of the illustrious Munchausen, which has not yet gathered in the full harvest of its fame. I wish to heaven his cranium could be found: it would put all doubts regarding phrenology for ever at rest, seeing it must have the bump of ideality as large, at least, as a moderate slop-basin.

What I have to lay before the public is of a much humbler order, but I trust not wholly undeserving of notice. The Fancy Isles must soon find a place in every collection of maps—in the supplements to those of Malte Brün and Pinkerton, as well as in those of Playfair and Arrowsmith; and will cost Josiah Conder an additional volume to his *Traveller*. In a chart already drawn up, I intend soon pointing out their relative distances from the Purple Island of Fletcher, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More.

Several other groups, hitherto undiscovered, have been visited by us; and, if this account be favourably received, I have no objection to speedily enlightening the world farther on the subject; for which they cannot do less than vote me a colossal statue in brass, to match the Achilles at Hyde Park Corner. At all events, having placed my name beside those of Columbus, Cabot, Americus Vesputius, Cook, Vancouver, Anson, Parry, and Beechey, is in itself fame enough.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

If the smallest suspicion remains in your mind, Mr. Editor, of my using the traveller's privilege, and throwing in a few plumpers to make weight, either tell me so plainly, *ore rotundo*, and I shall call you out to meet me, *caligatus in agris*; or, as my days of martial enthusiasm have now passed over, and I have attained the years of discretion, I have no objection to being summoned, as a safer plan, before a justice of peace, and there making proper affidavit.

Your's with due sincerity,

JACOB STY, Mariner.

No. 19, Trotting Row,
Balloon Street, Balloon Square.

ALL-IN-MYNE-EES, OR FANCY ISLES

MARMI-WAVFROO is the most considerable of the whole group, whether we regard its extent or population. It has from sea a commanding and picturesque appearance; and, from being thickly studded over with castles and fortifications, the warlike temperament of the inhabitants and their ability to resist aggression are at once indicated. It is richly cultivated: the valleys afford the most luxuriant crops, and even the most scourging ones in succession, without appearance of deterioration to the soil; and the mountains are in general finely wooded, though some of them, towering up in majestic sterility, remind us of the hardy north. The people are kind, hospitable, and open-hearted—have a high sense of honour, pride themselves on ancestry and their customs, and delight in learning. The manners and customs of the natives, however, vary, from their being spread over such an extensive soil. In the portion which we first explored, and which we found one of the finest, the

feudal system, or something resembling it, continued to flourish in all its glory. The men wore finely burnished coats of mail; and we saw a variety of castles and convents. Nothing could be more majestic than one of the old abbeys, which we visited by moonlight, and in which we were told the bones of a wizard were deposited. We saw also here a trial of battle by single combat, in which one of the knights was slain, and heard something like a Popish hymn for the dead chaunted at the funeral. Nearly the same moral and political system prevailed at Cape Floddenoo, a little farther south. We were shewn the spot where the king of a neighbouring country was said to have fallen in battle, although his body was never discovered, and an old sea-beat nunnery, where a young devotee, who had forsaken her vows to follow her lover, was built into the wall of a submarine vault. Diverging considerably to the north, we visited one of the most picturesque lakes in the world,

called by the natives the Lake of the Lady, from some romantic adventure which occurred there in the olden time between a beautiful young creature, who loved to paddle her shallop amid those rocky solitudes, and a king who lost his way in hunting. In the summer season it is a great resort for tourists from all parts, and especially from Cokenaye,—a race of nondescripts, who talk Sanscrit, and are reported to be heathens. We were so fortunate as to be able to obtain some fragments of their dialect, which, being a great curiosity, we may publish in the Appendix. In the district of Rokyboo there are many fertile, and some picturesque, spots; but the climate is unequal, and thunder is sometimes heard without any lightning. To the north are a group of isles, under a feudal lord, the scenery of some of which is wild and savage in the extreme.

Many parts of the interior of this extensive island has not hitherto been properly surveyed; but some travellers, on whose authority we place much reliance, affirm that part of the inhabitants wear the highland costume, some the Spanish cloak and quilted ruffles of Charles II.'s time, and others the modern English long coat and trousers. Its landscapes are perfectly admirable, and of endless variety. It is second only to China for population.

Not far distant from the grim, majestic, black cliffs of Cui-bonoo, or Harold-land. The coast is bold and rocky, and there is but one safe landing-place, and that at the mouth of a lowering subterraneous passage, which seems to be leading to the infernals, but, instead, ushers to a plain of the utmost luxuriance and beauty. When we first visited it, it was at the twilight of a summer evening, and we were completely enchanted with the glory and gorgeoussness of the scene. The lakes slept in golden repose, save where a swan oared its snowy way. On the banks were fluted cypresses, still and unstirring in the delicious calm; and birds, whose notes strangely resembled the nightingale, were singing as if enamoured of the roses which showered their crimson blossoms around. But the climate must be unhealthy; for the cemeteries were unusually many and large, with obelisks, turban-stones, and wi. shrubs, after the Turkish fashion; and the people resembled that nation

in the traditions of their fierce wars and faithful loves. Notwithstanding this, the population is very great; although, in the reign of King Iuanee, who was a licentious tyrant, it fell off to a great degree. The climate is said to have been at all times tempestuous. Volcanic fires are frequent; and once the whole island was wrapt in darkness for so long a time as to threaten extermination to the inhabitants.

Haroldon, the capital, is one of the most superb places in the world. Every where there are indications of great wealth; notwithstanding which the city has a gloomy aspect, and looks in several quarters like a realm of tombs. The religious tenets of the people we could not make out, and no places of worship were observable; although, strange to say, we met with some beautiful hymns and sacred pieces, almost paraphrastic of Jewish history and the Psalms of David. The coast is infested by corsairs, who carry their prizes into Juanville, a sort of Algiers, and one of the most profligate places in the world. Chillonoo, the remains of an ancient castle by a very beautiful lake, commands one of the softest and sweetest prospects known, and contrasts finely with the general wild and rugged grandeur of the surrounding districts. Mazeppai is famous as an immense wilderness infested by wolves, where a lover was once bound to the back of a wild horse, which never knew rider nor rein, and which was sent forth to seek its mates. We also saw the ruins of a royal palace, where a great king burned himself, with his concubines, when his capital fell into the hands of the enemy. In the interior are two large deserts, Foscarout and Lee Plunderoo (Werftrouton); also a range of magnificent hills, where a wizard abode of yore, who is said to have been able to invoke the spirits of the elements, and was at length carried off by the devil for the licentiousness of his early life. The government is democratic.

To the Leeward lies a little shrubby island, which was once for several years joined to the one just mentioned by some unaccountable freak of nature, as they were formerly separated by a very deep and strong running tide. It has received its denomination of Rimipoo, or Hunt-crag, probably from the quantity of game with which it abounds, and which seems common

property, as every body shoots there. The Bay of Foliage is a pleasant enough place; but, unhappily, the trees have been chosen more for the variety of their leaves than for the quality of their fruits, although some are not unpleasant in their flavour, and have a natural raciness about them. A number of poets once held a feast here—a kind of pic-nic; but, as might have been expected, the blow-out ended in a blow-up, as every one insisted on his claims for superiority, and would have pulled Apollo himself out of the chair.

As far as we could learn, it is a sort of republic; and, under the general title of Cockneydec, has several smaller islands attached to it. Among these may be mentioned Cornywebbe and Tennesee-sonce; the inhabitants of the former one famous for rhapsodising in metres of fourteen lines, and the latter for uttering at every third breath a wild monotonous sound, "Oriahhàà;" which, being interpreted, means "fundamental thunder."

To the east of Hunt-crag lay two islands, Tonnykeete and Crackipow (Shelly-beach), which have lately been swallowed up by the great ocean. Both were thinly peopled, though fertile in some places, and filled with young plantations of more than common richness and beauty. A treaty of alliance at one time existed between them and Hunt-crag, annual deputies from each regularly meeting at Ruraliliboo (the Mount of Primroses). These deputies had leaves stuck in their hair, wore breeches dyed from a plant called yollar, and conferred at a Round Table, on which was a supply of wine and walnuts. On the disappearance of the other two, Hunt-crag became tributary to Harold Land, and the natives were reduced to a miserable state of vassalage, from which, with many merits, they have never been again able to recover. It was at this time that they obtained the name of Plunkettoos,—a term corresponding to the serfs of Russia and the cadies of Scotland.

The inhabitants of the whole group are the most fantastic, pert, and sideways-looking creatures in the world, delight to dress like mountebanks, and paint their faces with soot and brick-dust. Around their brows are fastened strings of ivy-leaves, of which they are so fond, that they even sleep with these chaplets on. Their favourite dress, is

yellow breeches, made from the skins of polecats, well ochred.* Laws or religion they are said to have none; unless the latter can be construed out of a custom they have, on beholding the sun, of crying out "Hauteroo Bugaboo!" (Hail, Pollar!) Marriage is also unknown, the ladies being regarded as common property.

To the north lies Erinoo, or Little Island, a bit paradise of a place, inhabited by a colony low in stature, but of social propensities and quick parts. They are greatly given to satire, have the organ of self-satisfaction sufficiently developed, and much resemble Moors in their general appearance.

Probably, the place has received the name of Little Isle, as *lucus a non lucendo*, from its being very considerable. Cyprian Isle should be the English of its appellation, as the natives are perfect idolaters of the blind god, billing and cooing night and day, though less licentious, it is said, in their manners than formerly. There are several good towns, although by far the most considerable is Rhookhoo, which is handsomely built, although in various styles of architecture, and divided into quarters by canals. The houses are all built in the most gorgeous Asiatic style; and every where there is such a superabundance of roses, that the perfume is absolutely sickening. Many of the inhabitants are Fire-worshippers; and not a few have been drawn away from their ancient faith, which somewhat resembled the Mahometan, by a noseless prophet, in a domino, who pretended to have come on some divine mission.

Several of the secondary and third-rate towns are exceedingly dirty, as Hitem-hard-em (Crib-fist), Bow-wow (Twopenny Touch), and Bladderoo (Fudge-row), which are inhabited by the scum of mankind, and throw the civilisation of Bilingsgate into the sunshine. Of Empyoo, or Angel Town, it is sufficient to say that it is famous for its milk and water. Throughout the different districts various dialects are spoken; and many of the natives are perpetually talking the slang of boxing, liberty, and such-like. They are all exceedingly fond of fiddling and singing; and some of their songs, which one of our messmates has translated into the Irish Gaelic, are exceedingly touching and beautiful.

The men are vastly uppish and high, and seem as if they wished to atone for their diminutive stature by aristocratic exclusiveness; yet the fact is, that the government is radically democratic. The women are extremely beautiful, but coquettish, carmine their cheeks, and occasionally swell, with much apparent complacency, at artificial nosegays. The climate and country are alike delightful. The latter is luxuriant and fertile, finely wooded, and possesses an immense variety of botanical specimens. Day after day, during the whole year, there is a constant succession of sunshine and of smiling skies; but, towards evening, noxious vapours frequently fall. Considerable traffic once existed between this island and that of Harolden; but no communication now exists. As a memorial of ancient friendship, however, the natives of Little Island have lately erected a handsome monument, with a suitable inscription.

Higher up lie the Royal South Isles, which are a very picturesque cluster, of various sizes and shapes—some of them luxuriant and fertile, and others, to use the elegant American phraseology, “damned considerably barren.” The largest are Joanoo, Thalabaw, Madoco, Kehamaar, and Rodrigoo. The inhabitants are affable, learned, and polite; and although some surmise that they occasionally assume brava-doing airs, this has only happened after some lawless invasion of their territory by the blue and yellow flagged pirates, who cruise to the north. Many parts of the country are wild, rocky, and thinly peopled, and the climate is variable; but the more sheltered situations are rich in nature’s bounties, and swarm with inhabitants. The winter is in some districts extremely severe; as in the polarward parts of Thalabaw, where they use sledges drawn by dogs. It is also worthy of remark, that, amid these snowy regions, there is a green bird which has a human meaning in its eye. There is also a superabundance of mummies and monstrosities. In Kehamaar there is a stupendous cavern, running for a prodigious way under the ocean and mountains, whose summits are supposed to pierce into heaven. They have here also the legend of a man, who, like our own Wandering Jew, is doomed to the curse of earthly immortality. The scenery is gorgeous and Asiatic. In Madoco are snakes com-

pared to which the boa constrictor is an earth-worm, men red and white, and volcanoes of immense power. In one division of the island the inhabitants much resemble the race of Fluellen, and have the blue eyes and flaxen hair of the Welch; while, in the other, they have the copper-coloured skins and flat noses of the South Americans. Rodrigoo is the most salubrious and thickly-peopled of them all; full of towns and villages strongly resembling those of ancient Spain. In the country we heard recited a beautiful legend of a dog and a war-horse, both of which knew their master after years of separation. The scenery and situations are in general uncommonly beautiful; and, altogether, the place is one of the finest which we have seen among the Fancy Isles. An immense ridge of rough-backed rocks, running into the deep, has received the somewhat lengthy appellation of Hexameteromania. The inhabitants of the whole, although of various religions, and governed by different laws, are extremely loyal. The laurel-tree flourishes throughout in great beauty and perfection.

At the north-west extremity of these isles, a high steep ridge of rocks presents itself not far distant, and at one time partially joined to them, called, from its dark colour, Goblin-o-ho, or Coally Ridge. On its other side the island is fantastic and picturesque beyond description—“not the work of Nature, but her dreams.” It is melancholy to observe that the country is thinly peopled, although some parts of it are luxuriantly fertile, and thus afford a striking proof of the incorrectness of the theory advanced regarding population by Mr. Malthus. About the centre of it stands a mossy hermitage, inhabited by an ancient seaman, a little touched in the top story, from dangers undergone in perilous voyages; and a glass palace, once inhabited by King Xamadu. At one extremity are the remains of an ancient castle, built in a style somewhat resembling the Gothic, and which, from the section that still exists, has the appearance of never having been finished. In one of the apartments we saw a lamp attached to the silver feet of an angelic figure of exquisite workmanship. In the tower were some owls copiously screaming tu-whit! tu-whoo! and in the court lay an old mastiff bitch as old as Methuselah. At the other

extremity stands, on a lofty pedestal, an armed knight, holding a shield on his left arm, on the centre of which is a burning brand. It looked exquisitely beautiful in the light in which we happened to view it, which was half sunset and half moonlight. We were sorry to learn, however, that the climate of this otherwise fine island is exceedingly uncertain, three-fourths of the year being little else than a succession of fogs. We were quite struck with the luxuriance and quantity of the poppies which are cultivated here. The export of opium is said to be great.

At the top of this group lie the extensive shores of Laketoo, or Recluse Island, which, viewed from sea, appear flattish, but of a rich, natural green. Many villages are perceptible, but nothing approaching in size to a town along the coast. The inhabitants somewhat resemble the Quakers among ourselves, being all clothed in one uniform garb of shepherd's grey. From their numerous herds, there is every reason to believe the peasantry wealthy and comfortable; at least, they all seemed contented, sober, and cheerful, great observers of nature, meditative and contemplative, affectionate to each other, and passionately fond of their children. In the interior we were told that there are many beaten tracks; but none of these could we see. The manners of the people strongly reminded us of the patriarchal times, and struck us forcibly as being a race much less removed than the rest of mankind from the state of primitive innocence. Wandering in the pastoral nooks, we saw some beautiful White Does, and met a maniac named Ruthèè, whose appearance interested us much. The natives are great singers of ballads, the subjects of which are generally suggested by themselves and their occupations. Many think that, in the course of years, this island will rise into first-rate importance, and not without much shew of reason for such belief.

On the south side of Recluse Island, the groves of Faeroo, or Palm Isle, attract the attention of the voyager. The country seems a perfect garden; though some parts of it are but thinly peopled, owing, it is said, to a plague which broke out many years ago and destroyed the inhabitants. The town on the other side, however, is now quite healthy, and much admired for the beauty of the bridge. The atmo-

sphere is really delicious, and possesses a perennial serenity, which gives to many of its landscapes a dreamy, reposing, and almost enchanted look. The people, like those of Recluse Land, are almost too good for this evil world. In the interior there is a range of hills, said to be the haunt of a race of tiny beings, much resembling our elves or fairies; but, be this as it may, the scenes which have been chosen for their habitation are beautiful in the extreme, while a tranquillity reigns over all, strongly disposing the mind to a belief in the imaginative. Tradition says that the island was first colonised by a pair of lovers, who alone escaped from shipwreck.

Methodow, or Montgomer Isle, is a pleasant place, of considerable extent, and respectably peopled; though some of the districts are as cold as Greenland, and others as hot as the West Indies. The climate, on the whole, may be considered as salubrious; a good proof of which is, that some of the inhabitants almost rival in longevity the people before the Flood. The whole, though straight-laced in their sentiments, are charitably disposed, and strict in the performance of their religious duties. They send missionaries into the neighbouring islands. The natives may be known from their dress, being variously striped like the Iris. Their hardware goods strongly resemble our Sheffield manufacture. Pelicans abound on the coast, and among the swamps.

This Montgomer Isle is called Methodow, or the Land of Saints, to distinguish it from another of the same cognomen, designated Belzebuboo, or the Land of Satan. By advertising for settlers, and holding out false lights, a considerable number of emigrants have been induced to take up their abode in the latter; but, from the late population returns, we understand that there is a remarkable disparity between the sexes, there being seven women to one man; which would not be such an unpleasant thing, however, did it not turn out that the majority of the females are old, and with beards. The consequence of this singular state of matters is, that the men consider themselves of such importance, that the ordinary course of matters is reversed, and it is the batchelors who require being courted. The principal town very much resembles Oxford; but the houses are built of mud, although some of the

interior apartments are gorgeously gilt. The form of religion is Manichean, the inhabitants being worshippers of the devil, whose history one of the bards has written in a long blank-verse poem. The very king assumes an infernal distinction in his title, being designated *Satana Gomera deesBatha*.

Etrickiboo, or the Island of Swine, is so named from the immense numbers of these animals which congregate there; which are very good eating, and have a flavour of the wild boar. Some of its districts are very agreeable; and the whole abounds in romantic scenery. It is situated to the north of *Marmi-Waveroo*. The people, who are mostly herds, are a decent set of creatures, but sorely given to superstition, believing implicitly in ghosts, goblins, brownies, and fairies. *Mary-loo*, or *Queen's Fove*, is the capital; and a smart looking place it is, though irregularly built. Some of the streets are very good, as *Broomstick-ant*, or *Witch-row*, and *Kilmenee*, or the shire of *Elves*. The people wear flat blue bonnets, with plaids resembling those of the south highlanders of Scotland; are great song-makers, and sing their own songs, many of which are good; and are passionately fond of making noises on an instrument resembling our violin. There are several other towns in *Etrickoo-booo*, which, although irregularly built, one and all of them possess handsome streets and lanes; as *Up-in-the-airree*, or *Sun-Pilgrim*, *Mooroo-Maderoo*, or the *King's Maiden*, and *Hyndee*, or *Beregonium*. None of these, however, are by any means populous, and all are shockingly in want of police. Among the *Balladoos*, or country residences, with which the interior of the isle is thickly strewn, there are some singularly beautiful and picturesquely situated places.

From the shore, *Sicilee-booo*, or the *Bar of Cornwall*, may be descried at a great distance, and apparently of considerable dimensions; but rather strangely diminishes on approaching it, probably owing to some peculiar quality of the atmosphere. It is a pretty island, luxuriantly covered with shrubs and flowers. The villages are built in the ancient Italian manner; and the fronts of the houses are very tastefully decorated with *eylantine* and *clematis*. *Geronymoo*, or the hamlet of the *Broken Heart*, is an exquisite spot; and so is *Potea-Basilee*, or *Isabella*;

Donnee Diego, or the *Libertine Reclaimed*; and *Cellonnoo*, or the *Crazy Prince*. Great part of the country was once covered with a Flood, which did it considerable damage, as from its mud sprang a great number of criticos, or reptiles, who molested its comforts, and considerably thinned the population. The natives prefer a form of worship not at all unressembling the ancient heathen mythology. They have once or twice attempted dramatic representations; but they are not strong in that department.

Iris-hoo, or *Hope Island*, to the south of *Harold Land*, though not of great extent, is, from its commerce, population, and supposed resources, one of the most considerable of the whole group. Almost every part of it is in a state of high cultivation, and the crops are excellent. The capital is *Wyomee*, at the back of which rises the sublime summit of *Locheilow*, on whose side is an exquisite temple called *Ocomoroo*, remarkable for being overgrown with the delicate little blossom known here under the name of "the Flower of Love lies bleeding." The natives have also some fine shipping; and two or three of their war-songs are among the most spirit-stirring things in the world. The new city, *Thee-Odee-Triekee*, is far inferior in architecture to the other places on the island, and is but weakly fortified. The consequence is, that many attacks have already been made upon it, and sundry parts of it have been demolished by the *Waspee-Criticees*, or freebooters, who infest the neighbouring territories.

Quarterloo-booo, or *Mealy-man's Isle*, rises high from the water, and is about the same extent as *Clolee-booo*, which is adjacent to it. Its capital, *Tinnee-Brasse*, or the *Bright City*, is irregularly built, and not well inhabited, although many of the buildings are elegant. Its first settlement, *Fazioo*, though a small place, is still the most flourishing on the island. *New Jerusalem* and *New Antioch* belie their names, as both are in a state of comparative decay. The inhabitants are said to be of Hebrew origin; and the population appears to be considerable, although perhaps rather on the decline.

Crolee-booo, on the contrary, is rather rising into importance, and drives a considerable trade. The country is fertile, and great quantities of flowers

spring up even by the way-side. Paristoo is a handsome little place, regularly built, clean, and well inhabited. Sebastianoo is also a town of considerable importance. Although of some extent, we do not think so much of Fustianoo, or the World's Angel; but in some of the districts of Lookee-Leapee, or Pride's Fall, there is much architectural beauty. In travelling across the country, many gems may be picked up by any one who looks about him. The natives, like those of the preceding, all dress in blackee-clothee, or the holy colour, and are sober, charitable, playgoing, and religious.

The description of many others, some of which are of considerable importance, we must for the present leave untouched; simply stating, that among these we would specify Missionree (Bowling Green), Heel-o-shoe (Bloomingfield), Bankerboo (Human

), and Registeroo (the Cove of Crabs). But as a favourable wind sprang up, we were anxious at the time to proceed on our voyage, and have left the proper survey of them to a future opportunity. Proceeding in a north-west direction, we soon left them behind; but for several days the snowy peaks of Recluse-Land, and the Andes of Marmi-Waveroo, were visible above the horizon.

We doubled the Cape on the 29th February, and anchored in the Downs towards the middle of May last, after a safe and most delightful voyage.

P.S.—This is well received by the world, I may shortly send you a brief survey of the curious cluster of islands, hitherto unexplored to their inmost recesses, appellated Coniacoo, Garrettoo, Tabbee-Cattee, or Blue Feet. In these the men are all under petticoat government.

J. S.

THE BELL OF ST. BRIDE'S.

BELL of St. Bride's! wheresoever I be,
My heart in the night-time must travel to thee;
They may say it is Cockney, and what not beside,
But I ne'er shall forget thee, sweet Bell of St. Bride!
Like the song of a friend, like the voice of my dear,
Has the sound of thy chime often gladden'd my ear:
So, Bell of St. Bride! wheresoever I be,
My soul in the night-time must travel to thee.

Sick and sorry at heart for long nights have I lain,
All sleepless and toss'd on the sick bed of pain—
No friend of my soul, no companion was nigh,
To ask if my lot 'twere to live or to die;
And there have I hail'd that soft mellow tone,
Which said in the world that I lived not alone:
So, Bell of St. Bride's! wheresoever I be,
My soul in the night-time must travel to thee.

How heavy the moments so lonely were pass'd!
But I heard from thy voice of the quarters at last;
And I knew that thy sound from a loved place was rung,
Where prayers were repeated, and praises were sung;
And I thought that it said, "Do not even despair,
Fix your hopes, my poor fellow, on help from elsewhere!"
So, Bell of St. Bride's! wheresoever I be,
My thoughts in the night-time shall wander to thee.

Quoth a Blackfriar's Man.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

No. V.

NATHAN BUTT, ESQ., THE RADICAL, TO DR. BOWRING, EDITOR OF THE
"WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

DEAR DR. BOWRING,

I AM NOT surprised at the mention you have made of my "Autobiography," in the last number of your Review; nor do I feel any great mortification that you have ascribed so many of the sentiments in that work to our mutual friend, Mr. Galt, knowing, as you do, the great intimacy that exists between him and me; but I am really disappointed at not observing in the article your wonted philosophical acumen; for I did expect that you, of all the critics of the day, would have discerned the principle upon which I constructed the Memoir. I have noticed too, another of our party, who, when he praises the professed works of Mr. Galt, is never far wrong—I mean Mr. Spectator; but how he has happened to fall into the same error that you have done is not easily accounted for.

The reason which both of you assign as the cause of inducing Mr. Galt to give erroneous representations of my motives and opinions is not correct; and I must say for him, in justice, that, in the intercourse we have had together while I was writing the book, I have had great reason to believe that the circumstance of his being a Tory springs from the wilfulness of human nature; for if he were judged of properly, he ought to belong to a very different sect. I know, for example, that he has "done the state some service, and they know it;" inasmuch as he has, by one of his projects, been the means of actually paying into the hands of government a much larger sum of money than all the savings, ten times over, that can result from any modification of the public accounts in your power to propose, or our friend Joseph Hume by all his motions and amendments to achieve, for which he never received even a single civil word. This has been his treatment from the Tories. He also, during the Milan and Berlin decrees, established, by his personal enterprise, a route through Turkey to Hungary for British commerce, which, independent of the boldness of the scheme, was very productive to those who availed themselves of it. This was also a work to the Tories; and the official gentry of that period know how magnificently he was rewarded. I am led to mention this latter circumstance, by having seen, last Sunday, on Mr. G.'s table, a letter from Prince Mauroosie, the then grand dragoman of the Porte, on this very subject, written at a time when the English ambassador at Constantinople either thought the undertaking a very foolish one, or had it not in his power to assist it; so far, therefore, I am convinced that Mr. G. has no great cause to be a Tory from interested motives, or obligations to Tory individuals. On the contrary, I do know that he has much more reason to be a Whig: his principal political friends are of that persuasion, and many of the purest and greatest characters that he has ever known are of the Whig creed. But he desires me, Doctor, to tell you something which he thought was very obvious in my life, namely, that disposition is in its influence on conduct so much in effect like principle, that he is inclined to ascribe much more to innate character than to the conclusions of the understanding; it is, in fact, only on this ground that there is any difference between him and me; for what he is pleased to consider as disposition, I am persuaded is the result of an enlightened view of the state of the world, and of the institutions of society in their variance with the indestructible principles of nature. I must, however, conclude, as the subject is multifarious. My object in writing this letter was only to vindicate our excellent friend from the insinuations to his prejudice which have been made in the articles alluded to; for I assure you, that, though he is no great trumpeter of his own merits, he cherishes a very Christian resentment against insinuations to their diminution.

Believe me, dear Doctor, truly yours,

NATHAN BUTT.

P.S. Don't you think that it furnishes an argument against ourselves, to represent our adversaries as being ruled by sinister motives? Amend this in future, lest we give rise to a suspicion of judging of others by ourselves. N. B.

MARY HUGHES: A TALE OF THE WELSH HIGHLANDS.

'On earth one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
One closing hour, one undivided tomb.'

CROLY.

MANY years have passed since the heroine of these memoirs found a refuge from her sorrows in the bosom of the grave. The inscription on her gravestone is now defaced and almost illegible, and the green hillock that marked the spot in which she rests, has sunk down to a level with the surrounding earth. Yet she still lives in the hearts of those who had been familiar with her beauty, and had known her when her cheek was radiant with the hues of health, and her limbs were buoyant with the elasticity of youth. To the memory of the old, to the recollections of those whose heads are now whitened with the snows of age, and whose forms are bowed down by the iron hand of Time, I have been indebted for much of my materials. Sitting in their humble cottages, hid in the most wild and picturesque scenery of North Wales, after the *tydyn* (the wild harp of the mountains) had sounded the high deeds of their fathers and the glory of their land, I heard the particulars forming the simple story of Mary Hughes, and the affecting incidents of her fate. It is a tale that will hardly awaken the sensibilities of those whose delight is fixed on novels of fashionable life; they, perhaps, will turn with affected disgust from a legend that has its foundation on the vulgar basis of nature and truth. But their approbation I do not seek. Those whose hearts are open to the sympathies of humanity, whose feelings are most deeply influenced by the simplest, which are the most natural causes, and whose passions do not require to be called into action by strong and artificial excitements, are far more likely to feel and understand this unpretending narrative, than those whose intellectual appetites seek for food of a higher though less innocent character.

Captain Hughes had retired from the service upon half pay, after having served during most part of the Peninsular war with acknowledged bravery. He had received a musket ball in the leg, while leading a detachment against the enemy, which obliged him to quit the army. Taking his daughter with him

from a school in England, where she had been placed since the death of her mother, he had retired to the home of his fathers, which was situated among the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Denbighshire hills. There was little about him to provoke inquiry. He had a well-cultivated mind, improved by observation of the manners and customs of other nations. He possessed the frankness of a soldier, mingled with the high bearing of a gentleman, proud of being descended from an ancient and illustrious house. He took pride in keeping up the hospitality for which the name of his ancestors had ever been famous; and the offices which had been filled in his household in a bygone age were not allowed to be vacant in his own. He was generous and brave, kind to his dependants, and loved his daughter, who was his only child, far above all earthly things.

Mary had attained her fifteenth year, and was just budding into womanhood. She was tall, well formed, and exquisitely beautiful. Her limbs were moulded in a form of surpassing grace; her features were modelled into an expression of unequalled loveliness; her light hair hung in luxuriant ringlets over her snowy forehead, dancing in the breeze that stirred them, and seemed to be clothed with smiles when the golden sunbeams played upon their tresses. Yet she was as unconscious of her own loveliness as the statue of the divine Aphrodite is of that beauty which has taken captive the hearts of so many generations. She was a child of nature, knowing no evil, and fearing none. Her mind was warmed with a high and eloquent enthusiasm, which made her look upon the goodness and excellence of the things by which she was surrounded with a feeling of exalted joy and unutterable love. She was kind and gentle to all around her, participating in their pleasure, and enjoying their happiness. The peasantry, by whom she was almost worshipped, called her, in their wild dialect, "*The Flower of the Hills*;" and it is a name by which she is most

remembered by those who knew her, when her beauty fully deserved so flattering a title. A venerable bard, infirm and blind, who had long been attached to her family, taught her to play upon the harp, in which she quickly excelled. He sang to her the national records of his country—the glory of Llewellyn, and the fame of Glyndwr. He taught her to appreciate the rich poetry of the mountain bards, and to execrate the memory of the tyrant by whose order they had been so inhumanly massacred. She listened to him with the most profound attention, as if she could never be weary of so delightful a theme; and by these means she accumulated in her mind a rich store of mountain minstrelsy. Often would she wander far among the mountains, to some spot made precious to her remembrance by a glorious struggle, in which the resistless valour of her fathers had triumphed over their invaders; or made holy to her memory by a deluge of blood shed by their unavailing bravery, when put in opposition to the superior numbers and discipline of their conquerors. One day when she was returning from an excursion of this nature, and was quickening her pace as she saw the shadows descending on the mountains, she heard a low bellow at some distance; she turned her head, and to her unspeakable terror saw a bull, of a short, thick breed peculiar to that part of Wales, pursuing her with an appearance of the most savage ferocity. She knew there was no house nearer than a mile off, and she saw no help at hand. Her only chance of escape was over a rustic bridge at no great distance, which the animal could not cross. Summoning up all her courage, and with what little strength she possessed, she speeded on with a velocity as if fear had lent her wings; but she had not proceeded far, before she heard the enraged beast approaching nearer and nearer, snorting, bellowing, and tearing up the ground, as he bounded along the earth. She already seemed to feel his hot breath upon her shoulder, and, after uttering a short prayer, was sinking from excess of terror, when, just as the wild animal was on the point of wreaking his raving vengeance on her unoffending body, a strong arm caught her round the waist and drew her on one side. The beast, missing

his aim, slipt and fell; and before he had time to recover his footing, his intended victim was hurried out of his reach.

Edward Morris, the son of a neighbouring clergyman, was quietly engaged fishing for trout in a stream sheltered from observation by a few willows that grew on its bank, when his attention was forcibly awakened by the noise the bull made in his progress. He was just in time to save the beautiful girl from a horrid death; and with breathless haste carried her over the bridge that kept her safe from the fury of her pursuer. She had fainted. Edward Morris used the only remedy that suggested itself to him—that of sprinkling her face with water from the neighbouring stream. He gazed upon her, and owned that even his poetic fancy, fond of imaginary creatures of ideal excellence, had never presented him with the resemblance of a being of such exceeding loveliness as the beautiful and helpless female that lay extended at his feet. He knelt as he raised her from the ground, and watched the appearance of returning animation with feelings of the most intense interest. At length she opened the silken lashes of her eyes, as if awaking from a strange and fearful dream, and met the impassioned gaze of her preserver, who, like Adam, enraptured with the beauty of his new-created bride,

“ Hung over her enamoured.”

The sun at that moment was setting behind the distant hills, leaving the horizon in that blaze of splendour more frequently visible in the wild romantic scenery of a mountainous country. Flakes of crimson and gold, of dark purple and light orange, intermixed here and there with fleecy clouds of the purest white, appeared at some little distance from the departing luminary, whose immediate vicinity seemed one blaze of fire, clothing the far-off hills with a robe rivalling in the joyous richness and variety of its colour the most costly apparel in which the rulers of the earth have sought to bestow dignity upon their persons. Far in the heavens was one vast expanse of blue, darkening in the distance to the more sober hues of the coming night. The sea, stretching far and wide, was visible at the distance of a few miles, where its

dark waters were occasionally relieved by the white sails of the distant ships ; and the tall masts of the colliers and trading vessels, as they lay at anchor in the bay, were seen peeping over the rugged cliffs of the coast. The river was meandering in its serpentine course through the valley that lay at their feet, till it was lost in the waters of the ocean. The little stream by which they stood, one of the many torrents that were tributary to the river, was taking its way in a series of the most wild and picturesque falls, leaping, like a chamois-hunter, from crag to crag, over the rocky prominences that interrupted its course. Around rose hills rising over hills, and mountains towering over their giant brethren into the clouds above them, till the eye ached at their immensity, and the head grew dizzy at the bare imagination of their height. Below them the gentle valley spread out its alluring beauties, dotted here and there with a cluster of simple cottages, from among which the unpretending church arose like a modest matron in the midst of her offspring. Occasionally, where some eminence presented a commanding situation, the baronial castle rose in its pride of power ; or the well-built mansion of more modern architecture, the hospitable residence of some country gentleman, threw its protecting smile over the adjacent villages. Yet more frequently was seen the moss-covered ruin of a mighty fabric, that was once perhaps the refuge of the Saxon, or the stronghold of the Norman, from whence they had issued to spoil and lay waste with fire and sword the possessions of the native lords ; till the people, roused to vengeance by a sense of their wrongs, rose *en masse*, washed away their just hatred in the blood of their oppressors, leaving the homes of their tyrants a heap of stones, as a monument for after-ages, on which the antiquary might waste his useless erudition in conjectures upon its structure, or speculations upon its use. In the most savage spots of this landscape appeared *cairns*, a heap of stones, marking probably a place of burial, and *cromlechs*, which are arrangements of masses of stone, and are almost the only existing records of the Druids, a people whose existence is clothed with so much fable and mystery. These were the most conspicuous

features of the landscape that met the eye ; yet were they little heeded by the two beings who seemed the only spectators of a scene of so much loveliness and grandeur.

Mary gazed on the handsome features and athletic form of him to whom she owed her life ; their eyes met ; and in that mute look he felt that she had thanked him more than if her tongue had expressed all the eloquence of the Grecian orators. He raised her from the ground with as much care as if she was a fragile flower, beaten to the earth by the weight of the passing storm.

Edward was enraptured at the idea of being the protector of a creature of such fascinating beauty as she who tremblingly hung upon his arm. In passing over a dark and fathomless ravine, only to be crossed on the dangerous footing of a felled tree, in a sudden feeling of terror she clung to him for support. He felt a thrill of unspeakable delight darting through his frame ; and had he not shaken off its influence, and hurried from the spot, it is probable the indulgence of such delicious feelings, in such a situation, would have led to the destruction of both. The rest of their journey was of a less hazardous character, and therefore more favourable for conversation. It was a time when the feelings of the heart overpower all other sensations — when thought is most eloquent of meaning, but when the tongue is voiceless. The pleasing influence of a first impression takes possession of soul and sense, and there revels on unchecked ; those sympathies which nature has planted in the human heart, for the best and wisest purpose, gather power, increase in force, and become more pleasing, until the impression becomes less and less effaceable, and the germ of a fond and passionate attachment rises into being. Silence at such a time renders the most powerful assistance ; fancy is allowed to dwell upon the theme, and the imagination to colour it in its brightest hues ; affection gathers in the bud, puts forth its leaves, and soon becomes too strong to be blighted in its early growth.

Edward Morris was the only son of a clergyman, the rector of a neighbouring village a few miles distant from the residence of Captain Hughes. His father had been considered one of the

best classical scholars of the university to which he belonged ; his mother had died in his infancy ; and his remaining parent found a sweet and precious solace in directing the education and watching the progress of his child's mind. He devoted nearly the whole of his attention to so¹pleasing a study, and he never had occasion to regret it. Edward proceeded rapidly in his studies, at an early age giving promise of future excellence. Now, in his eighteenth year, he was thoroughly conversant with the greatest of the poets, philosophers, and historians of the ancient world, and with the most valuable portion of the language and literature of modern Europe. He had visited almost every corner of the mountain land that gave him birth ; and his footsteps were as familiar with the summits of Snowdon and Cader Idris, as they were with the green pathways in the valleys of Clwyd and Glyndwr²dy. His mind was stored with the local traditions of the hospitable peasantry, among whom he was always a welcome guest. From the romantic annals and the legendary minstrelsy they had furnished him with, together with the influence of the sublime scenery in which he had ever moved and breathed, he possessed an imagination of a highly poetical character. Had he enjoyed those advantages which are necessary to its favourable development, such an imagination would have ranked him high among the possessors of "the faculty divine." With such attainments his father proposed sending him to college, that he might pursue his studies into the higher branches of education, be ordained, and become his successor in the church.

Mary was approaching home, when they met her father mounted on his old black pony, and accompanied by several of the labourers on his estate. He had been alarmed by her prolonged stay, and had set out, with some of his men, for the purpose of seeking her. When they discovered the object of their search, the wild Highlanders, to many of whom Morris was personally known, sent up a shout of recognition, which he returned with as much gratification. The old man alighted, embraced his daughter, and expressed his

joy at her return.. He appeared as if overjoyed at once more beholding his child, for whose safety he had lately entertained such fearful forebodings ; and the warm-hearted Celts that accompanied him seemed to feel as strongly the general joy,—for they danced about like wild deer, and sang snatches of songs, in an idiom almost as ancient as their mountains. When the captain was made acquainted with the particulars of his child's preservation, heightened as the relation was by the enthusiasm of her gratitude, it appeared as if he thought he could never express his thanks sufficiently. He shook Edward by the hand again and again, and invited him to his house, with many expressions of esteem and good will.

"Gryffydd!" called out the veteran, to a wild-looking son of the hills, who seemed as happy as the rest ; "why stand ye capering like a young goat in the sunshine? Have ye been touched by the spear-grass wands of the *tylwyth teg*?* Haste to the house of my fathers, and bid my people welcome, with feasting and with songs, the preserver of the Flower of the Hills—the bright-eyed daughter of Morgan, ap Gwylm, ap Merydydd, ap Hughes."

"*Nev a rod³do da i ti!*"† exclaimed the Celt to Edward, looking on him with a countenance expressive of the sincerest pleasure ; and then darting off to do the bidding of his lord with the speed of an antelope.

They proceeded homewards in all joyfulness of heart, when they were met by the whole population of the district, men, women, and children, who seemed to participate in the gladness of their lord, to whom they were much attached.

Captain Hughes, as he alighted at the gate of his house, which had been in possession of his family for centuries, welcomed Edward to the home of his fathers, and led the way to the hall, where sat the old harper, twining his bony fingers in the strings of his ancient harp.

"Prichard!" said the lord of the mansion, in the language with which he always addressed his people ; "let the tuneful chords of thy harp sound a welcome to the stranger ; for we owe him thanks for having saved from

* Fair family—the fairies.

† Heaven bestow good on thee!

death the last of our house. Sound the bardic welcome to the brave, and thou shalt have the blue hirlas full of yellow mead to drink his health."

It was a generally-received superstition, that the bards of old were gifted with a knowledge of futurity, and could, in their wild and irregular numbers, give notice to the living of danger and death. From this cause

they had been held holy by the many; and even by those who have been thought most free of such influence, they were treated with the most profound veneration and respect. What, then, could equal the astonishment all felt, when the old man, after striking a few chords, broke out into a symphony of melancholy sweetness and sorrowful lamentation?

Wo! wo! to the halls of thy fathers, for they shall become desolate;
The bats shall congregate in thy chambers,
And the owls be busy on thy hearths.

Wo! wo! to the stranger, for his days shall be but few;
Old age shall never whiten his dark hair,
And his bright eyes shall see the grave.

Wo! wo! to the last of thy race, for she shall perish.
Even the bright Flower of the Hills
Shall wither in the bud.

Wo! wo! to Morgan, ap Gwylm, ap Merydydd, ap Hughes;
For he shall be left like a blighted tree,
On the rocks of C'raig yr Wyddva.

The bard closed his minstrelsy with a sigh that seemed almost to break the heart whence it issued.

"What, Prichard!" exclaimed his lord, "is this the way thou welcomest my guest? But when I ask thee to honour us with thy minstrelsy again, it is to be hoped thy *awen** may produce something more appropriate."

He proceeded to the usual sitting-room, followed by Edward and Mary, both of whom were musing on the melancholy import of the harper's melody. On them it had succeeded in making a deeper impression than it could be supposed to make on the strong mind of the rough soldier, who seldom allowed his senses to be worked upon by the superstitions of the peasantry. From the mind of Edward it was soon erased by the cordiality of his host: but Mary never forgot it; she treasured it up in her remembrance, till death blotted from her memory all that was sad and all that was pleasing.

In the course of conversation, the captain discovered that the father of his young friend had been the college chum and confidential companion of his early days. This was a fresh call upon his friendship, and he allowed the kindlier feelings of his heart to exercise their full sway and to possess their strongest influence. He would

hear no excuse, but forced him to accept an invitation to pass the night in his house, making the hours run on with the most agreeable rapidity, by the relation of his campaigns in the Peninsula, or his freaks at college.

When Edward awoke the next morning, he looked from his window over the surrounding country, and saw the sun rising, and the mists retreating from the valleys to the higher grounds. He prepared himself for a walk, and stepped out upon the lawn opposite the house: the grass was wet with the last night's dews, which the air had not yet gained sufficiently warm a temperature to imbibe. He bent his footsteps towards a garden, whose gravel walks presented the prospect of a more agreeable footing. He saw there flowers in their glowing hues, filling the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. He stayed a short time to admire them, and passed on to an antique summer-house that appeared at the bottom of one of the walks. He was proceeding to enter it, when he was stopped by hearing the sounds of a harp, which appeared to issue from the building. He paused, and heard one of his own wild mountain melodies sung in a tone of such surpassing sweetness and such characteristic simplicity, that he felt as if spell-bound with the witchery

of the sounds. When the voice had ceased, he entered the building, and discovered Mary Hughes, in a neat and graceful morning dress, bending over the harp, and still employed in producing chords from its melodious strings. She turned her head as he entered, and when she saw who it was, she welcomed him with one of her most winning smiles, placed her hand in his, and as she had never felt the necessity of concealing her natural feelings, she did not attempt to disguise her joy at seeing him. Edward was enraptured at the kind reception he had met with, and gazed on the lovely being before him with eyes that seemed to drink in the image of her beauty with an intensity of pleasure too powerful for the most talented writer to describe.

Edward loved her, — fondly, dearly, and ardently loved her; in his soul he worshipped, in his heart he adored her: the ground she trod on was made holy by her footsteps, the things she handled were sanctified by her touch. Even the very atmosphere in which she moved seemed to him to borrow light and purity from the rich splendour of her loveliness; and the bright lustre of her dove-like eyes appeared to confer unimaginable beauty upon every thing on which they dwelt.

One evening they left their fathers engaged in discussing the merits of an object of disputed antiquity, and proceeded on one of their usual walks. The night was uncommonly fine, the air pure as it generally is in a mountainous country, the sky without a cloud, and the stars possessing more than their accustomed brilliancy. The moon on such scenery as this produces an effect upon which no imagination can confer due justice: the trees, the waters, and the far-off hills, were touched with a feathery mantle of the most brilliant white, and the tops of the distant mountains were as clearly visible as they are in the brightest day. In the dark waters of the lake the stars shone as vividly as in their own element; and the trees upon its bank seemed sleeping on the still bosom of the waters, like things without life and without motion. Never was a scene more fitted to immortalise the hand of a painter, never a landscape that more clearly displayed the immortality of its Creator. Their walk led them towards the ruins of an old monastery, which

had lately become a favourite resort. It looked glorious in the moonlight: its fragments covered a vast extent of ground. One magnificent window was entire, and several smaller ones imperfect, but what was visible of them was marked by sculpture by no mean hand. There were arches, several of which were covered with beautiful traceries; and pillars, most of them in fragments, but many possessing sufficient solidity to give the beholder an idea of the vast structure to which they once belonged. One or two chambers were still perfect; the rest an undistinguishable heap of ruins. Here and there was an empty niche, that plainly told to what service it had formerly been devoted; but the figure of the saint or virgin, which once filled up its vacant corner, had long since crumbled into dust. Most of the stonework was concealed by a profusion of hellebogs and wild flowers, that grew there in all the luxury of undisciplined vegetation.

Wales is rich in picturesque ruins, more so than any country of similar extent; for the troubles that have so often desolated the hearths of her people have passed over other lands less frequently and less severely: but the relics of the old monastery is characterised with a beauty of a peculiar character, touching the heart more deeply than the more glorious wrecks of a more glorious time. There was something holy in the solitary loneliness of its walls — something sublime in the desolate grandeur of its masses. Many legends were connected with it. The peasantry allowed it to be haunted with the ghosts of the departed monks, and seldom dared to venture within its immediate neighbourhood. But such idle tales had little influence on those who were now journeying thither. They walked under its ruined archways, and seated themselves upon the pedestal of a fallen column. Here they sat watching the beautiful effect of the moonbeams stealing through the interstices in the ivy, and breaking into a thousand fragments of light, that fell upon the green and discoloured pavement at their feet. They had been engaged some time talking of the delightful effect of light and shade, when Mary heard, or fancied that she heard, sounds like those of a man's voice; but Edward assured her it was most probably a bat shrieking in some dis-

tant part of the building; and she expressed herself satisfied. It was not long, however, before they again heard the same sounds, and heard them more plainly. He was certain there were others in the ruins besides themselves, and, with the natural impetuosity of youth, jumped up to know who they were. He received Mary's assurance that she would not be alarmed if he left her for a few moments, and sallied out in the direction whence he thought the sounds proceeded. He had gone on some little distance, treading with cautious footsteps the perilous ground over which he passed, and had entered what had probably been once a cell, when he heard a long and piercing scream, followed by cries for help in a voice he could not mistake. A bar of iron had been displaced by rust or violence from its position across the window, and was connected with the wall by one part only; he easily wrenched it from its hold, and leaped over the shaking stones like a wild deer along the heather. He returned in time to see his beautiful Mary struggling in the arms of two ruffian-looking sailors, and shrieking out his name for help. They were carrying her off. Edward, as he approached, called out to the villains to let her go. One of them, leaving his destined prey, discharged a pistol at his head, which fortunately missed its aim. Before he had time to draw the other, he was levelled to the ground with the iron bar. The other ruffian, seeing his companion fall, thought best to seek safety in flight. He escaped not scathless; for Edward fired at him the pistol he had taken possession of from his fallen comrade; and it was evident that he was severely wounded; for a shepherd, the next morning, traced blood upon the grass to a considerable distance.

When Mary found herself free from her assailants, she rushed into the arms of her deliverer, who could not refrain from pressing her to his heart. She looked up into his face with her bright eyes overflowing with love and gratitude,—their lips met,—and one prolonged delicious kiss was the seal of their mutual affection. How long they remained in this state of delight and happiness it matters not; it was time sufficient for him to ~~all~~ the love that had so long lain brooding in his breast, and sufficient for him to hear

her, in return, own how dearly she loved him. The outpourings of his heart, when once allowed vent, were discharged in a flood of eloquence and truth. He told her of the growth of his passion from its commencement to its confession,—how his soul had yearned for her beauty,—how his heart had thirsted for her presence,—how the world had become dark to him when the light of her fair eyes had ceased to dwell upon the air he breathed,—and how nature had become neglected by him when her loveliness no longer appeared, to shine forth the brightest feature in the landscape. There was a fire in his words and an energy in his manner which there was no withstanding. Again and again,—her eyes beaming with the ecstasy of her feelings—her bosom panting with the intensity of her affection—her cheeks suffused with the glow of passionate excitement,—did the lovely girl press him closer and closer to her heart, in gushes of an uncontrollable transport, of which before she had never experienced a tithe of the joy.

In the mean time the ruffian, whom Edward had left for dead upon the ground, but who was merely stunned, began to recover from the effects of the blow; and seeing his late antagonist so much engaged as not likely to pay much attention to his movements, he took himself off in the most quiet way he possibly could, not wishing to risk another blow from so formidable a weapon.

As they walked home, they agreed that their fathers were not to know any thing of what had occurred until the following day; when she consented, after much persuasion, that he should ask their permission to their union.

The next day Edward went on his delicate mission. When her father was made aware of the fresh debt of gratitude he had contracted, he met his young friend's demand with the greater pleasure, as he was then conscious of having it in his power to bestow a suitable acknowledgment on his exertions. He said he had but one gift worth his acceptance, and that was his daughter. She was a treasure he felt loath to part with; yet, as no one could possibly deserve her so well as one who had twice perilled his life to save hers, if she loved him, and he possessed his father's consent, they

should have his, and his blessing, whenever they were desirous of possessing them.

With his own father Edward was not so successful. The old gentleman imagined, that if he was married at so early an age, he might probably become indolent and unfit for his vocation; he therefore stated to him, that if he immediately proceeded to college, and obtained there those honours he knew he had sufficient ability to expect, he should, after having been ordained for holy orders, possess the hand he coveted, with his most fervent prayers for their happiness. Nothing, he said, could give greater pleasure to him than to unite the daughter of his ancient friend with his only son; but he could not think it accordant with his duty as a Christian minister, and his feelings as a father, to give his consent to their union till such conditions had been fulfilled. With such (as he considered) hard terms as these, Edward was obliged to acquiesce.

Mary was soon acquainted with the circumstances: an arrangement like this was quite unexpected to her. It was not without some misgivings that she acceded to it. Her feelings had been raised to a height of rapturous excitement by the near approach of her felicity, and it was with a proportionate fall she heard the proposed delay. Again the voice of the blind harper sounded in her ears the prophetic warning, and a conviction came upon her mind that the separation would be fraught with danger—would be fatal to one or both of them. But she could not persuade herself to attempt changing the course of events, and she allowed the fortnight that elapsed before his departure to pass without mentioning her fears.

Day after day went by, and still found them together roaming the levels, climbing the hills, or seated on the declivities, with hearts brimming with the fulness of their affection, and eyes glistening with the rapture of their bliss. Little he said of his departure. His joy was in the present, nor had he fears for the future. No plans were formed, no promises given, no anticipations considered. The time passed rapidly and joyously, in the sweet indulgence of their mutual love. The last day arrived. Edward rode over to his friend's mansion to take his farewell. He found her in the antique summer-

house, playing on her harp a melody she knew he loved to hear. She always forgot her fears when she found him by her side; but this morning she had woken to the certainty of its being the last day of their meeting. In spite of his caresses, she could not refrain from unburdening to him the fearful anticipations she cherished—her regret at his departure—and her fears for his safety. He endeavoured to persuade her that her fears were vain, but met with little success. She hung upon his shoulder, her eyes glistening with tears, imploring him to remember her when away, to think of her often, to write to her frequently—but, above all, to be sure to be always attentive to his own safety; for if any thing was to happen to him, she could not live; her heart would break, and an early grave would be her portion. Overpowered with the agony of her feelings, she sank exhausted on his arm. Edward gazed upon her pale features, while her bright hair was streaming over her shoulders, and her fan form was reclining on his for support, and vowed to himself that never in word or deed, in thought or action, would he do any thing that might give her pain. He felt almost subdued by the force of his own sensations. He could not look unmoved on the spectacle before him, nor could he observe the intensity of her affection without being deeply affected by it.

She soon recovered, raised herself from his arm, and looked upon him for a time steadily and composedly; then, in a fresh burst of uncontrollable transport, she pressed him fondly to her breast, and clung upon his lips in a paroxysm of passionate feeling. Every promise was made to her that could tend in the least degree to mitigate her sorrow, or to quiet her fears; and at last, with frequent vows of fidelity on both sides, and parting gifts given and received, she allowed him to depart.

Edward sought his gallant friend, and found him seated on his pony, with a determination of seeing him to his father's, near which the coach passed that was to carry him to his destination. On they jogged; the sure-footed animals on which they rode, like the mules in the mountainous districts of Spain, seemed to possess a more than natural instinct in climbing the dangerous passes that lay in

their direction. They never stumbled, even upon the most hazardous footing; but trod with as much safety their rugged pathways, and felt as much at ease, as a modern exquisite on the broad pavé of Regent Street or St. James's. When they parted, it was not without some emotion that the veteran left his young friend, as he shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him all success at Alma Mater.

Months passed, years were following, and Mary still continued to improve in loveliness and excellence. She frequently received letters from her lover, all breathing the tenderest affection; and she had intelligence from his father (who generally managed to ride over once a-week to see his old friend) of his progress and success. She felt almost happy; and she looked forward to the close of the last year, when she expected to be quite so. As she approached nearer and nearer to the time appointed for the full enjoyment of her happiness, she shook off the fear that had oppressed her, and determined to consider the blind bard as a false prophet.

In their neighbourhood, a few miles distant from them, lived a young man, named Walter Jones, who had just succeeded to a small property left him by his father. Walter had never borne a good character among his more respectable neighbours. He had from a boy been violent and headstrong, fond of mischief, partial to bad company, and addicted to hard drinking. It was said that he had been lately recognised on the coast with a party of smugglers who were known to frequent there; and it was generally suspected that he was their leader. He was tall, athletic, and not unhandsome either in form or features. His dark eyes, which many a simple girl thought beautiful, when lighted up by passion or revenge flashed upon the object of his hatred an almost supernatural light; and his black hair, which had never been cut, curled over his forehead, and hung down upon his shoulders, giving an appearance of wild beauty to his features, whose delineation would have done honour to the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*. He was the dread of many of the peasantry for his dark eye, and the fear of others for his great strength. He was reckless and daring as a young lion, but savage and ferocious as a wild tigris. Still,

he was admitted into the society of the small farmers of the vicinity, where his courage made him acceptable to some, his qualifications in hard drinking to many, and his paternal acres and good figure brought with them no small recommendation to others—of which careful mothers and ambitious daughters formed a large portion. They knew little, it is to be hoped, of his more exceptionable deeds—nothing but the romantic interest that was attached to his name. Whisperings came to them of daring enterprises, in which he had acted a principal character; but among a people where such things have always been looked upon as more glorious than blamable, it was not to be supposed it could much injure him in their estimation. Nothing dark, in which his name was mixed up with deeds of blood and with victims of treachery, ever came to their ears; for he was in the habit of managing matters in a much surer way.

At the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mary and her father met him for the first time. He was not unknown to Captain Hughes; but his knowledge of him was derived from the report of his tenants, and from facts learned in his professional capacity as a magistrate. Mary had never seen him before; but it was suspected by some that he had seen her, although he had previously had no opportunity of speaking to her; for it was afterwards discovered that the two men who attacked her at the ruins of the old monastery belonged to the smugglers on the coast; and what object they could have in carrying her off, was supposed to be best known to himself. He seemed inclined to pay her much attention, and endeavoured to make himself agreeable; but she shrunk from his attentions with feelings of disgust. He was not a man to be easily disheartened by the little hopes that could be entertained from the result of his first interview; so he still continued his views, and still flattered himself with hopes of succeeding. He had met with so few disappointments in his intercourse with the fair sex, that he imagined a simple girl would soon fall a willing victim to the shrine of his vanity. Of Captain Hughes he stood somewhat in awe; for his power was great—he was much beloved by the people, who to defend him and

his daughter, would have rallied round them in a mass; and his reputation for courage was unquestionable; therefore he did not venture inside his house. But he contrived to meet Mary in all her walks. She could not stir out the shortest distance without finding him by her side. He pretended the most ardent attachment and the most devoted love, to which she would not listen, and would not believe. At last, finding that all his expressions were attended to with a deaf ear, and all his vows and protestations taken very little notice of—fearing to come to extremities with her father, and burning to possess the beautiful girl, he most generously, as he thought, made her an offer of his hand and fortune, which was refused as politely as possible.

She felt so much annoyed at his persecutions, that, although she had at first determined to keep them a secret, she told her father the whole particulars. He advised her not to leave the house without him; and if he then attempted to annoy her, he should suffer for it.

When Walter Jones found all his expectations conclude with so little profit,—that he had been actually rejected, he would hardly believe it. He thought it preposterously strange; and, from his experience in such matters, pronounced it a mere artifice of the sex. Finding himself deprived of the usual opportunities of seeing her, he determined upon having an interview with her father, to see what his powers of persuasion would do in his favour. Captain Hughes heard him out with as much patience as he could possibly assume. He then very civilly refused him for a son-in-law, telling him that his daughter was engaged, and even had her hand been free, Mr. Walter Jones was the last person in the world he should feel inclined to bestow her upon; assuring him, at the same time, that he had heard of the annoyances to which he had subjected her; but if ever he caught him on his estate again, with any such intentions, his power as a magistrate, and his feelings as a father, would force him to be under the painful necessity of punishing him as he deserved. Walter Jones left the room vowing revenge.

Time passed on, and the last year was drawing to a close. Letters were received from college, in which it was stated that Edward Morris had

received the highest honours of the university, and was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments within its walls. He wrote to Mary a long and kind letter, in which he expressed himself as being overjoyed at the near approach of his happiness, and informed her of the day when she might expect him. Her anticipations of future joy were exceedingly great. Every preparation was made for his arrival; and it was arranged between the delighted fathers, that the union should take place the day after. All on the estate, with whom he was a general favourite, looked to his coming with feelings of the sincerest pleasure; and the day on which he was expected having got known, they determined to welcome him in a style worthy a descendant of the ancient Cymry. All but old Pritchard participated in the general pleasure; and he was frequently heard striking melancholy chords from his harp, and giving prophetic warnings of approaching danger.

The day arrived, and Edward left the coach to hurry across the mountains. As he hastened on, with a light step and a lighter heart, imagining the joy of his beloved one at their meeting after so long a separation, he came to a wild pass in the mountains, about a mile distant from the estate of Captain Hughes. It was a savage-looking place, the scene of many a fearful legend;—a gloomy ravine, with no appearance of vegetation near it, save a few stunted trees. The dark and huge fragments of the rocky soil were shut in by an amphitheatre of desolate hills. Within a short distance, the waters of one of the wildest of the mountain torrents were seen leaping down a tremendous depth, with an uproar almost as great as the continual discharge of a piece of artillery.

Edward Morris walked on in the full joy of his heart, thinking of no evil and fearing none; when, just as he approached the centre of the pass, he was surprised at beholding a man standing opposite to him, with a seeming determination to dispute his passage. It was Walter Jones. His day of vengeance had at last arrived, and he stood glaring at his victim with a fiend's malice. His dark eye was flashing fire, and his look was like that of a savage of the wilderness in the act of springing upon his prey.

"Edward Morris!" shouted the ruffian, "your hour is come, and my revenge comes with it. You have dared to cross my path—to love the only girl I ever thought worthy of my favour. She rejected me—her father rejected me; and it was for you they did it. But my revenge shall be terrible, and you shall be its first victim. So, fool and madman as you are to have provoked my anger, breathe your shortest prayer,—for you shall die."

"Not yet!" exclaimed Edward, leaping with the agility of a young snake upon his antagonist, and grappling him with a power that even the athletic smuggler found would be difficult to shake off. Long and deadly was the struggle. Walter had overcome all competitors at wrestling; for his superior strength gave him a powerful advantage. His heart was on fire with revenge and wounded pride. All the ferocious nature of his disposition came to his assistance, in the determination that his victim should die. Edward knew every foot of ground on which he trod; and although he was not so strong, he was more agile than his opponent. Besides, he struggled for life—for love—for all that was dear to him on earth; and, knowing what must be the result of the contest, all the energies of his soul were brought into action, and he strained every muscle with an exertion that seemed gigantic.

Walter, in an effort he made to throw his adversary, missed his footing, staggered, and fell.

"Now!" cried Edward, with his knee upon his fallen enemy—"Now, who shall die?"

"Thou!" shouted the ruffian, as he disengaged a pistol from his belt, which he had not possessed an opportunity of doing before, and discharged it in the breast of his triumphing foe. The ball went through his heart, and the dead body of Edward Morris fell upon his murderer. The survivor shook off the encumbrance, and looked upon his prostrate victim with a smile of most malicious satisfaction; then was proceeding to depart from the spot, when he was alarmed at seeing the surrounding hills covered by a multitude of people, and men in different directions approaching him.

The kind-hearted peasantry of the district had made every preparation in their power to welcome the friend of

their lord home to his native hills, and had set out to meet him, with the intention of bearing him home in triumph. They had proceeded as far as the hills that overlooked the spot where his last footsteps rested, and were in time to witness the conclusion of the mortal combat between him and his enemy. They saw a struggle between two men—a pistol fired, and one of them fall. The distance was too far to distinguish the features of the combatants, yet some there were among them who positively affirmed that one of them was him they sought. With some misgivings as to the result, some of the men separated into different parties, completely surrounding the ruffian. As they approached the scene of the murder, recognised the friend of their lord weltering in his blood, and discerned him who had done the deed, the brave Celts sent up a yell of horror and despair, which was answered by the hills around. With gloomy looks and scowling eyes they advanced upon the murderer, with the determination of exacting a just and a horrible vengeance.

Walter Jones still stood with arms folded and lips compressed, revolving in his mind the extent of his danger. He knew he could hope for no mercy from the people who were pursuing him, and he saw there was but little chance of escaping from the certainty of their revenge. He was pausing to consider, and in the mean time his pursuers were gaining ground. He was now completely enclosed on every side—hemmed in by all parties. Seeing no hope remaining if he stood still, he determined to make one effort for his escape, and rushed with all speed towards the end of the defile. Here he was met by a stout highlander, who threatened to fell him to the ground with a heavy club which he carried; at him he discharged his remaining pistol, and the Celt fell, cursing the dark eye of his enemy. He saw in the same path, at no great distance, several others making towards him at full speed. He turned off in a different direction; but had not proceeded far, when he found that a whole host of them would be upon him in a few minutes. He stood now upon a rock that overlooked the tremendous rapid we have described in a preceding page—the waters were boiling and foaming directly under him—he was

compressed on both sides—his pursuers were close upon him in front and rear—the foremost of them was but a few yards distant from his body. Walter Jones stood up the whole height of his person, glared upon his pursuers a look of scornful hatred and demon malice, and then with a giant's leap plunged headlong into the roaring torrent.

We cannot describe the feelings of Mary Hughes when the sorrowing and faithful Celts brought to her the dead body of him whose living form she had so eagerly expected. Like the painter, we will draw a veil over features we

dare not attempt to delineate. She died. Hers was no lingering disease that eats into the heart as rust does into metal. Hers was a morbid earthquake, whose explosion burst asunder every feeling, passion, and affection of earthly humanity. She died of a raving brain and a broken heart; and her unhappy father followed her in the course of a few weeks.

When his lord died, the blind bard was heard to sing his prophetic warning—but his voice was feeble, and the chords of his harp less powerful than they were wont. A few years passed, and that voice was silent for ever.

ROMANTIC POETRY OF SPAIN.

Know'st thou the land where the citron-groves bloom,
And the gold orange sheds mid dark leaves its perfume?
A softer wind sighs from the blue heaven above,
There the myrtle grows fair in the tall laurel-grove:
Know'st thou it well? Ah, thither would I,
With thee, O my dearly beloved one, fly!

Goethe.

SPAIN has been reproached, by a celebrated man, with having produced only one good book, and that in ridicule of all the rest. This critic must undoubtedly be understood to speak of a philosophical study of her literature, otherwise his assertion (the examination of which, in its full extent, would lead us too far) will not be admitted by any one acquainted with the romantic poetry of that country. Of its more modern literature, the assertion is undeniable; for in no country has Providence written in characters more legible, that the dread of knowledge extinguishes the light of reason and truth, and that the contraction of the mind invariably produces that of the heart.

The pleasure with which we revert to the beautiful fables of the heroic ages is always increasing, and the attractions which they possess for every reader is a sufficient proof that they are as captivating now as in the days of Don Quixote. Their exquisite sensibility, their delightful *naïveté*, their admirable harmony, and, above all, their chivalrous melancholy, paint an age of agitation, in which the spent and languid literature of the West was renewed and invigorated from the more copious fountains of the Oriental world. The spirit of Christian love, Platonic and chivalrous, every where pervading them,

is here displayed in its highest lustre. There needs no antiquarian discussion to introduce the reader into this enchanted region. Who has not heard of Orlando and the fair Angelica, of Don Quixote and Amadis, of Charlemagne and his Paladins? or

“La dolorosa rotta, quando
Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,
E sonò sì terribilmente Orlando?”
(Dante.)

Together with the tales engrafted thereon by Boiardo and Ariosto. A short ramble with us through the *Cancionero* of Pedro de Flores will acquaint the reader with a few particulars regarding those heroes which have escaped the veracious chronicle of Turpin, so enthusiastically praised by the Knight of La Mancha. The authors of these little pictures pretended but little to the merit of ingenious composition, and still less to correct and elegant execution; but the subjects, of which they had vividly felt the poetical interest, inspired their imagination with such truth and ardour that every circumstance contributed to form a whole replete with life, and left the poet nothing more to do than to paint, in appropriate colours, the situations thus offered to his fancy. He has painted them as he found them, without art or study, according to the good or bad in-

spiration of the moment; and every where we perceive the reflection of a privileged sky and climate—

“Das Land wo die Citronen blühen.”

There is still greater simplicity in the composition of the old historical ballads: they are nothing more than anecdotes of the history of Spain, from the invasion of the Arabs until the lifetime of their authors, who have invented neither the subjects nor the situations of them. For the sake of preserving historical accuracy in their romances, they have not thought proper to embellish with fiction facts already sufficiently interesting in themselves; so there is neither found in these pieces plot nor *dénouement*, as in some drawn from the books of knight-errantry. They are little pictures representing situations alone. The poetry of detail is the only merit to which their authors pretend, and it may be seen they did not give themselves much pains to acquire even that. It thus happens that among the thousands of romances which have been composed, forgotten, or preserved, not a single one of their authors acquired the reputation of a great poet. If any of the situations which form the subject of these romances is described in colours more poetical than the rest, it was all chance. No honour was gained thereby. It was chance, also, which, independent of their merits, condemned some to oblivion, and prolonged the memory of others. It would require an entire book to discuss these poems, the number of which is almost infinite, and the most part of which are worthy of attention, in one light or other. Some interest us by the felicitous combination of a crowd of little details, each of little importance by itself—some by their poetical traits, and others still more by the harmony of their versification. It would be interesting to trace them from their primitive rudeness to the kind of relative beauty which they afterwards acquired, and which only failed to elevate itself into the classical, because the species of poetry to which these works belong was never considered as classical in Spain.

The number of romances taken from the history of the Moors is not less great than those drawn from the history of Spain—a number so great that certain orthodox Spaniards could not but be scandalised at it. But the Oriental manners of the Moors pos-

sessed a poetical charm even for the eyes of the “old Christians” of Castile. Their magnificent armour, their brilliant plumes, that profusion of emblematical ornaments with which the Moorish warriors were decorated, could not but seduce their imaginations; and Oriental luxury, in mingling with the forms of European chivalry, imparted to it a more imposing character. The history of this people, so fertile in troubles and events, was not less romantic than their manners. The disputes of rival families, their factions, their civil wars, produced an infinite number of interesting anecdotes; and, besides these, there were heroes even among the Moors, and the Christians generally rendered ample justice to the warlike virtues of their enemies—above all, to those great lords who, according to an old romance, *although infidels, were not the less gentlemen*. As to the rest, the historical romances, whether taken from the history of the Moors or Christians, always present the same simplicity of composition and style. A single incident is sufficient to form its subject. At one time it is the flight of Rodrigo, the last of the Visigoths, after his last defeat, and the lamentations he pours forth over the distresses of his country, so beautifully translated by Mr. Wiffen in the *Foreign Review*. Now it is the Cid who returns victorious from his exile, dismounts from his horse before a cathedral, and, banner in hand, pronounces a brief and martial harangue. In another, the king joins the hands of Rodrigo and Ximena. The Cid doffs his armour and takes up his bridal garments, which are described, piece by piece, with the greatest exactness, from the bonnet down to the shoes. Or the Moorish knight Ganzul presents himself at a solemn tourney, mounted on his fiery steed. The fair Zayda, who has been unfaithful to him, is moved on beholding him, and confides her emotions to the maidens who surround her. Or the hero Abenzulema, after having peopled the prisons with Christian knights, is exiled by his ungrateful monarch, and comes to take farewell of his beloved Balaja. In almost every one of these romances, the armour of the cavalier who is the hero, and his martial panoply, are described with the most minute accuracy, not forgetting his device, so well according with the rest of his equipage. Or

Agrican, faint and weary, rides out of the battle to expire in a wood. Or, lastly, the merry Gandalin, the son of the sage Urganda, plays his grotesque tricks with the magic wand of his father

Merlin. Our first quotations refer to this period of Spanish literature—our last to the Italian school of Boscan and Garcilasso.

SIR LAUNCELOT RIDES IN QUEST OF THE WHITE ROE.

Tres hijuelos avia el Rey.

Three daughters had the royal king, three daughters and no more,
And for the life he led with them against their life he swore :
The one was changed into a hind, the next became a hound,
The third a Moorsess turn'd, and pass'd the ocean waves beyond.
Laughing walks Sir Launcelot the laughing dames among ;
Aloud cries one, Sir Knight, prepare your steed and hunting throng ;
For if it be the will of Heaven to rule your lot and mine,
And in the bands of married love our hands together join,
Then give to me, in earnest first, the hind with the snow-white feet.
That will I give with right good-will to thee, my lady sweet !
Right well I know the lands wherein the hind was born they say.
Now mounts Sir Launcelot the bold, now mounts and rides away ;
And by his side to track the hind two fleetest greyhounds run ;
And he hath come to a hermit's bower as slowly sinks the sun.
God save thee, father ! Welcome, son, right welcome wilt thou be !
As, from thy stately hounds, thou seem'st a hunter bold and free.
O tell me hermit, tell me true, thou man of holy life,
Where lives the hind with the snow-white feet that causeth all this strife ?
Tarry with me, my son, I pray, until the daylight dawn,
And I will tell what I saw and heard regarding the snow-white fawn ;
This night, two hours before the day, she passes the hoary wood,—
Six bearded lions all by her side, a lioness red with blood ;
Six paladins bold she has reft of life, the flower of chivalry.
God shield thee ever, my son, I pray, wherever thy journey be !
For whoso'er hath sent thee, son, no gentle love has learned.
Ah, Duenna de Quintanyona ! with evil fire be burned,
That for thy sake so brave a knight untimely death has earned.

Pesame de vos ! el Conde.

UNCLE.

It makes me weep to think how you must die, Sir Paladin ;
For all the fault that you have done methinks was little sin,
For crimes of love, I will confess, our pardon more demand.
The king I pray'd that he would deign your freedom to command ;
But in his dire resentment nought the king resolved to hear ;
And sentence it is past, nor can be now revoked, I fear ;
For she, the fair Infanta, brightest beauty of his throne,
Whom safe you swore to guard from all, alas ! she now has flown.
Far better, nephew, had it been to leave the dames alone !
For he who leagues his fate with theirs, desirous to elope,
But death or ruin, say what else, the man can truly hope !

COUNT.

Fie ! uncle, uncle, cease those words, my heart they cannot move ;
For woman I prefer to die than live without her love !

BELERMA.

Durandarte, Durandarte !
Noble knight both tried and proved,
I beseech thee that we speak now
Of that time when first we loved.
Tell me now, if you remember
When you swore I was so fair,
When your love in gallant tourneys
To the world you did declare !

When the Moorish king you vanquish'd
 In the lists I did allot;
 Now forlorn and quite dejected,
 Tell me — why am I forgot?

DURANDARTE.

Words are fleeting, fair senora,
 To a lady of your lot;
 For if one has been so fickle,
 Blame thyself, for I 'twas not.
 For thou lovedst Don Gayferos,
 When exiled I roam'd elsewhere,
 And if love with me thou seekest,
 Lady, little wilt thou share.
 Sooner than I'd live insulted,
 I would die in my despair!

THE FAIR BLEACHER BY THE SEASHORE.*

Frühe am Johannis tage
 Sprang ich auf, und ging am Meer
 Sah ich dort ein Mädchen wandeln
 An dem ufer hin und her.
 . . . &c. &c.

Y'o me levantare madre!

Early on Saint Juan's morning,
 For the sea I left the town,
 There I saw a damsel pacing
 On the margin up and down.

All alone she wash'd, and spreading
 On a rosebush all along
 Snow-white linens, thus the maiden,
 Whilst they bleach'd, began her song.

Pangs of love! ah, countless sorrows!
 Why to seek me do ye throng?
 Sea below and sea around her,
 Singing thus she paced along.

In her hand a comb of silver,
 For her hair so black and long;
 Tell me, tell me, gallant sailor,—
 So God shield thee still from wrong,—
 Hast thou seen my true love passing,
 As you wandered all along?

ALABEZ PREPARES TO FIGHT DON MANUEL AT GRANADA.

Ensillenme el potro ruzio!

Come saddle me now the ~~same~~ steed that from Guala's lord I won,
 And give me the shield and Damascus sword the Christian warriors shun;
 And the lance with the points of the shining steel to wound before and behind;
 And the helmet of steel and the golden crest that flutters so proud in the wind,
 Where the feathers of green and the purple plumes wave aloft in the envious sky;
 Come give me them all ere you venture again to brook the glance of my eye!
 And remember the scarf of azure and gold, like stars in the firmament set,
 That was wove by the hands of Zara the fair, the daughter of Zelin Hamet;

* This strange little piece seems to be allegorical; at least it must mean a mermaid. See Vol. II. of Rinaldo Rinaldini.

And say to my sweetest seniora, she must now come forth and the battle behold,—
 The battle so fierce I am now to maintain with the lord of Alora so bold ;
 For if she is there, in her beauty so rare, to gaze while the combatants bleed,
 A glance of her eye new strength will supply, though reduced to the heaviest need.

MEDORO'S GRIEF FOR ANGELICA.

Por una triste espesura en un monte muy subido.

Through a hoary mountain's forests,
 Frowning sadly overhead,
 Saw I ride a noble horseman
 All with blood and dust bespread.

Cruel, cruel were the sorrows
 Whence those heavy sighs proceed—
 Whence the blood and tears all mingled
 O'er the ground in torrents speed.

For Angelica, his mistress,
 Riding through a flowery plain,
 Christian knights, in sable armour,
 Stole away, and left him slain.

Now forlorn and quite dejected,
 Weeping for the bliss he lost—
 For Angelica, his mistress,
 O'er the desert mount he cross'd.

Fainting rides the gallant warrior,
 Pierced by countless lances through ;
 Yet his gallant soul, disdainful,
 Pain nor anguish can subdue.

To a grassy spot arriving,
 He aloft his sword suspends ;
 And to bind his wounds, all flowing,
 From his weary steed descends.

There in grief and dolour sighing,
 On the ground his limbs he lays ;
 And, with anguish unabating,
 Now to Heaven above he prays.

Now his sad misfortune curses,
 And the day when he was born—
 That no power can now protect her,
 From his side with fury torn.

In this lost estate now lying,
 Pallid all his beauty grown,
 To the desert air in sighing,
 Lo ! his valiant soul has flown !

ANGELICA'S LAMENTATIONS OVER THE WOUNDED MEDORO.

Regalando el tierno bello de la boca de Medoro.

Feeding on the tender blush
 Of Medoro's beautiful mouth,
 Divine Angelica hangs,
 Seated on the trunk of an Elm !
 His eyelids, languid in death,
 Melting, she eyes in return,
 And with his bright-ruby lips
 Mingles kisses that burn.—
 Ah Moor ! happy, happy Moor !
 Whom all the world envies that sweet paramour !

Now health to his weak limbs at last
That fair Moorish youth he completes;
But ah! so infirm is his soul,
That Heaven to his aid he entreats;
And, moved to the heart by the plaints
Of Medoro, Angelica the fair,
With her own gentle hand, quickly cured
All the wounds of his love and despair. •
Ah Moor! happy, happy Moor!

Whom all the world envies that sweet paramour!

By the sound of their murmurs and loves,
Which they sigh'd to themselves when alone,
False Echo, betraying their haunt,
Orlando's insane mood came on;
And gazing the vine-leaves among,
Round the trunk of the tree that were clasp'd,
With his hand Durindana his sword
Full of envy and madness he grasp'd.
Ah Moor! happy, happy Moor!

Whom all the world envies that sweet paramour!

And now farewell to Zelins and Zelindascas, Gualas and Guadalaras, and Gandalins and Melisendras, and also to you, Angelica and Medoro! In the words of Master Peter's boy, "Go in peace, ye pair of peerless lovers; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor." The last pieces we shall offer belong to a different era from the preceding romances. The first is the celebrated Cancion, by Montemayor, "*Ojos que ya no reis*," so well known to Spanish scholars. It is praised by Sismondi and Bouterweck as a masterpiece in the pastoral style: the original runs much in the vein of Leigh Hunt's poetry. The second is an extract from Herrera's celebrated "Ode

on the Battle of Lepanto," which we give in the manner of Mr. Shelley, the only poet who could have done justice to the prophetic sublimity of the original. This ode might almost seem to have been written with reference to the events now agitating the world; but it is exactly translated. The admirable ode by Louis de Leon, called the "*Noche serena*," is also translated. The glowing fancy of this pious and correct writer seems to have attained its loftiest inspiration in this outbreathing of his heavenly muse, which, we scruple not to say, equals the finest, and soars with Plato

"—— to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and
first fair."

CANZONE FROM THE "DIANA ENAMORADA" OF MONTEMAYOR.

Ojos que ya no reis quien os miraba.

Bright eyes! that now the tender glance no more
Return to him whose mirrors still ye shone,
To give content, O say what sights ye see!
O green and flowery fields, where oft alone
Each day for him, my gentle swain, I wore
The sultry hours away, lament with me!
For here he first declared so tenderly
His love; I heard the while,
With more than serpent guile,
Chiding a thousand times his amorous way,
And sorrowing to chide.
In tears he stood — his glance methinks I see!
Or is it but fantasy?
Ah! could I hear him now his passion own!
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

And yonder see the stream, the flowery seat,
The verdant vale, the cool umbrageous wood,
Where oft he led his wandering flock to feed:
The noisy, babbling fountain where he stood,

And, 'mid green bowers, hid from the noontide heat,
 Under this oak his tender tale would plead.
 And see the lawny isle,
 Where first he saw me smile,
 And fondly knelt. O sweet delightful hour!
 Had not misfortune's power
 Those days serene o'ercast with deepest night.
 O flee! O fountain bright!
 All, all are here, but not the youth I moan.
 O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Here in my hand his picture I admire—
 Pleased with the charm, methinks 'tis he; although
 Deep in my heart his features brighter glow.
 When comes the hour of love and soft desire,
 To yonder fountain in the vale I go—
 My languid limbs beneath the willows throw;
 Sit by his side. O Love, how blind thy ways!
 Then in the waters gaze
 On him, and on myself, once more revived,
 Like when with me he lived.
 Awhile this fancy will my cares abstract,
 Then utterly distract.
 My fond heart weeps its foolishness to own.
 O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Sometimes I chide, yet will he not reply;
 And then I think he pays me scorn for scorn—
 For oft whilome I would no answer deign.
 But sorrowing then, I say, Behold 'tis I!
 Sireno, speak! O leave me not forlorn,
 Since thou art here! Yet still
 In silence will he keep immovable
 Those bright and sparkling eyes,
 That were like twins o' the skies.
 What love! what folly! with this vain pretence
 To ask for life or sense—
 A painted shadow, and this madness own?
 O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Ne'er with my flock at sunset can I go
 Into our village, nor depart at morn,
 But see I yonder, with unwilling eyes,
 My shepherd's hamlet laid in ruins low.
 There for a time, in dreams, I linger yet,
 And sheep and lambs forget—
 Till shepherd boys break out
 Into a sudden shout,
 Ho, shepherdess! what! are you dreaming now?
 While yonder, see, your cow
 Feeds in the corn! My eyes, alas! proclaim
 From whom proceeds this shame,
 That my starved flock forsake me here alone.
 O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?
 Song! go! thou knowest well whither:
 Nay, haste, return thou hither;
 For it may be thy fate
 To go where they may say thou art importunate.

HERRERA'S ODE ON THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

El soberbio tyrano confiado.

The tyrants of the world from hell's abyss
 Summon'd the demons of revenge and pride,
 And, gathering round the flag of despotism
 The countless hosts in whom they did confide.

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide—
 All who had bound men's souls within their den—
 Tore down the loftiest cedar of the height,
 The tree sublime; and, drunk with anger then,
 Threaten'd in ghastly bands our few astonish'd men.

The little ones confounded, trembled then
 At their appalling fury, and their brow
 Against the Lord of Hosts these impious men
 Uplifting, sought, with heaven-insulting vow,
 The triumph of Thy people's overthrow;
 Their armed hands extending, and their crest
 Moving omnipotent, because that Thou
 Wert us a tower of refuge, to invest
 All whom man's quenchless hope had prompted to resist.

Thus said those insolent and scornful ones:
 Knows not this earth the vengeance of our wrath,
 The strength of our illustrious fathers' thrones?
 Or did the Roman power avail? or hath
 Rebellious Greece, in her triumphant path,
 Scatter'd the seeds of freedom on your land?
 Italia! Austria! who shall save you both?
 Is it your God?—Ha, ha! Shall he withstand
 The glory of our might, our conquering right hand?

Our Rome, nowamed and humbled, into tears
 And psalms converts her songs of freedom's rights,
 And for her sad and conquer'd children fears
 The carnage of more Cannæ's fatal fights.
 Now Asia with her discord disunites;
 Spain threatens with her horrors to assail
 All who still harbour Moorish proselytes;
 Each nation's throne a traitor crew doth veil,
 And, though in concord join'd, what could their might avail?

Earth's haughtiest nations tremble and obey,
 And to our yoke their necks in peace incline,
 And peace for their salvation of us pray;
 Cry peace, but that means death when monarchs sign.
 Vain is their hope, their lights obscurely shine—
 Their valiant gone—their virgins in our powers—
 Their glory to our sceptres they resign:
 From Nile to Euphrates and Tiber's towers,
 Whate'er the all-seeing sun looks down on—all is ours.

Thou, Lord! who wilt not suffer that thy glory
 They should usurp who in their might put trust,
 Hearing the vauntings of these unarchs hourly,
 These holy ones beheld, whose horrid lust
 Of triumph did thy sacred altars crust
 With blood; nor wouldst thou longer that the base
 Should be permitted to oppress thy just,
 Then mocking cry to Heaven. Within what place
 Abides the God of these? where hideth he his face?

For the due glory of thy righteous name,
 For the just vengeance of thy race oppress'd,
 For the deep woes the wretched loud proclaim,
 In pieces hast thou dash'd the dragon's crest,
 And clipp'd the wings of the destroying pest.
 Back to his cave he draws his poisonous fold,
 And trembling hisses; then, in torpid breast,
 Buries his fear: for thou, to Babel sold
 Captive, no more on earth thy Zion wilt behold.

Portentous Egypt, now with discord riven,
 The avenging fire and hostile spear affright;
 And the smoke, mounting to the light of heaven,
 O'erclouds her cities in its pall of night.

In tears and solitude she mourns the sight.
 But thou, O Grecia! the fierce tyrant's stay,
 The glory of her excellence and might,
 'Dost thou lament, old Ocean Queen, thy prey,
 Nor fearing God, dost seek thine own regenerate day?

Wherefore, ingrate, didst thou adorn thy daughters
 In foul adultery with an impious race?
 Why thus confederate in the unholy slaughters
 Of those whose burning hope is thy disgrace?
 With mournful heart, yet hypocritic face,
 Follow the life abhor'd of that vile crew?
 God's sharpen'd sword thy beauty shall efface,
 Falling in vengeance on thy neck. O who,
 Thou lost one! his right hand in mercy shall subdue?

But thou, O pride of ocean! lofty Tyre!
 Who in thy ships so high and glorious stood,
 O'ershadowing earth's limits, and whose ire
 With trembling fill'd thy orb's vast multitude;
 How have ye ended, fierce and haughty brood?
 What power hath mark'd your sins and slaveries foul,
 Your neck unto this cruel yoke subdued?
 God, to avenge us, clouds thy sunlike soul,
 And causes on thy wise this blinding storm to roll.

Howl, ships of Tarsus! howl! for, lo! destroy'd
 Lies your high hope. Oppressors of the free!
 Lost is your strength—your glory is defied.
 Thou tyrant-shielder, who shall pity thee?
 And thou, O Asia! who didst bow the knee
 To Baal, in vice immersed, who shall atone
 For thine idolatries? for God doth see
 Thine ancient crimes, whose silent prayers have flown
 For vengeance unto heaven before his judgment-throne.

Those who behold thy mighty arms when shatter'd,
 And ocean, flowing naked of thy pines,
 Over his weary waves triumphant scatter'd
 So long, but now wreck-strown, in awful signs,
 Shall say, beholding thy deserted shrines,
 Who 'gainst the fearful One hath daring striven?
 The Lord of our Salvation their designs
 O'erturn'd, and for the glory of his heaven
 To man's devoted race this victory hath given.

NOCHE SERENA. FROM LUIS DE LEON.

Cuando contemplo el cielo.

When I contemplate heaven, in starry light
 Adorn'd, then gaze on earth enshrined in night,
 Sepulchred in oblivion and in dream,
 Sorrow and love awake desire supreme
 Within my soul to glorify their sleep,
 And while mine eyes like fountains flow, I weep.
 Throne of all grandeur, temple of delight
 And beauty! the deep soul that for thy height
 Was born, what dire calamity doth keep
 Within this lowly dungeon, dark and deep?
 What mortal madness from the truth so far
 Exiles the sense, that, of thy heavenly star
 Oblivious, it is lost to good, to follow
 The shadow ever vain, the joy still hollow?
 Man! livest thou still in sleep-surrender'd dream,
 Careless of time, meanwhile thine hour extreme,
 With silent step revolving, Heaven leads on,
 When all alike are star, and flower, and sun?

O waken, mortals ! shall immortal mind
 Live to the shadow of true bliss confined ?
 Ah ! lift your eyes to yon celestial spheres,
 Cast, of this life, and all its hopes and fears,
 The fleeting vain illusions far away.
 What but a shadow of all shadows, say,
 Is this brief earth to yon eternal sky ?
 Where, in those orbs' resplendent galaxy,
 Lives, in a higher essence, all the vast
 Being that is, or will be, or has past—
 Who sees the glorious concert of that splendour,
 Those ever-burning lights serene and tender,
 All cadencing to an harmonious lyre,
 Their steps like glorious spirits ; or round in quire,
 With the silver moon and vesper's evening star
 Shining so cold and beautiful from far ?
 Who looks on this, and afterwards doth prize
 The lowliness of earth ; nor weeps and sighs
 To pierce all continents which the immortal spirit,
 Exile from bliss, it lingers to inherit ?
 Thou soft bright region, vale of holiness !
 Divine realm ! which calm seasons ever bless,
 Frost will not blight thee, nor the sun-beams wither
 Thy heavenly flowers, but the Good Shepherd thither,
 With white and purple blossoms crown'd, devoid
 Of staff and sling, his loving flock doth guide
 To pastures sweet of ever-blooming roses,
 Where in the noontide shade he oft reposes ;
 Or wandering up the mossy mountains, wends
 His way to where the embowering ivy sends
 Divinest echoes, whose immortal sweets
 Pierce through the bounds of those ethereal seats,
 Each choral hymn uplifting, and each mind
 Towards the good from all alloy refined.
 There dove-eyed Pity, there Contentment reigns ;
 There all the throng of cherubim sustains
 The Sacred Love, as on a promontory
 He sits, girt round with such exceeding glory
 That we behold him not. So beams divine
 Beauty immense, and o'er all spirits shine
 Effulgent lights, which darkness never lours.
 Eternal spring-time there for ever flowers.
 O vale of truth ! O inexhausted bowers !
 O fields ! O gems divine beyond all prize !
 O heavenly home ! of thy sweet paradise,
 Would that to me the immortal joys were given !
 The mind herself her own home—her own heaven !

DISCOVERIES OF MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

No. II.

By referring to the evidences of organisation to substantiate the indications of modern geology, it is not intended to establish a system of natural history, but merely to shew how much light the one throws upon the other, the two, being united, tending to perfect our historical knowledge of the earth. Thus Mr. Lyell has associated the succession of terrestrial strata with their several organic remains in chronological order, whence we acquire certain data calculated to form a complete series of geological epochs. If Lamark's theory of the gradual transformation of the monad into man by almost imperceptible and uninterrupted shades of improvement in organisation, induced by physical circumstances as the ultimate cause of such developments, were to be adopted, geological data would receive no chronological confirmation. Whereas, the establishment of a system of distinct and definite species of animals and plants created at successive epochs, when the physical condition of the earth's surface was fitted to support them, and modified upon a general improving scale in organisation, enables us to fix the chronology of the earth's history upon principles which at once clear up all former difficulties, confusion, and contradictions, and indicate the proper path in which future geologists must travel to obtain correct views of the objects of their inquiry. It is also an advantage of this better theory, that it is more consistent with sound reason and true philosophy, supported by facts instead of wild chimeras, and consistent with the acknowledged power and wisdom of the Deity.

The former number of the present summary of the discoveries of modern geologists concluded with a short account of the effects of the numerical increase of species in deranging the numbers and distribution of others. The next inquiry may therefore be appropriately devoted to the influence which the *inorganic* causes exert upon the habitations of species, always bearing in mind, that by the term *habitation* is meant the locality of plants and animals in any country where they are indigenous.

The changes effected among living

beings by the agency of physical causes, appear to be slow, and scarcely perceptible, until the occurrence of some important catastrophe, such as the opening of maritime communications, or the separation of territories united for many generations, to which events those gradually operating causes are necessary which are perpetually at work, and steadily effect certain results after a long succession of ages.

It is quite clear, that such is the persevering influence of physical causes as constant operation, that the globe would, ere this, have been completely depopulated, did not nature counterbalance the work of destruction by perpetual colonisation, by diffusing animal and vegetable species, by sowing seeds, and scattering ova, according to those methods described in the former number. Thus, on the one hand, the globe is continually being changed, and species lost, and, on the other, the work of regeneration is going on in about perhaps an equal ratio.

Amongst various physical causes in operation are the reiterated deposits of sediment which occur in lakes, whereby the plants and animals inhabiting deep water become expelled as the deposited matter accumulates, and the terrestrial surface is thus elevated by degrees, so as to afford beings which delight in light and shallows a favourable opportunity of peopling the new territory.

Large tracts of land may be washed into the sea and every living thing upon them, yet will not the animal creation lose generally by this change; for the sea obtains a new source of colonisation, and submarine plants and animals fertilise this contribution to their marine dominions. Occasionally a volcanic island is cast up from the bed of the ocean, as Graham's island recently was in the Mediterranean; and, notwithstanding its unpromising aspect, innumerable lichens soon grow upon its surface: the cocoa, the pandana, and the mangrove, rapidly settle themselves upon the coral reefs as they rise from the sea. The melted lava, in pouring its fiery streams down the volcanic mountains, destroys all the verdure over which it passes; but no

sooner has the earth cooled down, than up spring the pine, the oak, and the chestnut. We may imagine how greatly, in the course of centuries, such devastations as earthquakes, volcanos, &c., produce, would tend to deteriorate the earth's surface, were it not for the prodigality with which nature converts the barren into fertile land, reanimating districts which have been depopulated by physical causes. To many species of animals and plants nature has given the power of migration and dispersion through various means, to counteract the shifting of territories, and the breaking down of barriers of land, which, while they tend to retard diffusion of species in some instances, facilitate migration in others; and there is ever this conservative propensity in nature, that the regeneration is seldom long in following the destruction. The agency of all inorganic causes is perfectly uniform, and therefore its operation upon the *animate* creation must be irregular in effect. And thus, before we can arrive at a point of equality in the balance, between the two series of revolutions, we must take into account very extended periods of equal duration, all lesser periods shewing a preponderance on the physical side. The most efficient causes in remodelling the earth are fire and water; and, if we take each separately, it may be in operation many thousand years without effecting any appreciable alteration in the habitable portions of the globe; whilst at some distant period very important changes may occur suddenly, or within the range of a few years. Several examples are cited in proof of this point, shewing that it is only when the subterranean powers, which disturb the land above, shift the points where their principal force has long been developed, and produced a gradual series of operations, that the rate of fluctuation becomes accelerated, in cases of depressed levels, so as to influence the distribution of land and water, or change the climate, or remove barriers between distinct groups of species on extensive areas. By such an alteration in the long-continued action of uplifting causes, mightier changes may be effected in a few years than during the course of many thousand years preceding. After many repeated shocks, some narrow isthmus may be sunk many hundred feet; and in the course of a few cen-

turies, the face of the animate creation would thus undergo very material alterations. Should such a change be ultimately wrought, for example, upon the isthmus of Panama, it would have the effect of allowing species to pass freely from the Caribbean Sea into the Pacific, and from the Pacific into the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic. Such gulf-streams change the climate when their direction is changed; for the temperature and fall of rain are both influenced. Some species would become altogether excluded, whilst others would flourish, and some would become diminished in numbers. Seeds and ova, formerly drifted in one direction, would land in another, and new species would thus be introduced. Such circumstances appear to lie within the range of possibility in a few months, when once they begin to take effect in the western hemisphere.

Convulsions from the shocks of earthquakes may be repeated continually in the course of some thousand years beneath the bed of the ocean, within a space as large as Europe perhaps, and effect no visible mutations; yet, in a very short space of time, similar causes operating upon the shallows of the Pacific, and among its coral archipelagos, might produce a new continent. Volcanic islands would be thrown up, and covered with vegetation, without any farther effect than to produce some local fluctuations of the *unanimate* creation. But the *animate* creation would fare very differently in case a mountain-chain were cast up in continuity with two continents; for then plants and animals would migrate from one to the other, and species become intermixed that were previously separated. Birds and insects especially, enjoying superior powers of migration, as well as some quadrupeds, would, ere long, effect very considerable revolutions in the animate creation,—in some instances by augmenting the range of animals and plants, and in others by increasing the numbers of individual species locally.

Such subterranean causes as threw up Graham's Island, if repeated at different points of a large area, would, in no very long period, alter the aspect of the sea wherever they occurred, and establish an archipelago of islands, changing the currents of wind and water, climate and temperature, and

promoting interchanges among plants and animals, by constant facilities of migration. Such are the probable effects of a long succession of igneous influences, which may in future occur, and undoubtedly have occurred during the progressive advance of past ages.

As to the *aqueous* influences in constant operation, we find similar tendencies to irregularity in the comparative rates of each successive change. In the course of some thousand years, a few feet, or yards perhaps, being lost annually, no very extensive strip of land may become submersed. The change may be so gradual as to be unnoticed, until the last rood becomes buried in the ocean. Then an inland sea, having been long previously guarded, is exposed to the free communication of the main ocean, which rushes in by this new channel, and salt-water extends to a considerable distance inland, where no tide previously worked its way; and thus the physical geography of the globe is, in process of time, completely changed in many districts, by which many species of animals and plants change their localities, or become lost, or increased in one instance, and decreased in another. In this manner the camel species amongst quadrupeds, and many species of birds and insects, attach themselves to sandy territories in the interior of the country, driven from their former localities by the inundation of the sea, and, usurping the habitations of other animals previously settled, become new tenants in regions where they were previously unknown. Extensive deserts are formed by the repeated overflowings of rivers, which deposit annually large quantities of sediment; as in the case of the African deserts, where indigenous animals, flying before the drifting sand, might be supposed to colonise Arabia, and thus exterminate many species of Arabian animals, or, at least, reduce their numbers.

In this manner great revolutions no doubt have occurred, and are still going on, from subterranean causes, which uplift the beds of the ocean, lakes, and rivers, in many places; such as earthquakes, and other igneous phenomena. In the course of ages, a mountain range is thus lifted up, when the previous climate and temperature become altered. In 1756, a volcanic eruption produced a mountain 1700 feet high

on the Mexican plateau. During the formation of a mountain range, repeated earthquakes and volcanos would create floods and temporary lakes, and the overflows would deposit alluvial matter, whilst the moving power below was in operation, and the surface above exposed to the erosion of the waters. Such changes would terminate in fertilisation, by producing jungles and morasses; all the animals and plants before in existence would be lost, and a new and different race would spring up.

It seems to be an established law of nature, that vast mutations in the organic world shall constantly go on from physical changes; both vegetable and animal species require peculiarities of climate and temperature, and are liable to dispersion from causes unimportant in appearance. It is evident no species can exist for ever, but that each must ultimately yield its being to the operations of perpetually working influences in the physical creation; and the evidences of extinct and existing species shew obedience to this law, in unison with the mutations of the earth's crust. Consequently, Lamarck's notion of the indefinite power of modification possessed by all species, according to the endless changes of circumstances to which they are exposed, is directly contradicted by geological facts, to which only we can appeal for the true history of the globe.

The earth enjoys a variety of climates and temperatures, from causes referred to above, and which are in perpetual action. Within the tropics the greatest degree of heat exists, and at the north pole the extreme of cold. Either of these temperatures may be changed by various causes—the tropics may become cool, and the polar regions warm. At present, the balance of temperature is very uneven; but, from such a change, migrations of species would become more regular than they now are, if the supposed equalisation of temperature between the pole and the equator took place. An increase of heat in southern latitudes would induce many species of plants, birds, and quadrupeds, to migrate from the plains to the hills and mountains. If from some revolution the polar regions became hot, and the tropics cold, then many species would become extinct which now flourish in each of these

divisions of the globe. It has, indeed, been observed, that some changes in the botanical and geological provinces have occurred, which indicate a gradual cooling down of the earth since those epochs which preceded our own. It is quite possible that the temperature of one hemisphere may be so gradually transferred to another, without, however, changing the climate. Under any circumstances, a comparative equality of heat must ever be maintained at the tropics, whilst the temperate regions will be liable to variations, and the polar latitudes to still greater changes. These phenomena do not, however, depend upon geological principles, but are referable to fixed astronomical laws; such as the earth's motion, and its relative position to the sun. And in order to effect any change in the climate itself, an immense lapse of time is requisite; during which, few species could pass from the equator to the pole, excepting such as are too hardy to suffer from the physical difficulties in which they would be placed. A tendency to extermination would exist amongst many, from their finding settlements already preoccupied. Marine animals, in general, would also form an exception, because they more readily accommodate themselves to changes of climate and temperature than the terrestrial species.

Such are the inequalities of the earth's surface, that distinct climates are found contiguous to each other; so that amongst identical species, perfectly separated, though near each other, great variety of constitution is observable. And when any great physical change occurs they are always disposed to profit by it, although, during their migrations, many must perish before they become settled in a new habitation; whilst, before others might accommodate themselves to the physical changes they incur, the more hardy might have anticipated them, and become too numerous and powerful to yield their supremacy. Hence we see the absurdity of reasoning upon any abstract possibility of the conversion of one species into another, when these known causes are so much more certain in their nature, and must always intervene to prevent the actual accomplishment of such supposed conversions. The near extermination of the aboriginal Americans, and the final probability of its accomplishment, as

well as the thinning amongst the New Hollanders by the settlers of Europe, sufficiently indicate the causes in constant operation which tend to annihilate species. The period must arrive when the aborigines of America and New Holland will only be known by tradition and history, or by their figures drawn by contemporary settlers.

It may be considered as an established fact in natural history, that all species must, in the course of ages, become extinct. Every local revolution tends to circumscribe the range of some species, and to enlarge that of others. But one spot is originally occupied by every species, and time must therefore be required to spread them over an area of any great extent; in consequence of which, some species would be new and others ancient in a country thus gradually peopled. For want of time to enlarge their dominions, some species would be local and others circumscribed, from the influence of circumstances referable alike to the organic and inorganic creation.

The grouping of species in geographical distribution has hitherto been difficult, on account of its having been supposed that the globe has undergone no material alterations, since the production of existing species, in its physical geography; whereas it is well known, that an ancient range of mountains, coeval with a different race of beings from such as now exist, would form a natural barrier between contiguous provinces; and that present existing groups, around which new territories have arisen from the bed of the ocean, by the force of submarine igneous agencies, form a centre of peculiar vegetation. But for gorges amongst the Alps and Cevennes, many species of plants would solely be confined to the southern territories, which now force their way through the different gorges towards the north. Both on the Adriatic and Mediterranean side of the Italian peninsula, large additions of territory have been added, the vegetation of which has probably spread from the common centre of the Alpine range, whence they descended to the lower and newer contiguous regions; which so far supports the opinion of Willdenow, that mountains are the centres of various species of plants, although they in fact act as barriers to their migratory disposition.

It has been said, that the final de-

struction of species is a fixed law of nature; and now a question arises, as to whether the successive creation of species is equally so. The first position is easily proved, but the last rests upon evidence far less demonstrable. Species are evidently created in single stocks at first: individuals never seem to spring up simultaneously in different places. Natural history has hitherto been very imperfect, and yet it is known that animals and plants have been doubled within the memory of man, and quadrupeds quadrupled; so great is the power of multiplication amongst species. In the old continent, new species are constantly being discovered among the abodes of civilised nations. The probability seems to be, that not fewer than two millions perhaps of species of plants and animals now inhabit the terraqueous globe, exclusively of the infusorie, which are innumerable. Of terrestrial plants we possess not fewer than one hundred thousand species, were they fully known, and four times the number of insects; whilst the numerical estimate of aqueous animals is quite conjectural, and that of subaquatic species cannot be less than double those of continents and islands, as the habitable spots beneath the sea occupy a much more extensive area. In the polar regions, marine animals are known to exist in a temperature below the freezing point, and the whole ocean teems with life. The polype tribes alone exceed the enormous multitudes of insects. The tropical coral reefs extend many hundred miles, universally crowded with sponges, crustaceæ, echini, testaceæ, fuci, coralins, actinææ, and molluscæ. In the warmer seas many tribes exist scarcely known to us, besides minute parasitic animals, perfectly innumerable. The ocean being generally warmer, and more equable in temperature, it is probable that the marine animals exceed those of the land in numbers.

Supposing that amongst the land animals one species were annually to be lost, and a new one to be created in two million, more than a million years would be required to effect a complete revolution in the organic world. Yet, in the supposed case of one annual death and birth, we find no small instance of the instability of living species of animals. In an area no larger than that of England and France, ex-

tensive periods must elapse before we could possibly recognise the first appearance of a single species of either creation of living beings, supposing the extinction and birth to be at the above rate all over the globe. How, therefore, can we find a clue to obviate the difficulty of forming correct histories, but by reference to the succession of strata in the chronological order of their formation?

The next object of inquiry is into the changes which the organic world has undergone, and is still subject to, from the influence of vitality on the state of the earth's surface. The material constituents of the earth's crust are directly modified by the phenomena of life and dissolution.

A modern author has advanced an opinion, that the losses resulting from the constant degradation of the solid physical structures are counterpoised by the contributions of dead animal and vegetable matter decomposing perpetually on the surface of the globe. This view is, however, directly contradicted by several facts. The abundance of organised matter diffused over the earth's surface produces different phenomena altogether. *Peat*, for example, is the product of the growth of plants covering the slopes of hills and mountains, and the conversion of swamps into dry land, or from the obstruction which plantations oppose to the carrying off of soils by running streams of water.

By the agency of the powers of vitality on the crust of the earth, geologists imply permanent modifications in the composition and structure of new strata, resulting from the embedding of animal and vegetable remains; so that we may suppose inorganic causes to be immediate agents, as well as the organic. Thus, a lake is filled up with mud, held in suspension by river-water poured into the lake, and mineral springs precipitating their materials. The inhabitants of this lake change its condition by converting earthy particles into shells, peat, and other substances; and this change goes on whilst the lake is filling up, and new strata are produced nearly in the same order as if the lake contained nothing living. Also, when *physical geography* is mentioned, land and water are both included, as the influence of life is exerted equally upon the one as the other; for the drift-wood which floats to different parts of the

globe becomes a nidus of a hill of wood, or lignite, and, from the influence of myriads of beings which colonise it, a change is effected in physical geography. The great coral reefs of the tropical shores exhibit similar phenomena: the materials of their bases, constantly being developed, are poured into the sea, as they cannot continue to grow for ever. Polypes and testaceæ also arrest and secrete carbonate of lime collected on the summit of submarine mountains, extending the reefs in thickness and length. These formations do not appear upon land, because, by a law of nature, continents are not accumulated excepting where solid portions have become degraded. So the accumulation of timber and other vegetable matter from the immense tropical forests, and the collections of animal skeletons, land-shells, &c. are profusely scattered abroad in the same space of time, but do not give rise to mountains nor to promontories jutting into the sea. But this accumulating matter is being constantly devoured by animals, or decomposed and resolved into its primary elements; one portion contributing to form solid rock and soil, upon which animals and plants are supported, while another becomes united with running streams of water, and the atmosphere derives materials from their composition by absorption from the roots and leaves of plants. The decomposition of animals also yields certain gases, some of which become volatilised, whilst others are taken up by rain-water, or being condensed, flow into the sea, and in this manner they are made to re-enter into the composition of organic bodies. Thus, we find much aeriform matter is continually circulating round the globe, derived from dead animals and plants, and mingled with gases evolved from volcanic eruptions; and from these combined resources organisation is perpetually renewed. Carbon ascending to the tops of mountains nourishes the lichens which grow upon them; for although this is the heavier stratum of gases evolved below, it is found to ascend, notwithstanding, to such heights; and whilst the soil is lessened by evaporation, it is equally augmented by the disintegration of solid rocks.

The vegetable materials of the earth are furnished by absorption from the air; and as they are hurried away by the action of rain-water into plains and

valleys, they are constantly resupplied by air; so that, in the revolution of ages, the mould of the earth's surface neither gains nor loses by the influence of organic beings. In the course of each successive century, thousands of carcasses are floated into the sea and embedded in the abysses beneath, and there remain fixed in solid strata during entire geological epochs, before they become actively available for the purposes of organisation. On the other hand, fresh supplies are constantly arising from running streams of water, from the atmosphere, from the decomposition of rocks and their organic contents, and from the interior of the earth, as the components of plants and animals become evolved: *Nitrogen*, the principal base of animal matter, and existing in some vegetables, has been recently discovered by Dr. Haubeny in some mineral springs of the continent — presenting a farther proof of the sources of reorganisation derived from the decomposition of organised matter upon the earth's surface.

The preceding facts indicate that no counterpoise is derived from such sources as have been alluded to, to the enormous disintegration of solid rocks annually going on by the agency of marine currents and the action of rivers. Immense masses of rock may be rolled down into plains below, but they remain there, subjected to a renewed action of material elements, which add to the superficial crust of the earth, and thus elements are made, as it were, to return to themselves. The various disintegrations which go on among the solid matters of the earth have been uniformly found to act in direct lines, and not in a generally diffused, indiscriminate manner; so that these catastrophes find their own counterpoise at the termination of each line of disintegration; and the materials so disunited are not lost, but, by the operation of physical causes, promote the reformation of the earth's crust and its vital inhabitants.

The contrary doctrine, supposing the loss of the solid materials of the globe and their re-formation by the decomposition of organic matter, is perfectly untenable and inconsistent with the facts alluded to; and it will be found that it is by the mutual action of the organic and inorganic influences that the earth's crust is preserved in a uniform equilibrium.

The vegetable mould strewed over the earth is no where more than a few feet in depth, sometimes only a few inches, and in many places the globe's surface is bare. Moreover, where vegetation is most active, as in tropical regions, the peat-mosses are unknown. It is evident that the operation of animal and vegetable life does not restore any of the disintegrations of the structure of the globe. If we refer to the most favourable spots for the formation of peat-moss, no conservative influence will be found to belong to it. Vegetation, indeed, rather accelerates the rate of decay than otherwise. The single operation of vegetable life will always be found to be perfectly nugatory as a counterpoise to all the agents of physical destruction; and it never can be admitted that vegetation is an antagonist power amongst the agents of changes continually modifying the surface of the globe.

Climate is very much influenced by vegetation. The felling of forests in Barbadoes and Jamaica has been attended with a great diminution in the fall of rain; for the leaves and branches of trees, tending to cast shadows by intercepting the sun's rays, refrigerate the air around, and, condensing the vapours arising from the earth and plants, produce much rain. The leaves have been known to distil water, and thus moisten the parched earth beneath. The humidity of the atmosphere influences climate, and climate reciprocally influences humidity. But forest-trees are not the primary causes of moisture, although their gradual increase annually tends to augment moisture around, and to diffuse it more uniformly than would otherwise occur.

The influence of *MAN* in modifying the physical geography of the globe is very trifling, as he interferes but little in the operation of aqueous and igneous causes. Nevertheless, our efforts are often directed to control the elements. Thus, by extensive embankments, we vary the distribution of sediment, although we cannot arrest it. Great accessions of land have occurred at the mouths of the Po and the Adige within the period of twenty centuries. There is, however, some limit to these effects.

The formation and colonising by the natives of the shores and islands of the Ganges, present an epitome of the creation of the earth. The overflows of

that river deposit abundance of sedimentary matter, and this becomes fertilised and inhabited. Volcanos, earthquakes, and waves, are sources of physical destruction, to which the mud and sand constantly subsiding from the floods become a counterpoise, together with the upliftings of igneous forces and the ejections from volcanos. However small is the power of man over aqueous phenomena, it is less over the igneous. We hew down whole forests, perhaps; but storms, and tempests, and fire, do the same, and the uprooted trees decay and add matter to the superficies of the globe. We dig mines in various quarters, and bring up metals from the bowels of the earth; but we are at the same time constantly removing solid masses of rock, by blasting, for buildings and ballast. We also turn up the earth with the plough, expose it to erosion from rain, and rob it of the conservative properties of vegetation. Yet, when the aggregate amount of man's influence upon the physical geography of the earth is considered, it appears to be very insignificant.

The effects wrought by life upon the earth's crust having been detailed, the next object of inquiry is into the *permanent* modifications which result from the same influence; in which we shall trace the successive depositions of consolidated matter occurring during the different epochs of the organic creation.

New mineral matter is constantly becoming added to the deposits of the ocean by some unknown action of vitality, whilst, at the same time, we well know the law by the operation of which the remains of animals and plants are embedded in their contemporaneous strata. We often find these remains assuming a peculiar mineral character, and sometimes represented as well-marked casts and impressions. These appearances take place before and after the land is subjected to complete immersion; so that organic remains equally appear under the bed of the ocean and in strata emerged from the sea.

The phenomena to be examined, in reference to the first-mentioned condition of land, during the process of immersion, are the growth of peat, and the preservation of animal and vegetable remains within it—the preservation of animal remains in stalactite, and in the mud of caves and fissures—

the burying of organic remains in alluvium, or the ruins of land-slips—of the same in blown sand—and of the same in volcanic ejections and alluvions composed of organic productions.

Of peat, and its organic exuvia.

Land placed under water, or in wet soil with a low temperature, where vegetable matter decays without putrefying, is favourable to the growth of peat. Any plants will form peat, but the *sphagnum palustre*, or moss, is the most common source in the northern parts of Europe. Aquatic plants, seeds, &c., form peat also, which is considered as containing generally from sixty to ninety parts of matter destructible by fire, mingled with portions of the substratum of clay, marl, gravel, or rock, on which the peat grows, and some oxide of iron, and in chalk districts gypsum also is found. Peat seems to be a substance intermediate between vegetable matter and lignite, which is produced by the long-continued action of water. On the declivities of mountains peat-beds are seldom more than four feet thick; but in bogs and low grounds, where peat is drifted, they are forty feet thick, or more; nearly half, however, of this mass is water.

Peat is rarely, if ever, found within the tropics, or in the south of France or Spain, and it abounds in proportion to the distance north of the equator, being more inflammable accordingly, which is attributed to the presence of hydrogen and carbon in a less gaseous state than they exist towards the south. In Ireland, peat occupies one-tenth of the country. Where extensive oak and pine forests have disappeared, peat is largely distributed, and the stems of trees are found standing upright in the bogs as if they were in their original place, and not drifted there by streams of water. Some are of immense size, and one was found in Hatfield Moss larger than any now living in the British isles. The forests of warm latitudes decay by putrefying and the demolition of insects, instead of being transformed into peat. The fir, the oak, and the birch, are found in the peat-bogs of Ireland; the first in the clay soils, and the others in sandy districts, shewing that they grew where they were found. The pine is the most durable, from the antiseptic property of its resinous manner.

From the chronological data of Eu-

ropean peat-bogs, none are considered as having an origin prior to Julius Cæsar. Roman roads lie buried in peat eight feet deep. All the coins, ornaments, utensils, &c., found in the peat-beds of England and France are of Roman workmanship. Cæsar's large forests appear to be nowhere seen but in peat-bogs.

In many parts of Wales, &c., extensive peat-bogs have been created by the necessity of destroying forests which served as ambushes for hostile troops and marauders; and thus large tracts have been laid waste, which might have grown timber for our ships, &c.

The black tint of peat is derived from oxide of iron, which exists in many plants, though sometimes it is precipitated from mineral springs. It is often collected in cakes at the bottom of the bogs.

The organic remains of peat are usually in very high preservation. A female was found in the isle of Axholm, in Lincolnshire, in June 1747, six feet deep in peat, in perfect preservation. Near Dulverston, in Somersetshire, some pigs were discovered in different positions, the flesh of which was insipid, but partook of the flavour of broiled bacon when dressed. Carbon and gallic acid appear to be the sources of this preservation, together with the charred wood and vegetable gums and resins mingled with the peat. The tormentilla plant and some others possess a tannin principle, which preserves the skin of animals; and where there are running streams of water, the flesh is converted into a substance called adipocire, intermediate between fat and spermaceti.

The numbers of animals lost in bogs are very great. A treacherous film of earth covers the semi-fluid mass, and unwary animals sink into it and are suffocated; sometimes, also, bogs burst, and overwhelm animals in peaty alluvium. In 1542, a man in armour and a horse were found, of the loss of which there existed an account. The antlers of full-grown stags are often found, and, being attached to the skull, were evidently not shed. An elk, with immense antlers, was found, within these few years, buried in peat, and is now in the museum of the Dublin College. Bones of the hog, the ox, the horse, the sheep, and other herbivore, are frequently dug out of peat-bogs in Ireland and the Isle of Man;

but the remains of animals common to hot countries at present (such as the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the hyæna, and the tiger) are never found in peat, while these are discovered in the superficial deposits of salt, mud, sand, and stalactite of England. The bursting of peat-bogs causes them to drift out to sea; and thus peat-strata alternate with clay and sand on the shores of the Baltic, the German Ocean, &c. Vessels and various articles are found in the Dutch morasses, in good preservation.

Of the preservation of animal remains in stalactite, and in the mud of caves and fissures.

Fissures are constant results of earthquakes, and they become gradually enlarged by the percolation of acidulous water through limestone rocks, until caverns are formed, into which the remains of animals have entered within the period of the human era. The contents of such receptacles are often of so mixed a nature, that errors have arisen as to the chronological order of their embeddings. The fissures of calcareous rocks get filled up by degrees with angular fragments of limestone, scaled off by frosts and rains, which also wash in vegetable earth and land-shells, the whole mass being often cemented together by calcareous matter dissolved by rain water, or supplied by mineral springs. Animals browsing near these fissures are apt to slip in, being tempted by the verdure which extends to the edges of open caves. Many such caves have been found in the British isles, France, and Germany. One of these in Duncombe Park, Yorkshire, contained the remains of dogs, sheep, goats, deer, and hogs, resting on different ledges in the descent, as each victim fell in successively. Skeletons embedded in mud and sand, rolled pebbles, and fragments of rocks, covered by a crust of stalagmite, were found in caverns of Germany, &c. without any regular alternations of alluvium with stalagmitic layers, the counterparts of which are met with in England. But near Liege, a cave presented regular distinct beds of stalagmite, between each of which was a layer of breccia and mud, mingled with quartz pebbles and bones of extinct quadrupeds.

The cause of such an exception seems to be principally referable to

the passage of successive floods through a subterraneous aperture, by which previously deposited materials become disengaged. Old and recent exuvie thus become mingled together, and caution is required not to confound monuments and occurrences of ancient and modern dates together. In the cavern near Wells, called Whookey Hole, the highest floods are level with the aperture, and the deposits are consequently fluviatile; while remains of human skeletons have been found embedded there in red marl and clay. Fragments of pottery and human bones have been seen associated together, in the south of France, in the same beds in which ancient exuvie appeared, some of extinct species of mammalia and land shells, in a calcareous hard mass, cemented with stalagmite. The animal matter of the human bones was absent, and they were as brittle as the bones of the hyæna. Men and animals, so observed in the south of France, were thus erroneously concluded to have been contemporary in that country; but were this the fact, there would be seen a succession of undisturbed stratified deposits of submarine origin, of shells like those of the north cliff in Yorkshire, associated with the mammoth and thirteen species of British land and fresh-water testacæ. Fluvial mud caves, with breccia and stalagmite, present no such regular and successive stratified formations. These caves have been anciently the abodes of banditti, &c., employed for the concealment of treasure, and as ambushes. The expectation of treasure induced subsequent searches, and thus coins and other works of man are found in them; and their floors have been subjected to disturbance; bodies of animals also have been dragged in by beasts of prey which lurked in them; and unless those considerations are taken into account, false inductions as to the chronological order of the exuvie are liable to arise. Men and animals found in these caves are not, on that ground to be looked upon as having been contemporary, but as proofs of a succession of additions casually made to the contents of the caverns. We derive, therefore, no proofs of the pretended high antiquity of the human race, nor of the recent date of some extinct species of quadrupeds, from these deposits.

Of the embedding of organic remains in alluvium, and the ruins caused by land-slips.

By *alluvium* is meant matter transported to lands not permanently immersed.

The beds of rivers seldom contain organic remains, on account of the flowing streams. But where sand, mud, or rubbish, are heaped upon land, the organic exuvie deposited are permanently preserved. The history of many land-slips shews this. The fall of the Rossberg in 1806, when eight hundred lives were lost, with villages, houses, trees, cattle, &c., is an example. These were all buried under masses of mud and rock. The causes of the deposits of organic remains are here in active operation.

In our country the exuvie of plants and animals are comparatively rare, because such catastrophes cannot be frequent where the mountain-chains are low, and the shocks of earthquakes are light and seldom. Our levels, indeed, give rise to frequent floods; but one soon effaces the vestiges of that preceding. We must look to volcanic and high mountain countries for the best specimens of the ancient animate creation. In countries where there are few or no subterranean movements, ages might pass away without any monuments appearing in the alluvial deposits, from the absence of causes tending to greater permanency; but hereafter the evidences of man and his works will leave lasting proofs of his existence.

Of the embedding of organic bodies and human remains in blown sand.

Whilst extensive tracts of country are being submersed, sand is deposited copiously, which, when left dry, becomes drifted by the wind, and envelops organic remains and living beings. Buildings, utensils, &c. are thus preserved for ages; and ~~volcanic~~ examples in this country, which are by no means rare, of such embeddings.

Of the embedding of organic bodies and works of art in volcanic formations on the land.

During volcanic eruptions, violent rains often occur, overwhelming human beings and works of art, which thereby become preserved in lava beds, with scorie, &c. In 1822, seven persons

were suffocated by a torrent of aqueous lava from the crater of Vesuvius. The impressions of plants are seen upon the solidified mud, or masses of tuffa dug up in volcanic regions. The rolls of papyri found in the Herculanean tuffa were preserved many ages by a coat of lava.

Of the embedding of organic remains in deposits formed under water.

It is well known that timber parts with its buoyancy after soaking a certain time under water, because the air-cells become filled with the denser fluid, water. Its specific gravity becomes suddenly increased, as well as its bulk. In this manner islands are sometimes formed from drifted wood, which in its passage down a river becomes water-logged. Extensive shoals have been known to arise from vegetable debris. The pines, &c. which are drifted periodically down the Mississippi, are numerous causes of river-islands, becoming entangled on their way with willow branches, and impeding the navigation. Many of such floating matters reach the sea, and, driven by currents in various directions, become ultimately the bases of submarine islands, which of course are not long in being inhabited by marine animals, the remains of which thus settle for ages in the abysses of the ocean. The number of plants, however, which will hereafter become fossilated, is probably very small, as the circumstances which tend to their preservation are partial and casual. Few of our known and described fossil species belong to one epoch, although fifty thousand existing species are catalogued.

Of the embedding of the remains of insects.

Many remains of insects have been seen in a band of clay interposed between two beds of recent shell marl, evidently of the terrestrial species, and borne thither by muddy inundations. The elytra of beetles are said to be occasionally met with in lacustrine peat. This class must always be rare, on account of their extreme comparative lightness.

Of the remains of reptiles.

The tropical crocodiles, frequenting the lakes and the deltas of rivers, are suffocated by inundations of muddy

waters, and thus washed into the sea, from the floods which follow earthquakes.

Of the remains of birds.

The embedding of birds in new strata is rare, in consequence of the facilities they have of escape by flight. Some are perhaps drowned; but the lightness of their bodies, from the air-cells, renders them too buoyant generally to sink and become embedded in mud.

Of the embedding of terrestrial quadrupeds.

The herbivore are peculiarly exposed to annihilation by inundations, browsing in rich meadows liable to sudden floods, or to overwhelming torrents from subterranean causes. Being heavy, they sink readily into the sedimentary deposits, or may be drifted along with the flood into the sea, or into lakes; as occurred when the glacier of the Rhone suddenly gave vent to the accumulation behind it, and the source of that river, dammed up for several days, carried every thing it met with in its way, and deposited the mass of mud, vegetables, animals, &c., in the Lake of Geneva, where most of the materials of the flood are embedded, to be hereafter fossilated.

Animals overwhelmed about the ninth, or, at the latest, the fourteenth, day putrefy, and rise to the surface of the water, in which case their bones are usually scattered about; but if they rise not, they become embedded entire. Some animals escape being embedded by the disposition of sharks and alligators to devour them; as these creatures play about the deltas, lakes, and estuaries, and digesting the bones, no remains ultimately attest their existence. The numbers of human beings and animals overwhelmed by inundations must be very great.

Of the embedding of the works of man in submarine strata.

Many hundred millions of human beings must perish every century, and yet no vestiges of the works of man may be seen after a few thousand years. Some remains, however, may become entombed to the remotest geological era. There are many recorded instances of the bodies of men and animals washed into the sea, and there embedded. As civilisation advances, and

bridges, &c. are built, the loss of human life and property must increase. In pitched battles by sea, as well as land, thousands are destroyed in a few hours. Hundreds are annually buried in the ocean; and shipwrecks continually occur, although the crews are sometimes saved. It appears that five hundred vessels, each averaging one hundred and twenty tons, are annually sunk. But all the bodies sunk do not become embedded, because some putrefy, and others are devoured by sharks, &c. Some are covered over at the bottom, and others decompose upon the floor of the ocean. Some are embedded for ages in the coral reefs, and in the deltas of rivers. Ships and various implements may also thus become entombed, like the towns of Campania, especially in volcanic regions, where lava, &c. is heaped upon them. In such cases, a period of thirty or forty centuries is requisite to fossilate their bones. During twenty years of war with France, thirty-two ships of the line were sunk, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and numerous small craft; whence we may judge of the future embeddings of man and his works, when time has converted them into fossil remains, affording accurate historical data of their relative eras.

If man's origin be so recent as we believe it is, it is in vain to seek for his remains at the bottom of the ocean among the consolidated strata, excepting in those regions where earthquakes have prevailed, or the bed of the ocean has been converted into dry land from the retirement of the waters, within the historical period. The bones of the human race are as hard as those of the hyæna, &c. On the coast of Gaudalope several skeletons were found, in daily forming rocks of minute fragments of shells and corals, incrustated with a calcareous cement like *travertine*. The bones were found to retain their phosphorus of lime, and much of their animal matter.

Of the effects of the submersion of land by earthquakes.

The next object of inquiry is the tendency of land to subside from the agency of earthquakes, which produces great alterations in the level of land in no long periods, and houses, animals, trees, &c. thus become buried. We have numerous examples of lost cities,

as Lisbon, &c.; but it must be understood that the forces acting on cities and villages are not confined to them, but act in direct lines along the entire coast. Such changes occur in the course of a few years, and must therefore be considerable, if we regard the whole range of the Andes, in the course of six thousand years. In 1819, a tract of land round Sindree suddenly subsided during an earthquake, and became inundated in a few hours by the entrance of the sea, which covered an area larger than the Lake of Geneva. The four towers of the fort of Cutch remained above the water, on which the people saved themselves, and were rowed off in boats next morning by the natives. Immediately after the shock, a mound was lifted up ten feet above the previous level, which was named Ullah Bund, or the mound of God; whereby a new territory was formed, perfectly uniform along its surface, consisting of beds of clay filled with shells. A new channel of the river intersected the land eighteen feet deep, which, during the floods, was very broad. The inhabitants cared nothing about this catastrophe, when the spot was surveyed by Lieutenant Barnes, because it was sterile at that time; and little information could be gained from them; an example of the absence of historical accounts of such catastrophes generally, although they must have been very frequent in the course of nature.

The submarine forests found upon our coasts do not depend upon earthquakes, but more insignificant causes, such as the encroachments of the sea, forming estuaries, the varying level of tides at distant periods on some parts of the coast. The whole outline of the British coast has undergone considerable alterations of level, probably within the human era, and its present state throughout is evidently modern. We may indeed prophesy that the productions of man will hereafter mark the chronological order of his existence, when the present mountains, continents, and seas, have disappeared, and given way to changes which may resemble in effect the alluvial formations now prevailing, and stamp with solid and durable antiquity the water-worn crust of the present era, in which the remains of human existence may be embedded in a fossil state. The future duration of our planet will, doubtless,

be infinitely prolonged; and there is in reason no limit to the perpetuity of human memorials. One great catastrophe producing an extensive revolution cannot be supposed capable of obliterating human monuments; and yet, all durable as they are, no productions of man's labour can be eternal. The most solid works may be shattered to pieces by earthquakes, melted by volcanic agents, or ground to dust; and in time they must become effaced by the waters of oblivion rolling over them, and also undermining their fastest holds by subterranean torrents.

Of the embedding of fresh-water plants and animals.

Aquatic plants become entombed in the strata of their own element, washed from estuaries into the sea, or preserved in the sedimentary deposits of lakes, and are mingled with the exuvæ of many species. In Forfarshire there are examples of beds of calcareous marl separated by layers of drift peat, sand, and fossil clay. The marl consists of an aggregate of shells of several genera, belonging to species now existing in Scotland. Among the testaceæ, few have ever arrived at maturity, and some are decomposed, and there are mingled with them the stems of marine plants. In our Lilliputian country, where vegetable remains are of the baby-house description, compared with the colossal specimens of the new world, the associations of plants with strata are of little value; whilst in America, the same arrangement which appertains to us is to be traced on a gigantic scale.

Of the embedding of fresh-water species in estuaries.

The following description, taken from Mr. Mantell's observations, best illustrates the phenomena of estuaries:—An ancient estuary exists in the valley of the Ouse, between Newhaven and Lewes, being one from which, amongst many, the sea has retired seven or eight centuries; since when, strata upwards of thirty feet thick have accumulated. Below the vegetable soil is a peat-bed five feet thick, enclosing many trunks of trees. Then comes a stratum of blue clay, with fresh-water shells, of which there are nine species now in existence, and the skeleton of a deer lower down still, mingled with marine species of the

present day. In the lowest beds, at the depth of thirty-six feet, there are marine testaceæ without fluviatile species, under a bed of pipe-clay derived from the subjacent chalk. From this it appears that a salt-water estuary existed on this spot, which for many years was peopled by marine testaceæ identical with those now living, and associated with larger testaceæ.

Of the embedding of marine plants and animals.

Large tracts of drifted sea-weed on each side of the equator, have been converted into beds of vegetable matter at the subsidence of the waters. In Holland, the submarine peat is principally composed of *fuci*, and, on our own coasts, of the *zostera marina*.

Cetaceæ have become embedded, by storms or high tides driving them into estuaries or low shores, where they get stranded. A whale, seventy-three feet long, was found in a bed of clay near Alloa. An idea has existed, that within the historical period the entire line of the Andes might be uplifted by subterranean forces, and spread alluvial deposits over the vast continent of America, in which terrestrial animals would be embedded.

Marine testaceæ are liable to be removed from estuaries. A bed of oysters was swept by the current from the estuary of the Forth, and many were found alive upon the beach remaining above the high-tide mark, mingled with whelks, the shells of which appeared to be worn much by the waves. There is no sufficient ground for doubting that in such cases the testaceæ grew where they were found embedded, instead of being brought from some distant spots. Between Gibraltar and Ceutra, at a depth of 950 fathoms, in a gravelly bottom, there are fragments of broken shells drifted by currents from neighbouring shallows; and near the Irish

coast there are crustaceæ, testaceæ, and star-fish, at the depth of from fifty to one hundred fathoms. Within the tropics the zoophytes and testaceæ are found still deeper. In order to stratify these remains, nothing is wanting but a little sedimentary matter, readily supplied by currents and rivers.

Of corals and coral reefs.

The takers of corals are an immense source of modification upon the earth's crust; they act like those plants which generate peat. Coral reefs are not, however, entirely composed of zoophytes, but of other shell-animals. When the reefs rise above the level of the ocean, the corals leave off working. and the branched madrepores at great depths form their foundation. Supposing a century to give rise to six inches depth in the growth of a coral reef, it would take three thousand years to complete one of fifteen feet depth; and this is perhaps the average rate of the increase of coral reefs. In the Pacific there are coral islands of from ten to fifteen hundred feet thick. The largest is thirty miles in diameter, and the smallest less than one mile. In the tropical regions the coral reefs abound to the extent of several thousand miles. The Pacific is a great volcanic region, and all its numerous islands are either coral limestone or volcanic rocks. Within the circular reefs there is always a lagoon, the floor of which is strewn over with coral.

Some persons suppose all limestones to have originated from organised beings. Much, however, of calcareous mud or stone is deposited, and always increasing. Lime does not appear to be an animal product, but is combined from some simple elementary bodies by vital influence. Lime seems to have existed, just as much as alumine and other earthy substances, from the earliest formations of the globe.

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGGE : A TALE.

Dedicated to the Author of "*Eugene Aram*, a Novel."

τίω, φῶ· τι προσδρακίσθ' μ' ἡμαρσιν, τιναίς ;
 Τι προσγλήντι τοι παντοῦταιν γυλον ;
 Αἶ, αἶ, τι δεῖσσω ;
 Ἐσσοι αὐτας, ὃ γαλῶν, φῶσαι τιναίς.

EURIPIDIS *Medea*.

DEDICATION.

To the Author of "*Eugene Aram*."

SIR,—I am a young man who have for a length of time applied myself to the cultivation of literature, and have hitherto entirely failed in deriving any emoluments from my exertions. I have in vain supplicated the magnates of every theatre in the metropolis with the offerings of my tragedies and comedies, my operas and farces; and I have suffered reiterated rejections of my novels, poems, and romances, from every publisher who flourishes between the two opposite points of Paternoster Row and Albemarle Street. In despair of ever finding a vent for my lucubrations, and alarmed at the heaps of unprofitable MSS. which have been daily growing larger and larger upon my shelves, I sat myself down one evening about a fortnight ago, and spread out before me all the many cold and civil letters of refusal which I had received from different managers and booksellers, with a view of comparing their contents, and endeavouring to elicit the cause to which the universally unfavourable reception of my works was to be ascribed. As my eyes glanced along the ranks of the letters which I had disposed in parade order on my writing-table, I was surprised to find that the very identical phrase occurred in every one of them: managers of major or of minor theatres, publishers of every grade of fashion, and of every quarter of the metropolis, were all unanimous in expressing their approbation of the talent exhibited in my productions. My dramatic efforts, whether in five acts or in two, would doubtless have succeeded some ten years ago; but, unhappily, they were not of a "*popular description*;"—my poems were classical, pure in taste, perfect in diction; but, most unhappily, were not, at present, of a "*popular description*;"—my novels were "just in character, interesting in plot, pathetic, unexceptionable in sentiment; but,

unhappily, they were not of a *popular description*." The letters, in fact, informed me that my literary exertions possessed every merit, except the one essential and only merit which is really valued by the dealer in such commodities—the merit of suiting the reigning taste of the public. Having arrived at this discovery, my hopes revived. "Those who write to live," I exclaimed, "must write to please!" I resolved to apply myself, on the instant, to the reformation of my mode of composition. I tied up my former works in separate parcels, and deposited them in my trunks and closets, to await a change of fashion in the reading world; and, sending my laundress to the circulating library for the last most popular novel, I determined to study its style and manner, to investigate the principles on which it was written, to imbibe its spirit, and to compose my next new work as nearly as possible upon its model. Sir, the volumes which were brought to me were those of *Eugene Aram*.

Before I had read a hundred pages of that most extraordinary production, the errors and defects of my own efforts were made apparent to me. From the frequent perusal of older works of imagination, I had learnt so to weave the incidents of my story as to interest the feelings of the reader in favour of virtue, and to increase his detestation of vice. I have been taught by *Eugene Aram* to mix vice and virtue up together in such an inextricable confusion as to render it impossible that any preference should be given to either, or that the one, indeed, should be at all distinguishable from the other. I had hitherto sought to give an agreeable view of life, to inspire contented dispositions towards the existing institutions of society, and to leave a calm and pleasing impression upon the mind. But I have been wrong: this was evidently an *unpopular* proceeding; for nothing can be more painful than the recollections that remain after

the perusal of your volumes, in which "whatever is" is sneered at as being wrong, and nothing is eulogised but "what is not." I had, in all my former works, endeavoured to draw my characters in correspondence with the general principles of nature, and the ordinary effects of education and circumstances upon them; but you, sir, I perceive, have taken a course diametrically opposite to this, and delight in imagining and representing the exceptions. A learned friend of mine has considered you as an eminent disciple of the "intensity school" of novel-writers; but in this I cannot agree with him. *Eugene Aram* has certainly many qualities in common with the Anglo-German style of Mr. Godwin's followers; but I cannot help thinking that your rank in literature is of a higher grade than that which any mere disciple can ever hope to reach. I am inclined to regard you as an original discoverer in the world of literary enterprise, and to reverence you as the father of a new "*lusus naturæ* school." There is no other title by which your manner could be so aptly designated. I am told, for instance, that in a former work, having to paint an adulterer, you described him as belonging to the class of country curates, among whom, perhaps, such a criminal is not met with once in a hundred years; while, on the contrary, being in search of a tender-hearted, generous, sentimental, high-minded hero of romance, you turned to the pages of *The Newgate Calendar*, and looked for him in the list of men who have cut throats for money, among whom a person in possession of such qualities could never have been met with at all. Wanting a shrewd, selfish, worldly, calculating valet, you describe him as an old soldier, though he bears not a single trait of the character which might have been moulded by a long course of military service, but, on the contrary, is marked by all the distinguishing features of a bankrupt attorney or a lame duck from the Stock Exchange. Having to paint a cat, you endow her with the idiosyncrasies of a dog.

In the following tale I have attempted to pursue the same path—*longo intervallo*, certainly—and to class myself as a diligent and admiring disciple of "the *lusus naturæ* school." It will be my sole ambition to impart to my future efforts some portion of the intense

interest that distinguishes your works, and to acquire the fame which the skilful imitation of so great a master as yourself may hope to receive from the generosity of an enlightened and delighted public. In taking my subject from that walk of life to which you had directed my attention, many motives conspired to fix my choice on the heroine of the ensuing tale: she is a classic personage—her name has been already "linked to immortal verse" by the muse of Canning. Besides, it is extraordinary that, as you had commenced a tragedy under the title of *Eugene Aram*, I had already sketched a burletta with the title of *Elizabeth Brownrigge*. I had, indeed, in my dramatic piece, been guilty of an egregious and unpardonable error: I had attempted to excite the sympathies of the audience in favour of the murdered apprentices, but your novel has disabused me of so vulgar a prejudice, and, in my present version of her case, all the interest of the reader and all the pathetic powers of the author will be engaged on the side of the murderess. I have taken a few slight liberties with the story, but such alterations have the sanction of your example and the recommendation of your authority. As you have omitted any mention of the wife of your Eugene, I have not thought it necessary to recall the reader's attention to the husband and sixteen children of my Elizabeth. As you have given your hero more learning and virtue than he possessed, and converted the usher of a grammar-school at Hayes, whom the boys used to irritate for their amusement by whistling behind his back, into the solitary student of a lone and romantic tower in a distant county; I have presumed to raise the situation of my heroine, and, instead of portraying her as the wife of a saddler in Fleur-de-lis Court, and midwife of the poor-house, I have represented her in my tale as a young gentlewoman of independent fortune, a paragon of beauty, a severe and learned moral philosopher, and the Lady Bountiful of the village of Islington. As your Jacobina, the cat, is endowed with all the properties of a dog, I have not scrupled, where the urgency of the case required it, to transfer to my Muggletonian, the dog, the instincts that are peculiar to a cat. With a single exception, I have endeavoured to follow your steps, sir, as an humble

votary of the *Iusus Nature* school; but in one case, I have found myself compelled to disregard the example of my great prototype: it was necessary, in the progress of my plot, to introduce the character of a kind and affectionate parent. You will excuse the lingering prejudices of early education;—I have not made him, in imitation of your Houseman, a person of low life and ferocious manners, a *housebreaker* and a *cut-throat*, but a gentleman, a magistrate, and a Christian.

But enough of this. It is not the

design, but the execution of my work that you and the world will judge me by. Should it be thought to bear any even the slightest resemblance to your celebrated production, I shall be content; and, with every due sentiment of respect for your talents, and admiration of your ingenious application of them, I beg leave to lay the tale of *Elizabeth Brownrigge* as an humble offering on the shrine of that genius to which we are indebted for the novel of *Eugene Aram*.

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Islington: the Red Cabbage—Specimen of Iusus Nature—Philosophers of the Porch—Who is she?

“ Yet about her

There hangs a mystery ever. She doth walk,
Wrapt in incomprehensibility;
Lovely but half-reveal'd, as is the moon
Shrouded in mists of evening, or the rose
Veil'd by its mossy coverture, and bathed
In heavy drops of the past thunder-shower.”

• From *Elizabeth Brownrigge*, a MS. Burletta.

SOME twenty years ago the now populous suburb of Islington stood, in the midst of its meadows and its corn-fields, a romantic but inconsiderable hamlet. The cottages of its simple and innocent peasantry, each standing in its little inclosure of neatly-cultivated garden-ground, overgrown with honeysuckle and jasmine, and sheltered by the protection of a grove of stately oaks, were scattered thickly but irregularly around the parish church, while here and there appeared among them a few houses of more extended dimensions, the villas of certain wealthier citizens, who delighted to find in this secluded spot that repose from the distractions of business, and quiet from the din of men, which was denied them in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street or Cheapside. In those days, the only inn of Islington was the *Red Cabbage*—a name which it had gradually acquired from the imperfect skill of the village artist who had undertaken to delineate the red rose upon its sign. The house had, two centuries before, been a royal residence; at which time it was honoured as a favourite hunting-seat of the virgin daughter of the eighth Henry. But it had now “fallen, sadly fallen, from its high estate.” Desolation had marked it for its own: its corniced

gables were dilapidated, its massive window-frames were despoiled of the richly-pictured light that had once emblazoned them, and the numerous windows were either altogether fortified with brick and mortar against the demands of the tax-gatherer, to the vast abridgement of his majesty's revenue, or were disfigured by the adoption of various expedients to supply the loss of their deficient or shattered panes of glass without having recourse to the glazier. The whole of the centre and left wing of the building were overgrown with ivy, of which the branches had insinuated themselves into the fissures of the masonry, and were rapidly accelerating the work of time by increasing the ruin which their foliage concealed. The right wing was no longer habitable; the roof had been crushed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the high wind of January, 1670, and had never afterwards been repaired. Indeed, but few traces of the ancient magnificence of the building now remained, except the ample and grotesquely-ornamented porch; and even of this the beauty was eclipsed; for the high north road had, at that spot, been raised so many feet as to form a complete breast-work in its front, and the entrance was now

reached by descending as many steps as in prouder days it had stood elevated at the summit of. But still, faded as are the glories—waned as is the light of that once royal palace—I never approach the place, and see the sign of the red cabbage hanging aloft from the projecting branch of the aged elm by which that venerable and mouldering porch is overshadowed, but a world of historic and poetic associations are awakened in my mind; my memory reverts to the personages and the incidents of other times—to Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, to Lord Bacon and Lord Burleigh—to the success of the Protestant Reformation, and the defeat of the Spanish armada.

It was somewhere about twelve o'clock on a fine, bright, sunny day, 25th of June, 1765, that Timothy Hitch and Giles Fillup were conversing together, and taking the air and the dust, their beer and their pipes, within the shady area of the porch in question. Timothy Hitch was a young man of some six-and-twenty years of age; but his ever-laughing eye, his ruddy complexion, his loosely flowing, flaxen-coloured curls, and his thoughtless expression of countenance, might have led the superficial spectator into a belief that he had as yet scarcely passed his teens. He was dressed in the first style of elegance, according to the fashion of the time. His coat and inexpressibles were of fawn-coloured camlet, trimmed at the edge, and worked at the button-holes with silver galloon; his waistcoat was of pink satin, flowered over with a large spreading pattern of silver ranunculuses, and surrounded with a broad silver lace; on his head, placed carelessly on one side, was a small three-cornered hat, which was graced by a cockade, and, in correspondence with the rest of his apparel, edged with silver. Thus attired, conscious of the attractions of his dress and person, he stood in an easy, lounging attitude, with his back rested against the pillar of the porch of the Red Cabbage, and looked laughingly down upon the long, spare figure, and the grim and sorrowful face, of Giles Fillup the host, who was seated on the opposite bench, as they exchanged the following brief sentences of talk, intermixed with copious draughts of ale and puffs of tobacco-smoke.

"It's all a fallacy—it's all a fallacy," sighed forth the melancholy Giles; "life's a vale of tears."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" replied Timothy; "a vale of beer, you mean, man!"

"All labour and sorrow—eating and growing hungry again, drinking and becoming dry!"

"Dry! what, already? Why, man, you were *wet* enough last night when I pulled you dead drunk out of the gutter."

"Timothy Hitch, don't be so profane! *Dead* drunk!—*dead*! I wonder that a map of your trade"—

"Profession, Giles, my boy! Zooks, profession!"

"Well, of your profession, then—I'm astonished, I say, that you, who pick all the bread you eat out of dead men's mouths, and haven't a shirt belonging to you but was pilfered from a dead man's back, can bear even to give utterance to the word without a shudder."

"No reflections upon my profession, Master Fillup. What! isn't it the last and most honourable branch of the law?"

"Most honourable!"

"Aye, to be sure it is. I say it again,—*most* honourable!"

"Prove it, Timothy—prove it."

"Why, with us gentlemen of the law, isn't the order of precedency reversed, as it were, by general consent?"

"How do ye mean? I don't know. Is it?"

"As certainly as I stand here. Why, is not the constable more honourable than the thief?"

"Why, yes."

"And the attorney that compounds the brief against him more honourable than the constable?"

"Perhaps he is."

"And the counsellor that pleads out of the brief more honourable than the attorney?"

"There's ~~no~~ denying it."

"And is not the judge, again, more honourable than the counsellor? Zooks! Giles Fillup, I say, are not all these things true?"

"I think they are."

"Well, then, by parity of reasoning, must not I, Timothy Hitch, his majesty's hangman, and last executer of the laws of this great kingdom, be as much more honourable than the judge, who only utters the sentence of

the law, as he is than the counsellor, or the counsellor than the attorney, or the attorney than the constable, or the constable than the thief? Why, the point's as clear as day.—My pipe's out, though.—But doesn't it stand to common sense?—Isn't it reason, Master Fillup?"

"Say what you will, it's a dark and melancholy office, Timothy."

"Melancholy!—why? Haven't I plenty of leisure, plenty of money, plenty of victuals, and plenty of the best apparel? Then for variety! Don't I travel, whenever a job's required to be neatly done, from one end of England to the other, half a dozen times in the course of the circuit? And for sights! Zounds! who ever gets so many, or finer? Shew me a finer sight anywhere than a fine execution! And where's the man that ever sees so many of them as I do?"

"Your heart's as hard as a stone, Timothy! Timothy, you've no fellow-feeling for the poor, guilty creatures you help to put out of the world."

"No, no, Fillup!—don't say that," replied the young, the fair-faced, and the light-spirited companion of mine host, while his fine jocund countenance assumed a cast of unwonted sadness, and the tear of sensibility, which rose involuntarily in his usually laughing eye, for a moment dimmed its brightness—"No!—don't say so!—I do pity the poor creatures, Giles, with my whole soul I pity them; and always tis them up as tenderly as if they were my dearest relations. But, pshaw! this is folly."

He here made a strong effort to suppress the rising emotions of his heart; and, having dashed away the falling drops from his eyelid with the back of his hand, whilst the sunny light of his soul burst forth again, and dispersed the clouds which had gathered about his brow, he exclaimed, in his usual tone of vivacity, "But come, my boy! Zooks! fill me another pipe; and I'm not the fellow that would make any objection to a second pot of porter.—What!" he continued to the host, who had now returned, bearing a pewter vessel full of the generous and frothy beverage in his hand—"What! does Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge live here still?"

"Yes; at the new house in the village, with the green railing before it."

"And as beautiful as ever?"

"Beauty is but a fading flower," sighed Giles; "'tis but as the grass of the field—here to-day and gone to-morrow! But, to be sure, she is wonderfully fair—a lily of Sharon, my friend Timothy—fair as a lily and as upright as a lily!"

"Well, who could have thought it? Not married yet! Such a beautiful girl!"

"Aye, and so virtuous withal! Why, she has founded in the village a lying-in hospital for married women only. She attends the poor creatures herself, and feeds, washes, and lodges them all at her own expense."

"So good and so beautiful, and not married!" exclaimed the enthusiastic hangman. "Why, the batchelors of these parts have no taste, no soul, no sense of what is really lovely and exquisite in human nature!"

"I don't know; I should not like to have it said that it came from me, but"—and Giles Fillup lowered his voice to an audible whisper as he added, "according to my notions, that young Master Alphonso Belvidere, the son of the rich banker that has just purchased the manor house and park at the end of the village, is casting a sheep's eye at Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge."

"Well done, Master Alphonso Belvidere!" cried Timothy Hitch; "I would not wish any man a better fortune. Here's a health to him and to Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge. Here, Fillup, my old fellow!—"

"Not so old either, Master Hitch; only sixty last Martinmas."

"My young fellow, then?"

"Not so young either."

"Well, my middle-aged fellow, then—we'll not quarrel about an epithet—here, take a draught to the health of Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge."

"Long life and happiness," uttered Giles, with the deep-drawn breath, the demure air, and the earnest tone of one making a most important effort of volution, while, by a dexterous turn of his hand, he imparted a slow circuitous motion to the contents of the porter pot—"Long life and every earthly happiness to the good and beautiful Elizabeth Brownrigge!"

"Elizabeth Brownrigge! Ah! ah!" shrieked a voice at the top of the steps which descended from the high road to the porch of the Red Cabbage—"who speaks of Elizabeth Brownrigge?"

Timothy Hitch started, at the faithful vehemence of the sound—the porter pot was suddenly arrested on its way to the mouth of Giles Fillup—both, motionless as statues, stood rivetted to the spot on which the unexpected and soul-appalling words had fixed them, with their eyes turned in astonishment towards the wild and strangely attired female figure from whom they had proceeded.

The person who met their view appeared somewhat less than sixteen years of age. In her sunken and harassed eyes, which were red and bloodshot from fatigue and want of sleep, the traces of many cares were deeply printed. Her young features, though of the most delicate contour, and such as a sculptor might have studied to refine his views of ideal beauty, were emaciated from want and illness; yet the cheeks and lips were thickly coated with red paint, which the course of her tears and the dews of perspiration had fretted into stripes, and showered in ruddy drops upon the dusty and disarranged buffon, which, extended upon a wire framework, formed a swelling semicircle on either side her neck. Her bright chestnut hair appeared to have been most elaborately dressed and powdered, but had escaped from the confinement of its black pins and pomatum, and was straggling at large over her face and shoulders. The gauze cap, that crowned the summit of the lofty cushion over which her locks had been curled, and craped, and plastered, was torn as in a midnight broil; and the artificial flowers, and tips of variously-coloured ostrich feathers that had adorned it, were hanging about her head in loose and most-admired disorder. Her richly embroidered sack and petticoat were empurpled with several large stains of port wine, soiled with the mud of London and the dust of the country, and disfigured by many a wide and recent rent. As she stood upon the steps, raising her large hoop out of the way of her high heeled satin shoes with her left hand, to facilitate her descent, and tossing her right arm aloft above her head, a gust of wind suddenly giving a fluttering motion to her streaming hair, to the shattered ornaments of her head-gear, and to her long pendant ruffles of Brussels point, which admirably harmonised with the agitated expression of her

countenance and the wild character of her figure. The men were awed—they feared and pitied her—they knew not whether to retire or to advance—they wished, yet dreaded, to address her.

But while they paused, all further hesitation on their part was effectually put an end to by the unknown visitor herself, who, looking down upon them with an eye of shrewd severity, and a laugh of piercing bitterness and contemptuous derision, cried, “And so it’s Elizabeth Brownrigge you’re praising! Well, well! that’s as it should be!”

She here tottered into the porch in which the men were standing, and fell down upon the nearest seat, exhausted with weakness and fatigue. The young and gentle-hearted Timothy, losing the feeling of astonishment in commiseration of her evident state of destitution, immediately hastened to the side of the wanderer, and was most earnest in offering, and most anxious to administer assistance. After the pause of a few moments the faintness seemed to leave her; and, waving him away with the air of a woman of quality, after many abortive efforts to deliver herself with calmness and precision, she said, “You must be surprised, gentlemen, at seeing me here at this hour of the day—alone, too, and without my chariot. Ten thousand pardons for this intrusion;—but servants are so slow. You were speaking of Miss Brownrigge—Elizabeth, I think, you said. Ah! ah! ah!”

A little affected laugh here interrupted the voluble but bewildered flow of her rhetoric, which was succeeded by—“I declare I feel quite faint and weak. So!—Good and beautiful!—Very extraordinary where this coachman of mine can be loitering—at the alehouse, I’ll warrant. Pray, has she any apprentices now?”

“Whom do you speak of, madam?” demanded Timothy Hitch, with an air of gentleness and respect, which intimated his sympathy in the distress, rather than consideration for the apparent condition, of the person he was addressing.

“Speak of!” cried the unknown female, looking wildly in his face—“speak of!—But, alas! alas! you here again! That voice—that look! Oh! it haunts me by day—every day, and all day long. At night I see it in my dreams—it’s a shadow always near

me! Light wont dissipate it—darkness cannot hide it! Away! away! Let me be mocked at by the shadow only, not tortured thus by the terrible reality of your presence. I say, for mercy's sake, away!"

"Why, lady, do you thus shudder at the presence of a friend? Indeed, you cannot have seen me before."

"Hush! hush!—No more! no more!"

"Be assured I never injured you."

"Silence! oh, silence! Those words are sharp and envenomed as the pointed tongues of scorpions—they sting the core of my heart, and penetrate the marrow of my brain." Then, dropping her voice to a tone, low, solemn, and scarcely audible, grasping the left wrist of Timothy Hitch with her right hand, and holding him at the distance of her extended arm, she added, "Where were you, think ye, when my mother and my brother died?"

"I, madam!—Where was I, when they died?"

"Dear me! where is this chariot of mine?—In a very different carriage from that did they, poor souls, take their last drive in this world!—But, then, it cost them nothing—that was some advantage; and 'tis not every cart that goes through Tyburn turnpike without paying toll as it passes.—But, oh! my aching head, my aching head!"

Overpowered by the energy of these strong emotions, acting upon a weakened and debilitated frame, the poor wretch here made a second attempt to conceal her misery by an affected laugh, and then went off into a violent hysteric. Giles Fillup and Timothy Hitch exerted themselves with all the interest of sincere and unsophisticated benevolence in effecting her restoration. In the course of their endeavours, some nourishment and cordials were administered, which were of essential service to the unhappy girl, and supplied the inanition, which was one of the immediate causes of the distress she laboured under. On recovering herself, she reverted to the subject of Miss Brownrigge, and studiously avoiding the sight of Timothy, she repeated to Giles Fillup her former question: "Has she any 'prentices now?"

"She has," answered mine host of the Red Cabbage, "two young girls, as handmaids, who attend upon her, and who are apprenticed to her for

seven years by the parish officers of White Friars."

"Their names are—"

"Mary Mitchel and Mary Clifford."

"Poor things! poor things! How I pity them!"

"Pity them!" exclaimed mine host; "where could the orphan and the indigent ever hope to find so kind a guardian, or so happy an asylum as in the house of that good lady? Pity them! Why, they are the envy of all the young girls of the village, as they walk to the parish church, once every Wednesday and Friday, and twice every Sunday, in their neat blue cloth gowns, their little, tidy, white caps, aprons, bibs and tuckers, and each with her Bible and prayer-book under her arm. Pity them! Oh!" said Giles, devoutly casting up his eyes as he uttered the ejaculation, "Oh! it were a blessed thing if every mother's daughter were trained, as they are, in the paths of virtue from their youth."

"And," muttered the stranger, abstractedly, "both *their* names are Mary, too."

"See there!" interrupted Giles, pointing to a thin, graceful, and elegant young lady, who now appeared from the opening of a green lane in the distance, accompanied by a tall, finely-formed, patrician-looking youth; "see there is Miss Brownrigge, and Master Alphonso Belvidere along with her, as sure as I'm alive!"

"Where! where!" said the stranger; "I'll see her—I'll speak to her—though pestilence should strike me dead before her, and hell should yawn and swallow me at her feet!"

So saying, she rushed wildly forth from the porch of the inn, and fled with the speed of lightning toward the spot where Elizabeth and Alphonso had appeared. But before she had completely reached them, she was seen to slacken her pace—to stop—to pause an instant, and then turn suddenly round, as if her resolution failed her, and fly as rapidly away down a path in the opposite direction.

At the sight of this unexpected apparition, Elizabeth started, trembled, and drew nearer to the side of Alphonso. Her alarm, however, was but momentary. Before Timothy Hitch had time to say, "Where the deuce could that strange woman come from?" the agitation of Miss Brownrigge had completely passed away; and before Giles Fillup

had responded, "A poor mad creature, I take it; but who can she be?" the lady, moving on with her wonted air

of firm and delicate composure, had led her lover out of view of the inn.

CHAPTER II.

Portraits: a Pair of Lovers—A Dinner at Noon—Table-Talk.

"Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly framed to meet by nature."—SHERIDAN'S *Duenna*.

"Gentlemen, welcome; 'tis a word I use—
From me expect no further compliment.
Nor do I name it often at our meeting.
Once spoke, to those that understand me best,
And know I always purpose as I speak,
Hath ever yet sufficed: so let it you.
Nor do I love that common phrase of guests,
As 'we make bold,' or 'we are troublesome,'
'We take you unprovided,' and the like.
I know you understanding, gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade yourselves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold."—HEYWOOD.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorn'd."—LEE, *Rival Queens*.

THE pair who retired from the admiring gaze of Timothy Hitch and Giles Fillup, at the conclusion of the last chapter, were formed in the very prodigality of nature. Each seemed to have been created, rich in every personal endowment, as the worthy counterpart of the other. Young they were; but in their youth was blooming with all its freshness, and devoid of all its frivolities. Beautiful they were; but the beauty which rendered them the delight and admiration of the eyes of others, was held of no estimation in their own. Alphonso, who stood six feet two without his shoes, united, in the compact and slender structure of his person, the vigour of the Hercules with the elegance of the Apollo. His features, which were cast in the perfect mould of the Antinous, were coloured with a deep, rich sunniness of tone, which no pencil inferior to that of Titian could ever have aspired to imitate; while the breadth of his forehead bespoke the intellectual powers of a Newton or a Locke; and the bright, lambent, and innocuous fires of his unfathomable eye beamed with the gentle virtues of a martyred saint. As his figure was characterised by strength and grace, so was his countenance by intelligence and humility. He was distinguished among literary men as the editor of a new monthly magazine; and his attire was of that simple style of elegance which accorded well with the cast of his person, the expression of his countenance, and the gravity of

his pursuits. He wore a plain black hat, of which the somewhat expansive brim was slightly turned up at the sides; his coat, waistcoat, and nether garments, were formed *en suite* of snuff-coloured broad cloth; his stockings were of white silk, variegated with horizontal stripes of blue; and his only ornaments were the silver buckles that glistened, with a modest and a moon-like lustre, at his knees, on his shoes, and in the front of his hat.

Of Elizabeth, the virgin philanthropist, the youthful benefactress of the village, who, when at home in the elegant apartment of her romantic cottage, occupied all her solitary hours in making garments for the naked, and who rarely passed beyond the green and trellised boundaries of her garden but to administer to the sick or hungry some healing or savoury consolation—of Elizabeth, the height was above the middle size, and the slimness of her figure would have conveyed an idea of weakness and fragility to the mind of the spectator, but for the upright bearing of her person, and the firm and decided step with which she moved. Many engravings of her are in circulation; but, though they all owe their origin to a miniature by a celebrated painter, which Alphonso constantly wore about him, the likeness has sadly suffered from being submitted to the hands of inferior artists; and there is no print with which I am acquainted that affords the faintest hint of the exquisite beauty with which

she was endowed. There are some, perhaps, which convey a slight intimation of the elevated cast of her features, but they do nothing more. What hand, indeed, however skilful, could give an adequate representation of that high, towering forehead, which bespoke a more than female reach of thought; of those large blue and finely-opened eyes, with the silken lashes that overshadowed them; of that aquiline but feminine nose, with its delicately-chiselled nostrils; of that mouth, with its curling lips, distinctly cut and closely meeting, the sure symbols of moral and intellectual energy; of that well-proportioned chin, or of the eloquent tincture of that complexion, which, bearing in its general hue the fair, polished, and transparent whiteness of the purest alabaster, was, from time to time, suffused with a fainter or deeper glow of vermillion, corresponding with the strength of the emotions that were swaying in her breast. Kind and gentle as every feature of her face proclaimed her to be, the prevailing expression of her countenance was that of fixedness and determination. She looked the image of a virtue which could never err; or, which, if it erred, was lost for ever, and would never again recover its first state.

Such was Elizabeth Brownrigge; such she now stood at the garden gate, which Alphonso was opening for her, attired according to the costume she is represented as wearing in her pictures. Over a gown of flowered Indian chintz she had on a black mode cloak, richly trimmed with lace, and lined with rose-coloured satin. Her dark glossy hair, which she wore without powder, was turned up behind, and smoothed simply in front over a moderately-sized cushion; a lace cap, neatly plaited, covered her ears; above which, somewhat inclined, so as to shade the eyes, and secured by long pins that projected from both sides of her head, was a small black satin gipsy-hat, trimmed round the crown with a puffing of rose-coloured ribband to match the lining of her cloak. As the lovers thus stood together, at the entrance of the small garden that fronted the dwelling of Elizabeth, protracting, to the utmost, the moment of separation, and fearing to utter the "farewell" that trembled upon their lips, Alphonso, taking the hand of his mistress, and regarding her with a look of tenderness, said,—

"I depend, then, on seeing you again! You'll walk with me in the cool of the evening?"

"I have promised," replied Elizabeth. "Do you remember any instance of my neglecting an engagement, that you seem thus inclined to doubt me?"

"No! oh, no! Imagine it not. I am incapable of any feeling towards thee but that of the most implicit confidence. But, my dearest"—

"Tush!" interrupted Elizabeth. "I like not these professions; strong actions please me better than strong words. How frequently have I enjoined, Alphonso, that these superlative terms of affection should neither be uttered in my presence, nor find a place in any letter you address to me. Dearest! Absurd! The expression is as foolish as it is profane. Let our attachment be restrained within the bounds, and declared according to the rules, of reason. Nay, look not down, good Alphonso; I pardon you this error."

"Kindest, sweetest!"

"Again!"

"Impose not, my own Elizabeth, this severe restriction upon the suggestions of my heart! Why interdict my tongue from delivering the sentiments which are prompted by the warm, fresh-springing, and genuine emotions of my soul?"

"I would have all men speak the truth, Alphonso—the exact, simple, and invariable truth; not only that which they may imagine to be true for the moment, but that which was true in time past, and will be true in all time to come. It is possible, and I do not doubt it, that your present affection towards me is as devoted as your words describe; but was it so last year? can you be sure that it will be so in the next? No! What connexion, then, have these protestations of attachment with that eternal and immutable truth which should be the paramount object and the ruling principle of all intercourse of conversation between man and man?"

"Sweet mistress, your wisdom shall be the pole-star of my mind!"

"So be it, then, if you will deal in such idle metaphors and poetic exaggerations; but now betake you to your home. In five minutes the church clock will strike: it will take you four to reach the manor-house; and, as your father dines punctually at two, you'll have

but one minute to spare. So 'away, Alphonso !"

"Why will you not accompany me ? My father desired, requested, implored your presence !"

"It cannot be ! I have an important and a painful duty to despatch within. This is the hour ; it cannot be dispensed with ; it must not be deferred. And so farewell till evening !"

"Till seven !"

"Till seven precisely," rejoined Elizabeth ; and, accompanied by her little dog, Muggletonian, which had stood beside her, fondly rubbing his head against her gown during the whole of the previous conversation, she retired up the gravel walk which led to the trellised entrance of her ornamented cottage.

Alphonso gazed tenderly after her as she withdrew, and then turned his hurried steps towards his father's. He had not, however, proceeded many yards, when, having reached an eminence that afforded a view of the windows of his love, he stopped, and cast a 'longing, lingering look behind' him, with the hope of catching yet another glimpse of her at the embowered lattice, or among the flowers of her garden.

His eye was disappointed ; but, as he stood silently gazing upon the casket in which was garnered up the joy and treasure of his soul, his ear was startled by the sound of two piercing shrieks in the distance : they were evidently those of a child in torture. He listened, with the fullest stretch, and most eager exertion of his faculty, to catch a repetition of the cry. For a time, all was silent ; but, after the lapse of a few seconds, the same appalling expressions of agony struck upon his sense, in a fainter tone, but of a more protracted continuance than before. Whence could they proceed ? The cries appeared to issue from that part of the village in which the dwelling of the good and beautiful Elizabeth was situated. But, no—that was impossible ! Mr. Deacon, the apothecary, whose house stood next her cottage, was not a father. There were no children residing in the neighbourhood but those two little handmaidens to whom his beloved was so tenderly attached, and whose education she so diligently directed. That they should suffer any severity, or that they ever should have cause to give utterance to such an expression of pain,

was too incredible a supposition to find an instant's lodgment in his mind. 'What, those little girls unhappy ! blest as they were, living in the sight, and under the care, and beneath the same roof with his Elizabeth ! It could not be ! Alphonso paused yet, another moment ; the sounds returned no more ; and, convinced that he had been deceived by some auricular delusion, as the clock of Islington church struck two he hastily started from the spot, and did not relax his speed till he deposited his hat on the marble table of his father's hall.

On reaching the manor-house, he found Mr. Belvidere already seated at dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Deacon. The name of Deacon has before been mentioned. He was the next-door neighbour of Miss Brownrigg, and the highly-judicious and very respectable medical friend of the wealthier inhabitants of Islington and its vicinity. He was a 'corpulent gentleman, between forty and fifty. His wife, with whom he had for several years been united in the bonds of an unfruitful, but most happy wedlock, was of no particular age : she still retained the prominent and well-rounded graces of what is generally considered a fine woman, in the unimpaired perfection of their bloom ; and she was content that her time of life should be left problematical, as a matter of speculation among her friends, rather than fixed by any information of her own. Mrs. Deacon, ever since Mr. Belvidere had taken up his residence at the manor-house, had entertained the deepest sense of the exalted merits of his son. She had, indeed, ventured to express her approbation of them in so candid a manner as somewhat to distress the modesty of Alphonso, and induce a slight disinclination for her society. With that intuitive view into the recesses of the heart for which the sex is so particularly distinguished, the lady very quickly apprehended the unfavourable disposition of his feelings towards herself ; while the proximity of their dwellings affording her the opportunity of observing his frequent visits to Elizabeth, she was not long in becoming equally well-informed with regard to his sentiments in another quarter. Though Mrs. Deacon was the most irreproachable of wives ; though she would not for the world have been guilty of a thought of connubial infidelity ; though, indeed, her principles were so strict on this

particular, that she had been the means of compelling her husband's rival apothecary to leave the village, and seek the patronage of a less scrupulous neighbourhood, because his wife had been exposed to the vague rumour of a suspected flirtation;—still, rigid as Mrs. Deacon was on the score of her matrimonial duties, she could not witness Alphonso's want of interest in her friendship, and his attachment to Elizabeth, without experiencing some degree of exasperation. She was vexed at the slight to which she was subjected. "It was not," as she continually repeated to herself, "that she was in love with the lad; but it was enough to provoke a saint, when she had condescended to shew him so much favour, to see him prefer a pale, tame, thread-paper slip of a girl, like Elizabeth Brownrigge, to so personable a woman as herself." She conceived that an injustice was committed against her charms; and she could not help resenting it. Her indignation found its vent in availing herself of every opportunity of depreciating her favoured rival in the presence of Alphonso. On entering the dining-room, our hero, finding that Mr. Deacon had, in his absence, taken possession of the bottom of the table, made a slight inclination to his father and his guests, and slipped quietly into the vacant seat of the *partie quarrie*, opposite Mrs. Deacon.

"You are late to-day, my boy," said his father; "you are not apt to be out of the way at pudding-time."

"I was detained longer than I expected," replied Alphonso; "but I made the best speed I could."

"Nothing wrong in the city, I hope?"

"No; a mere accidental miscalculation of the time," rejoined the son; and applied himself to the venison pasty with the determined air of a person who had completed his explanation, and with whom all attempt at any further inquiry would be entirely bootless.

"Did you meet Miss Brownrigge to-day," demanded Mrs. Deacon, "by chance or by appointment?"

"Which time to-day do you mean, madam?" replied our hero. "I have had the happiness of seeing that young lady twice; in the morning, when I called to convey my father's invitation to dinner, and lately, since my return from town."

"Oh! then it was, I presume, by agreement that you met, about an hour since, opposite her new-fangled lying-in charity establishment?"

"On the contrary, that rencontre was merely a most fortunate accident. The appointment we made this morning was for a walk towards Hampstead in the cool of the evening."

Mrs. Deacon looked utterly disconcerted; and, in her turn, applied herself to the venison pasty.

"What a beautiful creature Miss Brownrigge is!" exclaimed old Mr. Belvidere, after a pause. "An old fellow like myself might almost wish to be young again, Deacon, to have the chance of winning the heart of such a girl."

"She's too pale," said the ruddy Mr. Deacon, casting an approving glance on the damask and full-blown beauties of his spouse.

"And far too thin," rejoined the lady, looking round with a complacent, downward glance upon that wide circumference of self to which her head formed the centre.

"Neither one nor the other, to my mind; but every man according to his taste: *quot homines tot sententie*—and so let us have a glass of wine. Come, come: a general breeze! Robin," continued the warm-hearted and hospitable old gentleman, to the grey-haired butler, who was always close to his elbow,—sometimes standing, sometimes leaning, behind his chair,— "Robin, a bumper of Madeira all round!"

"However beautiful she may be," persisted Mrs. Deacon, after swallowing the contents of her capacious glass, "one thing is quite certain,—Miss Brownrigge has a most intolerable and tyrannical disposition."

As she uttered this sentence, the colour of her cheek mounted to the very top of her forehead, indicating, as exactly as the rising mercury of a thermometer does the state of the atmosphere, the blood-heat condition of her temper; while bridling up, with a little air of malignant triumph, she fixed her eyes full upon those of her opposite neighbour.

"Disposition! oh, she's a perfect virago!" ejaculated the uxorious apothecary. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a devil of a life she leads those two poor little parish-apprentices. I wonder"—

"Sir!" exclaimed Alphonso, whose indignation was now raised to the extreme of endurance:—"Sir, however I may quell my spirit, and tolerate those base and calumnious insinuations which envy of the superior merits of Elizabeth Brownrigge may incite the unworthy of the other sex to propagate,—however silently and contemptuously I may regard the petty malice of a woman,—when I hear a man"—

"My dear Alphonso!" interrupted his father—

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Mrs. Deacon, "pray let the gentleman proceed! I beg you'll not think of stopping him. Petty malice! Unworthy! Contempt! I can tell you, Mr. Alphonso Bel"—

"My love! my love!" interrupted Mr. Deacon, in his turn, "only allow me to explain. Do not permit yourself, my lamb, to be thus run away with by the strength of your emotions. There is no cause whatever for this disturbance of the harmony of the company. I can assure my young friend, that I never, for a moment, contemplated the possibility of occasioning him any offence. My respect for the virtues of Miss Brownrigge is fully equal to, and cannot be surpassed by, his own. My admiration of her beauty is unbounded. Perhaps she may be, according to my taste, just a thought too pale, or a thought too thin; but what of that? Surely, such good friends, as we have ever been, are far too wise to fall into dispute upon a mere matter of private fancy! And as to temper—I most solemnly declare that I have no personal knowledge of the matter whatever; I speak only from report. I have heard, indeed, from Mrs. Crips, and the Misses Budgdell, and Miss Hicks, and several other respectable and credible ladies of our acquaintance, that Miss Brownrigge's temper is not quite so gentle as her friends might wish; but they have, unquestionably, been deceived. I have not a doubt but that the lady is, in every respect, the angel that she looks. Should my words appear to have implied the least intimation to the contrary, I implore Mr. Alphonso to believe that nothing could be further from my thoughts, and that my intentions have been entirely misunderstood."

So spoke the fluent apothecary: our

hero received his most veritable and highly-parliamentary explanation with a faint smile of contemptuous acknowledgment; and kind old Mr. Belvidere, taking upon himself the part of chorus to the dialogue, and moralising on the subject matter of the scene, observed,

"Well, well! it's a good thing these idle and silly women do not presume to say any thing worse. Never, my boy, attempt to justify so fair and excellent a being as Elizabeth against the charge of a defective temper. The mischievous and talking world will never be satisfied unless they have some error to allege against every meritorious and highly-gifted individual. If they cannot find, they will always invent, a fault to exercise their tongues upon; and a judicious friend should be content to leave them the undisturbed discussion of a weakness, lest, in the absence of such a theme, they should venture to impute a crime."

"But, sir! Mr. Belvidere! Gracious me! why you talk," cried Mrs. Deacon, "as if we only accused Miss Brownrigge of being, every now and then, a little peppery or so, like the rest of our acquaintance; but that's not it in the least."

"Then pray, madam," demanded Alphonso, calmly but severely, "may I be allowed to inquire what it is you do accuse that lady of?"

"Accuse her of? Tyranny—brutality! Oh, if you should only chance to be near our house at flogging-time!"

"Flogging-time!" exclaimed Alphonso.

"Ay, flogging-time. Almost every day, just a few minutes before two, if either of the poor children have done any thing in the least wrong, this sweet, mild, fair, amiable Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge, whom you gentlemen all admire so much, administers what she calls her dose of salutary chastisement; and its quite terrible—it absolutely shatters one's nerves for the rest of the day—to hear the shrieks of the infants."

"I don't believe it, madam!" cried old Mr. Belvidere,—his whole soul swelling with indignation at what he deemed an unjust aspersion on the fair fame of his adopted daughter-in-law. "Madam, I beg your pardon a thousand times for contradicting you so abruptly; but, my life on it, you are deceived."

"It must be impossible," said Alphonso; but the tone of his voice was far lower and humbler than his father's, and his manner was not expressive of so implicit a confidence; for his heart misgave him; and he thought of the shrieks which he had so lately heard in the direction of Elizabeth's cottage.

"Well, gentlemen, as you please! but what I know, I know; and what I see, I see; and what I hear, I hear!"

"Surely," cried Alphonso, "there must be some strange misapprehension here!"

The dinner was now concluded; and Mr. Belvidere proposed that the wine, punch, and dessert, should be carried to a summer-house at the end of the bowling-green, where he and Mr. Deacon might each enjoy his pipe, in an airy situation, without incommoding the lady, at her chain and satin-stitch, by the condensation of their tobacco smoke.

Having seen the trio thus quietly deposited for the afternoon, and drank one small glass of that well-concocted beverage for which the grey-headed butler was very widely celebrated, our hero, disgusted with the malice of the lady, loathing the sycophancy of the husband, and impatient for an explanation with Elizabeth, invented some slight pretext for returning into the house, as the readiest mode of making his escape from the persecution of such unworshipful society, without incurring the formality of a regular leave-taking. Intending that his returning to them again should remain in doubt, he first ran up stairs to his chamber, with the view of making such little adjustments in his dress as even those who are least curious about their personal appearance seldom fail regarding as indispensable preliminaries to visiting the lady of their love, and then descended to the hall for his hat and cane. Close to the marble slab on which they lay stood Mrs. Deacon. A spectre from the grave could not have startled him more, or been more offensive to his sight. She had divined his purpose; and, acting with the promptitude of strongly-excited jealousy, had resolved to intercept him. As he approached the table, the lady, forgetting her accustomed deference to the rules of propriety, moved with a rapid step towards him, and, making a violent seizure of his hand, exclaimed with impassioned earnestness,—

"My fears have not deceived me—you are then already weary of our society—I was convinced that you meant to leave us! Oh, Alphonso!" and, in an agony of tears, she hid her head upon the arm of the hand she held. "Oh, Alphonso! you have no thought, no consideration, for the feelings of the best of friends!"

"I can consider no person, madam, as a friend of mine, who avows herself the enemy of Miss Brownrigge," answered Belvidere coldly and formally, endeavouring in vain to deliver himself from the grasp by which he was detained.

"One word, Alphonso! Hear me! answer me this one single question."

"Well, madam?"

"Are you going to the cottage of that detested girl?"

"The wife of Mr. Deacon ought to have no interest in the movements of any other man than her husband; and I, on my part, might without discourtesy refuse replying to an inquiry which, on your own part, is not made without disgrace: but I am perfectly willing that the whole world should be acquainted with the course of my proceedings. I have no hesitation in acknowledging, that it is my immediate purpose to seek the cottage of Miss Brownrigge."

"You are going there! and you have the barbarity to own it! Oh, Alphonso! cruel, cruel man! Oh! you will break my heart."

"For shame, Mrs. Deacon!—this language to me from a married woman! Madam! madam! think of your affectionate and confiding husband, and allow me to depart."

"Is it then come to this? He scorns my tenderness—my devotion!"

"For pity's sake, madam, forbear! If the ties of duty, and a sense of matronly decorum, are too weak to restrain these idle demonstrations of your folly, only consider the disparity of our years. If you have no horror of being vicious, at least forbear to render yourself ridiculous. Remember, madam, I am young enough to be your son,—your grandson! Why, my good lady, I was only twenty last February, and I'll be sworn that you can't be much under fifty-six!"

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Deacon, flinging Alphonso's hand away from her in a paroxysm of wrath, while every inch of her person that was visible assumed a

hue of the deepest crimson, and her eyes flashed with the fire of the furies as she spoke;—"Sir, you're not a gentleman! Sir, I defy and scorn you! Sir, you've insulted a weak and defenceless woman! The age of chivalry is gone! You have none of that gallant consideration which is due to the female sex! I hate and I despise you. But beware, Mr. Alphonso Belvidere—I warn you to beware in time. Remember that you've roused a lioness, which, insignificant as you may think her power, will neither sleep nor rest till she have found an opportunity for

working the accomplishment of her revenge!"

With these words the lady sailed away, muttering malice to herself, to resume her chain and satin-stitch, by the side of her husband, in the summer-house; while our hero, having gained possession of his hat and cane, departed in an opposite direction towards the house of his Elizabeth, saying, in audible soliloquy, as he quitted the hall, "What a towering passion that elderly gentlewoman has put herself into!"

CHAPTER. III.

Old Acquaintance—Thoughts on Education—Benefits of the Sovereignty of the People.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—SHAKESPEARE.

"For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline; sage schemes,
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college."—CANNING.

"Hubble bubble, toil and trouble."—SHAKESPEARE.

SEVERAL hours had now elapsed—noon and afternoon had passed away—evening was coming on, but Timothy Hitch and Giles Filup still retained their station in the porch of the Red Cabbage. The light heart of our friend Timothy was now rendered considerably lighter by frequent application to the flowing can of mine host's home-brewed; which can, for some reason or other—either because the weather was so sultry, or because he was getting dry, or because he wanted to wash the dust out of his throat, or because he would pledge some old companion who chanced to join them, or because he would drink to the better acquaintance with some casual stranger who stopped to refresh himself, or for some pretext of an equally weighty description—he constantly found occasion for emptying, and as constantly for having filled again. Seven o'clock struck, and found the young and merry-hearted hangman in a highly communicative state of mind, his conversational powers in active play, holding "discourse of reason" with an elderly woman, in the dress of a villager, who was resting herself in the porch after the fatigues of a long day's travel. "My good lady," said the kind Timothy, with a gentle and supplicating tone, "let me entreat you.

to take another taste of the fourpenny; depend upon it, you'll find yourself the better for it. After a long day's journey, according to my mind, there's nothing so refreshing as a draught of good, strong, home-brewed ale. Some people prefer purl; but I count them as little better than mere ignoramuses in the article of tipple."

"Well, sir, I do like a glass of good ale myself."

"My good madam, you're a woman of sense;—and so you're Hertfordshire, you say, by birth."

"No, sir—Hampshire; from the other side of Alton, down away by Basingstoke."

"You don't say so! That's wonderful. So am I! And what the devil brought you to Islington?"

"A fool's errand, I am afraid."

"Aye, that's the errand most people leave home upon. And pray may I ask what it was?"

"Why, you must know, my husband's first wife was a widow; she was daughter of one Nash, a baker at Clapton, and had married a person of the name of Clifford, who—"

"O, confound the family pedigree! Here, take another pull to wet your whistle, and come at once to the point."

"Well, then, my husband, Martin

Jukes, had a daughter-in-law named Mary Clifford: she was but a little thing when her mother died, about two years old or so; and when her father-in-law married me, why, as she had no claim upon either of us, as Jukes and I were going to settle on my bit of a farm in Hampshire, and as we expected to have a large family of our own, we thought it better for ourselves to leave little Moll with her mother's friends in London. Well, nine years passed away, and not a child have we had to bless us. I very often used to think with myself that it was all a judgment from Heaven upon our hard-heartedness for turning the poor, helpless, little creature out of our own doors, when we had enough for all of us, and to spare besides. Well, sir, at last my master got the ague, and then, when the cold and fever fits were on him, he fell a-thinking of Molly too; and nothing would satisfy him but he must see the child once more; and so, after a deal of talking and thinking upon the matter, off I set in the waggon, and came up to London to find her out, and bring her home to her father-in-law's again."

"Well done, old lady! I like you the better for it; so here's to your health, and to the better health of your master too, as you call him! You're really kind, warm-hearted people, like myself, that have a proper feeling for the sorrows of a fellow-creature; and that's what I admire, whether in man, woman, or child." So saying, Timothy handed Dame Jukes the tankard with his right hand, and wiped away the starting tear of sensibility with the left. "But," he added, after a pause, "you've found the little dear, I hope!"

"I have, and I have not: I've found out where she is," replied the good woman, with a sigh, "but, alas! I'm not even allowed to have a sight of her."

"Not a sight of her! What! in this free country shut up a child from her own flesh and blood, as you are—that is to say, her own flesh and blood by marriage! O, it can't be!—the thing's impossible!"

"It may be impossible, but it's very true, nevertheless."

"How can that be, my good woman? but are not you her relation, and haven't you a right in her?"

"Lord, no, sir! not now, they tell me; for, you must know, she's bound an apprentice."

"Bound an apprentice?"

"Aye! her mother's friends, it seems, got tired of the sweet baby, and sent her to the workhouse; and there the overseers, I suppose, got tired of her too, and bound her an apprentice, for seven years, up here, at a house hard by in the village."

"Well, and have you been to the house?"

"To be sure I have."

"And what did they say to you?"

"Just told me to get about my business; that I'd no right to meddle or make with the child; and that, if I occasioned any disturbance, or even presumed to come near the house again before the seven years were out, they'd certainly send for a constable, and have me taken before a magistrate."

"The devil!" cried Timothy Hinch, following his ejaculation with a shrill whistle and a draught of ale to season it. "Why who did you see?"

"The lady of the house herself—the mistress of poor little Molly."

"The mistress?—and what's the name of her mistress?"

"Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge, to be sure! Didn't I tell you so?"

"Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge!" exclaimed the young and enthusiastic admirer of moral and physical beauty, with a start of astonishment. "My good woman, you must be under a mental delusion: why, she's a perfect paragon of goodness and kindness!"

"She won't let me see little Mary, though," sighed Mrs. Jukes.

"This can't be! there's some mistake here," said Timothy, taking up his hat, which was lying on the bench, and depositing the tankard in its place: "Come along with me, and I'll see if we can't set it all to rights. Giles, my good friend—confound the fellow, he's drunk, and is as fast asleep as a top! What a state for a landlord and a moralist! It's too bad—it's too bad! If a man can't carry his liquor, he ought, as a sober man, to be ashamed of taking his liquor. Here! House! Ho! Within! Landlady, I'm going, do you see? So look after your husband."

And off he walked towards Elizabeth's cottage, at the rate of five miles an hour, with Dame Jukes keeping up a shuffling run behind him, as near his heels as the fatigue of her previous exertions, and the incumbance of her many, ample, and thickly-quilted petticoats, would allow of.

They had nearly reached the point of their destination, when they fell in with Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, who were returning home from Mr. Belvidere's at rather an earlier hour than usual. Mrs. Deacon had felt herself somewhat indisposed, and had laid her commands upon her husband to decline waiting for the ducks and green peas, which were preparing for supper, and which appealed, with arguments of most savoury persuasion, to the olfactory nerves of Mr. Deacon, as he conducted his fair spouse, with an air of implicit but sullen obedience, through the hall and past the kitchen-windows of the manor-house. Our friend Timothy no sooner came within hearing of Mr. Deacon, than, with his mind full of the subject, he immediately entered upon the case of Dame Jukes and little Mary Clifford, her daughter-in-law. The apothecary and his wife both agreed with him that it was very extraordinary—the very most extraordinary thing they had ever heard! The apothecary thought that “it should at once be inquired into;” but his wife thought that “any inquiry at the present moment was impossible, as she had very good reasons for knowing that Miss Brownrigge was out, late as it was, taking an evening walk with a young gentleman.” Again the apothecary surmised, “that the matter could all be very readily explained, and that the good woman before them, whose consideration for the girl was so highly to her credit, would find every thing set right the moment she could obtain another interview with the young lady.” But again the apothecary's wife, on the contrary, surmised no such thing; for “the young lady was a great tyrant, and had always treated the poor child most execrably; and, for her part, she'd venture to swear that either the poor little dear was barbarously murdered, and actually dead and buried, and could not be produced at all, or, at least, was so black and blue with the blows she had received, that her mistress would be ashamed of producing her in the presence of so near and affectionate a relation as Mrs. Jukes!”

Timothy Hitch was quite at a loss—he did not know what to make of the matter; and he vented his astonishment in short asides and ejaculatory sentences, without taking any part in the dialogue. Poor Dame Jukes herself could hardly utter a syllable, ex-

cept the most common-place expressions of lamentation over the condition of herself and the little apprentice. She was never in a position of such publicity before, and was not only deeply interested for the sake of Mary Clifford, but was become agitated, terrified, and hysterical, at finding herself in close communication with such gentlefolks as Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, and the object of interest to a group of stragglers which had gradually gathered together, and was every moment becoming more numerous during the discussion of the case.

But at this point we must for a few moments leave the party at Islington, and follow the steps of Elizabeth and Alphonso through the happy serenity of their evening walk. The lovers, on quitting the cottage, bent their way, over fields and along green shady lanes, towards the romantic and elevated village of Hampstead. The spring of that year had been backward in no ordinary degree; and now, on the 25th of June, the summer having at once succeeded to several weeks of heavy and continued rain, the hay-making had but just commenced. The air, impregnated with the perfume which ascended from the meadows, and from the wild flowers that covered the banks and strewn their loose beauties about the hedges, scattered fragrance with every gale that blew. The cheering voices of the labourers, in the distance, merrily dissipating the social toil of harvest-time with many a jest, and laugh, and snatches of old songs—the myriads of insects murmuring their busy tale to the still ear of evening—the deep blue of the cloudless sky gradually melting away towards the west, in the yellow glow of sunset;—all the accessories of the scene harmonised with the serenity of the hour, and conducted to the diffusion of a corresponding feeling over the young and tender hearts of Alphonso and Elizabeth. Full of such sweet thoughts as love is pregnant in, and wearing out the way in the responsive communication of them, Alphonso had completely lost all recollection of the subject which engaged him at dinner, and, indeed, of the existence of the Deacons and their accusations. Our hero and heroine had already strolled along the rich and beautiful meadows that skirt the foot of Muswell Hill, and had reached a retired and shadowy spot somewhat to the north

of Mother Red Cap's, when, suddenly emerging from a gap in the hedge, a little in advance of them, started forth the female stranger who, at an earlier stage of our narrative, presented herself in so extraordinary a manner at the porch of the Red Cabbage. Her air was more wild, and her dress still more disordered, than when she first was introduced to the reader as interrupting the philosophic conference of Timothy Hitch and his host Giles Fillup. Elizabeth, agitated at the unexpected appearance of the figure, exclaimed, "Good heavens! there's that poor, mad creature again!" and, for the first time in her life, placed her arm within that of Alphonso, as if claiming the support of his affection; but her lover, flung off his guard by so new and so unlooked-for a condescension, involuntarily pressed it to his side, and the arm was immediately removed.

"Let me protect you," said Alphonso.

"Thank you," rejoined Elizabeth—"I'm not alarmed. It was mighty idle of me to be thus startled at a mere trifle;" and, folding her arms composedly before her, she withdrew to the other side of the pathway.

As they approached the stranger, the stranger also advanced nearer towards them; till, coming immediately opposite Elizabeth, she at first fixed her eyes directly upon hers, with as strong an expression of stern defiance as her fair and youthful features were capable of exhibiting, and then, her countenance gradually relaxing from the severity of its character into a look of the deepest tenderness, prostrated herself upon the earth before her, and, her eyes streaming with tears, exclaimed, "Mistress, forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, young woman!" replied Elizabeth; "surely you have mistaken me for another; I never was any mistress of thine! 'Till this day I am not conscious of ever having seen you before."

"Am I so altered, then? O, I see! It is this dress of shame—these badges of my disgrace—this detested finery!" And she began to tear the straggling feathers and flowers from her head-dress. "It is this disguise of sin that—"

"Hold, hold!" interrupted Elizabeth; "young woman, I command you to restrain this violence!"

The poor girl, either impressed by the natural dignity of Miss Brownrigge's manner, or influenced by long habit of obedience to the voice by which she was addressed, let her hands fall down passively by her side, and, with a look in which affection, fear, and submission were strangely mingled, cried, "Oh! Miss Brownrigge!"

"My name too!" exclaimed Elizabeth: "what is the meaning of all this? Who are you?—where do you come from?"

"What, miss! have you then indeed forgot me? Don't you remember Mary Jones?"

"My runaway apprentice! Are you, then, that wicked girl, who broke her indentures?"

"Don't say *wicked*, miss," exclaimed Mary Jones, rising quickly from the ground; "only think, miss, what I had to undergo."

"Undergo, ingrate that you are! Do you presume to insinuate that I was a harsh or unreasonable mistress to you?"

"O no! O no, indeed!" cried the girl, shrinking back, and looking up with a suppliant eye that seemed to deprecate the effects of the fair Elizabeth's anger.

"If," resumed the lady, "you did your duty well, did I not always deal kindly by you? if ill, did I not universally deal justly?"

"Yes—yes," rejoined the girl, "if I behaved well, I had pudding and no flogging; if ill, I had a flogging and no pudding."

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "how are the most well-considered and most ably-digested systems of discipline rendered ineffectual by the grossness of the natures to which they are applied! And is it possible that thy intellect, Mary Jones, could have been so obtuse as to apprehend no deeper aims in the duly graduated scale of rewards and punishments under which the domestic economy of my house has always been conducted, than the pudding which was the recompense of your diligence, or the flogging that was the penalty of your offences! Did the sanctions of those laws and ordinances, which I had so carefully established as secondary means of appealing to the affections of your inmost soul—as exciting motives to your emulation—as prevailing arguments to your sense of shame, reach

no farther, as inducements to virtue and discouragements from vice, than the mere palate which they gratified or the back they grieved! Are there, then, really any beings in the world to whom the moral is nothing, and the physical is all in all!"

During the progress of this very eloquent apostrophe, while Alphonso was wrapped in silent admiration of the wisdom of his love, Mary Jones, no longer awed by that feeling of habitual submission which had returned upon her at first encountering her deserted mistress, had been rapidly relapsing into her former state of mental bewilderment and delirium; and the moment the last tone of Elizabeth's voice passed away from the life of music into the death of silence, she shrieked aloud,

"Whack, whack!—whack, whack!" Alphonso shuddered at the sounds: he seemed to hear in the exclamation the echo of the lashes from which the shrieks that so startled him before dinner had received their origin. "But no double thonging," continued the girl—"no double thonging for Mary Jones now! No, no! that time's gone for ever! If you're a miss, my lady, let me tell you that I'm a miss too! The best of silks and satins to wear—hooped petticoats, fly-caps, laced ruffles, and a chariot to ride in! No floggings for me! Me!—where's such another equipage as mine? who so fine and so grand as I, either at the park or the play! 'That's Miss Jones!—that's the beautiful Miss Jones!—that's the old Viscount of Darling's Miss Jones!' cry the gentlemen. 'Which, which?—where, where?' cry the ladies. 'There! that young, beautiful creature in the front box, with the high head and the diamonds, and the elderly gentleman sitting beside her!' reply the gentlemen. And then the people whisper to one another, and stare and talk, and talk and stare, and turn all their attention to me, and never think of the players."

"Mary Jones! Mary Jones!" cried Elizabeth, "are you not ashamed, after the lessons which I inculcated upon you in your childhood, to attach yourself to such passing vanities as these?"

"Passing!—yes, yes!—passing enough, Heaven knows; but then my poor mother was to blame. What was never any fault of mine, you know.

I'm sure I tried to persuade my old lord to give her the money; and if he wouldn't, that was no reason why she should write his name upon a paper, and pretend that he had given it her, and send poor brother Tom to get it cashed at the banker's. They called it forgery—ah, ah, ah!—forgery! What fools these lawyers are! They did not mean any forgery, poor souls! They only wanted to get the money as quickly as they could, without troubling the gouty old lord any further. But he had them hanged, nevertheless, though he did profess such love for me all the time."

"Your mother and your brother hanged!" exclaimed Elizabeth; and she turned pale with horror at the thought. "Unhappy Mary! and you live to tell the tale!"

"Aye, aye! More's the pity! more's the pity!—death were better, far better," muttered the girl, in low, deep, hurried accents; and then, turning briskly round to Alphonso, demanded, with a sudden change of voice, "Pray, sir, did you ever see an execution?"

"Oh, no!—never!" replied he impatiently, for his attention was drawn towards Elizabeth, whose self-possession, importunate as it generally was, appeared to fail her at the continued mention of such appalling subjects—"Never—and I trust I never shall!"

"I have! I have!" shouted Mary Jones, with a cry of wild exultation—"I was in my chariot, too. When mother and brother were carried to Tyburn, I followed close beside them all the way. Little did the mob suppose that the fine lady, who sat there all alone, dizenod out in her carriage, was daughter and sister to the condemned wretches that were dragged so slowly along in the cart, with Timothy Hitch and the chaplain! Ah! ah! ah! Only think: wouldn't they have prettily hissed and pelted me if they'd found that secret out? But I sat back, crying all the while, with my handkerchief up to my eyes, so they saw nothing of me. And when the ropes were round their necks, and the caps drawn over their eyes, and the white handkerchief raised for the signal, I gave a scream, and, before it fell to the ground, burst open the door of the carriage, and I've run, and run, and run, to get away from the sight in my eyes and the sound in my ears, and the aching of my heart, and the burning in my brain;—but then

they follow—follow—follow, and will follow me wherever I go.”

“Be silent!—for mercy’s sake, be silent!” cried Alphonso, observing the nerves of Elizabeth were seriously affected by the girl’s story—“Let me entreat you to pursue this theme no further.”

“Mary Jones,” interposed Elizabeth, with a strong effort of self-command, “here you perceive the lamentable effects of a single error. Had you but remained under the safeguard of my protection, till your principles were sufficiently confirmed to be intrusted with the conduct of that most attractive and pernicious beauty, all might have still been well. I only hope and trust that these events may for ever act as warnings to you, and serve as future beacons to guide you over the tempestuous surges of the world. Adieu! Be wiser and better; and bear with you the good wishes of a friend.”

“Oh! but let me kiss that hand once more,” said the girl.

“The request is granted,” replied Elizabeth, drawing off the glove from her right hand, which she kindly extended towards her. Mary Jones bent her knee to the ground, kissed it eagerly, and in an instant disappeared through the broken hedge-row by which she had made her approach.

The lovers turned away, and directed their steps towards Elizabeth’s cottage. The sun had now sunk beneath the horizon; the evening was closing in fast around their path; the stars were beginning to shew themselves in the deep, unfathomable expanse of the heavens; the noise of the harvest-men had ceased; and no sounds any longer interrupted the stillness of the hour, but the heavier drone of the beetle, the lowing of the distant kine, and, from time to time, the melodious complaining of the nightingale. This interview with Mary Jones had recalled to the mind of young Belvidere the recollection of the cries which he had lately heard issuing from the dwelling of Elizabeth, and of the interpretation put upon them by the malice of Mrs. Deacon. He desired, yet feared, to demand an explanation of them. He desired to hear Elizabeth’s vindication pronounced by her own lips; and yet he feared to touch upon the theme, lest he should seem to imply a doubt of her gentleness and tenderness of heart. But, anxious that no reservation

of thought on his part should ever interfere with the perfect confidence that subsisted between them, he resolved, boldly and openly, to address his companion on the subject, and, without any preliminary circumlocution, at once demanded the origin and the reason of those fearful shrieks which had so startled him in the afternoon.

“The cries were uttered by Mary Mitchel, my eldest apprentice,” replied Elizabeth, with undisturbed serenity of voice and manner; “and were occasioned by the correction which I found it incumbent on me to administer.”

“Had she done any thing to excite your anger so violently against her?”

“I never,” answered Elizabeth, with the dignity of conscious and suspected virtue, “am tempted to be angry at all; or, if I am, it could not but have subsided very long before the hour of castigation. The fault for which the chastisement was dealt took place the day before yesterday. I never punish, or allow any one to punish, a child intrusted to my protection at the moment of the offence, lest the correction, received as the result of thoughtless passion rather than of deliberate justice, should produce but a slight and transient impression upon the offender, and inflict pain upon the body, without producing any concomitant improvement of the heart and mind.”

“Wise and right, as all your counsels are! Yet surely the chastisement which little Mary received must have been very severe, to elicit such loud and piercing shrieks of suffering.”

“Alas!” rejoined Elizabeth, and she looked down, as she closed her eyes a moment to disperse the tears that were gathering over them—“Alas! the stripes were severe.”

“Was, then, the offence so very great?”

“I am not aware of any scale by which we may measure the relative magnitude, and decide upon the proportionate dimensions of offences. The essence of crime consists in a vicious will, and not in the vicious act. All voluntary and predetermined sins bear, in my estimation, an equal degree of guilt. If a person would steal a pin, or utter a prevarication, or do a fellow-creature an injury, it is only cowardice, and not principle, that deters him from housebreaking, or perjury, or murder. Only let the world awaken from its present miserable state of moral and

metaphysical blindness, and punish what are so ignorantly accounted as the slighter offences with the severity which their natural malignity deserves, and it would very soon discover that none of the larger offences remained to be punished."

"Oh, Elizabeth!" exclaimed Alphonso, "how has thy soul become enriched with the treasures of such wisdom?"

"By self-examination," she replied, gravely. "The knowledge of my own frailty, and the consideration of the measures that were best adapted to the eradication of it, have been my only masters; but they are masters who, I trust, have afforded me no slight stock of good, and sound, and valuable instruction."

In the course of this conversation, the lovers had reached the turning which brought them in view of the houses of Mr. Deacon and Elizabeth, and they were surprised at observing a large assembly of people upon the spot. "What can this disturbance mean?" said Alphonso; "I suppose some drunkard has"——

"It is in vain," interrupted Elizabeth, "to amuse ourselves with suppositions upon the subject. They who would draw their conclusions from such mere external circumstances, without an accurate knowledge of the particulars, resemble those idle folk who pretend to discover figures in the clouds, each as his own imagination shapes them, and one sees a calf or a weazel in the self-same collection of vapour, which another converts into a whale or a camel."

"Most justly argued! To be with you, and to listen to the accents of that voice, is to imbibe wisdom in music! But, at least, let us not part at this spot, as usual. My own Elizabeth must permit me to conduct her through the throng of that turbulent and assembled mass of people, and see her safely established in the peaceful paradise of her home."

"By no means; I thank you for the offer, Alphonso, but cannot assent to it. Your attending me would carry you just so far out of the way on your road to the manor-house, and could not render me any effectual service. Adieu, Alphonso! I shall not volunteer the inconvenience of threading the mazes of yonder boisterous multitude, but shall effect my entrance to the

cottage by the back door, and through the kitchen-garden. And so, again, farewell!"

With these words Elizabeth withdrew. Alphonso watched her, the power of his vision gaining strength from the intensity of his affection, till, penetrating the dim twilight, he distinctly saw her pass unobserved into the garden, and heard the gate closed after her. And then, supposing it impossible he could have any interest in the affair which had collected and agitated the distant crowd, he bent his way, slowly and contemplatively, towards his father's house.

During the time of the lovers' walk, the assembly of people in front of Miss Brownrigge's cottage, of which Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Dame Jukes, and Timothy Hitch had formed the nucleus, had been increased to a very considerable amount, by the addition of all the stragglers from the ale-house—the idlers, of the village—the artisans let loose from the stall or the shopboard—the haymakers returning from the surrounding fields—the greater part of the female inhabitants of the neighbourhood—and every child above two years old who was allowed to be at that time out of bed. Among this mass of persons, the tale of Dame Jukes and Mary Clifford had, in the course of frequent repetition, become strangely and variously altered from the original; and while all were clamorously employed in recounting to any audience they could obtain the most exaggerated versions of the story, there were no two individuals to be met with whose version was the same.

"Oh, it's a shame! a shame and a sin!" cried a hundred voices together. "It's a shame to a Christian country!"

"Hey day! what's the matter here?" demanded a newly-arrived limb of the mob.

"All along of that poor old woman there."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Dame Jukes. "My child! my child! What shall I do? where shall I go? what will become of me?"

"Never mind, my good woman; we'll see you righted."

"That we will—that we will! If we don't, we're no Englishmen," shouted a hundred consolatory voices at once.

"Righted! who's injured her? I say, what's the matter?"

"The lady of this house has kidnapped her baby."

"Nonsense: kidnapped! no such thing. She bought her only daughter of her, ever so many years ago, for a new gown and a guinea, and has sold her for a slave to the Algerines."

"That an't so, Gilbert."

"I say it is."

"No; I tell you it an't. The poor old countrywoman came up here to see the child, who is but a baby of ten months old, and when she saw it she did not know it for her own—there was not a whole place in its body. You could not tell that it was a human creature, the poor baby was so barbarously beat about."

"That an't it a bit!"

"What is it, then?"

"Why, I'll tell you the whole long and short of it. She wasn't allowed to have a sight of the child. How should she? Why, every body body knows that the poor thing was murdered a week ago, when Mr. Deacon, the apothecary, heard the voice of a female infant crying murder, three times, in the dead of the night!"

"Oh, it's a shame! it's a sin!"

Here the mob became highly excited, and set up a horrid yell, with their faces directed towards Elizabeth's cottage, and shaking their fists up at the windows. In the midst of this riotous vociferation, a boy more zealous than the rest took up a small pebble, and flung it with some violence against the wall of the house.

This was hailed as the signal for a general attack, and all hands became immediately armed with stones, and all arms were raised to hurl them; when Timothy Hitch, ashamed at the lawless proceedings of the people, and terrified for the safety of the beautiful Elizabeth, rushing forward into the van of the mob, and raising his deep sonorous voice to the loudest pitch, so as to be audible above the clamour by which he was surrounded, succeeded for one moment in arresting their attention, while he maintained the following interrupted dialogue:

Tim. H. "My friends! my good friends! hear me for one moment!"

Mob. "Hear him! hear him!"

Tim. H. "Let me implore you, as men of judgment, sobriety, and discretion—which I am sure the present assembly is composed of——"

Mob. "Hear, hear! that's right!—that's sense, now!"

Tim. H. "Let me implore you not to prosecute this outrage any further. Even to the greatest offender, I'm sure no man amongst you, as an Englishman——"

Mob. "Hear him! hear him!"

Tim. H. "As an Englishman—I repeat it—I would deny the privilege which the free institutions of this country afford, and refuse the liberty——"

Mob. "Hurra! Liberty for ever! Liberty and reform! Hurra!"

Tim. H. "If Miss Brownrigge be really criminal——"

Mob. yells. "She is!—she is! we know it! Down with her! Down with her!"

Tim. H. "I cannot believe it."

Mob. yells. "Yah! Yah! Yah!"

Tim. H. "Has not her whole life been a course of kindness and humanity? Has she not been the friend of thousands? and has she ever done an injury to a single human being among you?"

Mob. "Down with him!" (*Loud yells: as they die away, a single voice bawls out—*"If she did us any good, she had her own ends to serve!" *which cry is violently repeated by the mob.*)

Tim. H. "If she has committed any wrong, I don't wish to stand between a culprit and her punishment. Heaven forbid that I should! But is she not amenable to the courts of justice? and will not the government take care that the laws are not defrauded of their dues!"

Mob. "Down with her! No laws—no justice—no government—no nothing!"

In the midst of this most reasonable cry for the annihilation of the moral and material world, volleys of stones and other missiles were hurled violently against the windows of the house; and one man, half-drunk with spirits, and half-mad with the excitement of mob enthusiasm, having possessed himself of a torch, was hastening furiously forward, with the intention of setting fire to the building.

Timothy Hitch, whose influence with the multitude had been rapidly departing, from the moment that he had ceased to flatter and presumed to address a word of salutary counsel to them, here exerted the last effort of his lungs, and made a final trial of the extent of his popularity, by laying hold of the ruffian, and exclaiming,

"For Heaven's sake, my friends, beware what you're about! As to

Miss Brownrigge, I do not interpose for her; but will you burn the poor innocent apprentices?"

This appeal, bursting upon them in that dull interval of silence which, even in the most turbulent and numerous multitudes, always precedes a moment of action, produced an instantaneous effect. The mass of people rushed forward, with a single impulse, to seize upon Elizabeth, and to rescue the children. The poor girls, who

were discovered in the coal-shed, clinging to each other, terrified by the clappings, and grievously bruised by many stones which had been cast from the hands of their friends, were immediately removed, under the care of Mr. Deacon, to the parish work-house. Elizabeth, the object of the hostility of the mob, was nowhere to be found.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE LIBERALS.

PARLIAMENTARY Reform being carried, and the civil constitution placed on an entirely novel footing, the question which men naturally begin to put to themselves and others is this: To which of the institutions of the country—to which of the great interests, on the maintenance of which the prosperity of England depends, may the leaders of the movement be expected first to turn their attention? That *the measure* either can or will prove final, none but the veriest drivellers profess to believe. On the contrary, there is a general impression abroad that the door has been opened to changes of which it is impossible to calculate the end; nor, as far as our own experience goes, does speculation pretend to look beyond the order in which these changes shall occur. The country gentleman, startled by the manner in which Lord Milton's motion was met, anticipates that the game will commence with a total repeal of the corn laws;—the fundholder, alarmed at the outcry against public burdens, dreams of sponges, and hands ready to use them, in the extinction of the national debt. As to the unfortunate colonists, they know that, come what will, their doom is sealed;—while the clergy read a writing upon the wall, prophetic of the confiscation of church property, to be preceded only by an expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords.

All this is most distressing; nor can it in the slightest degree affect the merits of the case in what order the work of spoliation shall commence; for we must be very short-sighted indeed that fails to perceive that the overthrow of any one of these interests must lead to the downfall of the rest.

Nevertheless, every man will of course adopt some theory of his own touching precedence, and we are not in this respect behind our neighbours. A variety of circumstances lead us to surmise that the church holds a high station on the list of proscribed institutions. In the first place she is, politically speaking, a feeble body, altogether unrepresented in one house of parliament, and, we say it with sorrow, but indifferently defended of late in the other. In the next place, her constitution, more venerable than that of the civil government itself, finds no favour in the sight of that restless and busy throng with whom every thing that is ancient becomes, *quoad* its antiquity, an object of rancorous loathing. In the third place, though in the main pure and excellent, there are about the church defects which, too palpable to escape general notice, and, it may be, somewhat too long neglected, furnish weapons to the enemy, which it is not at all times easy to turn aside. Now, though neither blind to these defects, nor disposed (as we may on a future occasion demonstrate) to cloak them over, we own ourselves so warmly attached to the church as by law established, that we cannot, without profound sorrow, anticipate the hour of her destruction. Under these circumstances, we have determined this month to carry our graver readers along with us, while we endeavour, first, to trace back to its true source the spirit of hostility which unhappily prevails towards the establishment; and then to make the public aware of some out of the many benefits which, even as she now stands, with all her imperfections on her head, the Church

of England confers upon the British people.

It is not worth while to attempt an outline, however brief, of the incessant attacks which have from time to time been made, as well upon the established church of this country, as upon the religion of which it is the guardian. In every age, and under every modification of society, Christianity and its ministers have been accounted fair game by all the dissolute, the morose, the discontented, and the cowardly, who could wield a pen or command an auditory. From the days of Hobbes to those of Tom Paine, men, and men of talent too, have never been wanting, who found that of all means of bringing themselves into notoriety, an abuse of Christianity and of the clergy was the easiest; and hence, in every generation, the clergy were kept on the alert, at once to repel accusations brought against themselves, and to vindicate the faith of which they were the appointed teachers. So long, however, as the facilities for attack and defence were equal, the church certainly lost no ground in public estimation. While the combat continued to be maintained by fair polemics—while the assailant launched his volume, be it folio, quarto, or octavo, and the defendant replied to that volume by a tome of similar dimensions, as the reasonings of each party fell under the observation of persons capable and disposed to weigh them impartially, the truth never failed, in the long run, to be great and to prevail. But in proportion as this state of things underwent a change, by the wider scope given to what is called general literature—in proportion as magazines and newspapers, whether weekly or daily, came into fashion, the fair field on which they had heretofore contended slid, as it were, from beneath the feet of the champions of the church. Let it be borne in mind, that in the weekly and daily publications with which the country is now and has long been inundated, there is no room for the display of any thing resembling a connected and intelligible chain of reasoning. However able and right-minded the conductor of a daily paper may be, his limits prevent him from making so much as an attempt towards the elucidation of a supposed mystery, or the formation of a series of syllogisms: His controversial warfare, therefore,

if he engage in such at all, must of necessity be waged by means of broad assertions only, which will, of course, carry conviction along with them in exact proportion to the ignorance of those into whose hands the publication may chance to fall. Now, look to the effect which this state of things must unavoidably produce upon the great mass of the community, and connect with it, what is indeed inseparable, a consideration of the condition and prospects of the men, who, nine times out of ten, embark their fortunes in the management of the daily press.

We have said that, in former times, both the assailants and defenders of the church found their auditors only among those classes of society which were competent to give to the reasonings of each its due weight; and no more. Men of education and research alone took the trouble to peruse such treatises as Hobbes's *Leviathan*, Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, Bolingbroke's *Epistles*, Leslie's *Short Method with the Deists*, Gibbon's chapter on the church, Watson's *Apology for the Bible*, and a number of other treatises on both sides of the question.

To the force of evidence full scope was accordingly given; while all side-blows at religion, such as sweeping condemnation of the lives of its teachers, or declamations against their wealth, their pride, or their indolence, went in such contests for precisely what they were worth. How different is the case now! The march of intellect having favoured us, among other blessings, with publications adapted "to the meanest capacities," the utmost care is taken that these capacities shall be treated with matter worthy of them; and hence, even on commercial principles, it has become a judicious arrangement to ply the greedy populace with assertions dogmatically delivered, no matter whether these be founded in fact or the reverse. With men of intelligence and understanding, we all know that bare assertion goes for nothing; but what is the proportion which men of intelligence bear to the community at large? In a word, the field of warfare between the church and her assailants is changed. Formerly, the uneducated classes were not appealed to either by its enemies or its friends. Now, a totally opposite line of conduct is pursued, and what is the result?

We trust that we are not libelling

human nature, when we avow our conviction that there is a strong inclination implanted in most of us to find fault, if we can, with those whom Divine Providence has placed in a sphere of life superior to our own. In this country, however, prone as it is to value men according to the weight of their purses, the place which individuals fill in society is not always determined by the amount of money which they may happen to possess. The clergy, in particular, from their education and early habits, take rank, by the admission of all men, in the class of gentlemen. They are therefore at least as much exposed to the envy of their inferiors as any other branch of that singular family, the gentry of England. But while other gentlemen are kept apart from the orders beneath them, by their local situation, their professional pursuits, or official employments, the clergy are, through the agency of all these several causes, thrown into the society of persons with very few of whom it is possible that they can hold an absolute community either of taste or sentiment. Far be it from us to convey an insinuation that the country clergyman either does or ought to hold aloof from friendly intercourse with his country neighbours. All that we intend to affirm is this, that the man of cultivated understanding, the graduate at one of our universities, is not exactly the sort of person, in familiar or frequent intercourse with whom the wealthy grazier or the retired hop-grower is likely to find himself greatly at his ease. No doubt the parochial clergyman ought, as far as can be, to bend his humours to the society into which he may be thrown; and we speak from the highest authority when we say that the most cultivated among them strive to do so as a point of duty; but it is scarcely possible, let them strive as they may, so to manage their deportment that all ground of offence shall be avoided. For it is surely becoming in the clergyman, above all men living, to set his face against the most remote approximation—we say not to immorality, but—to coarseness; and that such approaches are made, even in cases where nothing immoral may be meant, every man who has looked behind the scenes in what are called the middle classes of society must be prepared to admit.

Again, while other gentlemen either

fall in with the ordinary customs of the world, or at best permit them to hold their sway unchallenged, the clergy believe that they are bound in duty to oppose, both by precept and example, every thing of which the tendency may be to vitiate the morals or weaken the religious feeling of those around them. By acting thus, however, they inevitably become objects of aversion to the dissolute, the thoughtless, and the vicious; while even the more liberal, as they are called, among the nominally virtuous classes, feel the presence of the parson among them occasionally as a restraint. Thus the conscientious discharge of his duty exposes the clergyman to the hatred of some, to the jealousy of others, and (for we would use no harsher term) to the occasional distaste of a third party, even among those who pass under the common appellation of the better educated members of society. As to the very poor, we affirm, and we do so without the smallest dread of contradiction, that the clergy of England are at this moment regarded by them as their best friends. In London and Manchester, and a few of the large towns, where liberalism has unhappily established its rule, the case may be different; but of the country we flatter ourselves that we know something, and there our own experience assures us that the clergy were never more popular, nor ever deserved to be more popular, than they are at the present moment.

Cast we our eyes now to the state of the public press, that powerful engine, *possibly* for good, *certainly* for evil, in the existing state of things. We believe that we speak the truth when we assert, that of the editors of newspapers nine out of ten belong to that class in the community which is of all others the most inclined to look with an eye of jealousy upon the clergy. Great ability, we are ready to allow, is possessed and displayed by the conductors of many of our newspapers—but who are the men that display this ability? Persons who, destitute both of the manners and the education of gentlemen, find themselves excluded from the society of the better classes, yet cannot, on account of those very talents for which we give them credit, associate with the classes below. Nor is this all. We greatly fear that, of the individuals who devote their time and

abilities to the pampering of the public appetite, no trivial proportion know themselves to be given up to habits against which the clergy are compelled both by feeling and duty to raise their voices. Is it wonderful, then, that between the clergy of the Church of England and the editors of newspapers in general an instinctive antipathy should exist? or that the former should become a sort of standing subject of calumny to the latter, who neither can nor do know any thing of the habits of those whom they slander, because they are not admitted, nor desire to be admitted, into their society.

Again, it is the business of such as depend for the maintenance of themselves and families on the circulation of a daily paper, not to guide the opinion of the public (however much they may affect to do so), but to accommodate their essays to the tastes of the largest possible body of readers. Suppose, then, that a man enters upon the office of a newspaper editor, destitute of all political bias, and therefore free to choose his own course. His first inquiry will naturally be, How am I likely to push my paper into extensive circulation? In other words, Is there any tone by adopting which in particular I may hope to procure admission for my journal into a large number of families, both in town and country? Now, as we have already stated, "the gentlemen of the press" chance, with very few exceptions, to have sprung, in this country at least, from the class in society which is, above all others, least friendly to the clergy, considered as a body. Of the sentiments of the higher orders they are profoundly ignorant; as little are they acquainted with the feelings and dispositions of the peasantry; but they know that their own caste is both numerous and opulent, and for it they determine to write. Even in a commercial point of view, therefore, it is worth the while of a newspaper editor to vituperate the clergy and condemn the church. But if to motives of interest be added a constitutional or acquired taste for that species of writing, then indeed there are no bounds to his calumnies. Witness the ceaseless activity of the *Morning Chronicle*, the very quintessence of hostility to the church, of which every number that has appeared

during the last five years contains at least one article devoted to the most extravagant abuse of the clergy.

Admit, then, the fact, that the editors and proprietors of newspapers find it more advantageous, on the whole, to attack the church than to treat it with respect,—and what follows? Day after day the clergy are loaded with calumnies, to which they find no opportunity of offering a reply, except by the rectitude of their conduct. As individuals, this may avail them greatly. Each being known in his own parish or district, is respected or beloved by his neighbours; but then he is considered, even by them, merely as an exception to the general rule—not at all as a fair specimen according to which the general merit of the order may be estimated. Now, we put it to any thinking person, what chance the clergy have—what chance any body of men could have, against odds so tremendous? As we shall take occasion to prove by and by, the state of their finances is not such as to enable them to meet their adversaries by publications similar to their own; and if the contrary were the case, who would peruse such publications? Certainly not that restless and half-educated multitude which his majesty's ministers choose to take under their immediate protection as the middle classes of society; and as to the upper and lower orders, they, as we observed a short time ago, stand not in need of such guides.

Were the clergy exposed to no other enemies than these, were the warfare which the church has to maintain carried on only against "the middling classes" and "the press," we have, it strikes us, said enough to convince all impartial observers that the odds are fearfully against the first-mentioned body. But is the case so? Is it only in the daily papers, and among the circles which in part take their opinions from those papers, in part give to them their tone, that the clergy are habitually maligned and vilified? We wish that we could say so. Unhappily, however, the houses of parliament themselves have become arenas within which the grossest attacks are continually made on the characters and rights of the clergy—attacks not more unjustifiable than unparalytic, because carried on under the double protection of official privilege and the absence of the parties

accused. When we find the 'most popular members of the legislature taking every opportunity to cast odium on the lives of the clergy—when we see the clergy represented, both in the Lords and in the Commons, as proud and indolent, and enemies to freedom and education—when their property is designated a burden upon the state, and themselves held up to public odium as drones that fatten on the industry of the people,—can we wonder if the people, aware of their own distresses, and eager by every practicable means to alleviate them, should believe what their rulers assert, and, as a necessary consequence, abhor the church? So far from feeling surprise at this, we honestly confess that, did a contrary result accrue, we could attribute it to nothing short of a miracle.

It is worthy of remark, that all the abuse which is heaped upon the clergy proceeds from persons who make the loudest pretensions to the character of patriotism and liberality. The Liberals avow undisguisedly their hatred of the church, and assign as a reason for so doing, that the clergy are an aristocratic body—that their revenues are too great, their privileges too extensive—and that the position which they hold in society is too dignified and exclusive. All this acrimony on the part of the Liberals, moreover, is, according to their own assertion, produced by an honest attachment to the rights and feelings of the middling classes—of classes which endure rubs enough from an aristocracy of laymen, without being trodden under the heels of an oligarchy of parsons. Again, the clergy are unpopular, because the services which they perform to the community are not commensurate with the remuneration which they receive, and because that remuneration continues to be exacted in the odious and iniquitous form of tithes. It is not to be endured, moreover, that priests should sit as members in either house of parliament, far less that they should enjoy the privileges of the peerage; nor can it be permitted that one set of priests shall ride in coaches, while others are starving upon the pitiful salaries generally allowed to curates. But, above all, the clergy are unpopular, because they systematically set their faces against every project of which the tendency may be to enlarge the minds of the people and to extend

their immunities. These, we believe, are the chief grounds of complaint which the Liberals bring against the clergy. Let us see how far facts will bear them out.

If we could imagine a stranger, thrown suddenly into the company of men who hold such language, it is impossible not to believe that his first inquiry would be, "What description of persons compose this clerical body, which you so vehemently and systematically vituperate? Is it made up of foreigners, brought in by an arbitrary government to consume the fruits of the land? Do the clergy form a distinct caste among themselves, as in Egypt and Hindustan? or are they taken exclusively from one order in society, to the manifest injury of the rest?" How would the stranger stare when he came to be told, that the clergy are not foreigners, that they are natives of the same land which gives birth to their accusers, that they are no caste by themselves, nor the members of any particular class; but that they are taken almost at random from the families of the nobility, the country gentlemen, the tradesmen, the attorneys, the farmers, and even the peasantry of Great Britain? How would his astonishment increase when assured that a countless proportion of this calumniated body spring from the *middling ranks* in the community; that there is scarcely a professional man in the kingdom who has not a son, a brother, or a cousin, in the church; that a considerable number of the farmers, and a still larger proportion of men in trade, make a point of rearing one or more of their sons to the clerical profession; and that the youths thus educated, provided they possess ordinary talent and good conduct, never fail of attaining to at least an independence in the so-much calumniated order? Yet that the case is so, we boldly appeal for proof to the experience of every individual who may honour this paper with a perusal. Is it not marvellous, that the men who profess so continually a paramount interest in the rights of the middling classes, should think of raising their voice against an institution which affords to these very classes the best opportunity that they could desire of providing for their male connexions, in a respectable sphere of life?

But we feel that we are treating a

subject, in itself not less important than interesting, with an appearance of levity which is scarcely allowable. Let us, therefore, drop all allusion both to the opinions of an imaginary stranger and to the absurd and groundless falsehoods of a corrupt and ignorant press. It may benefit the cause which we wish to promote—that of order and contentment—more effectually, if we endeavour to lay before the people of England a few out of the many good purposes which the present state of church property and church influence, with all its defects and abuses, is calculated to serve.

We are under no apprehension that we shall give umbrage, even to "the most sensitive of the liberal school," when we assert that a great benefit is conferred upon society by any institution which insures in every little district the residence of at least one man of cultivated mind and refined ideas. Could we believe it necessary to try the truth of this axiom by any test whatever, we might refer to the experience of all who have had the opportunity of visiting countries where no such institutions prevail. But we do not conceive that we shall be driven to this extremity. Happily we find, in a publication not over friendly to the established church, though in high favour, and perhaps justly so, with the Liberals, the fullest confirmation of our assertion—nay, more, the most distinct avowal that the conclusions which we were prepared to draw from it are, to the very letter, correct. We had intended to say that the Church of England *does secure* this inestimable benefit to society—that there are many parts of this kingdom where, but for the presence of a clergyman, no gentleman would reside—and that the influence which the clergy exert upon the general tone and feelings of the community around them, is too important to be understood, except by its deprivation. It so happens, however, that all this has been said, in language much more impressive than ours, by the leading journal of the Liberal party, the *Edinburgh Review*. From that publication, therefore, we beg leave to transcribe a few sentences.

"It is no ordinary national benefit," says the journal in question, "to have a number of well-educated men dispersed over every part of the kingdom, whose especial business it is to keep up and

enforce the knowledge of those exalted truths which relate to the duties of man and his ultimate destiny, and who, besides, have a sort of general commission to promote the good of those among whom they are settled in every possible manner, to relieve sickness and poverty, to comfort affliction, to counsel ignorance, to compose quarrels, to soften all violent and uncharitable feelings, and to reprove and discountenance vice—this, we say, is the theory of the business of a parochial clergy. That the practice should always come up to it, it would be folly to assert, or to expect that such is the innate excellence of Christianity, that even now, amidst all the imperfections of the existing establishment, its salutary effects are clearly felt, and in those numerous parishes, in different parts of England, in which there is no gentleman resident, the benefits of securing the residence of a well educated man, with no other trade but that of doing good to the minds and bodies of his neighbours, are almost incalculable. In retired parishes, the family of a clergyman is often a little centre of civilisation, from which gleams of refinement of manners, of neatness, of taste, as well as of science and of general literature, are diffused through districts into which they would otherwise never penetrate. And be it observed, that these are the very parts of the country which nothing but an endowed parochial clergy could regularly and permanently influence. In large towns, indeed, and in wealthy and populous districts, the unpaid zeal of individuals might often supply the place of a minister appointed and maintained by public authority. But in parishes where there are no inhabitants but farmers, and one or two small shopkeepers, besides the population of day-labourers, it would most commonly be impossible to find an individual willing or qualified to undertake such important duties. Such districts would at the best receive only occasional visits from some itinerant instructor, who certainly could ill confer all those various benefits, temporal and spiritual, which might be derived from a resident minister of only equal zeal and capacity."

Taking it for granted that this reasoning is correct, may not an obvious corollary be appended to it, namely, that whatever may be the defects that attach to the constitution of the established church, that church confers, in spite of such defects, very important benefits upon the country at large? We are sure that neither the Lord Chancellor, nor the Lord Advocate of Scotland, at least, will withhold their

ament from this proposition. Are they, or are they not, the acknowledged leaders of the liberal school?

But, perhaps, there may be other objections to the existing condition of the clergy, so formidable, that even these admitted benefits are not sufficient to overbear them. The clergy, it may be, are like an overgrown standing army—a grievous burden upon the public. Whatever is paid to them takes so much out of the pockets of private persons, who are taxed without any reference to their peculiar tenets or form of worship. In plain language, it may be urged, that a body of men, paid as the clergy of England are, without reference to the services which they perform, operate as a heavy drag upon industry, and must and ought to be obnoxious to the people at large. Let us examine this objection as it deserves; first, with reference to those who are usually the most forward in urging it; next, as far as regards the justice of the charge itself.

If we know any thing at all respecting the feelings of the Liberals, we are sure that no single circumstance connected with the state of society as it now prevails, more powerfully stirs up their bile than the unequal, or, as they are pleased to express themselves, iniquitous distribution of property, especially of property in land. The observation has been hazarded a thousand and a thousand times, that nature never designed the possession of the soil to be vested in a few individuals, while the vast majority in each nation should “earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.” On this ground—indeed, we had almost said on this ground alone—is the law of primogeniture generally distasteful; while of entails a Liberal never speaks except in terms of unqualified abhorrence. Now, without going the lengths of our friends of the Bentham and Place school, we are quite ready to admit that there is some shew of reason in what they urge on these heads. It is a hardship upon the middle classes that, however industrious and intelligent they may be, they can scarcely hope, except through the occurrence of some unlooked-for piece of good fortune, to emerge from that obscurity to which the accident of birth may have condemned them. Nay, more, we are ready to acknowledge, that were not the evil greatly

counterbalanced by the good—were it not necessary to the very existence of a social state that the right of property should be secured, not only to a man himself, but to his posterity—then, indeed, Mr. Mills, Mr. Bentham, and their numerous followers, would be perfectly borne out in the assertion, that the laws which secure to particular races the possession of enormous estates operate to the injury of thousands of families, who are thus excluded from all share of property in the soil. It appears, then, that for once the most liberal of the liberal school speak a language not far removed from the truth. Both the law of primogeniture and the statutes which hinder frequent transfers of property from one to another are in themselves evils, admissible only because, were they abolished, other and greater evils would arise. Now, what follows? surely this, that any institution, of which the tendency may be, to throw open the means of acquiring property, and especially property in the soil, to the community at large, is worthy of all support and all esteem from that community. Is there, then, any such institution in this country? We answer that there is—the established church, accessible as a profession to every native Briton, throws open, as it were, the landed property of this kingdom to all the king's subjects. The Church of England, moreover, is the only institution which holds out this benefit to the people at large; for though men may succeed at the bar, they may also fail; and, whether successful or otherwise, their chances of securing a portion of the land of the kingdom are at the best uncertain. No sooner, on the other hand, is a young man preferred to a living, than, let his parentage and connexions be what they may, he becomes a joint proprietor in the soil of his parish. Is it wise, is it consistent in the Liberals, the sworn friends of the middling classes, to vent their spleen against an institution which, above all others, affords to these classes the greatest facilities for pushing forward their sons or near relatives into a joint property in the soil? Nor is this all. There is a certain degree of *éclat* attaching to that position in society which passes under the current term of “the rank of a gentleman.” However wealthy the tailor, the mercer, the silversmith, the farmer may be, he knows, and all the world knows also,

that he is not permitted to mix familiarly with the gentry of England. Yet the son of this very tailor, or mercer, or silversmith, or farmer, has but to take orders in the church, and he passes instantly into that circle from which his father was carefully excluded. Be it observed, too, that he passes after the very fashion which a Liberal is, above all men living, bound to approve. While he is received as a fit companion at the table of the noble, the country clergyman is not less accustomed to enter familiarly under the roof of the peasant. Indeed he is—and we appeal to the experience of all our readers to contradict us if we be mistaken—to the full as acceptable in the hovel of the cottar as in the palace of the duke. Once more, then, can inconsistency be carried farther than it is by the Liberals and their admirers, as often as they vent their spleen against a body calculated above all others to connect the middling orders both with the aristocracy and the labouring classes?

Were the advantages afforded to the middling classes circumscribed even by this, did they gain nothing more by the church than the certain means of placing their sons in a rank equivalent to that of country gentlemen, it might appear well worth their while to uphold, rather than pull down, an institution which furnishes to them the opportunity of gratifying a natural and a very commendable ambition. But is this all that the established Church of England is calculated, in a worldly point of view, to effect for the middling classes? By no means. The Church of England opens out a path to the peerage itself; ay, and it is the only institution in the land through which the peerage may be acquired, unclogged by the heavy drawback, so much dwelt upon in these times, the *heredite*. It is competent to any man who has entered into holy orders, no matter what his lineage or circumstances may be, to attain to a seat in the upper house of parliament. Are the Liberals justified in condemning an arrangement in society which thus unbars, as it were, the doors even of the House of Lords to all the people of England? Once more we beg to express ourselves in the language of our able contemporary, for we feel that we could not improve upon it.

“An established church,” says the *Edinburgh Review*, “is an essential part

of a constitutional monarchy. Its endowment is the property of the people. When they pillage the church, they rob themselves. We should open as many paths as possible between the upper and lower classes of society. Every advocate of popular liberty ought to cherish an ecclesiastical institution, by which the son of the peasant may acquire an unchallenged rank and independence. The cardinal's cap, and the bishop's mitre, fall often on the humblest brow.”

We really do not know how the truths contained in this extract are to be contradicted or evaded. That the endowments of the church are the property of the people, not of the state, is placed beyond dispute, by the obvious fact, that the chances of obtaining a share in these endowments lie open to all classes of the King's subjects; while that the church, as now established, may enable the son of the peasant to acquire an unchallenged rank and independence, we need no other proof than is afforded by the countless number of promotions which have taken place, even from the meanest ranks in society.

But it will be said, that though all this may be true in theory, the practice of advancement is against us. In the clerical profession, as in the army and navy, a man must have family or borough influence to push him on; otherwise he may live and die, however able and assiduous, a poor curate, or at best an unknown vicar. We have no objection to meet our adversaries on this ground. Nay, more, we rejoice that they should have taken it, because we love to fight them, not with speculations, but with realities—not with loose arguments, but with plain matters of fact.

If there be any truth whatever in the remark just quoted, it will of course apply with a degree of force increasing in proportion as we ascend nearer and nearer to the chief honours of the profession. If family or borough influence be required to obtain for a man a living or a stall, much more must they be necessary in order to secure his accession to the bench of bishops. In plain language, the mitre must, according to this view of things, be altogether inaccessible, except to the favoured few who possess overwhelming interest, either through family connexion or borough patronage. Is the case really so? Are the churchmen actually sit-

ting in the House of Lords, indebted for their elevation to circumstances so fortuitous? Nay, more, are those among them who take precedence of the rest aristocrats by birth, or borough-mongers by the gift of fortune? The very reverse is the case. The present amiable and respected Primate of all England chances to be the son of a poor country clergyman. The Bishop of London derives his descent from a schoolmaster in Norwich. The father of the Bishop of Durham was nothing more than a shopkeeper in London. The Bishops of Winchester and Chester boast no nobler lineage than belongs to the sons of an under-master at Harrow. Bishop Burgess, as all the world knows, is the son of that illustrious citizen with whose excellent fish sauce civilised men are generally and well acquainted; while his lordship of Exeter dates his parentage through a long line of hereditary innkeepers in the town of Gloucester. Besides these, we have the Bishop of Bristol, the son of a silversmith in London; the Bishop of Bangor, the son of a schoolmaster in Wallingford; the Bishop of Llandaff, whose father was a country clergyman; with many others, whom it were superfluous to enumerate. Lincoln, St. Asaph, Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, all spring from the middling classes of society; yet they are all at this moment peers, in the strictest sense of the term, of equal weight in the great council of the nation with the Duke of Norfolk or the Earl of Shrewsbury. We ask again, Whether it be either consistent or wise, in the liberal portion of the community, to direct their hatred against an institution, which not only may advance, but does advance every day, the sons of tradesmen and professional persons to the highest honours of the state?

Again, the existence in any commonwealth of a particular body of men, who shall possess, by right of inheritance, the privilege of making laws for their fellow-citizens, is, we need not observe, scouted as a flagrant absurdity by the most liberal of the liberal school. It has been repeatedly asked, by the friends of the middling classes, whether talents, and more particularly those of legislation, be hereditary; nay, the project, already adopted in France, of reducing the peerage to a mere dignity for life, has on various occasions, and in numerous publica-

tions, been recommended. Now we have nothing whatever to say to this scheme, considered as a whole. We ourselves are old-fashioned enough to believe, that to the hereditary peerage exercising legislative functions Great Britain stands mainly indebted for the prosperity and happiness which she enjoys. But the Liberals contend that we are mistaken. Suppose, then, that we are mistaken; is not the consequence obvious? Is it not worth while, since we cannot reduce the *whole* peerage to a life tenure, that we should keep up whatever institution affords a chance of infusing, from time to time, a portion of our own spirit into the house of hereditary legislators? But does such an institution exist? To be sure it does. The bishops compose a band of peers who derive their rights, not from their ancestors, but from their own merits—who at their decease leave neither rank nor political influence to their sons, but are succeeded by persons taken from among the *people*, in consequence of their superior piety, or learning, or wisdom. Is it not a gross inconsistency on the part of any Liberal to object to such an order in the body politic?

Nay, but the bishops are churchmen—their business is with men's morals and religious faith—they are incapable of discharging the duty of legislators, and ought not to attempt it. Why so? Is there anything in the education which the clergy receive that disqualifies them more than other men, brought up at the same schools and colleges, and read in the same lore, from exercising the functions of legislation? Are piety, and wisdom, and learning, positive drawbacks to a senator? and are we to be told, in a Christian country, that a man, whose very business it is to keep his neighbours sound in the faith, and correct in their moral conduct, becomes on that account disqualified from offering an opinion on laws about to be enacted. But this is not all. We put it to the most extravagant Liberal living, whether the man who enters parliament after attaining to more than middle life—whose youth has been devoted to the service chiefly of the poor—whose business it has been to make himself acquainted with the wants, the wishes, the virtues, the vices, of the community among whom he has resided—who has passed by degrees from one station in society to another, studying mankind

in every grade,—we ask whether that man is not, at least, as well qualified, to legislate for the people at large as the heir of a wealthy noble on the one hand, who has mixed only with the aristocracy of his native land, or the adventurer who, after spending the best of his days in a distant country, and amid a state of things absolutely unknown here, returns, with a well-filled purse and broken constitution, to commence his career as a senator. For our own parts, we do not hesitate to say, that we should greatly prefer the experience of the first to the unavoidable ignorance which, without any fault of their own, must in many respects be the portion of the other two.

It appears, then, that, in every point of view, the Liberals and the middling classes are the last persons in the world whose voices ought to be raised against an institution, not less conformable to the theories of the one, than conducive to the interests of the other. How stand the extreme classes affected by it—how does the existing position of the clergy operate upon the very high and the very low—upon the aristocracy, whether ennobled or otherwise, and the petty tradesmen of villages, the mechanics and day-labourers? We take it for granted that arrangements, of which the tendency may be to render less absolute than it is naturally apt to become the separation between the rich and the poor, will secure favour in the eyes of every consistent Liberal. No genuine Liberal can, for example, look with complacency on the order of society which prevails in countries where all distinctions are merged in those of the noble and the peasant. If, however, he find it impossible to realise the full glories of his dream, the Liberal will naturally bestow his approbation on that state which approaches to it most nearly. In plain language, he ought, and if he be consistent he will, give his sanction to any institution which, by uniting the different classes in a common chain, softens the pride of the high, as much as it tempers the servility of the lowly. Does any such institution exist in this country? and if so, where are we to look for it? We answer that this, too, is one, and not a trivial benefit, which society derives in England from the position of the clergy. The noble feels that his son is not disgraced by entering into holy orders, though perfectly

aware that the honourable and reverend curate may take up his abode in a district where his nearest neighbour, also in holy orders, is but the son of a blacksmith. Nay, more, if the blacksmith's son exhibit superior abilities as a preacher, as a man of letters, or a man of business, the sprig of nobility, like the other clergy round, looks up to the plebeian as a person of greater weight and authority than himself. Is there not some advantage even here? And when we cast our eyes farther forward—when the noble himself sees in parliament this same blacksmith's son regarded, and justly regarded, as a peer of the realm—when they associate together on a footing of equality in all the common courtesies of life, and aid or oppose one another, as the chance may be, in discussing the gravest questions of state policy,—is not the former reminded that God made all men equal, and that the coronet that graces his brow is not of weight enough to counteract the operations of nature. Then, again, in circles less brilliant than this, see how the clergyman plays his part. He passes from the peasant's hovel to the substantial house of the yeoman; from the yeoman's parlour to the drawing-room of the squire; he is on friendly terms with the apothecary, the lawyer, the retired tradesman. Is not this circumstance eminently calculated to hold society together? The different classes, in fact, become, through him, acquainted with each other's feelings and dispositions. Remove him from his present place, and how will the blank be supplied?

If we turn again to a consideration of the effects produced by the residence of a clergyman in almost every parish throughout England, upon the welfare of the little community of which his vicarage-house forms the centre, we shall be at no loss to discover that, treating the subject on the principles of political economy alone, they are great indeed. Laying out of view, for the present, the influence of his example in civilising and giving a tone to the manners of the people at large, how are the several tradesmen in the place benefitted by the mere expenditure of his revenues. Granting, which is very rarely the case, that his benefice or curacy is adequate to maintain himself and his family, among whom is its produce expended?—among the very persons from whom it

is taken. The village butcher, and of course the grazier also; the village baker, with the miller and grower of corn; the village grocer, shoemaker, carpenter—all find their best and steadiest customer in the clergyman. Would those persons reap any advantage were the order abolished? or, which in this case would serve the same purpose, were the clergy reduced, by the confiscation of their property, to a level with the meanest of their parishioners? Is it, therefore, wise or consistent in the disciples of the liberal school, to pour out the vials of their wrath against the very class of persons who, above all others, spend their incomes at home, and of course cause a general circulation of money throughout the remotest parts of the kingdom?

But the Liberals will deny that they entertain any hostility to the church. They wish only to lessen its abuses—to take away that most grievous impost, the tithe, or, at least, to apply it to its legitimate purposes; to abolish pluralities, to equalise the value of livings, and to provide for the decent maintenance of the poor and working clergy. Let this be done, and the whole body will immediately become, not the enemies, but the friends of education—the most earnest promoters of freedom, both political and personal. A few words on each of these heads before we pass on to the consideration of other matters.

If the payment of tithe be a grievous impost at all, if the necessity of paying it deprive any man of that which he has a right to call his own, the eyes must be darkened indeed which fail to discover, that upon the landlords, upon the proud and overgrown aristocracy, not upon the middling classes, the burden is exclusively thrown. Is it not as clear as that two and two make four, that if a landlord receive at this moment thirty shillings

an acre for land, which over and above pays tithe to the clergyman, he would, were there no tithe, receive—say forty shillings, or just so much more as the tithe may be worth? Does not the farmer, when hiring his land, calculate the expense of tithe at the highest possible amount; is he not justified in doing so, seeing that the tithe may be taken in kind; and does he not, in fact, pay rent, diminished by the full amount of such calculation? How far then is he injured when the clergyman comes to demand that which was never his? Is a man burdened because he pays the same amount of rent to two which he would pay to one landlord, were either of the joint owners to resign his interest in the farm? It is clear, then, that from the middling classes, at least, no complaint ought to proceed: they lose nothing by the parson, whatever may be the case with the proprietor. But there is another question to be asked. Are not the middling classes—the farmer and the tradesman of England—positive gainers by the tithe system? Unquestionably they are; nay, more, it requires but a slight attention to the subject to discover that, both directly and indirectly, the former, at least, is deeply interested in the preservation of the system. Let us point out how the tithe system operates on both, but especially on the agricultural classes.

We are sure that we go not very wide of the mark when we affirm, that not one clergyman in fifty takes his tithes in kind: a bargain is almost always struck, by which the tenant agrees to pay either so much per acre over all, or so much, according to the nature of the crop raised upon each. We are sure, again, that we speak within bounds, when we affirm, that in ninety-nine out of a hundred of such bargains, the clergyman is the loser, and the tenant the gainer, by at least

* In the number for May of a contemporary, some learned Theban has endeavoured to prove, that the consumer is taxed to support the parson, inasmuch as the farmer is obliged to demand the same price for nine parts which he would have demanded for the ten, had there been no parson at hand to withdraw one-tenth from the market. Let this argument be examined as it deserves. What does the parson do with his tenth portion? Does he put it into the fire, or throw it into the sea; or thrust it, wheat, straw, husks and all, down his own voracious maw? Not a whit. He sends it to the very same market whither the farmer sends his nine; and thus, as far as the public are concerned, the quantity of produce offered for sale is precisely what it would have been had the whole been conveyed thither in Giles Broad's fallow waggon. Nay, more: the parson's share being realised at less proportionate cost than that of the farmer, he is enabled to reduce the price to the consumer, by underselling the farmer.

twenty or five-and-twenty per cent. Now, consider how this arrangement affects the tenant. To his landlord he is justified in representing, that he must, from year to year, run the hazard of having his tithe taken in kind; and that he can afford to pay rent only after a deduction shall have been made adequate to the full value of the tithe. The deduction is made as he wishes; he secures his farm on his own terms, and pockets all that he can screw out of the parson as so much clear gain. Abolish the tithe system to-morrow, and what would be the consequence? The landlord would raise his rent immediately; and the five-and-twenty per cent which the clergyman consented, for the sake of peace, to give up, would pass from the pocket of the tenant to that of the landlord.

So much for the direct gains of the farmer through the operations of the tithe system. Now for a specimen of the advantages which that system indirectly confers upon the whole of the middling classes. We suppose it will not be denied, that were the tithes confiscated to-morrow, one or other of two consequences must follow; either they would be seized by the state, in which case the farmer must still pay, or they must go to the landlord: in either case, however, the openings of which we have already spoken, the opportunity which the church affords to the middling classes of obtaining a share in the soil, would be taken away. In the present state of things, the land of the whole kingdom, or (which is the same thing) the produce of the land, is divided between the aristocracy and the people. The portion which the aristocracy holds has descended, and will continue to descend, however frequently it may change hands, in one uniform course, from father to son; the people's portion, on the other hand—that is, the tithes,—is attainable by all who qualify themselves for the duties of the ministry, and receive holy orders. Can a more suicidal project be entertained than that of which the middling classes are deceived into the advocacy? When they plunder the church, will they not, as the *Edinburgh Review* justly observes, be robbing themselves. Why, there is not a tradesman, a farmer, a merchant, a professional man, in the kingdom, whose son or brother may not, in the

present state of things, become a land-owner. Give up the tithes, either to the state or to the aristocracy, and what becomes of this important privilege?

Well, then, let the tithe revert to its original uses. Let it be applied as we are assured, by Mr. O'Connell and Bishop Doyle, that the ancient laws of the realm required; that is to say, let four different purposes be accomplished by it, including the repair of churches, and the maintenance of the poor. We are really tired of replying again and again to a proposition not only founded upon the grossest falsehood, but absolutely incapable of being reduced into practice. It is not true that the tithes were ever burdened with the exclusive maintenance of the poor; it is quite true that, were all the tithes in the kingdom devoted to that purpose, they would not effect it. But though we cannot bring ourselves to argue this point again for the hundred and fiftieth time, we gladly take advantage of the following extract from one of those valuable publications for which the community are indebted to the spirited house of Hoake and Varty.

The author of *Sir Letters to the Farmers of England*, says—

“ Even to the bishop, the offerings and tithes were never given on condition that he was to *keep all the poor*. He was to give them some part, but *only what he pleased*, and neither to keep them all, nor to give them a *fourth part* exactly: and the tithes were never given to the parish clergyman on any such condition either. But *suppose they were*, let us see how the case would stand now. When the tithes were given, and for hundreds of years afterwards, there were no poor-laws. It was the duty of every Christian, and especially of the clergy to *assist* the poor; but it was not the *law* that every man who had no money, and either *could not or would not find work*, might come to the parish for relief and maintenance. You know these laws were only made in Queen Elizabeth's time. Now, supposing the clergy had accepted the tithes on condition that they were to give *so much* to the poor, you cannot turn round upon them and call on them to *keep all the poor*, to whom you have given the right of asking a maintenance by a new law. It would be much about as honest to do that, as it would to make a bargain with a man that you were to turn in fifty oxen into his field for so many pounds, and then to turn in *five hundred*. But besides, the

thing is impossible. Not only you ought not to call on the clergy to do this, but you cannot. The clergy could not keep the poor, if they wished; and I only wonder you should ever think they could. The radical writers know very well that you are sore (and with good reason) about the heavy burden of poor's rates, and so, to irritate you against the clergy, they say that it is *their business to keep the poor*. They know very well that it would be the greatest folly in the world to believe this; but they trust that your passions, and your love of your own interest, will make you blind to the absurdity of it. Be so good, then, as to attend for a few minutes to facts. I always like to go upon public statements, and I always like to take the statements of those who do not agree with me. Now, during last winter, the farmers of a place called Burwash, in Sussex, drew up a paper to shew what a sad state they were in. They gave an account of all their incomes and outgoings, and they abused the clergyman very heartily in it. This was published in several of the country papers; and a great many of you, very likely, have read it. It told the rent, tithes, poor's rate, and expenses of cultivation of every acre in the parish. Now let us look a little at this Burwash paper. That, we know, was not drawn up to favour the clergyman; and what does that say? Why, it says that the poor's rate on the *land* is 2,300*l.* a-year, without reckoning what is levied on the *houses*; call it 2,500*l.* altogether. Here are *two thousand five hundred pounds* wanted to maintain the poor. And how much has the rector? Why, he receives himself *seven hundred pounds*! Very nicely, indeed, the poor at Burwash would be kept by the rector! The Radicals tell you, week after week, that they wish a comfortable allowance to be given to the clergyman out of the tithes, so much to be put by for repairs of the church, and the poor to be kept with the rest. Very nicely this could be done at Burwash! If the tithes were divided into three equal parts, and the rector was to have *one* part, the poor *one* (and that one enough to keep them), and the repairs *one*, the tithes would be *seven thousand five hundred a-year*. Do you think that the Burwash people would allow that that is their value? What idle nonsense! But come, let us be moderate: give the rector only *four hundred a-year*, and *nothing* for repairs; then, if the tithes are to keep the poor, they must be worth *two thousand nine hundred a-year*! And the Burwash people will not allow that they are worth more than *seven hundred*, after paying the rates.

You see what silly, childish stuff this is, when you come to look at it for a moment. But let us look at a few instances more: I know a rectory which is as fair an instance as can be; it is a good living; the tithes (that is, their gross amount, for there are plenty of outgoings) are 950*l.* How much are poor's rates? Why, above 4,000*l.*! So, out of 950*l.* the rector is to pay above 4,000*l.*! That may be very good Radical arithmetic, but I have not learned that way of paying my debts yet; I can never contrive out of *one* hundred to pay nearly *five* hundred;—the Radicals may. But perhaps you will say that these are parishes heavily burdened with poor. Well, let us take this parish where I am writing: there are not 300 people in it altogether, the poor's rate, as appears from a printed account of three or four years ago, was above 310*l.*, and the clergyman receives for the small tithe and tithe of hay (for it is a vicarage endowed with hay), 10*l.*: so out of *one* hundred he must pay above *three*. But you will say, 'Ay, but if he had the *great* tithe, he could keep the poor.' We will see that in a minute. But suppose he could if he had the great tithes, how is he to get them? What is the good of talking about what people could do with what they have not got? How many of these vicarages do you think there are in England?—how many places, that is, where the clergyman has *not* the great tithes? Why, above 5,000!—above half the parishes in England! So there are above half the parishes where the clergy have only the small tithes, and where it is, consequently, something quite silly to waste time in talking about their keeping the poor. Just look at many livings in country towns, not worth (very many of them) 100*l.* a-year, and then see how many poor there are in such parishes! Indeed, in towns where the poor are very numerous, it is usually the case that the livings are only vicarages or perpetual curacies. But let us now go back to this little parish from which I am writing, and see what the clergyman could do if he had the great tithes. What the lay-owner makes of them I do not know; but looking to what the rector of an adjoining parish, with very good land in it, makes of his great tithes, I find that the whole tithes of this little parish would come to about 290*l.* per annum; that is, even in a little parish, with a population altogether under 300, the tithes would not pay the rates by above *fifty pounds a-year*, and the clergyman must live upon air."

* Granting then, for argument sake, that the tithes ought to be reserved for

the exclusive use of the clergy, it is not, perhaps, unreasonable to require that the livings be so equalised as that each shall support its resident incumbent. Heaven knows, that if it were possible so to modify church property as that each parish could be supplied with a resident incumbent, we, not less than the most furious Liberal in the land, would give our cordial assent to the arrangement. But is this possible? The Liberals one and all protest, that they desire to see the clergy furnished with such incomes as shall enable them to live, not luxuriously, but as gentlemen. Suppose, then, that we take a very moderate sum, say four or five hundred a-year, as that on which a gentleman may subsist, giving at the same time a decent education to his children. We are quite sure that in England less than this would not suffice, more especially for a clergyman on whose bounty demands are daily, we had almost said hourly, made, by the sick, the unfortunate, the needy, and the deceitful among his parishioners. We presume, too, that even the Liberals, unless they persist in forcing their professions into hostility with their practices, would desire to reserve some prizes in the church, by means of which the middling classes might make their way to positive rank, and share even in the prerogatives and privileges of the peerage. Say, then, that we leave three or four thousand a-year to each of the bishops, and three or four hundred, in addition to what they may enjoy as incumbents of livings, to deans, archdeacons, and prebendaries. Would any person object to such an arrangement—would any churchman, at least, lift up his voice against it? We take it upon us to affirm, that the clergy would hail such a change with gratitude; but how is the arrangement to be brought about? By a simple exertion, says the Liberal, of that power which parliament possesses; by reducing the incomes of the more wealthy of the clergy, increasing those that stand in need, and devoting the surplus, however great, to the use of the state. We repeat, that to such an arrangement the clergy would cheerfully consent; but is it practicable?

All the world has seen a publication denominated the *Black List*, which his Majesty's government pronounced to be so pregnant with absurdities, that

the idea of prosecuting the publisher were ridiculous. In that precious document incomes are, indeed, given to bishops, deans, &c., which, were they real, would render the scheme of the liberal party abundantly easy of accomplishment. But how stands the matter of fact? There are, in England, two archbishops and twenty-four bishops: out of these twenty-six bishoprics, *sixteen do not cover their own expenses*. The incomes of half the bishops are under three thousand pounds a-year; several of them do not amount to two thousand; while the very best of them fall short, by about two-thirds, of the amount attributed to them in the paper to which we allude. With respect, again, to the value of the parochial livings, we have the most exact standard by which to try them, as well in the papers published by order of parliament, as in other equally authentic documents. Now, how stands the case? There are, we believe, about 11,000 benefices in England, including under that head rectories, vicarages, donatives, and perpetual curacies. Of these, 4361 produce less than 150*l.* each; a very large portion are taken at less than 200*l.*; a still larger number do not realise to their incumbents 300*l.* annually. Is it to be believed that all the rest enable the individuals who hold them to pocket as many thousands as their less fortunate brethren realise hundreds? We know that the case is otherwise; indeed, we need only request our readers to look each round about him, in his own particular neighbourhood, in order to satisfy himself that the incomes of the clergy very rarely amount to the enormous sums which the imaginations of liberal writers are apt to create. But we must again extract from the little pamphlet of which we have made so much use. The following statements, though put in homely language, are quite conclusive of the question.

"But now, every body knows well enough that, besides these livings under 150*l.* a-year, there are a great many above 150*l.* but under 200*l.*, a great many above 200*l.* but under 300*l.*, and so on. If we took off these, in the same way as we did those under 150*l.*, it would leave the remainder, not *eleven hundred* a-year, but *some thousands* a-year each. *Now, where are these monstrous livings? I always find it the best way to look at home, and judge from what I

see and know. This county of Sussex, of which I talked to you before (and one county will do for an instance as well as another), is not a bad county for the clergy; they are not worse off there than elsewhere. Nay, though there are many poor livings, the proportion is not so great as in some counties. Where, then, are these monstrous livings in Sussex? I have lived in Sussex most part of my life, and among the clergy; and I think I know the history of them and their livings pretty well. Now, I can defy any man to shew me one single living in all Sussex worth even two thousand a-year. I think I can defy him to shew me one worth fifteen hundred. I am sure I can defy him to shew me two. I can defy him to shew me four worth twelve hundred a-year. I can defy him to shew me five worth one thousand. I can defy him to shew me ten worth eight hundred. I will defy him to shew me twenty worth seven hundred. Again, then, I ask, where are these monstrous benefices that the honest *Morning Chronicle* dreams of—these Leviathans of livings? On the other hand, I can shew him, from returns made to parliament, that seventy-seven out of 310 livings in Sussex—that is, exactly one-fourth, within two—are under 150*l.* a-year. Now, if you will look at my calculations in the note below,* you will see that, if the *Morning Chronicle* was right, this would leave, for the remaining 233 clergy in Sussex, eight hundred pounds a-year each! And this, when there are certainly not ten who have so much. Nor can the *Morning Chronicle* help itself by saying that perhaps all have not so much, but that some have more; for if it takes off from some, it must put so much upon others that we shall get, not one, but many of twelve or fifteen hundred a-year, or even many of two thousand or more, according to the way in which the *Morning Chronicle* may please to calculate; and Sussex, as I said, is a good county for the *Morning Chronicle*, because only one-fourth of the livings are very low. If there were one-third or two-fifths, as there are in many counties, then the others would rise still more above the actual value. Now, what a pretty set of reasoners the Radical writers must be,

or what fools they must take their readers to be, when the least absurd (or least dishonest) of their accounts makes out that there are 233 clergy with 800*l.* a-year, in a county where there are not ten; or makes out something more absurd and foolish still!"

But the deaneries, prebendal stalls, archdeaconries, &c., are perhaps so wealthy, that from them alone funds might be derived amply sufficient to render all the working clergy independent. Including the members of collegiate churches, such as Westminster, Windsor, &c., there are in England and Wales a body of 600 ecclesiastical dignitaries, whose emoluments vary almost as much as those of the parochial clergy. Let us, however, take as the average value of these preferments 500*l.* a-year; and when we state, as we are enabled to do on the best authority, that many stalls do not bring in 100*l.* a-year, that a considerable proportion fall short of fifty, and that there are but few (the residentiaries of St. Paul's, for instance, of Westminster, Windsor, Durham, and Winchester) which produce so much as 1000*l.* annually, we are sure that in stating this average we go considerably beyond what the truth would warrant. But take the revenues of these dignitaries at 500*l.* each, here are 300,000*l.* to be divided in equal proportions among 11,000 persons. What will this produce?—Just 2*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* additional to the 200*l.* already reckoned; and that, too, without reserving one shilling for those intermediate prizes between the bench and a parochial settlement, for which the true friends of the middling classes ought strenuously to contend. How, then, is the grand equalising scheme of the Liberals to be accomplished? Will they persuade the noble and illustrious families who support their greatness on the plunder of the church to restore all or a portion of the property thus diverted from its legitimate uses, or are they prepared to tax the people at large till

* "Calculating from the table published by parliament, as before, I find that these livings under 150*l.* would produce 7,480*l.* Now, there are 310 livings in Sussex, and about 10,700 in all England; therefore, Sussex has about one thirty-fifth part of the livings. Now, one thirty-fifth part of seven millions is 200,000*l.* The account, then, stands thus:—

Tithes of land in Sussex.....	£200,000
Deduct for seventy-seven livings under 150 <i>l.</i> ...	7,480

Remains for 233 livings above 150*l.* ... £192,520

i. e. above 800*l.* a-year for each!"

they bring up the value of each living to four or five hundred pounds a-year? We exceedingly doubt both propositions. Why, then, persist in advocating an arrangement, which, however desirable in itself, is positively impracticable?

We take it for granted, that having demonstrated the utter impossibility of rendering every parish in England adequate to the support of its own minister, it is scarcely necessary for us to defend the practice of pluralities so long as it is not carried to an extreme. That some abuses do exist, and that all abuses ought to be remedied, we are very far from denying. All that we contend for is this, that while there continue to be so many poor livings, hundreds and even thousands of which do not produce the wages of an upper servant in a nobleman's family, the clergy must be permitted occasionally to do their duty by proxy. Besides, is it not fitting that in the church, as in other professions, a man should serve, as it were, an apprenticeship before he obtains a share in the profits of his calling? and though it may sometimes happen that in the church the period of this apprenticeship is protracted beyond the proper bounds, are there no other walks in life where the same evils prevail? Let any man cast his eye over the Army and Navy Lists, or institute an inquiry among the barristers and physicians in the metropolis, and he will not stand in need that we should instruct him. But we must not stop here. The clergy are exceedingly indebted to the Liberals for the kind concern which they are pleased to take in the interests of the body, or any portion of the body, to which they belong. In the name, however, of the clergy of England, we must protest against complaints being urged which do not emanate from themselves. And as we have not discovered that even the curates ("the working curates," as the *Chronicle* styles them) demand the interference in their favour either of the government or the newspapers, we think that both the newspapers and the legislature may as well rest upon their oars till formally invited to pursue a different course.

We think that we have now sufficiently met the objections usually urged against the clergy, that "they are an aristocratic body, that their station in society is too dignified, their privileges too exclusive, their services remun-

rated too highly, and that they live upon the produce of a tax not more iniquitous than impolitic." We have shewn, likewise, that, if there be an error in permitting a portion of the priesthood to attain to the dignities and privileges of the peerage, the Liberals and the middling classes are the last persons in the world from whom a condemnation of the system ought to proceed. Concerning the inequalities in the amount of livings, also, and the necessity thence arising that two or more should occasionally be held by the same person, we have made it clear, in the sight of all men, that for such arrangements the clergy are not responsible; while, for the peculiar position which curates hold, there needs no other apology than this, that all your art will not enable a man to reside upon two benefices at one and the same moment. What ground of hostility then remains for the Liberals? Is it true that the clergy are opposed to the spread of education?—that they are enemies to public freedom, and the slaves of corruption? We answer, that it is not; and again we appeal to the personal knowledge of every man who reads this article, whether our assertion be or be not borne out by the actual state of things. To whom is the nation indebted for that system of education which has, within these twenty years, planted a school in almost every parish? To the clergy—to an individual clergyman, lately deceased, in the first place, and to the whole body, who have zealously followed up his design, in the second. By what class of men are the most strenuous exertions made to shield the poor from the oppression of their superiors, to soften the hearts of parochial overseers, and to render the peasant respectable in his own eyes? Again we reply, that in these several good works the clergy labour almost single-handed. Can it, then, be said that they are unfriendly to the expansion of the people's minds, or to the enlargement of their just and legitimate privileges? But the clergy in general, and the bishops in particular, have opposed themselves to parliamentary reform—a measure in the success of which the people had set their hearts.

Now we must take the liberty to assert, in the first place, that it is not true that the clergy, as a body, have ever taken any decided part in the struggle in question. We deeply re-

gret that they did not, because we are confident that their influence, at least in the country, is still such, that, if judiciously applied, it might have stemmed that torrent of folly and wickedness. But, granting that they had taken a decided part in the struggle, and enrolled themselves under the banners of the opposition, why charge this upon them as a crime? Are the teachers of truth and justice alone of all the king's subjects to be restrained from expressing an honest opinion on a question which must deeply affect them, their children, their friends, and their parishioners, both now and in all time coming? How grossly inconsistent are the Liberals!—furious if you presume to question either their right to exercise a free judgment, or the purity of their motives after such judgment is formed, they are loud in condemning both the opinions and the principles of such as presume to take an opposite view of any given measure; and if these opinions be advocated by one or more members of the sacred profession, there are no limits to the virtuous indignation of “the gentlemen of the press.”

We have said so much concerning the civil benefits conferred upon the people of England by the church establishment, as it now exists, that we have left ourselves no room to offer even a general view of the many moral and religious services performed in their several districts by the parochial clergy. Perhaps it is not necessary that we should go much at length into this part of our subject. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of pious and upright persons in every town, village, and hamlet, throughout the kingdom, who stand ready, when called upon, to vindicate the clergy from the charge of vicious or negligent behaviour; and to them we gladly leave the defence of a body whose worth they are enabled to estimate by the surest of all tests, experience. But we cannot abstain from observing, that he who has spent so much as two days in a parsonage-house—who has seen the master of that house (perhaps a man of high talent, of brilliant reputation, the friend of the great and the learned) go forth, at his appointed hour, to visit his parishioners—who has been an accidental witness to the manner in which he enters the meanest hovel, sits down by the bed of its sick inmate, cheers his drooping spirit,

ministers to his wants, both mental and bodily, listens to his complaints, and enters into his grievances—who has beheld the joy of the poor peasant at the arrival of his visiter, his unfeigned sorrow when that visiter rose to depart:—the man who has once been witness to such a scene as this (and it is a scene of every day's occurrence in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand parishes in the kingdom), will never, if there be one spark of honour and decency about him, suffer the picture to fade from his memory;—whatever his former prejudices may have been, from that man the world will hear no more of the pride, the indolence, or the inutility of the clergy.

Again, let the editor even of the *Morning Chronicle* abandon his city haunts for a time—let him travel down into Essex, or Surrey, or Sussex, or Kent—let him linger a day or two in any one of the numerous villages there, following the clergyman to church, to the Sunday-school, to the workhouse, and into the bosom of his own family; and if he do not return fully convinced that he has hitherto mistaken the characters of the men whom he has so long and so successfully laboured to traduce, we shall be exceedingly surprised at the circumstance. And are such men overpaid!—are such men drones? Above all, is it against the existence of such a body that a Liberal will persist in raising his voice?

But the bounds which we had originally set for ourselves are exceeded; and though we feel that the subject is still far from complete, we are reluctantly compelled to withdraw from it. One word of solemn warning we cannot, however, refuse to utter. Let the Liberals persist in assailing the church with every weapon which the armoury of falsehood and misrepresentation can afford—let the giddy multitude, and especially the middling classes, cheer them forward in the unholy work—let the church fall, as fall she must when she is battered from without and betrayed from within,—and who will permanently suffer? We answer, the PEOPLE THEMSELVES, who by their own act will have swept away the only institution in the land which affords to them and their children a free and certain means of access, both into the highest stations of society, and to a participation in the property of their native soil.

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRITISH.

BY COLONEL RICHARD H. HICKORY, OF CEDAR SWAMP.

PART III.

It is very extraordinary now-a-days how talent does get on in this country: a few years ago nothing was heard but Jetermads about genius. Really, if things proceed as they have done of late, such is now the facility of rising in the world, that it cannot be said strictly that talent is at all necessary to success. Indeed, by the time the Reform-bill has come fully into operation, we are convinced that men will thrive without any ability at all; nor can this be doubted, for the end and purpose of "the great measure" is to set the doors of the senate-house and council-chamber wide open, in order that the least possible ability may mount into the tribunes of rank and power with the least possible difficulty.

It is not, however, necessary, that we should enlarge on this topic; in fact, we have only been led, *en passant*, to make the foregoing remark, by some of the Colonel's liberal comments on the state and circumstances of the pleasant places into which his lot has been cast in this kingdom. But that we may not baulk our readers of the edification which we have in store for them, we shall at once resume our quotations of his original and highly-interesting correspondence.

LETTER V.

Glasgow.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM,

The more I see of this 'ere Glasgow I am the more convinced that it is a special particular town. In many respects, I have got my opinion of this old country made smart here. Indeed, I am aware that I have already received as much benefit from my travels in Scotland as if I had been all the warm weather of summer at Balston springs, or Saratogy, seeing the world.

Travellers are very apt to make wonders of the rarities they meet with in foreign parts, and I confess that I was myself at first a little given to this aggravation; but now I can contemplate all things in a very sober mood.

I mentioned to you in a former letter, that magistrates here, instead of being called judges, as with us, are called bailies, which to me did seem a very odd sort of a name; but on this head I have since received 'lumination. Every magistrate, I now find, is not a bailie, and that the bailies are so called from their office, the main duty of which is to cause rogues and vagabonds to give bail: hence an old toddling judge, or magistrate, with a big belly, and a remarkable 'becility, is vested with the title of bailie—a 'minutive in the language of Scotland. To be sure, there are some people who deduce the name from the 'dominance of his belly; but I don't think this 'temology is point blank.

I have been very sensible affected by observing the surprising sharpness of the inhabitants of this place, and I am inclined to think that their superiority in this respect is owing to something in the local epidemic of the air; for Glasgow is the fruitful mother of many inventions, besides great literary characters. One Mr. Thomas Campbell, who has been raised here, is the best song-maker in the solar system. He has lately established a ballad store in the metropolis, and is in a very topping way, in co. with one Thomas Moore, who is the greatest dealer in hairs, teeth, and lips, in the known world; for which there is nothing like the metropolitan market. But although Squire Campbell may be said to have cleared out smack from Glasgow, the citizens are very proud of him; and he is a perfect idol and conceit among a certain class, not, however, eminent for commercial sagacity, which is the staple talent of this town, though ranking themselves high as 'lettanti.

There is likewise a Mr. Lockhart, too, a native of this settlement, and the editor of the *Quarterly Review*—a tarnation book, as you well know. He is the son of a physician, and in early life he gave fine promise of becoming a smart 'un. In those days he was called one of Dr. Lockhart's deils; which word, I thought, was the same as devils, and took a bad opinion of him therefrom: but I now find that

deil is a very innocent Scotch plrase, sprung, no doubt, from devil, and merely means, I guess, a sly mischief; which shews how early he was set out to be a critic, that is, a dog in manger, that will neither write good books himself nor let others.

I have here ascertained a most important fact for the literary world. James Watt, the steam-engine man (though they have put up an effigy of him in brass, or cast-iron), is neither a native of this city nor of Greenock, but a get, as Squire Shuttles calls him, of the granny of the commerce of the Clyde, signified by the name of Carsdyke. Please let this be published in the Schenectdy *Aristides* newspaper.

Besides the dirty likeness of the Trongate here to Broadway in New York, I have discerned another 'spicuous resemblance. In New York, all strangers note that the common people are lean and lathy, with what Joe Tompkins, of Uticky, calls a sharp beak and a mother-red-cap chin, which some say is 'cause they are liable to the yellow fever; but I don't see how that may be. Certain, however, it is, that the generality of the citizens here are also very lean. They have, to be sure, not such picterskew noses and chins, but then they have big teeth, very bright, fever-like eyes, which makes me to think, that if the Yorkers be liable to the yellow fever, the Glasgownians are no less subject to belly-want. I might say, also, back-want; for they are not so well geared in their clothing, there being no scarcity of holes under their arms, and plenty of them at their elbows: but as this country is, you know, a little on the go, it is not surprising that I make mention of this sign.

Glasgow has long been noted for her enlarged spirit, and every loom-shop in her is a cack-house* of reformation. But I have not gotten, as I expected, much insight into divers philosophy things; indeed, I do not find that there is much in the way of political wisdom to be got here. It is true, there is one Professor Sandford, a teacher of Greek in the college, and an apostle of liberty on the Green. I have been told, that lately, at the great to-do, and the anarchy and con-

fusion procession, he made a speech that beat Demosthenes and Mr. Randolph, of Virginy, quite ridiculous. But when he talked of the taxes, in a very heart-breaking strain, one of the citizens, who was in the crowd, looked up in his face, and told him to have done "with sic blethers, for we" (meaning the multitude) "paid no taxes at all;" which the professor was most sorrowful to hear, as it made his tropes and figures of speech all garbage. By the by, Bailie Pirns—a high Tory, though—remark'd to me, that it was a very indiscreet thing for any teacher of youth to be palavering on a barrel-head on the Green of Glasgow, about topics which no sensible man would allow to be insullud into any of his family. I would therefore, if I had an opportunity, counsel the Professor, as well as all the other dominies of the College, to look to this; for sure am I, that I would not be of a maple-juice temper were our schoolmaster at Cedar Swamp to make the boys believe that General Jackson ought to be made a king; although I do think that he would be as prime a one as any gentleman of that grade in Europe, except it be the Grand Signior, who is a very revolutionary character, and now wears a white hat, like Henry Hunt, the strolling patriot of England.

The manners of the people here are of different sorts, according to their grades, like those of our own citizens in the States; only, I think, the genteeler section are not so much used to good society as them with us. Certain it is, that they don't at all speak such good language. I heard an old lady the other day speak of a 'track-pot, and I was perplexed; but I found she meant a tea-pot, which set me a 'temologising, as my way is, and I at last discovered that she was really a woman of some science, for 'tract-pot can only mean extract-pot, and the use of that notion is to extract the juice of the tea-leaf. Her pronunciation, however, was most horrible: marlin-spikes and compasses, what a pronunciation!

The commonalty are a very queer set. I don't think they are sharper than* those of the same grade among ourselves, especially the true-blooded Yankees of New England; but I

* The orthography of the Colonel is correct, though his countrymen generally spell it otherwise. It is of Dutch origin, and signifies a house to which people go after breakfast to talk politics, &c.—O. Y.

would not advise a friend to sell them button-wood nutmegs, for they would pay him with leaden dollars. The worst thing about them, however, is their way of asking questions. You cannot go into a shop here, as they call a store, but the man begins with a circumbendibus, and is most wonderful to hear about America; all the time so genteel and civil, that you never find out how he has been silyly pumping you about your concerns till you have left the shop.

On the operatives and lower orders I am not disposed to be caustical, for our own are not French-marquees in politeness either. This very day, when I was going to call on a merchant, I met a young white-faced lad in the street, with a green apron, a Scotch bonnet, and his breeches unbuttoned at the knees.

"Gentleman," said I to him, "could you tell me how to steer to Buchanan Street?"

We cannot allow this letter to go into the world without some cautionary remark; for although we are particularly indulgent to travellers, and readily make allowance for the little knowledge they pick up in their haste, the Colonel, we think, has not exercised over some of his gleanings that perspicacious scrutiny which his great shrewdness had taught us to anticipate.

His remarks on the official title of bailie are certainly ingenious, and worthy of consideration; but he must have been played upon by some wag of the Trongate plane-stones, when he thought that bailie was derived from belly: the hypothesis, in fact, is so absurd, that we shall not waste a word more upon the subject. What he says of Messrs. Campbell and Lockhart is very well; we are not much inclined to controvert his statement—the gentlemen are themselves quite competent to do that. As to Professor Sandford, that is a sore subject; and, moreover, we think the Colonel is greatly mistaken. Why should a teacher of youth be debarred, by law or custom, from exercising his deliberative faculties? It may be very expedient that soldiers should give up this privilege when they enlist, but it would be quite ridiculous if the members of a jury were to regulate their verdicts by any theoretical opinion which they may happen to entertain on the nature of crimes and punishments. We, therefore, do think that the learned professor should not only not hide his candle under a bushel, but if a barrel is not big enough, he should get on a empty hogshead with all possible expedition: he will then be alike at both ends.

Our readers will agree, that the Colonel has displayed his characteristic acumen in describing the manners of society in Glasgow; his animadversions, however, on the pronunciation of the good people, must be received with many allowances. But as we have now to follow him into Edinburgh, the most eruditical city in Christendom, we shall reserve ourselves a little, not only to hear what he has said, but to allow the excitability rising on ourselves by his epistle to accumulate, according to the Brownian theory.

LETTER VI.

Edinburgh.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

Well, I am here; came by the coach, and was put down at the tavern 'bout sunrise.

This town, which is so celebrated

The man looked at me, and putting his naked hands into his breeches-pockets, said—

"I dinna ken; buft this is Bewhinnan Street." And went away, leaving me like a stump in the road.

I set off this night by the coach to Edinburgh, for I am told that nothing is to be seen on the way, it being all a barren, and not like our bush, which the people here say must be delightful. I replies nothing; but you and I, Uncle Sam, knows what the bush is. However, not to seem contumacious to advice, I have taken out my ticket by the mail-coach, and will be in the Athens of the North, as Edinburgh is called by genteel people and the book-sellers, to-morrow, soon after break of day; from which I will send you two lines, concerning what I see there.

Your 'fectionate Nephew,
RICHARD H. HICKORY.

by and among the inhabitants thereof, and has even been heard of in Belshazzaryville, in the county of Onan-daggy state of New York, where I have my best grist-mill, with three run of stones on Jamesville Creek, in the

township of Manlius. I say so right down, because a man from the old country, who stopped one night at my tavern there (which is not a ten-and-two rods from Cedar Swamp), left behind him a book with a blue cover, which our help likened to a grey parrot with a yellow head. This book was the *Edinburgh Review*; and the help was not amiss in her comparison: for it is, I guess, as main talkative as the parrot, particularly regarding subjects on which it does not shew much college learning.

Of the city itself, when I took a glance at it, to get an idea, it seemed vastly like the skeleton of the mammoth in the museum at Philadelphia, taking the Castle for the head, and the palace of Holyrood House for its latter end, as Joe Tompkins calls the fundamental feature. It is really very like; a little too much hogged on the back, however. Their new town, I guess, is not populous; probably the inhabitants cleared out from the cholera, for the streets are green with grass, and, if it were not for the blot of the thing, half-a-score of nanny-goats might thrive on the pasturage in Queen's Street.

The stores here are not so spry as those of Glasgow; but it is surprising that they are what they are, as I am told the inhabitants make their living by giving bread to one another, in the shape of law-suits, which leaves them no time to look after the sale of their notions.

The foremost remarkable thing, I guess, in this place, is their Parliament House, where great crowds of idlers wear black cloaks, 'kaise of the coldness of the weather, as I have seen myself this day, with my own eyes, and 'gregate in the out-house, round a stove which has a sulphuric smell. Mr. M'Tavish, the writer to the signet, to whom I had a letter, said, with an apprehensive laugh, when I made the observation, that the Edinburgh lawyers, with the forethought of their country, accustomed themselves to the smell in good time. This I thought was very funny; and, by the by, I should have remarked before now, that surely the Scotch have a peculiar faculty, for we Americans have no such funny inclination, as I have often had occasion to notice in them; but I think it says a good deal for the saga-

city of our citizens, for I will defy any philosopher less than Dr. Franklin to tell what the use of laughter may be; and if laughter is of none, what's the worth of fun? To be sure, laughter would be more inconvenient in the bar-rooms of our taverns than where the males 'sociate here; for as we must take the cigar out of our mouths and spit, before we can laugh, it is quite clear that it gives us time to consider whether the thing said is worthy of being laughed at or no, which I take to be the cause why we don't laugh so much at nonsense as the old country immigrants do. We are a sober, thinking people; and I take some credit to myself for having made the reflection, since I came 'cross the 'lantic, that we are not given so much to the jubbly-jockery of a Turkey cock, with his tail spread, as other people.

It may be the case, as I have been told by Mr. M'Tavish, that every thing here is more elegant than in Glasgow, which makes its articles only for trade; and that although London-made goods may be more costly than those in the shops of the Edinburgh dealers, the Edinburgh articles are yet universally allowed—at least here—to be in a far superior taste: indeed, in confirmation of this in some degree, there is an example of the truth a-going on in the street under my window, at this moment.

Three blind fiddlers are playing in a style quite confounding: we have nothing like it in our theatres. Indeed, the Scotch say themselves that they are a musical nation, and they have, undoubtedly, the bagpipes as evidence of the fact. The Scotch fiddle is not, by the by, a violin. An acquaintance that I made at Glasgow, Mr. J**n D**g**s, says it is something of a *base vile*.

It just strikes me, how it can have come to pass that we have no national music in America—not a song have we of any character but *Yankee Doodle*, and that was made by a Yorkshire drummer-boy in General Powell's army, when he was lying at Tyconderago, in the war of independence, and for all that was dear to us as a people—tea, &c.

I have been to-day, after seeing the juridicals, up into the Castle, which is a 'dacious place, but in want of repair. I

didn't see a room in it where a purgative duck would condescend, and yet they say as how kings and queens once made it their location. I did see, however, the crown of Scotland, which I don't think, between ourselves, is quite worth a hundred dollars, gold, as it is; but it shews you what superstition does among an old people—grannies are fond of ghost-stories. The truth is, they keep it with lights around, and sentries guarding, as if it was a lama of Thibet, to keep the people in a state of subjection and darkness. Would it not be much better to sell this old bobble, and apply the neat proceeds to the mitigation of the prevalent distress?

I have likewise been at the palace where the King of France now is; but it does not become an American, when he thinks how much his country is indebted to the Bourbons, to enlarge on this topic. I must say, however, that this opinion is not very sound, for it is to France that America was indebted, and not to the Bourbons that then were accidentally in the government. It would, indeed, be a very flat thing, for a nation to think itself indebted to particular men of another nation, merely because these men were in the government of that other nation; but no people has so nobly shewn the true principle which should guide in this subject as ourselves. All through the late re-

volutionary war, did we not shew our gratitude to France, and France only; and endure, with exemplary forbearance, all the cuffs and kicks of her different governments, entirely in consideration of the obligations she had laid us under by that great character, General Lafayette?

In this palace I did not see any thing special, but the blood of a David Rutchi splattered on the floor. He was murdered one night, while drinking tea with the queen, who was not, according to the best historians, the Virgin Mary. But I look upon this affair of the blood to be all in my eye, for a very little trouble at the time might have mopped it away. It is no doubt true that the Scotch, in all times, have been a very dirty people; and the queen's help might have neglected to scrub the floor, until after it had become ingrained: nor does the matter admit of any better interpretation, unless that, for some reason of state, a basin of blood is sprinkled now and then on the spot, to make a fee-trap.

But no more at present, for I am very tired with my day's up-hill and down-hill walking, which is one of the strangest things to have to do in a civilised town. Therefore, says good night,

Your 'fectionate Nephew,

RICHARD H. HICKORY.

The Colonel shews a little of the prejudice of his countrymen in the foregoing letter. He takes no notice of the picturesque appearance of Edinburgh, but compares the old town, most preposterously, to the skeleton of a mammoth. Can any thing be more absurd? And as to the difficulty in the way of laughing among the Americans, and which he ascribes, with a true Yankey conceit, to their superior wisdom, there will, he may depend on it, be a difference of opinion wherever, and with whomsoever, he broaches that doctrine. His sneer at the ancient crown of Scotland is quite abominable; it is vile disparagement, the offspring of republican sentiment. We had no idea that he was so narrow-minded in some things; but on looking, in a cursory manner, over the remainder of his MSS, we see matter enough for animadversion, and shall not pass it over without due notice.

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

No. I.

UNDER this head we propose to give, from time to time, various documents illustrative of historical events; and we commence the series with one of such rare value, that it may be deemed with propriety the overture to the existence of a new nation, most intimately connected with the honour and prosperity of the British empire. To the public of this country it is therefore of very high interest; but in those great provinces, the two Canadas, to which the overflowing of our population has given so much importance, it will be regarded with the same sort of feeling and veneration that ancient states look back on the monuments of their origin. For although Canada had been regarded anciently as a dependency of the Scottish crown, it was not properly a British acquisition earlier than the peace of 1763, when it was finally ceded.

We are indebted to Mr. Galt for this very curious paper. It was obtained by him from Mrs. Bawden, the daughter of General Monckton, who was second in command in the enterprise.

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERAL WOLFE FOR THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

GEORGE R.—*Secret instructions for our trusty and well-beloved James Wolfe, Esq. Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander-in-chief of a body of our Land Forces, to be employed in an expedition against Quebec, by the way of the River St. Lawrence. Given at our Court at St. James's, the 5th day of February, 1759, in the twenty-second year of our reign.*

Whereas we have, by our commission, bearing date the 12th day of January last, appointed you to be major-general and commander-in-chief of a considerable body of land forces, directed to assemble at Louisburg, in our island of Cape Breton, in order to proceed, by the way of the river St. Lawrence, as early as the season of the year will admit of operations, by sea and land, in those parts, to attack and reduce Quebec; and whereas we have appointed Rear-Admiral Saunders to be commander-in-chief of a squadron of our ships, to act in conjunction and co-operate with our said land forces in the execution of the above most important service, we have thought fit to give you the following instructions for your conduct; and that you may be fully informed of the number of our forces destined for this expedition against Quebec, and of the several preparations directed to be made for that service, we have ordered to be delivered to you herewith extracts or copies of three letters wrote by one of our principal secretaries of state to Major-General Amherst, dated the 29th of December, and the 12th and 13th of January last past, together with a list of the said troops, and of the additional artillery and stores ordered to be sent to Louisburg; also copies of those letters to Rear-Admiral Saunders, dated the 9th, 12th, and 20th of January last; and of one to Rear-Admiral Durell, dated the 29th of December last.

1st. You are immediately, upon the receipt of these our instructions, to repair to Portsmouth, and there embark on board one of our ships of war, and proceed without loss of time to Louisburg, in the island of Cape Breton,

where you are to take under your command the troops we have ordered to rendezvous at that place, on or about the 20th of April, if the season shall happen to permit; and you are, on your arrival at Louisburg, to use all possible diligence and expedition, in concert with Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships, in embarking the troops, artillery, stores, and all other requisites for the expedition against Quebec, and to proceed therewith at or about the 7th of May, or as soon as the season of the year shall permit, up the river St. Lawrence, and attack and endeavour to reduce Quebec; and it is our will and pleasure that you do carry into execution the said important operation with the utmost application and vigour.

2d. In case, on your arrival at Louisburg, you shall find that the troops which we have ordered Major-General Amherst to send with all expedition to that place, together with the artillery, stores, and all other requisites for the operation directed, shall, contrary to our expectation, and by any unfavourable accidents, not be yet arrived at Louisburg, you are, without loss of a moment's time, and by the most expeditious and sure means, to make the most pressing instances to Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and to Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships in North America, in order to quicken and expedite, with the utmost diligence and despatch, all possible measures for most speedily assembling and collecting the said troops at Louisburg, as well as the artillery, stores, and all requisites for the expedition against Quebec.

3d. In case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you shall make yourself master of Quebec, our will and pleasure is that you do keep possession of the said place; for which purpose you are to appoint, out of the troops under your command, a sufficient and ample garrison, under the command of such careful and able officer as you shall judge best qualified for so important a trust, effectually to defend

and secure the said place; and you will immediately make, in the best manner practicable, such repairs to the works as you shall find necessary for the defence thereof, until you shall receive farther orders from us; and you are forthwith to transmit an exact account, to be laid before us, of the state and condition of the said place.

4th. As it cannot be foreseen by what time the attempt against Quebec may have its issue, or what the number and state of our troops and ships may be when that service shall be over; and also considering, in case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you should make yourself master of that place, the necessary garrison that must be left for the defence thereof, we judge it expedient to leave it to you and Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships, to consider the state and circumstances of things, as they shall then be found, and thereupon to determine what ulterior operations, higher up the river St. Lawrence, (in case the navigation of that river shall be found safe for such vessels as shall be best suited to the service,) may be practicable and expedient for making still farther and effectual impressions on the enemy; and in case any such ulterior operations as above, in consequence of the reduction of Quebec, shall be judged by you and Rear-Admiral Saunders expedient to be undertaken, our will and pleasure is that you do carry the same into execution in the manner which you shall think most conducive to the good of the service; and you will not fail, as expeditiously as may be, to inform thereof Major-General Amherst, commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and as far as may be, to concert the same with our said general, in order that the operations in different parts may coincide, and mutually facilitate and strengthen each other.

5th. With regard to such of our forces, under your command, as shall be remaining after the above services are over, (and having first, in case of success, left a strong garrison at Quebec, as well as provided for the defence of any other posts which you shall find

necessary to be maintained,) you are to cause the same to be disposed of in such manner as Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, shall direct (for which you will take all timely opportunities of corresponding with Major-General Amherst); but if, from the distant operations in which the said major-general, or commander-in-chief, may happen to be engaged, prejudice may arise to our service by waiting for such orders, you are to use your best discretion in disposing of our troops in the manner the most conducive to our service; and our will and pleasure is, that you do then put yourself under the command of Major-General Amherst, as brigadier-general in North America.

6th. Whereas the success of this expedition will very much depend upon an entire good understanding between our land and sea officers, we do hereby strictly enjoin and require you, on your part, to maintain and cultivate such a good understanding and agreement, and to order that the soldiers under your command shall man the ships when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the land service; as the commander-in-chief of our squadron is instructed, on his part, to entertain and cultivate the same good understanding and agreement, and to order the sailors and marines under his command to assist our land forces, and to man the batteries, when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the sea service; and, in order to establish the strictest union that may be between you and the commander-in-chief of our ships, you are hereby required to communicate these instructions to him, as he is directed to communicate those he shall receive from us to you.

7th. You are to send constant and particular accounts of all your proceedings, by letter, to one of our principal secretaries of state, and you are to obey and follow all such orders as you shall receive from us, under our royal sign manual, or from one of our principal secretaries of state.

G. R.

No. XXVII.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

HERE we have Bulwer in an appropriate position, viewing his face, and reviewing his beard. With razor far keener than the edge of his *Siamese Twins*, is he delicately mowing his chin; and, clothed in a *robe de nuit* far more flowing than the numbers of his *Milton*, a *Roem*, looks with charmed eyes upon the scene before him, and exclaims, with all the rapture of a satisfied editor, "What a charming article! Worth any thing *per sheet*!" We have taken him just on the eve of publication, revising his last proof the moment before coming out.

He has himself, in an autobiography published some time ago in the *New Monthly*, given us an ample history of his seed, breed, and generation. We are sorry to say that we have forgotten the genealogy; but it was related, if we do not wholly misapprehend the matter, pretty much in the style attributed to old *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*: "My grandmother was a major of dragoons, and one of my aunts a justice of the peace." The same history contained many other interesting particulars concerning the curl of his whiskers—which, by our plate it will be seen, are well put on—the peculiarity of his coat, the tournure of his countenance, and other matters, momentous to the general reader. L. E. L., however, in her *Romance and Reality*, which we take shame to ourselves for not having hitherto reviewed, has so completely depicted him (we shall not say *con amore*, lest that purely technical phrase should be construed literally), as having a high nose, relieved by an open mouth, a forehead of an especial shape, contrasted with a peculiar chin, &c. &c., that it would be useless to go over the concern any more.

His poetry is so-so, or rather very bad; and yet with a strange, but at the same time usual perversity, he prefers it to his prose, which is, or was, readable and pleasant. *Falkland*, to be sure, is no great things—it being a book the naughtiness of the conception of which is happily neutralised by the dulness of its execution. But *Pelham* was full of smart magazine papers, any one of which would be worth any money to the *New Monthly*—two or three of them might, perhaps, find admission in a dull month into *Fiasco*; and it is on this work he should take his stand. The reason is plain: he had, close by, the pattern and exemplar of the hero—"He but looked in the glass, and he drew from himself." *Dévereux*, *Disowned*, *Doomed*, &c., are barely unreadable; and *Eugene Aram* has been already celebrated in our pages.

As a statesman, he is chiefly remarkable for his strenuous exertions in the great and vital question of the Majors and Minors. He is bending all the powers of his mighty mind to arrange the great and truculent feud between Drury and Davidge, the Garden and the Wells; while his eminent brother is occupied in settling the quarrels between Russia and Poland. In oratory he has not succeeded; which his ill-willers attribute to his injudicious custom of applying too liberal a stimulus of brandy before venturing on the desperate attempt of addressing an assembly so awful and august as that which congregates in St. Stephen's. It is a custom he should give up. By taking a turn or two, with his new theatrical friends, in the barns in the country, he will be able to master nerve enough to get on before a promiscuous rabble, without applying to an ally whose aid is often too potent for those who call it in. Of his Magazine, we say nothing. Let him and Tom Campbell squabble it out between them.

Yet we must not so part with Bulwer, after all. If he would give up his "affectations"—and, surely, he is now old enough to do so—and learn to believe, that to be a Garrick Club dandy is not one of the highest objects of human ambition; if he would not fancy that the authorship of some three or four flimsy, and one clever novel, is the perfection of literary fame; if he would forswear the use of such words as "liberal principles," "enlarged ideas," "progress of mind," "behind the age," and other nonsense of the kind, which could be used by a parrot with as much effect as by the rising talent of the day; if he would read something, and think a little—get to harder study and a humbler mind, there is the making of something well worth praising in Bulwer;—and when we see it, nobody will be happier to proclaim it than ourselves.

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. I.

CHALMERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

It is well known, that in the olden time there flourished a set of empirics and visionaries, who, either in folly or in fraud, devoted themselves to the task of searching for what they called the philosopher's stone. These men absurdly appropriated to themselves the name of *Alchymists*; and by degrees the meaning of the word, in common usage, became generally, thus perverted.

In our own days a class of dreamers and pretenders has arisen in their room, rivalling them in folly, and far exceeding them in the mischief they have been able to perpetrate. And these men, too, have contrived to lay hold of a respectable name, and to fasten it especially upon their own works: so that the very title of *Political Economist* is never given now to any but those who adopt the method of these gentry, which consists simply of abstract theory, constructed in perfect disregard of facts. A multitude of volumes of this description have been poured out upon us within the last thirty years; but amidst the whole, we have never found a worse than that which is now before us.

We may, perhaps, be thought by some to use language not sufficiently respectful to the eminent author of this volume. Now, towards *himself*, as a divine, as a preacher of the gospel, we entertain feelings of the deepest respect; but for *his present work*, filled as it is with the worst faults of the school to which he has chosen to join himself, and dangerous as is its whole tendency in the highest degree, we can feel and we can express but one sentiment, that of perfect disgust and unqualified condemnation.

But on what ground do we, perhaps some one may ask, allow ourselves the exercise of any such feelings towards such a work? Has not Dr. Chalmers a perfect right, if he pleases, to inquire into *Political Economy, in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society*? Most unquestionably he has. But he has no right, neglecting

to acquaint himself with the main facts bearing upon the question, to indulge in mere baseless speculations, and to put them forth, under the sanction of his name and authority, as established doctrines, when their admission must have a most severe and fearful effect upon society, and when the real facts, as already ascertained, prove them to be unfounded and mischievous assumptions. Take, for instance, the very first page of the volume now before us, and observe the emphasis and triumph with which a certain position is stated; and then observe, also, the real nature of the doctrine propounded, its abstract, unpractical character, and its mischievous tendency, if admitted to its full extent.

"Each science has certain commanding positions, whence, if the observer look rightly around him, he may obtain an extensive view of important truths and important applications. Such a position, we think, has been recently gained in *Political Economy*, although full advantage has not yet been taken of it. We hold it the more interesting, that it includes within its range certain unexplored places of the science; and, more especially, that department where the theory of wealth comes into contact with the theory of population, and where the two, therefore, might be examined in connexion.

"The doctrine, or discovery, to which we refer, is that promulgated some years ago, and both at the same time, by Sir Edward West and Mr. Malthus. It respects the land last entered upon for the purposes of cultivation, and which yields no rent. It is obvious, that land of this inferior productiveness must mark the extreme limit of cultivation at the time—as land of still inferior quality could not be broken up without loss to the cultivator.

"Any land that is cultivated for food to human beings, must, at least, yield as much as shall feed the labourers who are employed in working it. But it must do more than this. These agricultural labourers require to be clothed and lodged, as well as fed. They must be upheld, not in food alone, which is the first ne-

* On *Political Economy, in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society*. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.
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cessary, but in what may be termed the second necessities of life. The people whose business it is to work up these, may, in contradistinction to the *agricultural*, be termed the *secondary* labourers of a country. It is evident, that the worst of cultivated land must at least, be able to feed those who are directly employed upon the soil, and, moreover, those who prepare for the agricultural labourers all the other articles, beside food, which enter into their support or maintenance. Else the cultivation of it behoved to be abandoned. All that land which, by no possible improvement, either in the processes of husbandry or of manufacturing labour, could yield as much as would subsist the agricultural labourers and their secondaries, is doomed by nature to everlasting sterility, and must always remain without the scope of cultivation."

Now, what is the meaning of this concluding sentence: "All that land which, by no possible improvement, either in the processes of husbandry or of manufacturing labour, could yield as much as would subsist the agricultural labourers and their secondaries, is doomed by nature to everlasting sterility, and must always remain without the scope of cultivation?" We take for granted that Dr. Chalmers is not speaking here of those regions which are covered with perpetual snow, or of those deserts of the torrid zone where no human being can make his dwelling. He is speaking of those parts of the globe which can be inhabited, and which can be cultivated. His proposition, then, must mean one of two things; either,

1. That all that land which by no possible improvement, *even after a long series of years*, could yield subsistence to its cultivators, "is doomed by nature to everlasting sterility;" or,

2. That all that land which by no possible improvement could yield, *within the first year or two*, subsistence to its cultivators, is doomed, &c.

Now, of the first of these propositions, if that be what the doctor means, in the passage we have quoted, to affirm, it is sufficient to remark, that it is of the class of discoveries—for "a discovery" Dr. Chalmers himself calls it—which has been commonly known by the name of *mure's nests*. To assert that land which can *never* produce sufficient food to maintain the cultivators, will not be cultivated, is, one would think, a sort of discovery which

a man would claim very little credit for making.

At the same time, before any practical use can be made of this "discovery," it would be necessary to inquire whether any land of such a thoroughly worthless and irreclaimable character exists, within those precincts of the earth which are inhabited by man. If there be no such absolutely barren tracts to be found, then the "doctrine or discovery" remains of little use, seeing that it can be applied to no question of possible occurrence. And that it is impossible, among the dwellings of man, to find any spots so absolutely sterile, is sufficiently clear from the fact, that the spot which of all Europe is at the present moment the most fertile, will be found in Flanders, and this spot was originally *nothing but pure sand*.

But we rather fear that the second of these propositions was that which the doctor meant to assert, namely, that all such land as will not *at once*, or *shortly*, yield to its cultivators their full subsistence, must be taken to be "doomed by nature to remain without the scope of cultivation;" a proposition the most contrary to all human experience, and the most subversive of all human hopes that can well be conceived. Could this proposition have been carried into effect in former times, then, obviously, the most fertile spot in Europe must have remained to this present moment in its former condition—a wilderness of sand.

To get at once to a practical solution of the question, let us suppose a case of very common occurrence. Take an agricultural labourer, a cottager, planted down by the side of a harsh and stubborn piece of common land. Ask him if he will take a piece of this land at an annual rental? He replies that it will cost him so much labour to bring it into cultivation, that he dare not undertake to pay any rent for it for the first few years. Ask him, again, whether he will settle down upon a plot of it, giving up all his usual employment and his usual wages, and engaging to ask no relief from the poor-laws, but relying wholly upon his little plot for the maintenance of his family? He rejoins, again, that he cannot enter into this bargain, for that the land in question will not, for some time to come, be able to yield him an entire maintenance to himself and family.

Now, this is just the case which Dr. Chalmers supposes, of land which can pay no rent, and which cannot at present even maintain its cultivators. And of such land he asserts, that "it is doomed by nature to everlasting sterility, and must always remain without the scope of cultivation."

So says the theorist. But what says the fact,—what says any practical man? The labourer cannot, it is true, afford you any rent for the plot in question; nor can he, for a year or two, even gain his own subsistence. But give him a couple of acres free from rent, and without any absurd stipulation that he shall confine himself to it, and you shall soon see whether or not "nature has doomed it to everlasting sterility." Leisure hours he has, and they will suffice to break up the soil. A pig he has, and he hopes soon to possess a cow; and with these manure will quickly accumulate. And you may safely trust him, that three years shall not elapse before he will shew you that even a stubborn soil is not "doomed of necessity always to remain without the scope of cultivation;" but that the same industry which turned the pure sand of Flanders into the finest soil of Europe, will be equally effective in any other country.

What, then, to any practical purpose, is the meaning, and what the utility, of this great "discovery," which is so emphatically announced by the learned doctor? If he merely intends to say, that land which can *never*, by any possibility, pay for cultivation, will not be cultivated—then, indeed, the thing may be true enough; but why call this a discovery? Surely "we wanted no ghost to tell us that!"

But if, on the other hand, the discovery is this, that all land which will not *forthwith* maintain the cultivation "is doomed by nature to everlasting sterility"—then, indeed, there is something *new* in the proposition; but at the same time it is directly negatived by all past experience, and by the universal practice of the present day.

Such is the tone in which Dr. Chalmers commences his article. Abstract theory, in preference to facts the most obvious and well known, will always claim his preference. We cannot follow him through all those similar speculations which abound in the volume, but shall just make one general charge,

and then, as briefly as may be, shall proceed to substantiate it.

Dr. Chalmers' book, then, contains, within the whole compass of its 566 pages, but three facts; and those three assumed facts are, each and every one of them, mere fictions!

This is harsh language, but, instead of apologising for it, we shall at once proceed to substantiate what we have asserted.

In fact, we should use the word "falsehoods" in preference to "fictions," were it not that we would avoid even the appearance of imputing to the doctor (whose honesty no one will doubt) any thing like *intentional* misstatement. Still, however, the word "fiction" is insufficient to express our meaning. The fact is, that Dr. Chalmers has, in each of these three instances, said "*the thing which is not.*"

First, then, we advert to the fact stated by Dr. Chalmers, concerning Norway. The great evil he fears for our own country is the excess of population, arising from too early marriages. The bright example which he would set before us is that of Norway; in which country, as he is taught by Mr. Malthus to believe, *the peasantry marry late in life, and increase slowly.*

To this example of Norway he is ever and anon referring us, and placing it in contrast with the reckless marriages and excessive population of England. He says of our people:—

"If they will in general enter recklessly into marriage, it is not possible to save a general descent in their circumstances." p. 23.

"Grant but the general ascendancy of principle, and along with this you will have a prudence, and a prospective caution, and a superiority to mere animal and constitutional impulses, which must necessarily ensure the habit of later marriages, and so of smaller families." p. 440.

"The right impulse and the right habit have often been exemplified, and by large classes of peasantry. It is so in Norway." p. 423.

"It is only a moral and voluntary restraint that should be aimed at, or that can be at all effectual; the effect of which will be, more provident, and hence, both later and fewer, marriages. And thus, as in Norway, we shall behold the cheerful spectacle of a thriving, independent, and respectable peasantry." p. 352.

Thus are we assured, again and

again, that Norway is happier and better regulated than England, and that the main reason is, that the people marry later, and do not increase so fast. "Later and fewer marriages"—a slower rate of increase—no surplus population,—and thus is secured "the cheerful spectacle of a thriving, independent, and respectable peasantry." Thus it is, we are assured, in Norway; and of Norway, England is recommended to learn a lesson.

This notion is, of course, borrowed from Mr. Malthus; and we are treated with two pages of extracts from his book. But these extracts consist, themselves, rather of theory than of observation; and whatever their assertions may be worth, as to the matter of fact, is at once neutralised (to say the least) by the testimony of a subsequent traveller, Dr. E. D. Clarke, who says of the very same people, that "*they marry young, and have only to marry: subsistence follows of course.*"*

But, fortunately, we need not rely on the varying reports of travellers, touching this important point;—a single well-ascertained fact disposes, at once, of the whole fiction. It is upon record that the increase of population in England, between 1821 and 1831, was from 11,261,437 to 13,089,338, or about sixteen per cent; while the increase of the population of Norway, between 1815 and 1825, was from 835,451 to 1,000,152, or *above nineteen per cent!* So much for the prudence, and the later and fewer marriages of the people of Norway, and their consequent slower rate of increase!—and so much for the *facts* of Mr. Malthus, relied upon and copied by Dr. Chalmers!

Secondly, Dr. Chalmers treats us with another fact of a very similar kind. He finds much to be pleased with in Holland, and accounts for it in this summary way, upon the authority of some anonymous correspondent:—

"*The absence of the poor-laws seems to be one of the chief blessings of Holland.*"

No poor laws in Holland! No legal provision for the poor in the Low Countries! What next! Why, we have upon record the principal points of a report made to the States-General in 1823, from which we learn

that in the nine northern provinces, the population of which was only 2,148,339, they numbered 196,053 poor; and that upon these they expended no less a sum than 5,955,030 florins in the year, being equivalent, at the Amsterdam prices, to above twenty-four bushels of wheat to each. The poor of England and Wales, in 1813, were 971,913; on whom we expended 6,679,657*l.*, being equal to about ten bushels of wheat each, or not half the Hollander's allowance. And yet we are to be told that "one of the chief blessings of Holland" is, that she makes no legal provision for the poor!

But, *thirdly*, we must advert to the great governing fact, or fiction, of all—the famous Malthusian figment of the rapid duplication of the human species. Following Mr. Malthus implicitly in this, as in every thing else, we have the following astounding assertions from Dr. Chalmers:—

"Population, when permitted its full development, by an unbounded supply of the means of subsistence, can double itself in fifteen years." p. 380.

"Should a population be able to double itself in fifteen years, it would still have the inherent ability of doing so, after every acre on the face of the globe had been advanced to its state of uttermost cultivation." p. 18.

And upon what are these assertions founded? Upon certain statements of Mr. Malthus. And what was the basis adopted by Mr. Malthus in making these statements? It was nothing more than this:—he found one or two instances in North America in which the population of certain of the states had doubled itself in fifteen years, or even in less;—he therefore leaped at once to the conclusion, that population, if favourably circumstanced, had an inherent power of duplicating itself within the term of fifteen years. Immigration into America, indeed, from Europe, he could not quite forget; but he speedily dismissed that from his calculation, as "*immaterial.*"

We must illustrate this plan of his, of estimating the progress of population, by a case which will be familiar with most of our readers.

We will suppose that a person has deposited in the hands of a company of some kind, a hundred pounds, for

which he understands that he will get an annual dividend of five per cent, together with other contingent advantages:—Suppose, further, that he is called to India, and, on inquiring what can be done with his dividends, he finds that the company will, if he wishes it, retain them till he returns, and will even allow him compound interest for them.

He goes, and is detained abroad for eight years. Calling at the office on his return, he finds, to his great delight, that his 100*l.* has become nearly 200*l.* Hardly listening to their explanation, he pockets the money and hastens away. Meeting a friend, he becomes most eloquent in praise of the power of compound interest, which, he assures his friend, will double any given sum in about eight years. His friend is incredulous, and inquires whether there was not a *bonus*, as well as the interest, waiting for him at the office. “A *bonus*!” he exclaims—“why, yes, I did hear something of the sort, but that is comparatively *immaterial*; it is the compound interest that has doubled my money.”

His friend, however, persists in his doubt, and, pulling out his pencil, sits down to work the problem. He soon shews him, by the clear result of a few figures (adding the interest, simple and compound, to the 100*l.* year by year)—that it would be fourteen years, instead of eight, before the 100*l.* would even approach its doubling.

Just in the position of this foolish man, who runs away with an exaggerated notion of compound interest, is Dr. Chalmers. The one isolated fact of the doubling may be true in each case; but the *immigration* is no more “*immaterial*” in the one case than the *bonus* is in the other. The real proof, however, of the actual power of population is only to be accurately obtained by the very same means by which you learn the actual progress of 100*l.* at compound interest—namely, by working its progress, step by step.

A register of births and marriages and deaths, is as easily made up as a table of compound interest; and such a register or table ought to have been made up by Mr. Malthus and Dr. Chalmers before they ventured to lay down, as indubitable facts, such absurdities as that of “a natural power of population to double itself in fifteen years.”

This, however, which they have not

done, has been done for them. Such tables as they ought to have made, have been made by Mr. Sadler; and it forms the great aggravation of Dr. Chalmers’ offence, that after the whole fancy had, thus been entirely blown to atoms, he has the ignorance or the assurance to advance it as an admitted truth.

But Dr. Chalmers will probably reply (indeed, it is the only defence that remains to him) that having seen Mr. Sadler’s work treated with ridicule in the *Edinburgh Review*, he did not think it worth his while to look at it. This plea might avail the doctor a little, had he preserved the silence which becomes a state of ignorance; and as long as his opinions were reserved to himself, few persons would have cared in how negligent a manner they were acquired. But when he comes forward as a teacher, a public lecturer, and even produces a volume of Political Economy for the instruction of the world at large—we have then a right to reprove him if his work bears on its face a manifest proof that he has not taken even the ordinary course of consulting the leading authors on the subject on which he treats.

It is not worth his while (Dr. Chalmers probably thinks) to read Mr. Sadler’s volumes. Other men, of literary standing quite equal with his own, are of a different opinion. The name of SHARON TURNER, we suppose, will not be thought insignificant, even by the side of that of THOMAS CHALMERS. But in his last volume, on *the Sacred History of the World, philosophically considered*, Mr. Turner thus expresses himself:—

“It is this undiminished and undecaying property in plants which may rescue us from that chimerical dread of a superabundant population of the earth, under which we have been labouring for the last thirty years, until Mr. Sadler’s tables, calculations, and reasonings, have at last rescued us from it. I allude to Mr. Sadler’s *Law of Population*, published in 1830, which has thrown, at last, the steady and animating light of truth on a darkened and much-mistaken subject. A great mistake has been prevailing on this subject; the true law of nature was misconceived; partial effects were taken to be the general rule, and the real agency greatly over-rated; and thereby an imaginary law has been assumed, which has never operated as has been alleged. In nature, the law of population has never exceeded that of the productive power

of vegetable life, and never will." pp. 113, 114.

Mr. Sadler naturally begins by asking, If population doubles itself in fifteen years, by what steps does it advance,—how many children do you allow to each marriage,—how many of these survive to marry—and what average do you adopt for the term of death?

Mr. Malthus, contenting himself with general assumptions, has given no computation of this kind, as a foundation for his assumed "doubling in fifteen years." Mr. Sadler, therefore, has first endeavoured to calculate upon what data such a calculation must proceed; and he finds that, to make such a rate of increase possible, it would be necessary to have a population who all marry at the age of twenty, who are all fruitful to the extent of *eight children to each marriage—all whose children live, and marry at the same age, and are equally fruitful*—and, finally, *who know nothing of death*. Upon these terms, indeed, a doubling every fifteen years would become possible; but every one can see that if such circumstances as these are required, then, assuredly, such a doubling never yet took place, from procreation alone, upon the face of this our earth, and, until a millennium arises, never can.

But Dr. Franklin, an authority mainly relied on by Mr. Malthus, has another speculation—namely, that about twenty years is the actual period of duplication. The data he assumes are these:—Marriages take place at twenty years; *all the married have eight children* on an average; four of these survive to twenty, marry, and become equally prolific; and sixty-five years is the average date of the deaths.

Taking these data from Mr. Malthus's own favourite authority (and surely they will be allowed to be sufficiently liberal), Mr. Sadler sits down and constructs a table, or parish register, for 219 years, in which all these marriages, births, and deaths are regularly recorded; and the result is as follows:—

Two couples, with three parents still in existence, are put down in the first

year; then all the marriages, births, and deaths being set down in the exact order in which Dr. Franklin prescribes them, there are found to be, in the 219th year of the chronicle, 2405 persons in existence.

But how immensely does this result differ from the doubling ratio of Mr. Malthus and Dr. Chalmers! Even supposing, which is Dr. Franklin's idea, that such a population would double itself in twenty years, we ought to find, in the 201st year, after ten such doublings, 7168 persons; whereas the fact turns out to be, that the actual number in that year is only 1462, or about one-fifth of the supposed number. And as for a doubling in every fifteen years, for which Dr. Chalmers so confidently answers, the result would be, in the 211th year, a gross amount of 114,688 persons; whereas, in fact, even the 219th year would shew but 2,405, or about one-fiftieth of the multitude which the fancy of Messrs. Malthus and Chalmers had conjured up!

Such are the facts, the only facts, produced in this work of the Edinburgh professor! And upon a basis like this is his whole system rested. We are becaught to follow Norway in her late marriages and her slow increase, when, in fact, Norway increases more rapidly than ourselves! We are recommended to imitate Holland in refusing any state provision for the poor; when, in fact, the state provides, in Holland, twice as liberally for the poor as we do in England! And, lastly, we are to keep down, if possible, the numbers of the people, seeing that their natural tendency is to double their numbers every fifteen years; when, in fact, this assertion is exactly akin to the supposition that money at five per cent compound interest would double itself every four years!

After all, however, we have one acknowledgment to make to Dr. Chalmers, and one ground on which our thanks are due to him; but that topic we must reserve for another opportunity.

THE CONTAGIOUS CHARACTER OF CHOLERA.*

THE author's object in this little volume is to establish that doctrine which denies any contagious character in the present epidemic, and refers its propagating causes to those which are annually in operation. He also denies the existence of any new features in the disease, excepting what belong to an increased severity of their form; several epidemics are referred to as having created much more havoc than the cholera, and it is assumed that this and the last year have been singularly unpropitious for physicians, notwithstanding the cry of "cholera;" old medical writers are cited, who are said to have known the disease in this country; and its Asiatic origin, in 1817 or 1818, is, of course, denied.

This is all very well, and does credit to the author's reading; but it has entirely failed in attempting to convert us from our belief, and dispelling our fears, of the epidemic being of a *communicable* nature. All infectious diseases differ in the degree and mode of communication; and while cholera is perfectly capable, we believe, of becoming infectious or contagious, it does not appear to be so in as high a degree as other diseases; and yet even the most virulent do not affect all constitutions at all times: Nature, while she permits mankind to be afflicted with diseases of an epidemic and infectious quality, provides us with the property of counteraction.

The more we see and hear of this remarkable disease—so sudden in its invasion, and so rapid in its course—the more we feel convinced of its Asiatic origin and new character, and the more we are disposed to place confidence in the sanitary regulations recommended. At the same time, we doubt the efficacy of the quarantine laws, and are disposed to think lightly of the parade of fumigating baggage, cloths, stuffs, &c. &c. We are but little if at all informed as to the nature of this disease, and its laws of propagation; and frequently we see instances of its breaking out independently of any direct source of infection, at least such as can be demonstrated. Apparently we are no nearer ascertaining the exact laws of its propagation than we were before the disease appeared;

but when we attentively study its progress, we cannot refuse our admission that it is identified with the spasmodic cholera which first made its appearance in central India about the latter end of 1817, or the beginning of 1818. Was it appeared at distant places in various quarters of the globe simultaneously? Certainly not; and if we regard its progress, it has generally come when expected, according to past observation. We trace it gradually from Russia to Hamaburgh; and then, the country being filled with alarm and in full expectation of its appearance, it breaks out upon the *opposite shore of Great Britain*, having no interposed land to rest upon, just as it has now broken out in America, having reached the western ports of England and the coast of Ireland.

We question not the fact on which Dr. Webster insists, that fruit and other indiscretions in diet, as to quantity and quality, predispose to or excite cholera. These causes have so operated constantly, and produce violent but less fatal symptoms, which, from their resemblance to the premonitory symptoms of the epidemic, have caused the latter to be distinguished by the same appellation. Dr. Webster, &c. may, however, write and say what they please upon the question of the newness of the disease to us, but they never will persuade us that it is merely an exaggerated form of the ordinary bilious cholera. Its main symptoms and peculiarities are quite distinct and perfectly novel, and most strongly force upon us the conviction that patients labouring under the Asiatic form of the spasmodic cholera have imbibed some morbid poison; but whether from the air alone, or the air tainted by the presence of the cholera, and from what peculiar state of the atmosphere, we are unable to determine. Several suggestions have been made upon this point, but none that have been conclusive.

In the north of England, flights of insects, of excessive minuteness, are said to have been observed in places where cholera raged, to have preceded it in infected places, and to have had, at their departure, a coincident decrease and subsidence of cholera cases. Dr.

* An Essay on the Epidemic Cholera, being an Inquiry into its new or contagious Character; including Remarks on the Treatment, &c. &c. By John Webster, M.D.

Prout examined the weight of the atmosphere about London, and found it to be specifically heavier than usual.

While, however, we must believe the present cholera (evidently on the spread) to be a different one from that which usually becomes frequent in the fruit season, it is quite evident that the same causes may excite both, and that a neglected state of the digestive organs under irritation is a very common foundation of the complaint, leading to its premonitory symptoms; while, if these last be not stopped, the patient may fall into a complete state of the Asiatic or blue cholera.

"On the 18th of May, clean bills of health were issued to the ships, the cholera having subsided," says Dr. Webster; and we ask him where is it now, or, rather, where is it not? It has been and is in the north, and in the east, and is now getting south and west;—it has been and is now in Paris, sweeps Belgium and the Prussian frontier, and has entered Holland:—it has pervaded the river-sides of London and other districts, and is now pervading the higher and more remote quarters of the city and west end, without regard to persons, the rich and the poor alike having experienced its attacks, among whom are some melancholy examples; and to the friends and families of these Dr. Webster's book will afford no confidence or consolation, nor will it be likely to persuade them that we have no great or destructive epidemic among us, and that we may congratulate each other on the great healthiness of the season, and the little havoc cholera is making.

Upon the great question of *quarantine*, we so far agree with Dr. Webster, that it is, in our opinion, attended with more inconvenience than advantage. We really do not believe that the cholera is to be kept out of a town, or district, or country, by any practicable quarantine; but we do see the propriety of very strict measures of prevention being every where practised, and of great attention to the separation of the sick.

As to the treatment, we have little to say upon this part of the book before us, because the learned author himself has had no experience to guide him, and goes, therefore, only upon analogy; in which, so far, he displays judgment. Unfortunately, this disease is not one which admits of very clear reasoning in

relation to symptoms; and practice built upon the prevalent indications is but little successful; and when recovery takes place, it seems to do so more in obedience to a natural propensity than to the interference of medicine. Hence, perhaps, have arisen the most opposite ideas: *cold, heat, sedatives, stimulants*, have each successively been popular; and now the great tide of prejudice sets in with the *saline* treatment, as it is triumphantly styled; and for the application of which, at the Coldbath-fields prison, the magistrates awarded Dr. Stevens 100*l.*, with which the conscientious physician walked off, no doubt laughing in his sleeves at the gullibility of the glorious bench of the county unpaids. And well he might; for when government directed members of the Board of Health at Whitehall to look into the affair, the greater part of the *cures* had never been cholera cases at all, and some mere diarrhoea. It was farther reported, also, that the use of the saline system had not been attended with that degree of success which afforded any flattering hopes of its being more effective than the ordinary course of proceeding, adopted by the central board as having best succeeded in Russia. Those who are interested in the inquiry as to the Coldbath-fields prison, may see the whole correspondence, and the statements of the cases, published in the medical weekly gazettes, &c., in which statements it appears that the governor was either a willing or unsuspecting tool in returning cases as cholera which were not so. Among this falsified list, one girl's name absolutely appeared who had only complained of the tooth-ache! Moreover, it appears that several of the inmates had *feigned* cholera, for sinister motives. So much for this the newest humbug that has arisen out of the cholera mania. It appears, however, that in North Britain the practice of injecting large quantities of salt and water has been attended with very frequent restoration of the pulse in the collapse stage; and if this be true to any flattering extent, it bids fair, *conjoined with other remedies, perhaps*, to prove a very effective improvement in practice. But, in reference to the Coldbath-fields affair, we consider Dr. Stevens's bubble to have burst. We believe, after all, that the best treatment is that which is most consistent with sound sense, skill, and experience, and that kind of judgment

which a well-educated and sensible medical man possesses; for it is evident that *no specific* has yet been discovered for curing *Cholera Indiana*.

People in general are very anxious to know what to take when seized with cholera; but the difficulty is, in knowing when you are so. The first symptoms are merely premonitory, and resemble ordinary complaints of the stomach, rendered irritable by heat, or some error of diet, perhaps. We, however, feel disposed, especially when there is a disposition to nausea or vomiting, to advise the immediate taking of an emetic, followed by calomel and opium pills, and weak brandy and water, warm, with ginger. The rest had better be left to medical advice.

We regret to see fears so rife as they are at present. Fear, if only used for the sake of caution, is good; because it keeps people from taking liberties with their constitutions, and makes them guarded in their diet, and forces attention to their health. But, if fear acts as a dread of the disease, we know of no causes much more powerful in disposing the constitution to the prevailing epidemic, be that what it may.

It may perhaps be interesting to read what our transatlantic neighbours think of the epidemic, and the chances they have of sharing it with the inhabitants of the old world. The writer of a letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, of June 9, is extremely facetious upon the subject, and very confident in his opinions. But scarcely was his writing printed off, we believe, before some thousands were laid down in the malady, to which he affixes no infectious quality. Yet, how got it over the Atlantic, and why did it not arrive sooner?

From a Correspondent of the Quebec Mercury.

SIR,—“The height of nonsense,” says an Irish proverb, ‘is to try to keep out the tide with a pitchfork;’ and, though less in degree, the attempts made here and in Europe to arrest the progress of cholera, are very nearly allied to the edifying exercise above mentioned.”

“I have only been two days in your city; but, from the awful note of preparation which has been sounded far and wide—the tons of chloride of lime—the appointment of boards of health—and the instalment of a chapter of knights, of the order of Cloacina, I suppose, whom I see parading the streets in their spick and span new red ribands—the establishment of Grose Island as a grand lazaretto—and, above all, the profuse grant to pay,

for all this nonsense, convinced me that you were going to run ram-headed against some absurdity. And, lo! I have not been disappointed; for as some of the ships that arrive in the course of the season will, no doubt, bring out typhus fever, measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, and other diseases, which are indubitably infectious—and as each vessel so doing will club its quota of mercies for the behoof of the denizens of Grose Island, prepared, as their bodies must be, for the reception of disease by the privations of a long voyage—you will throw a body of distempers into these colonies worse than the cholera at Calcutta in 1817-18. But as I have no hope that my feeble voice will be heard against the uplifted shout of the collective wisdom of the province, I shall confine myself to a few facts concerning the disease, which fell under my own observation, or which were related to me by people on whose truth and judgment I could depend, during a residence in Bengal, in the very worst times of cholera, namely, the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20.

Asiatic cholera is a disease of congestion; whether it proceeds from the brain and nerves, or from the arterial system, I do not know, and I do not care; for it is quite enough for us that we know how it operates, and, from that, how its operation can be counteracted. The spasms, which are common to the Asiatic and European cholera, and which are given to totally dissimilar diseases the same name, to the great confusion of terms and botheration of the faculty, are only symptoms of the disease, which is merely a contraction of the extreme vessels, causing the blood to rush inward upon the brain and abdominal viscera; so that nine times out of ten the patient dies of apoplexy. My friend Mr. Marshall, in his work on the Medical Topography of Ceylon, (which work, like its author, though diminutive, contains a deal of good sense,) states, that on *post mortem* examinations, the pia mater was so turgid, that, when removed and thrown into a basin, it looked like one homogeneous clot of blood. The question then is, how to remove the pressure on the brain, and restore the circulation to the extremities; for when you have done that, you have cured the cholera.

“With Europeans we found an early use of the lancet of great benefit; but it must be a very early one, for if the attack has been of fifteen minutes’ standing, you can get no more blood out of the patient’s arm than out of a turnip. Our next reliance was on brandy and opium, in very large doses, and very often repeated.

“I once saved an over-scrupulous Mus-sulman, who refused to take any medi-

cine, by means of a sinapiam, covering about as much of his body as the cuirass of a life-guardsmen; and he told me afterwards that, if he took it again, he would rather die than undergo a second time the pain of such a cure. And I have heard of an amateur practitioner, somewhere up about Agra, who was a great advocate for decided practice, and who relieved many patients by pouring a tea-kettle of scalding water over their abdomen. But I would not recommend either of these being inflicted on his Majesty's lieges. Yet I should think rubefacients to the skin, and perhaps the hot bath, would be valuable auxiliaries in restoring the equilibrium of the circulation. The great secret, however, in treating the disease, is to get at it in time; if you do so, little difficulty will be found in treating it. I was for nine months in charge of 1500 men (natives) in the year 1819, when the cholera was raging. My mode of management was this: each Serang (head of a gang) was provided with a bottle of brandy and laudanum, mixed in the proper proportions, and a measure holding exactly a dose for an adult; his instructions were, on the first symptoms of the disease, to give the patient a dose, and run with all speed for me. If he came in time, of which I could judge pretty accurately from the appearance of the patient, as well as from his testimony and that of his fellows, I gave him a rupee; if he had neglected his duty, he was treated to a sound whacking with a bamboo. So that, with the two strongest motives to human action, hope of reward and fear of punishment, I was speedily apprised of danger; and during that season, though many were attacked, I did not lose a single patient.

"One singular circumstance attendant on this disease is, that when it has been some time in one place, its force and virulence seem to be expended. Nothing will cure it on its first arrival, while any thing or nothing is held as 'the sovereignest thing in life' for it, after it has continued for three months; so that we may expect that infallible remedies will be discovered in Sunderland, which will be found totally inefficacious in London.

"Is cholera contagious? The *Quarterly Review* says it is—I say it is not; and as the *Quarterly* never had the cholera in its life, and I had it twice, I think I should be the better judge of the two. Besides, is there any surgeon who has seen it in both countries says it is contagious? Does Jock M'Whirter—does Marshall—does Daun—or Robin Badenach? Not one of them: and why? Because they know the disease; have seen it for years, and have treated it in thousands of cases; while the alarm-

ists and contagionists are theorists, who never saw it in their lives. But what can be expected from a set of people who can foist on the public such nauseous hog-wash, as that a man should be smitten with the pestilence in consequence of scraping the pitch off the bottom of a ship that had been in Sunderland harbour? But suppose all these good people, and half a hundred more besides, should assert that it was contagious, I think I can prove, from unquestionable facts, that it is not. So to the proof.

"When the Marquess of Hastings was narrowing the circle which he had been eighteen months extending, to him in the gigantic Mahratta and Pindarree conspiracy, Sir Lionel Smith's division was occupying a pass in the Ghauts, in advance of Poonah; his army was attacked by the cholera, and the hospital tents were pitched on a small hill, close to the camp. Whenever a man was taken ill he was conveyed over to the hospital hill, accompanied by a comrade, a wife (or some one *conomine*), and in no one single solitary instance was any of those who accompanied the sick taken with the disease; now if they could have been infected, surely they had a better chance of catching the disease than by staying in the camp. But if a proportion of the hospital attendants had taken the disease, it would only prove that the people were liable to it in both situations; but when people attending the sick (not being regular hospital attendants, mind ye), to a man or woman, as the case might be, escaped, it is, to me, a full proof that there is no contagion in the question.

"When Lord Hastings moved on from Mhow, he was encamped by the side of a brook (or nullah, as it is called in that country), and his body-guard (consisting of two squadrons of the finest heavy cavalry I ever saw, except the Life-Guards) were encamped two troops on one side of the brook and two on the other. Those on the one side were attacked severely with cholera, while the squadrons on the other entirely escaped. The same phenomenon was observed in many villages through which it passed, where it seemed to divide the village by a direct line, the one side being infected and the other safe. I was witness to a similar circumstance in Calcutta, where one part of the town alone was infected, and so virulently, that I was called up to see a gentleman's bearers, of eight of whom six had taken the disease, and five were dead before I arrived. Yet, though many in that quarter took it, and most of them died, it did not spread to another quarter of the town, until it nearly left the city altogether, and on its return broke out in another quarter.

"The sloop *Curlew*, Captain Dunlop, was three years on the Indian station, and during that time lay frequently at every port on both coasts, while the cholera was raging ashore, and an unrestricted communication was allowed between the ship and the shore, but not a single case occurred on board. At the end of this period the sloop was sold out of the service, and Captain D. and half his crew ordered round to the Malabar coast, to get the *Termagant* frigate, which had been built there, ready for sea, and to bring her home. On the 4th day after leaving Colombo, the cholera appeared on board, and nearly one-sixth of the crew were taken simultaneously, and in the end it went fore and aft the ship,—so much so, that at one period, to man a 28-gun frigate there were only eight men in one watch and nine in the other, including the captain and officers. Now, had cholera been contagious, would it not have attacked some one or other of them while exposed to its influence, and not nearly the whole of them after they were out of its range?"

"But if you will not believe me, will you believe the disease itself? Had, a contagious disease been introduced into Sunderland, would it not have gone all round like the circles formed by a stone thrown into a lake? But did cholera do so? No; it reached the banks of the Forth before it crossed the Tees; and things must be strangely altered since I left Scotland, if the stream of travel does not set more from north to south than in the opposite direction. Going north in a straight line (as it usually travels) we would trace its steps from village to village, and from town to town: this looked a little like contagion; but what are we to say when we hear of it taking a hop step and jump from the bishopric of Durham to the county of Kent, and thence to the city of London, leaving the midland and some of the northern counties untouched; and to the last hour we have not heard one syllable of its travel-

ling towards Whitehaven. Would an infectious disease act thus?"

"Will cholera come here? I think it will, but not for some years. From the year 1818 I was clearly of opinion that it would traverse the whole world; and in 1822, I, together with a medical friend of mine from Tabriz, who had traced its progress through Persia, where he was surgeon to the embassy, made out a calculation of its progress, and were kind enough to chalk out for it the most convenient route, namely,—through Egypt, and along the northern shore of the Mediterranean, across from Ceuta to Gibraltar, so through Spain and France; thence, per packet, from Calais to Dover, by which route we supposed it would arrive in the metropolis about the beginning of 1830; but we never thought cholera would be so bad a general, with the example of Napoleon before his eyes, as to penetrate into the north of Europe, where, as we believed, like his great prototype, his force would be destroyed by frost and snow.

"What the d——l could have caused all this contagious alarm?—more especially here in his majesty's strong fortress of Quebec, the metropolis of the wide-spreading province of Lower Canada, and the wisest and fairest of all the cities of the earth; for surely there has been nothing to lead to the adoption of such measures, unless indeed the embargo placed on the Sunderland colliers by Gaffer Grey's administration, while they let the mail and stage coaches go without question, be looked upon as a pattern of wisdom instead of an example of folly. So keep up your heart, my dear Mr. Editor: take your glass, and don't alarm yourself, and give the same advice to your friends. If cholera is not coming here, so; if it is, the Grosse Island cordon will hardly prevent it. So, that you may be preserved from the pestilence of cholera, the mania of anti-cholera measures, and the plague of blundering devils and compositors, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate friend,
Q. HY."

The writer of the foregoing letter is no other than the facetious TYGER, whom we introduced to our readers last month as the Backwoodsman. Whatever may be the professional knowledge or experience exhibited in this epistle, the talent and singular humour of the author cannot but render it most acceptable. We deem ourselves fortunate in obtaining a copy so early, and in giving a place in our columns to a production of no common literary *gusto* and merit. But although, in one respect, the fact of the cholera appearing at Quebec, almost contemporaneous with the publication, seems contrary to the doctor's opinion, the truth will, perhaps, be found to lie half way between the contagionists and anticontagionists; for it by no means follows, that a contagious disease is not also epidemical. We have heard a curious illustration of the progress of the cholera, in which it was supposed that the infection went floating along through the air, like oil in veins that remain unmixed with water. The inference from which is, that only those take the pestilence on whom a film of it had lighted; or can transmit the taint, unless they have previously received it, either from another, or from the atmosphere.—(O. Y.)

LETTER TO THE PRIMATE OF IRELAND ON THE STATE OF THE
IRISH CHURCH, AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY SIR M O'DOHERTY.

To the Most Reverend Father in God, Richard, Archbishop of Dublin,
Bishop of Glandelagh, Primate of Ireland, and Chancellor of the Illustrious
Order of Saint Patrick, D D, F R S, M R I A, &c &c &c

DEAR DOCTOR,

OF course, I have put your full titles upon the superscription of my letter, but you will permit an old friend to assume the privilege of addressing you on the inside with that title by which you were so long known in Oxford, and which, if things go on as prosperously as they are doing at this present writing, for the church of which you are the primate, will, before long, be the only one left you. I hope you find yourself quite well, and that your old inveterate enemy, the * * *

[Here some private matters intervene]

As for sporting, the country about Dublin is decidedly bad. There is nothing in it—absolutely nothing, and the Dublin men are Cockneys, just as insufferable as those of London. About your diocese of Glandelagh there is some admirable fishing, particularly trout, and salmon fry, beautiful. I recommend—

[Here follow many directions about flus and bait]

All which naturally leads me to the consideration of drinking. In the first place, however, let me say a word as to eating. Cookery, of course, you do not expect in Dublin, unless you have brought an *artiste* with you, and as I believe you started straight from Oxford, where they are still in a primitive state in that science—hardly advanced as yet towards the Cartesian system, far less the Newtonian, and, consequently, without a glimmer of the *Mechanique Celeste* of U'de, I take it for granted that you are obliged to eat as well as you can. There is good *matériel* for food in that country, but Sir John Davis has remarked, in a passage frequently quoted by Mr O'Connell and others, that “there is no nature under the sun which hath a greater craving for indifferent cookery than Irish, provided they can get it.” The fish are excellent, though nothing to the fish of the South.

[A sketch is here given of the Shannon salmon, the Loughree trout, the Ballycotton cod, the Cork turbot, the Kinsale hake, the Roberts Cove lobster, the Kerry oyster, &c]

It is undeniable—and I leave it to your logical mind to discover the reason why—that the claret of Dublin (Sneyd's claret) is far superior to any you will get in London. Of the port I could say much, but I know that in writing to a doctor of divinity, and an old professor of the University of Oxford, I have no right to hold any dissertation on that subject. I acknowledge my master. I admit, that if I ventured to preach on port before you, I should be as absurd as the pedant who lectured Hannibal on the art of war—*ut Agnovi*, but as a graduate of the University of Dublin, of high standing and long practice, I do think myself perfectly qualified to speak on the subject of whisky. On this fluid I could, if there were necessity, write a folio, but I have not time, nor indeed room in this half-quire of Bath post, to do any thing of the kind. I take it for granted that you have made, by this time, considerable progress in the art of imbibing that national liquor, and in due course we may perhaps hope to have an essay upon it from your learned and logical pen. You will no doubt treat it dialectically, as becomes an old professor of the Aristotelian science, dividing it, *secundum qualitatem*, in *Parliamentum* et *potheenum*, vel *first-shottum*, *secundum-shottum*, *over-proofum*, et *proofum*, with the various species and individua under each; and, *secundum quantitatem*, into one, two, or three glasses in each tumbler [a quantity I should not advise you often to exceed], and from five to fifteen tumblers a night, which is certainly as much as any archbishop ought to drink upon ordinary occasions. Try—God rest his soul! as his flock would say—a poor fellow! often and often managed the four-and-twenty, without turning a hair. but then there were few archbishops like him in the world.

[A long series of recipes for making currant and raspberry whisky, with many disquisitions upon the most approved methods of mixing grog, punch, &c, are here

subjoined, all of which are most interesting, and marked evidently by much research. They must be highly gratifying and instructive to his grace the primate of Ireland; but we have not room for them in this closely-confined corner of our Magazine. We hope that their author will be prevailed upon, with the permission of the archbishop, to publish them in a separate essay, with an engraved likeness of his grace as a suitable frontispiece.]

To resume my line of argument. The church in Ireland is done—clean done—clean as a whistle. There is no use in mincing matters about it; you, my dear archbishop, and your friends, have given it the *coup de grace*. It had been pretty well tottering ever since the cry of emancipation came into fashion; but when that excellent measure was carried, it got the knock-down blow, and the worthy Whigs have settled its hash. There is a story somewhere in Titus Livius—of course, in the decade of the second Punic war—that it was prophesied at the birth of somebody, whose name I do not remember, and for which I certainly shall not seek, that he was to be the last chief-magistrate of Capua. Accordingly, when that unhappy city was left by the Carthaginian to its fate, it so happened that nobody could be found to accept the magistracy but this fated individual. The dark wheel of destiny, as the Germans say, rolled on, and Capua, according to the original prophecy, perished beneath his rule. I confess, when I saw Plunkett hoisted upon the wool-sack, and a Whig Oxonian, that blackest of swans, like yourself, placed upon the metropolitan throne of Dublin, I could not help reverting to the Capuan prophecy.

I know what your Grace is going to observe. You are about to say, “D—— it, my good friend, it will last my time.” I am not now an *intonsus puer viridique juvenis*, and I can sack as much money in the mean time as will, if the worst come to the worst, take me back to the bowers of Rhedycina once more, full of coin, there again to dispute on Barba, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, to comment on Aldrich, and to puzzle freshmen with sophisms *secundum quid*. Do you think I care a fig about the church?”

If your Grace had not got into such a heat, you would have found that I was giving you credit for precisely that quantity of solicitude about it, and going to admit, with all the ease of the most well-bred disputant, that all you had done, ever since you have been an archbishop, proves that, except in a *sensible* point of view, your Grace values the Irish church pretty much at the price of the quid which you are at present rolling in your cheek. I was only observing, in my own quiet and unargumentative way, that your Grace and Lord Plunkett were precisely of that class and order of persons who ought to have been most fittingly and appropriately chosen and selected as the last heads, lay and ecclesiastical, of the church over which you were set. It would be perfectly impossible to have found a fitter pair. Feather your nests, then, my dear fellows! feather your nests; and never mind what becomes of the bird out of which you pick these aforesaid feathers.

They are making a sad rumpus here about the new plan of education you and your colleagues have adopted in Ireland. They say it is unscriptural, and all that. Never mind a word of it. Stick by the ministry that made you. Make unto yourself friends of the Lords of the Treasury, and render unto the premier all the services that are the premier's. You will never want plenty of texts of Scripture to back you out at a pinch. Your own logical education ought to help you out at a *distinguo*. You ought to know how to split a difference; and, to do you justice, you have not shewn that you are very slow at taking advantage of your schooling; but if you be ever at a loss, there is a brother at your board—or if not actually a member of it, yet the moving power of whatever Roman Catholic puppets may sit there—the Right Reverend and Particularly Respectable Doctor Doyle, who will instruct you in all particulars wherein it may accidentally happen that you are deficient. But I pray you, if it was only for common decency's sake, turn off that unfortunate fellow Carlisle; because, though he has shewn all due and desirable zeal for twisting a text so as to please the fancy of your Popish allies, yet he does it so bunglingly—he is so abominably ignorant, not only of the languages in which it unluckily happens that the books were originally written, but of the common and ordinary *supellectilia* of criticism, that he is enough to shame the best-managed cause in the world. So, turn off Carlisle: besides, the people here confound him with Car-

like the bookseller, formerly of Fleet Street, but now of Newgate—sent there by the Whigs on the old principle that two of a trade never agree.

This last paragraph, your Grace will observe, is somewhat going out of my way; for my original object in writing to you, was to advise you to make hay while the sun shone, and pick up your crumbs for the few months more the church has to last. Leave the successors as little as you can. As for your inferior clergy, why they must shift for themselves. There is a peculiar, a judicial aptitude in curates for starvation, of which it would be a great pity to deprive them: give them up, therefore, without scruple. Tell them, with your kind-hearted and benevolent friend, Malthus, that Nature's table was full before they applied for admission, and that therefore they had no right to complain if they could not find a seat unoccupied. Or else recommend them to apply to the new powers; and perhaps, after due purification, they may become, like my friend Lord Althorp's brother, George Spenser, very pretty Popish priests, and look ornamental at the altar.

I could not help scribbling you these few lines after hearing the debate on the second reading of the Reform-bill. I wished to put you on your guard, that you might not be deceived by any flattering hopes of another year of incumbency. You are done. Tithes are settled for ever. Church lands will not be long in following—and churchmen follow the land. Set, therefore, your house in order; for, believe one who has had much experience of the party, the first indignation of those who are now about to triumph will fall upon the heads of those who have given them any assistance. I could prove it to you by major, minor, and conclusion, in any of the four figures you would please to name, from Barbara down to Freason.

[Much theology here succeeds.]

So God bless you, doctor, if possible, and put money in your purse, like Grey and Plunkett, because your time is short! The cholera is raging here very much, and I am told it is playing the deuce in Dublin. The best remedy for it is layers of brandy slightly diluted with water, applied in hasty succession to the internal coats of the stomach, between the hours of six in the evening and three in the morning. This has generally been found to be an infallible cure. Whisky will do in Ireland.

In the mean time,
Dear Doctor, I am faithfully yours, M. O'D.

P.S. Put money in your purse—the Whigs have done the church—but do you put money in your purse. Why the deuce else, man, did you go over to Ireland? No other reason in life!

P.S. 2d. You escaped one thing by being in Ireland, which it was luck to escape, even at the chance of the cholera, or the certainty of hearing all the oratory of all Ireland—terrible as that is. I mean the meeting at Oxford of the *lecterawte*. Such a congregation of idiots was, I suppose, never shaken together from the ends of the earth; the magicians who, in Southey's *Thalaba*, are brought to the bottom of the ocean, to be washed away by beat of drum, were an assembly of wise men in comparison. If you had seen the sights, and heard the sounds, which it was my lot to see and hear, because they invited me down there among the other learned and philosophical personages who, in the flowery language of my friend Hamilton, the astronomical professor of my native university, “form the splendid galaxy of British science”—fore Heaven, archbishop! you who know something, who have read books in which there is something worth reading, and who have studied a science which teaches you how to strip nonsense of its wordy covering, and to detect what is knowledge and what is not—I say, Whately, my friend, you would have gone cracked, or else have done as I did, ~~wished~~ ^{preferred} to wash down stuff most execrable by stuff most excellent—~~nonsense~~ ^{by etc.}. It has had, however, one marvellously happy effect, in shewing that all the grub work of your geologists, chemists, botanists, zoologists, and other tinkering slaves of the same kind, is not worth a potato-peeling. All that they said to one another the whole time they were there, in grand palaver assembled, was not much better than a single number of the *Literary Gazette*. God help us! was it worth half a paper of Aristotle? No, no; Whig as you are, you will not say that. You despise the whole concern. Once more, put money into your purse, drink lots of whisky and water; and so *Haveto!*—M. O'D.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXII. SEPTEMBER, 1832.

Vol. VI.

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGGE: A TALE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

A Departure — Female Pedestrianism — Masquerading — Elizabeth Canning.

"Behold them wandering on their hopeless way,
Unknowing where they stray;
Yet sure where'er they stop to find no rest."—SOUTHEY.

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμύχμονη προσεφθι πολυμήνης.—HOMER.

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition —
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."—SHAKESPEARE.

ON quitting Alphonso, and entering the garden, Elizabeth found herself accosted by Mary Jones, who, deeply interested in the safety, and anticipating the movements, of her young mistress, had stationed herself in the garden with the intention of warning her of the impending danger, and preventing her return to the cottage. The poor girl wildly but accurately informed our heroine of the origin of the riot, which was every minute gathering strength, of the strange rumours that circulated among the populace, of their exasperation against her, and of the violence to which she would inevitably be exposed should she venture to encounter them in their present infuriated state. Elizabeth, undismayed by the intelligence, answered her attached and humble friend with a simple expression of compassion for the state of the poor deluded people, and began, with her usual equability of mind and composure of manner, to retrace her steps towards the road.

"The philosopher has said," she

muttered in soliloquy, but still loud enough to be overheard by Mary Jones, who, at a respectful distance, followed her into a path that led over the fields towards Gray's Inn Lane and Holborn Bars—"the philosopher has said, that if he were accused of any even the most impossible crime—if he were charged with having purloined the church steeple and carried it away in his waistcoat-pocket, his first measure would be flight."

"And by far the best measure too!" cried Mary Jones; "who that had their wits about them would stay to be baited by bum-bailiffs and shoved about by sheriffs' officers, if—"

"Inconsiderate creature that I am!" interrupted Elizabeth, suddenly recollecting the absence of her dog; "I protest, in my hurry, I have forgotten Muggletonian. He'll fall a victim to the fury of the mob. Not finding the object of their indignation, they'll vent their blind and ignorant malice upon my unoffending favourite. It were unjust and cruel to abandon him to

such a fate! Instantly will I return and seek him."

"No, no, Miss Elizabeth!" exclaimed her companion; "stay you there in safety, behind the trunk and beneath the spreading shade of yonder oak, where the branches are so closely interwoven that not a single ray of moonlight can make its way, and discover your concealment, while I go back to the house. The people won't know me, or, if they should, they'll allow me to pass without annoyance. Do you wait here, and in a trice I'll return with little Muggy."

"Call him Muggletonian," said Elizabeth: "I have a great dislike to all senseless abbreviations."

It may be questioned whether Mary Jones heard this rejoinder of our heroine; for the faithful creature had no sooner expressed her determination of going in search of the absent animal, than she disappeared with the speed of lightning from the spot; and, before Elizabeth supposed it possible that she could have reached the cottage, her voice was again heard behind her, exclaiming, in a hurried whisper of exultation, "Come along—come along, my mistress! the mob have entered and are ransacking the cottage. I saw them in the parlour; but I passed them unobserved, and have rescued the object of your anxiety."

"Rescued him!—where is he?" demanded Elizabeth; "no Muggletonian do I see!"

"See him!—how should you?" replied Mary; "why, bless your heart, my mistress, the little fellow's fast asleep in my pocket!"

I need not remind my antiquarian readers, that while in the benighted days of the eighteenth century no mantua-maker had yet advanced so far on the march of intellect as to approach the discovery of a reticule, the lap-dogs of those times were small, and the pockets were capacious.

The party being thus completed, they, for a short space, wound their way in silence beneath the bright eye of the silver moon, across the dewy fields and along the green winding paths that conducted to the metropolis. They had reached the top of Gray's Inn Lane before Elizabeth, who, during the progress of their walk, had been taking counsel with herself alone upon the course which it would be most advisable for her to adopt, had fully matured

her plans of operation, and began, in the following words, to open her intentions to her companion:—

"You left me of your own accord, Mary, and in violation of the terms of your indentures: I apprehend you repent yourself of that unhappy measure?"

"Repent me of it!—O, how bitterly!"

"I attempt not to put any constraint upon your inclinations; you are now at liberty to remain with or to leave me. Make your choice freely; but, Mary Jones, make it firmly, and once for all."

"With you—O, with you!" cried the affectionate girl, eagerly seizing and kissing the hand of Elizabeth;—"with you, wherever you go, and whatever may be your destiny!"

"That is well!" rejoined our heroine, giving a slight pressure of acknowledgment to the hand by which her own was respectfully but affectionately grasped; "and from this moment, Mary, no longer regarded as an apprentice, but as a friend, I receive you, as the depository of my most secret thoughts, to the confidence which your fidelity deserves."

"Me!—your confidence! O, Miss Brownrigge!"

"It would be wiser, Mary, to designate me by that name no longer. Nothing can be more foreign from my principles or my inclinations than 'to do evil that good may come.' Never would I attempt to seek an ignominious safety from the persecutions of my enemies beneath the shelter of falsehood or prevarication. I do not, therefore, propose, as perhaps might be the case with many persons of a lower tone of morals, when placed in such an emergency as ours, to assume an *alias*. It is not my intention to change my name altogether, but I shall no longer make use of more than half of it: instead of denominating me Miss Elizabeth Brownrigge, you will henceforth remember, Mary, that my appellation is Mistress Eliza Brown."

"Mistress?"

"Ay—*Mistress*, Mary Jones! The unwedded wife, the virgin widow, of Alphonso Belvidere!"

"Widow, ma'am?"

"From this hour, true to the memory of him to whose love I am for ever dead, and from whose presence I am for ever severed, the lonely sense of

widowhood will perpetually rest upon my heart, and the dark weeds of widowhood shall be the constant habitments of my person."

"O, you cannot surely be so cruel! What! give up poor, dear Mr. Alphonso—such a clever, sweet, virtuous young gentleman—who stands six feet two without his shoes, and who loves you with such devotion?"

"It is because he loves me—because I love him, my friend, that this resolution has been formed. Alphonso is no ordinary man; and his wife, like that of Cæsar, ought not only to be immaculate in herself, but unsuspected by others. The reproach which attaches to me, and from which I fly, is to my conscience, and ought to be to *his*, as an irreversible sentence of divorcement. It is *his* duty to forget a name that has been linked in the public voice with dishonourable epithets; and it is *my* duty to prevent its being ever recalled to his recollection." • • •

"O dear, Miss—"

"Miss, Mary—remember, Mistress!"

"Mistress Elizabeth—"

"Eliza!"

"Well, well!—O dear, Mrs. Eliza Brownrigge!"

"Brown!—that's enough."

"O, Mrs. Eliza Brown! Can you have the heart to jilt that beautiful gentleman?"

"I do not *jilt* him, Mary.—As an act of self-devotion, I offer up my own happiness as a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of his future respectability in life."

"And what, for mercy's sake, do you mean to do, ma'am?"

"That thought is opportunely suggested," replied Elizabeth. "It is, indeed, time that we should provide for the present need. A strict search after us will immediately be set on foot. This we must endeavour to elude. It is first necessary that we should make an alteration in our attire. Attend me here. I'll proceed to yonder warehouse, over the door of which the three golden balls are pendant and the large lamp is blazing, and purchase whatever may be requisite to complete the change of our appearance; and in effecting that change, the deserted stable to our right will afford the decent shelter of its roof."

Elizabeth had no sooner determined upon this plan, than, with that promptitude of execution by which her charac-

ter was distinguished, she took measures for its instant accomplishment. She calmly entered the pawnbroker's, and deliberately made her bargain for the articles required: and, after completing her purchases, many minutes did not elapse before she and her companion issued from the deserted building to which they had retired, entirely metamorphosed in their apparel and appearance. The stained and tattered finery of Mary Jones had given place to the decent linen gown, the close cap, the black bonnet, and the red cloak of a country maid-servant; while our heroine, according to the intention she had previously expressed, assumed the dark garments of widowhood. The watchmen—in those days they still existed—were now vociferating, each upon his peculiar beat, "Past ten o'clock!" Hitherto our fair and interesting friends had proceeded on their way almost unobserved and altogether without interruption; but, on reaching the Holborn end of Gray's Inn Lane, their progress was impeded by the intervention of a dense crowd, which reached from one side of the street to the other, and threatened to oppose a formidable obstruction to their passage. This mass of people were collected together near the gate of Gray's Inn, and, their heads turned back, their mouths open, and their eyes at the fullest stretch, were listening, with intense and silent interest, to a little chimney-sweeper, who, perched on the top of a lamp-post, was bawling forth to the surrounding audience the contents of a large printed bill. As the fair friends approached this peculiar and novel kind of rostrum, they could not help catching a sufficient number of the words which the shrill-tongued urchin was vociferating to enable them to comprehend the import of his communication; and as the phrases, "eloped from her chariot," "foot of the gallows," "Tyburn," "young lady," "sixteen years of age," "fashionably attired," struck upon the ear of Mary Jones, she drew closer and closer to Elizabeth; and when she heard that 200*l.* were offered as the reward of her restoration, she was seized with fear and trembling, and whispered her mistress, in a voice scarce audible, and broken by apprehension, "O, ma'am, 'tis I—'tis I! They'll find me out and take me from you! O, what shall I do?"

"Be calm!" rejoined our heroine, grasping her wrist with an air of dignified authority; "subdue this idle agitation, and follow me in silence;—detection is impossible! Remember you are again yourself, and no longer disguised as a woman of quality!"

The expression "*disguised*" somewhat jarred upon the ear and vanity of Mary Jones; but she felt consoled by the reflection that her identity with the person described in the placard was not likely to be discovered; and, obedient to the directions of the superior mind in subjection to which she acted, she quietly followed in the path that was opened for them as the crowd retired on either side, with an involuntary feeling of respect, before the commanding brow and elevated deportment of Elizabeth. On regaining the open street, our heroine recommenced the detail of those plans for the future, in arranging which her mind had been actively engaged, even while acknowledging, with a graceful inclination of her head from side to side, the kind attention of the mob, and sustaining the fainting spirits of her more dependent and less self-possessed companion.

"We shall soon leave this country for ever, and no more return to it again! Will it grieve you, Mary?"

"Nothing can grieve me as long as I am with you."

"You'll not object, then, to residing in America, whither I purpose retiring to seek an asylum from the tyranny of my persecutors, in the arms of friendship and in a land of liberal opinions."

"Friends in America! I never heard, ma'am, before," cried Mary Jones, "that you had any friends in foreign parts."

"Yes, Mary," replied Elizabeth, with a sigh of tender recollection, "the dearest and the earliest friend I have has long been an unwilling emigrant from her native land, the martyr of inflexible virtue and the victim of an indiscriminating jury. You have, perhaps, heard of Elizabeth Canning?"

"To be sure I have; you mean the girl that was transported for perjury, and who wanted to swear away the life of old Mother Squires, of Enfield Wash!"

"O, Elizabeth, Elizabeth! my school-girl friend! my childhood's anionitress! And is it thus that truth and purity like yours are perverted by the misap-

prehensions, and profaned by the calumnies, of the multitude!"

"Why, la! ma'am," cried the astonished Mary, "is it possible that that wicked woman was really an acquaintance of yours?"

"Hear me, my young friend," replied her mistress, with a calm and gentle tone of admonition, "and ever after learn to mistrust the erring representations of common fame, and to reverence those as the most virtuous of their race whom the voice of public rumour most clamorously condemns. The parents of Elizabeth Canning and myself were not only connected by the ties of blood, but by the far closer ties of affectionate and long-continued intimacy. Their children—playmates from their birth, and sisters by adoption—became the natural inheritors of the friendship by which their fathers and mothers were so inseparably united. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Canning was a few months my elder; but I cannot call to mind the time in which we did not share every study and every amusement together—in which I did not find the hours hang heavy on my hands that were not irradiated by the presence of Elizabeth—the pleasure joyless that was not participated by her—and the lesson uninstructional that was not recommended to my attention by the desire of her approval and the consciousness of her companionship. She was just so much my senior as to be capable of assisting, without leading, me—of facilitating my progress, without directing my studies—of preceding and clearing away the difficulties in the paths of erudition, without outstripping me in the attainment of the goal to which they led. Her principles, formed from childhood by the counsels and the examples of the best and wisest of the human race—I mean her parents and my own—were exalted to a pitch of heroic elevation; and, in whatever guise temptation might assail her, its assaults fell powerless, and rebounded from her invincible purity of character like the spears of the Trojans from the invulnerable body of Achilles. She bore a charmed spirit; and her high-enduring constancy of soul was capable of sustaining every species of allure-ment, and defying every form of intimidation. O, Mary Jones!" cried Elizabeth, "imagine, if I loved such virtue! Did I love her? O, she was my life, my joy, my happiness, my

supplemental conscience, my second self, my counsellor, my friend!"

"And this," said Mary, indignantly, "was the person whom the world had the barbarity to send to gaol and try as a criminal!"

"The world was unworthy of her!" exclaimed our heroine. "When her tale of oppression was related — when it was told that my fair and admirable friend — kidnapped, stunned, and stripped by a band of ruffians; threatened with loss of life; confined for eight-and-twenty days in a cockloft, and deprived of all sustenance, during the time of her imprisonment, but about a quart of water, a few slices of stale bread, and a penny mince-pie that she happened to have in her pocket* — when it was told that such unparalleled inflictions were endured, amid the hardest severities of winter, by a young girl like Elizabeth, at the hands of the most barbarous of men and the most fiend-like of women, because she would not mingle in the pollutions of their orgies, the tale appeared incredible to the multitude. Incapable of comprehending the height of her virtue; they gave belief to the slanders of her oppressors. A judge, a jury, and an English mob, insensible to every feeling of magnanimity themselves, could readily enough imagine that a meek and inexperienced maiden might invent a falsehood and sustain it by perjury; but they were unable to raise their petty souls to the conception of a fortitude like that of Elizabeth

Canning, who suffered the bitterest oppressions in the cause of virtue, and whose virtue was thus tried and confirmed, but was not at all shaken, by the bitterness of the oppressions which she suffered."

"Admirable girl! O, how I repent the injurious opinions I have been taught to entertain of her! How I long to fling myself at her feet, and implore her pardon for my error!"

"That meeting may not be long delayed," resumed Elizabeth: "a vessel will, I know, shortly sail for New England; in it we will take our passage from an ungrateful and benighted land. Till the time of its departure a retired but respectable asylum must be found for us in the neighbourhood of London. O, my ever dear, my oppressed, and most injured friend, my impatience of absence is increased by the probability of our speedy reunion! It is painful to remember that I am separated from the society of so exalted a creature; but that state of separation will have an almost immediate conclusion; and in the mean time it is my duty to be resigned to the inevitable privation."

After this eulogistic apostrophe to Elizabeth Canning, Miss Brownrigge took the arm of her attendant, and bent her way towards Wandsworth, with a view of seeking some quiet lodging, in which she might reside unknown till she bade an everlasting farewell to the country of her birth.

CHAPTER II.

The Cottage — the Apprentices — Mrs. Deacon — a Lover — a Billet-Doux — Despair — a Discovery.

"Dead for a duet, dead!" — SHAKESPEARE.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact." — *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"Heaven, sure, formed letters for some lover's aid." — POPE.

"Qualis populeâ mœrens philomela sub umbrâ
Amisso queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detrahit; at illa
Flet noctem, ranloque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet." — VIRGIL.

DISAPPOINTED by our heroine's escape of a living object on which to vent their indignation, the mob were with difficulty prevented, by the humanity of Timothy Hitch, who was

penetrated with the kindest interest for the property of Elizabeth, and by the prudence of Mr. Deacon, who dreaded the probable effects of a conflagration on premises so nearly connected with

* See the trial of Elizabeth Canning for perjury.

his own, from proceeding to set fire to the cottage. The principle of destructiveness—which may be always regarded as the idiosyncratic and predominating principle of all large masses of the human race—when once excited, is never allowed to pass away without producing its natural effects. It is not more certainly true, that “nothing can come of nothing,” than that “something always comes of something;” and the present mob, faithful to the prevailing instinct of all mobs, did not think of dispersing till they had left in mischief the traces of their having met. They were not, indeed, afforded an opportunity of gratifying their savage propensities, by the murder of a young, lovely, and unoffending woman, or by burning her cottage to the ground, with the chance of involving half the village of Islington in the blaze; but they consoled themselves for the forcible check to which their inclinations were thus subjected, by shattering the carved ivory cabinets, the curious clocks, and the various articles of ornamental furniture—by smashing the glass and china into a thousand pieces—by dashing the pokers through the pictures and mirrors—by tearing up the flowers, trampling upon the borders, levelling the fences, breaking the windows—and by finally effecting a predatory and exterminating inroad on the abundant contents of the cellars, larders, and store-closets.

On the morning of the 25th of June, 1765, the sun shone brightly on the fair abode, the smiling garden, and the well-ordered dwelling of Elizabeth, as on a kingdom happily thriving under the kindly auspices of a Tory administration; on the morning of the 26th the same sun shone full as brightly, but it looked down upon a scene of ruin and devastation, like the same kingdom passed into other hands, and suffering, after a distracting clamour for liberty and reform, under the all-withering government of the Whigs and the Economists.

But the ravages which laid waste the cottage and the surrounding garden of our heroine were not all attributable to the hands of this lawless assembly: devastations were committed for which they were not responsible. They, indeed, had made the premises a wilderness; but it was rapidly converted into a desert by the crowd of inquisitive and curiosity-seeking *virtuosi*, who, on

the following Sunday, came flocking to the village of Islington for the sake of gratifying their eyes with the sight of the spot in which such atrocities had been perpetrated; and each of whom carried away some portable relic as a memorial of his visit, till nothing portable remained to be carried away.

Most eager were the inquiries after the two little girls, Mary Mitchell and Mary Clifford. They had been conveyed, as we have already stated, to the poor-house; where, under the care of the respectable Mrs. Deacon, and under the eye of an incessant succession of visitors, every relief which medical skill and universal sympathy could afford was most liberally administered. The whole country was interested in their fate. The parish authorities found it so impossible to answer individually the numerous inquiries after their health, that a bulletin, signed by three eminent disciples of Esculapius, was posted at the church-door, and changed from hour to hour, as any alteration was discovered in their symptoms.

The public, by the by, had been unfairly dealt with on the occasion; for the first account which they received of this transaction, through the medium of those most veracious of all organs, the newspapers, had declared that both the children were found covered with bruises, beaten to death, and tied up with the same rope to a large beam in the roof of the coal-cellar. Now this was a very striking and impressive story indeed, and was altogether very highly gratifying to his majesty's loyal subjects of England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. It afforded them an ample opportunity for indulging in what Jeremy Bentham has so aptly designated “the pleasures of malevolence,” by rancorous denunciations on the head of the fair Elizabeth; for placing their own tenderness of heart in advantageous contrast with her barbarity, by exaggerated expressions of astonishment at her conduct; and for a cheap exercise of the virtue of charity, by pathetic lamentations over the sufferings of her apprentices. The succeeding post-day, on the other hand, brought intelligence altogether as disappointing; by correcting the falsehood, it very materially diminished the interest of the narrative. Two sick children in a poor-house, desperate as

their case was reported to be in a letter signed by Galen Deacon himself, was a sad falling-off from two *dead* girls in a coal-cellar. But there was still much to keep public curiosity on the stretch, and idle tongues in motion. Their mistress—struck, as it was said, with remorse and alarm—had suddenly disappeared; and the uncertainty of her apprehension was a very interesting circumstance. Then, again, it was doubted whether either, or which of the children, could recover; and the suspense of their fate was an extremely interesting circumstance indeed. To be sure, both might get well—a result which a very humane lecturer against West Indian slavery deprecated with the most earnest fervour of his piety; lest, as he said, “that horrid woman their mistress—if the police were fortunate enough to discover her—should escape the hanging she deserved.” Indeed, this last supposition involved such a shameful fraud upon the dues of public justice, that no one could endure to contemplate it for a moment. The restoration of both children was not to be thought of; in fact, Mr. Deacon was pledged to the public for the death of one of them. In his printed letter on the subject, he had expressed very slight hopes of the recovery of Mary Mitchell, and none at all of Mary Clifford. So one murder still appeared to be certain, if not two; and the multitude lived in eager expectation of the realisation of at least half of the original report, which they hoped to find followed by the highly-important supplement of the detection, trial, confession, last dying-speech, and execution of the murderess.

During this period of excitement, nothing could be more important than Mrs. Deacon's position in the world of Islington and its vicinity. She was at the poor-house the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; and had always the most correct information to give, either from personal inspection or from the immediate intelligence of her spouse. She had suddenly swollen into a person of distinction. Like Lord Byron, the morning after the publication of *Childe Harold*, this lady, the morning after the flight of Elizabeth, “awoke and found herself famous.” She heard of nothing but her penetration, her perseverance, and her humanity—she had always seen through the hypocrisy of Miss Brownrigge—she had always known

that there was something mysterious about her conduct—she had always suspected how the case really stood—she had always predicted that something would be discovered at last—she had afforded poor, old, excellent Mrs. Jukes, the first intimation of the deplorable condition in which her daughter-in-law was placed—she it was who insisted on having the house searched, who had directed that the dear children should be carried to the poor-house, and who had undressed them and anointed their bruises with her own hands—she was, besides, the wife of the apothecary that attended them; and “from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve,” she bustled about from house to house, and from neighbour to neighbour, pouring all that she knew, guessed, or could invent, upon the leading topic of the day, into the thirsty ears of her credulous and curious auditors. This lady was one of those who, from the first, had augured the death of both the apprentices. Her opinion was, that “though Deacon was very clever, and could save a patient's life as long as there was any life in him to save, mortification must inevitably ensue, as the consequence of such bruises as both the children had received; and, as a doctor's wife, she thought her opinion of some value.” This opinion she promulgated, indeed, to all the innumerable friends with whom she was so kind as to communicate on the subject; and when Mary Mitchell was reported better, though the same bulletin declared Mary Clifford dead, it may be doubted whether she was not more *grieved* by the falsification of her prediction than *gratified* by the success of her husband's skill. The case of the apprentices, however, was now, and finally, set at rest. Mary Clifford was a corpse in St. Andrew's churchyard, and Mary Mitchell was disposed of to another mistress, a Jew slopseller in the neighbourhood of Rag-Fair. Such being the case, the full and active interest of Mrs. Deacon's mind was directed into another channel, and became wholly occupied with wondering, and surmising, and inquiring about the retreat of Elizabeth; against whom the coroner's inquest had delivered a verdict of *wilful murder*, and for whose apprehension, a reward of 500*l.* had been offered in the Gazette.

Far different from the feelings of

Mrs. Deacon and her friends were those of Alphonso Belvidere. Removed as his father's residence was from the scene of tumult, the riot, and the attendant devastation of Miss Brownrigge's cottage, on the night of the 25th of June, passed away without its inhabitants receiving any intimation of the event; and when, on the succeeding morning, the baker arrived at the kitchen-door with the hot rolls for breakfast, and the freshest news of the neighbourhood, the domestics, each dreading to be the repeater of any tidings that were injurious to the fame of Miss Brownrigge, after a long discussion on the expediency or inexpediency of relating what they had heard, unanimously resolved to keep silence upon the subject, and leave the knowledge of events so important to their young master's happiness to extend itself as chance might direct. In total ignorance, therefore, of all the miserable circumstances that had taken place, his fancy bright as the morning, his spirits light as the summer gales that were playing about his cheeks, his mind full of delightful recollections, and his heart bounding high with animating hopes, Alphonso, after a rapid repast, started from the breakfast-table, that he might snatch a moment of brief converse with his Elizabeth before the hour in which the Islington stage started for the Bank. Happy in himself, he dreamt not of aught but happiness around him—at peace with his own breast, he could not entertain a thought of enmity against another; and when he met Mr. and Mrs. Deacon advancing, with a hurried step and an air of bustling importance, towards the poor-house, he quickened his already rapid pace, and, forgetting the disagreeable skirmishes of the preceding afternoon, approached them with a smile of welcome, and extended to either neighbour the hand of frank and cordial salutation. To his surprise, the offered courtesy, which was but coolly answered by Mr. Deacon, was disdainfully rejected by the lady. Till that moment Alphonso had never given a second thought to the extraordinary dialogue in which he had so recently exposed himself to her indignation. But as the recollection of it shot across his mind, a sense of the ridiculous nature of his position was simultaneously engendered, which exhibited itself in the involuntary sparkling of his eye and

the playful curling of his upper lip. The expression, slight and fleeting as it was, did not escape the jealous and irritable glance of Mrs. Deacon. Her whole soul was stirred within her; she felt insulted in thought; and, perceiving that Alphonso was still unconscious of the events at the cottage, she found herself in possession of the means of extorting an ample vengeance for the contumely he had offered to her charms, and resolved to make the fullest use of the advantage which was thus afforded her by a chance so favourable to her malignity.

"A wretched business this!" said Mrs. Deacon, her eye glancing a look of insolent triumph, her cheeks and lips chilled and white with the icy touch of malice, her voice half choked with passion, and its accents rendered peculiarly offensive by an abortive attempt to assume a tone of compassion—"a wretched business this! But I always foretold how it would turn out."

"No better—no better this morning," said Mr. Deacon; "I've already been twice to look at the bruises, and examine the effect of my lotions; but I don't entertain a hope."

"Scarified from top to toe," said his wife; "great wales all over the back and loins, as big as my fist, and striped all manner of colours, like a rainbow."

"There's not a chance of life," said Mr. Deacon.

"No, not a chance! mortification must inevitably take place," added his wife.

"Whom are you speaking of?" demanded Alphonso; "whose life is in danger? who has been thus barbarously treated?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Deacon, "its just as I related—just as I said; though Mr. Belvidere and Mr. Alphonso Belvidere did so peremptorily put me down. It's all as I predicted; and your Miss Elizabeth——"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the agonised Alphonso, "what of Elizabeth? Has she got great wales on her back? has she been beaten black and blue? is her life in danger?"

"Yes, that indeed is it," replied Mrs. Deacon, bridling up, and kindling as she spoke with the anticipated triumph of an embryo repartee. "Mightily, indeed, is her life in danger, if the constables can but get hold

of her; and, though her neck is so delicate, she may yet chance to find it too large for the halter."

"Woman! woman!" cried Alphonso, "if you are not lost to every feeling of compassion as of shame, at once disclose the meaning of these horrible enigmas."

"Woman!—Shame!—Compassion! Enigmas!"—ejaculated Mrs. Deacon, with a little titter of complacent malice, and still swelling more and more with the rapid and abundant secretion of that black venom which, engendered of jealousy and revenge, she was preparing to vent forth in one annihilating gush upon her victim. "Why, the meaning's plain enough, Mr. Alphonso Belvidere, since you are so anxious for the discovery of 'my *enigma*,' as you call it; the meaning is, that your sweet, beautiful, amiable Miss Brownrigge, has whipped her two dear little apprentice girls till they've been carried all but dead to the poor-house; and my young lady has had the prudence to take herself off, and nobody knows where to look after her!"

The words were no sooner uttered than, as if a pistol had been fired through his brain, our hero fell as one dead at the feet of his informant.

Now this was more than Mrs. Deacon designed: it was not her wish to kill him altogether. She would not have been displeased if her words had given him a brain fever, or a serious fit of illness. Had the result been a strait waistcoat or a consumption, it would have gratified her extremely; but his sudden death was neither expected nor desired. Mrs. Deacon was a philanthropist, according to the modern school of philanthropy. She patronised slow and lingering inflictions. With regard to our criminal law, she had universally professed herself to be a zealous reformer, on the score of humanity. Her mild and tender heart had always sickened at the very thought of a capital punishment. She was a steady advocate for the substitution of labour for life, and solitary imprisonment in its place; and when she saw Alphonso lying pale and senseless on the ground before her, reflecting on the world of excruciating anguish which he would necessarily be spared, while the fate of the children was in doubt, and during the pursuit, the prosecution, and perhaps the final condemnation of Elizabeth—like a

cat, which will not destroy, but loves to keep her prey in the agony of a suspended destruction—she became intensely anxious that the animation of which her intelligence had deprived him should be quickly and effectually restored. Actuated by these feelings in his favour, Mrs. Deacon earnestly implored her husband to administer his professional assistance. That gentleman's ready lancet was immediately in his hand; and, after the loss of a good deal of blood, and swallowing a small quantity of water, the connubial and medical pair had the gratification of seeing the young man conveyed to his father's house on a litter, greatly exhausted in body, and in a high state of mental delirium.

By the by, though I forgot to mention it before, the full and particular account that Mrs. Deacon was enabled to give of this event, which, according to the lady's report, occurred while she was endeavouring to break the matter to poor Mr. Alphonso as tenderly as possible, conducted in no trifling degree to enhance the temporary consideration which she enjoyed during the state of public excitement on Miss Brownrigge's cause.

Alphonso was confined to his room, and perfectly unconscious of the momentous occurrences that were happening around him for several days. During this state of insensibility little Mary Clifford died; his love was publicly gazetted as a murderess; and the most diligent exertions were made to discover her retreat. The sole and indefatigable attendant on his illness and his affliction was his father. By night, Mr. Belvidere kept silent watch beside his couch; by day, he was ever near to administer the appointed medicines, and catch, in the direction of his eye or the slightest motion of his hand, the intimation of his wishes or his wants. When, at length, his delirium left him, and the powers of his mind were restored, a far higher and more important office devolved on the excellent parent of Alphonso. It was then his task to counsel his son with the lessons of his wisdom and experience, and to fortify his failing spirits under the accumulated burden of the distresses which were pressing on him, by the energy of his own moral and religious principles. Seldom has a case occurred in which such succours were more urgently required. Our

hero was not only afflicted by the absence of his Elizabeth; he did not only grieve over the uncertainty of her fate, and the perils by which she was surrounded; but he was suffering from her voluntary and most unexpected rejection of him. On the morning of his recovered consciousness, the following letter reached the manor-house, by means of the penny post:—

“ July 1, A.D. 1765, N.S.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Having every reason for confiding in your late assurances of esteem and regard, I am not without apprehension that this communication may occasion you some degree of inconvenience. Circumstances over which I had no control, and which you must at this writing be fully acquainted with, have rendered it expedient that I should travel abroad. It is my intention never to return to England. We shall, consequently, meet no more. Want of time prevents my having the pleasure of detailing the reasons which have induced this determination; but that good opinion of my judgment and discretion which you have so frequently described yourself as entertaining, will be sufficient to satisfy you that it has not been adopted without strong and substantial grounds. You will be so good as to present my compliments to any neighbours that may be interested in my welfare; and, with my best respects to your honoured father and my very kind friend, Mr. Belvidere, senior, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,
ELIZABETH BROWNRIGGE.”

“ For Mr. Alphonso Belvidere,
Manor House, Istrington.”

This letter, with the post-mark “ Cheapside” upon it, and destitute of any other clue that might serve to guide him to her retreat, was the only intimation which our hero received of the existence of his mistress. That her resolution was formed on principles of the most perfect wisdom, he had not the temerity to doubt; but, alas! our consent to the justice of the sentence which may be passed upon us affords very little alleviation for the misery which we may suffer from its infliction. Alphonso’s wretchedness was extreme: the sun of his existence had set. He only lived on the hope of calling Elizabeth his own. All the prospects of his ambition, all the exertions of his genius, had her happiness for their object; and the sole enjoyment which

he anticipated from the success and affluence that awaited him was to result from witnessing the blessings which they would enable him to lavish upon her who was so inestimably dearer to him than himself;— and that she should give him up! That he should be abandoned by one for whom he would have been content to die in torture, and without whom existence was a burden too intolerable to be endured,—the very thought was madness to him! Why, at the slightest hint from her, he would willingly have relinquished his home, family, country, fortune, fame—all his possessions in the present, all his expectations for the future—and have deemed it delight and privilege enough to be allowed to labour for her support, and procure for her the necessities and the conveniences of life by the sweat of his brow, an unregarded stranger in the midst of strangers, and an alien in the stranger’s land! And then, to be put away so calmly, and for ever, and without a single expression of regret! The consideration of these things drove him to desperation; and, in the changeful paroxysms of his agony, he would now clench his fists, and stamp violently upon the ground, and beat his breast, and tear his hair, and utter the most piercing shrieks and exclamations of suffering; and then—as if the more acute sense of pain was blunted by continued endurance, and nature, exhausted by the excess of torture, had relapsed into insensibility,—he would sit silent, motionless, and abstracted, with the tears fast-flowing, like rivulets from ever-springing fountains, down his cheeks, and without exhibiting the slightest consciousness of the presence of the persons or circumstances around him. Still, reduced as Alphonso was by the loss of his Elizabeth, his own sufferings had not abated, or in the least degree diminished his interest for her safety; and the dread of her apprehension was another poisoned shaft from the bow of destiny that rankled in his so severely-wounded breast. Aware, however, of her intention to depart from England, and finding that several weeks of vain pursuit had already elapsed during which the police authorities had been baffled in all their attempts to discover her abode, both he and his father had begun to lose much of their first apprehension on her account, and to trust,

with considerable confidence, to the probability of her having succeeded in effecting her escape.

Such was the posture of affairs when, on the evening of Saturday the 15th of August, Mr. Belvidere persuaded his son to leave his room, and essay the tranquillising effects of a brilliant sunset, and of the fair and fertile scenery of Islington, in giving a happier direction to his thoughts. At the earnest request of Alphonso, they had quitted the precincts of the manor-house, and bent their steps towards the spot on which Elizabeth's cottage had once smiled. "*Campos ubi Troja fuit.*" Mr. Belvidere had suggested to his son, that the review of scenes once so dear, and now so pregnant of painful recollections—once so fair, and now so devastated—would be too severe a trial of his fortitude; but Alphonso overruled every objection; and the kind-hearted father assented to his wishes, extending the aid of his age-enfeebled arm to sustain the tottering steps of his emaciated and grief-enfeebled son.

"When this sad visit is over, my boy," said Mr. Belvidere, "I trust that the extreme bitterness of your grief will be past; that we shall have attained the climax of our sorrow, and that we may look for brighter and happier days to come."

"Oh, my father," said Alphonso, "you can never have known what *real* grief is, or you would not speak thus."

"At your early years, Alphonso, I certainly was not acquainted with affliction: there are few, indeed, that are. Yours is a peculiar and a mournful exception from the common lot; but who ever reached my time of life without being well informed of the flavour of the cup of sorrow. In early life, with good spirits and good looks, which are as strong magnets that draw love and friendship towards us, almost every thing around us conduces to elate our souls; but, in after-life, as our spirits and our looks decline, friendship becomes languid, and love falls from us, and there is scarcely any thing that does not tend to depress them."

"Oh! you talk of the ordinary casualties of life, and the regrets and disappointments which are incident to ordinary men; but you have never grieved as I have grieved,—you have never wept such scalding tears as those

which, like streams of burning lava, are now flowing from my eyes."

"And, yet, I have shed tears of much bitterness, Alphonso."

"Father, you cannot have fathomed those extreme depths of sorrow which I have been marked out by the inveteracy of fate to penetrate and explore; you have not been doomed to undergo that concentration of all agonies in one—the loss of the object of your love."

"Do you forget, Alphonso, whose tomb it is that stands on the right of the chancel-door?"

"Oh! but did that loss excruciate the inmost recesses of your soul? Did the contemplation of it scarify your brain, and send molten lead and liquid fire circulating instead of blood throughout your veins? Did it turn your meat to poison, your drink to gall, your sleep to unimaginable horror? Did it make the light of day a torture to the eye, and the darkness of night an appalling oppression to the soul? Did that loss, my father, work for you what the loss of my Elizabeth has wrought for me? Did it convert the universe into one vast gloomy dungeon; and the solid globe on which we stand into an instrument of torture; and every pulse that reports the assurance of our existence to the mind into another stretch of agony upon the wheel, or another blow from the iron bar of the executioner?"

"No, my poor child, my grief certainly did not afflict me in the way you speak of; but when your dear mother died, after twenty years of happiness together, if you had not looked up from your cradle and smiled upon me, I think it would have broken my heart."

As they were thus conversing, Mr. Belvidere and his son arrived at the ruins of Miss Brownrigge's cottage, and were joined by Mrs. Deacon. That lady had observed their approach from the gate of her garden, and advanced to meet them, with many kind inquiries after the health of Mr. Alphonso, and many voluble congratulations on seeing him again abroad.

To our hero, every word she uttered was as a poisoned arrow to his soul. Mrs. Deacon knew it was so; and the pleasure which she experienced in contemplating his emaciation, and goading by* sly touches the raw and wounded places of his breast, would not allow her to retire from the society

into which she had impertinently obtruded herself, though Mr. Belvidere scarcely deigned her a reply, and Alphonso remained wrapped in moody and impenetrable silence. As the lady was thus bestowing the full fruits of her vocabulary and her humanity on the gentlemen, in the front of the ruined flower-beds and depopulated parterres of Elizabeth's dwelling, her eloquence was interrupted by an exclamation from Alphonso, who, after having for some time fixed his eyes attentively on a particular spot of the garden, where a broken rose-tree was lying along the path, suddenly cried out,—“It is he! I thought so from the first; it is poor dear Muggletonian himself!” and then, breaking with a strong effort from his father's side, he rushed towards the place where the little animal was crouching, covered with dust, panting with fatigue, and wasted from want of food. Though conveyed away from the premises in Mary Jones's nocket, Muggletonian had contrived to find its way back again to Islington. Directed by that sure instinct with which some animals are so wonderfully endowed, the little creature had left his mistress in her new abode, and hastened, with a love of place that particularly dis-

tinguished him, to regain the well-known haunts of his early and accustomed home. Alphonso, intoxicated with delight at obtaining any thing which had been possessed and was valued by his Elizabeth, caught Muggletonian eagerly in his arms, and pressed him to his breast, and smothered him with a multitude of kisses. In this operation, his eye fell upon the collar; it was inscribed, “*E. B., Wandsworth, Surrey.*”

“Father, my father, she's found! she's found! I have discovered the abode of my Elizabeth!” cried Alphonso, losing all presence of mind in the ecstasy of his joy,—“Let us not delay a moment! Let us instantly away. Father, see here; she's at Wandsworth!”

The exertion that he had made, and the violent excitement of his strongest and most inward affections, were more than his debilitated frame could support, and he fainted in his father's arms.

“Wandsworth!” muttered Mrs. Deacon to herself; and she gave a hint of the direction in which Elizabeth was to be sought before she sent the assistance, that she had pretended to go in search of, to the relief of Alphonso.

CHAPTER III.

The Apprehension — Elizabeth's Defence — Death — Conclusion.

“Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company

Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold from law can take out the sting;
And if rich men like us were to swing,

‘Twould thin the land, such numbers to string

Upon Tyburn tree.”—GAY, *Beggar's Opera*.

Ἄλ, ἄλ, ἄλ, ἄλ. δαίμων, δαίμων,

Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἄλ, ὦ τάλαι.—SOPHOCLES.

ELIZABETH, attended by Mary Jones, the temporary disturbance of whose intellect had entirely disappeared on a return to her accustomed habits of submission, and seemed to have been cast off with the trappings of her sin and vanity,—Elizabeth, with this her humble friend and companion, had established herself in an elegant and commodious apartment in the romantic village of Wandsworth. The house she had selected for her abode belonged to a Mr. Dunbar, who with his wife and children occupied the upper and lower stories, leaving the drawing-rooms at the disposal of their

lodger. Our heroine, always anxious to discover and to improve an opportunity of benefiting her fellow-creatures, did not allow her residence in this family to pass away without their deriving some advantage from her sojourn amongst them. By adopting the Socratic mode of questioning the children, she led them to comprehend the meaning of the lessons which they had previously only known by rote. She instructed her host in an easier and less complex mode of book-keeping, an admirable refinement, of her own invention, on the system of double entry; she also imparted some

highly valuable hints on the subject of domestic economy to her hostess, by which she was enabled to reduce her monthly bills from 7 to 7½ per cent on their former amount, and dispense with the hire of a weekly charwoman. Thus, "dropping the manna" of her wisdom in the way of an ignorance-starved people, Elizabeth by the means of her intellectual superiority — heightened as its influence was by the splendour of her beauty and the dignity of her manners—won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." The affections of every heart, and the praises of every tongue, were prodigally bestowed on her; and when, on the evening of Saturday the 15th of August, she informed Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar that it was her intention on the following Monday to quit their lodgings, and embark on board the vessel that was to convey her to America, they were afflicted at the intelligence as at the thought of parting with some, well-beloved relative, and volunteered a very considerable abatement of the rent and much additional accommodation, with the hope of inducing her to remain an inmate of their dwelling. The kind solicitude of the elder, and the tears of the younger Dunbars, were necessarily unavailing. With danger and bitter enemies in England, with security and Elizabeth Canning in America, our heroine could have no hesitation with regard to the course she ought to follow. She remained fixed in her original determination; but yet the kindness and the interest which these honest people exhibited for her could, not fail of adding another to the many causes of regret which already existed in carrying that determination into execution.

No suspicion had ever entered the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar that, in the person of the fair and gentle widow, Mrs. Eliza Brown, whom they and their family cherished with so sincere an affection, they were affording concealment to the notorious culprit for whose apprehension a large reward was offered; whom, under the designation of Mother Brownrigge, every tongue was talking of with execration; with the account of whose barbarity the newspapers were teeming; and whose features and manners, portrayed by the hand of prejudice, were represented as indicating, in distinct and not-to-be mistaken characters,

the peculiar ferociousness of her disposition. In conversing with our heroine, her host and hostess had often enlarged upon the recent events at Islington, and expressed their abhorrence of the treatment which the little apprentices had received at the hands of their mistress; but not a word or look had ever evinced that their lodger entertained the slightest knowledge or interest in the fate of the person they condemned. She had sometimes, indeed, attempted to mitigate the rancour of their feelings and expressions, by suggesting general arguments of charity, and reminding her friends that, according to the laws of England, every individual, of whatever crime accused, was considered as innocent till he or she was proved to be guilty; but this mild and temperate view of the subject occasioned no surprise, as being in harmony with her constant practice; and, besides, she at the same time acknowledged that, if the facts were true, their indignation was completely justified. What, then, must have been the astonishment of these worthy people when, on the morning of Sunday the 16th of August, about half past ten, as the bells were ringing for church, and the whole family were preparing to obey the summons, a post-chaise drove up to the door, and they saw the fair object of their attachment suddenly seized by a couple of tipstaves under the name of Elizabeth Brownrigge, and ordered to mount the carriage and to accompany them to town. The scene existed but for a moment—a brief and agitated moment. Mr. Dunbar was in tears—Mrs. Dunbar in hysterics—Mary Jones fainted away; the elder children clung to Elizabeth and screamed—the younger children ran to their mother and squalled;—Elizabeth, the incomparable Elizabeth! was the only one whose constancy was not disturbed. Releasing herself from the friendly embraces that delayed her movements, and casting on the assembled group a smile of inexpressible tenderness and pity, she said, "Allow me, Mr. Dunbar, to offer you my thanks for the many civilities which I have received during the time of my residence under your roof. Have the kindness, also, to express my obligations to the worthy lady your wife, when those distressing paroxysms, of which I have been the unintentional cause, are over. Pray,

add to the many favours for which I am already your debtor, by informing my servant, when she comes to herself, that I shall expect her attendance in London. My young friends, I hope to hear of your continuing to be good children, and proving the source of happiness and credit to your parents. Adieu! Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you." And, with these words, one of the sheriffs' officers having entered before her, she placed her foot upon the steps of the post-chaise, and ascended the vehicle with her accustomed air of calm and dignified composure.—The magnanimity of her soul, like Mr. Smeaton's *pharos* on the Eddystone, was firmly fixed upon the rock of the soundest principles, and diffused a light around it, for the guidance of those who were beating the waves upon the dark and troubled ocean of adversity, but was itself unshaken by the storm.—The other bailiff jumped in after her, the door of the carriage was closed, and they started on the road to London as fast as four horses could carry them.

Elizabeth was immediately conveyed to Newgate, where Mary Jones joined her in the course of the day. She would admit no other person to her presence. Alphonso and his father, repeatedly solicited an interview; but, though our heroine tempered her refusal by the most considerate expressions of her esteem and regard, she could not be prevailed upon to accede to their requests. The grounds of her objections were twofold. In the *first* place, from the prejudices excited against her in the public mind, she felt convinced that an impartial judge and jury could never be assembled for the trial of her cause; and therefore, as her condemnation was certain, the meeting her friends again could prove neither more nor less than a vain renewal of the misery of parting from them. And, in the *second* place, limited as she was, during her residence in Newgate, to the use of a single apartment, she had no chamber but the one in which she slept for the reception of her guests; and the *feelings* of female delicacy pleaded, in confirmation of the conclusions of her judgment, against the admission of their visits. Till the day of her trial at the Old Bailey, attended only by Mary Jones, and excluding herself from all society except the stated and official calls of the chaplain, the fair and excellent Elizabeth adopted, as

nearly as circumstances would allow, the same admirable disposition of her time to which she had been accustomed when inhabiting her own romantic bower in the village of Islington. She completed a large stock of baby-linen for the poor; she perused and commented upon the principal new publications of the day; and she composed an elaborate parallel between the characters of Socrates and Lady Jane Grey, after the manner of Plutarch. These are the two distinguished personages, in the whole range of authentic history, who in their strength of mind, purity of life, and extensive accomplishments, bore the strongest resemblance to herself; and to them, perchance, the attention of our heroine was more particularly directed in the quiet and retirement of her cell by the many points of similarity which subsisted between their destiny and her own.

On Saturday the 12th of September, Miss Brownrigge was conducted, at nine o'clock in the morning, from her cell at Newgate, to undergo her trial at the Old Bailey. The yells and hootings of the mob that greeted her were deafening and terrific; but, prepared, as the fair Elizabeth was, for this display of misdirected indignation, and sustained under it by the consciousness of innocence, the clamour of their insults past by her unregarded; and even when, on entering the dock, the dense crowd collected in the court began to exhibit the rancour of their enmity towards her by hissings and reproaches, she did not deign to yield them any other notice of their contumely than a smile of the gentlest and most elevated compassion.

Elizabeth had requested her friends, as a last and especial favour, to abstain from attending this most momentous scene. Their presence, she was well aware, could not afford her any additional encouragement or support; while the consciousness of the pain which *they* were undergoing on her account, might have the effect of shaking her resolution and impairing her self-possession. Her commands had been attended to. Mr. Belvidere and Alphonso had taken their station at a neighbouring hotel, hoping against hope, that virtue might triumph over prejudice—that an acquittal might be the result of the proceedings—and that the sun of happiness might yet again shine full upon their fortunes; but

they did not presume to appear in the hall of the Old Bailey, in opposition to the desire which the fair object of their interest and attachment had so touchingly expressed. Around her and before her, in the judge upon the bench, in the jury, in the witnesses, and in the whole congregated multitude, Elizabeth did not perceive a single eye that was not turned upon her with an expression of sternness and of loathing; nor could she believe that a single individual was to be found in the assembly who did not deem all further inquiry a mere form of supererogation, or who was not prepared, at once and unheard, to condemn her to the scaffold. Still, her fortitude never for a moment failed her. As soon as the disturbance consequent on the entrance of our heroine into court had ceased, the trial commenced. Elizabeth pleaded "Not Guilty;" but the plea was followed by shouts of exasperated derision; and the judge, in commanding silence, seemed to participate in the sentiments of the multitude, while he checked the expression of them as disorderly. The depositions of the witnesses were quickly given, and allowed to pass unsifted by the salutary process of cross-examination. After Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Jukes, the master of the poor-house, &c. &c., had delivered their evidence, Miss Brownrigge was asked whether she had any witnesses to call, or any thing to urge in her defence. She had been allowed a chair in the dock during the progress of the case against her. On being addressed by the bench, she rose slowly, but firmly, from her seat; and, while all was hushed around her, replied in the following words:—

"My lord, if it were my intention or my desire to influence the judgment of those on whom the determination of this cause depends, by any other arguments than such as may immediately apply to the facts of the case, and address themselves exclusively to the reason, I should, on the present occasion, attempt to deprecate the severity of my hearers, and conciliate their benevolence, by directing their attention to the age, the sex, the fortune, the well-known character, and the previous conduct of the individual who now appears in the degraded situation of a prisoner at your lordship's bar. But I have no such wish. I stand here to vindicate my much-calumniated

name; to rebut the imputation of a crime most abhorrent from my nature; to justify my plea of 'Not Guilty;' and, as far as in me lies, to nullify that unjust sentence of condemnation which has already been past upon my conduct, and which, deeply engraven by the iron pen of malice on the adamantine rock of popular prejudice, no testimony can ever effectually eradicate, and not even an acquittal at this august tribunal could have the power of totally reversing. But, hopeless as my case may be—judged, as I already am, by the voice of public opinion, I disdain to have recourse to the vain arts of the rhetorician in my defence; and, whether I stand or fall, my exculpation shall rest upon the simple foundations of truth and reason, and of truth and reason alone.

"I am accused, my lord, of having whipt my little apprentice girl Mary Clifford to death. Supposing that my heart was as insensible to the cries of infant suffering, and my moral principles as perverted as my enemies would represent, what motive could have induced the perpetration of so abominable an act of inhumanity? What benefit could I derive from her decease? They who impute the crime should find out in what manner I could be benefited by the commission of it. Has the whole course of your lordship's experience ever brought you in contact with a culprit who was guilty of a gratuitous homicide, and who volunteered incurring the severest penalties of the law, without the prospect of gratifying some prevailing passion of our common nature, or securing to himself some anticipated advantage? No such being ever lived. Your lordship's acquaintance with the ordinary springs and general motives of human conduct must convince you, that such an offender would prove a monstrous and unheard-of anomaly in the history of the human race. Yet, my lord, such is the unfruitful folly of guilt, such is the objectless delirium of iniquity, which the witnesses for the prosecution have had the unblushing effrontery to lay this day to my charge.

"My lord, I had no reason for desiring or seeking the death of the child; on the contrary, it was for my advantage that she should retain her activity unimpaired, and her strength unbroken. Every accident that befell Mary Clifford was to my own especial injury; for to

what end was she bound my servant, but that I might profit by her services?

"The child is dead. Granted. But does it therefore follow that she must have died in consequence of a blow? The deceased and Mary Mitchell, her fellow-apprentice, were, we learn, both conveyed to the poor-house, terrified at the riotous attack which had been made by a band of misguided ruffians upon the humble dwelling of their mistress. May not the fright have been too powerful for nerves so weak as hers, and have produced the dissolution of the younger child, though the elder was strong enough to survive its operation? Is death an unfrequent consequence of terror? But again, my lord; supposing that she did not fall the victim of her apprehensions, but that her end was really hastened by a *blow*, why should the chastisement which was dealt by the friendly hand of a mistress, with a rod, upon her back, be fixed upon as the cause, when it is notorious that the child had received many and very severe contusions on more vital parts of her body, inflicted by the stones and missiles of the multitude?

"My lord, this is not all: the deceased was for several days exposed to the peril of the draughts, and pills, and lotions of Mr. Deacon. What reason have we for presuming that instruments, which have so often proved mortal in other cases, were wholly innocent in the case of my late unhappy apprentice?

"My lord, I have but one word more to add: it relates to the extreme supposition, that the child really suffered from the correction which I thought it my duty to inflict. Admitting such to be the case, is it possible that the voice of justice can attach the *guilt* of murder to my act, or the laws consider me as obnoxious to the *penalty* of murder? The chastisement which I dealt the child was dealt as lovingly as to a child of my own; it was given after much deliberation, with feelings of deep regret, and with a view to her temporal and eternal welfare. Was I to blame, my lord, in administering such correction? No; my conscience acquits me; and I am satisfied that your lordship's better judgment sends back a responsive echo to that silent but most satisfactory acquittal. All errors of conduct are symptoms of moral diseases; punish-

ment is moral medicine. I may, perchance, actuated by too eager a desire for the rapid cure of my little and much-cherished patient, have dispensed my alteratives too liberally, and produced an untoward, an unexpected, and a most deeply-lamented consequence; but am I, therefore, to be condemned as guilty? In the analogous case of the physician, whose too-abundant anodynes may have lulled the sufferer to endless slumbers, or whose too copious phlebotomy may have let out the fever and the life at one and the same moment from the veins, would this most harsh and unmerciful measure be applied? My lord, you know that it would not; and, admitting the fact, which I most decidedly disbelieve—but admitting the fact of my having caused the death of Mary Clifford, as no malice on my part can be imputed—no object but her ultimate good presumed—no motive but correction ascribed to me, I demand from the justice of your lordship and a jury of my countrymen—as a matter not of mercy, but of right—the same impunity in *my* case which would be accorded, freely and unasked, under parallel circumstances, to the medical practitioner."

With these words our heroine resumed her seat. The eloquence of her style and the forcible arguments of her defence produced a most extraordinary effect upon the audience. Not a single look or even murmur of disapprobation was again levelled at her during the period of her remaining in the court.

The summing-up of the judge inclined most favourably towards her. The jury hesitated in their decision; and it was supposed by several who were present, and saw how far the sentiments of the jury had been conciliated by the powerful influence of her speech, that Elizabeth would certainly have been acquitted altogether, but for a stratagem of Mrs. Deacon. That lady, who was still in court, perceiving that the jury were in doubt, and anxious for the condemnation of her rival, suddenly screamed out that she saw the ghost of Mary Clifford, standing in a menacing attitude at the side of the prisoner in the dock; and then caused herself to be carried out of the court in a state of violent hysterics. This event decided the cause. The jury were awe-stricken; they came, at once, to a unanimous decision; and the foreman

delivered in the verdict, "GUILTY OF WILFUL MURDER."

Elizabeth, as soon as the sentence of death had been passed, made her court-
esy with grace and dignity to the bench and the jury-box, and was conducted to the condemned cell, to await till the following Monday her execution at Tyburn. With less than forty hours to linger in this world, she requested that no one should be allowed to intrude upon her privacy, and applied herself to the final arrangement of her affairs with that equanimity of mind which had distinguished her in every other period of her life. The cell in which she passed her time between the trial and her death has been consecrated by the muse of George Canning, in some most impressive lines, which may be found in the early pages of the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

The morning of Monday the 14th of September at length arrived. I will not recapitulate all the formal ceremonies that preceded the departure of the procession from Newgate—the breakfast of the sheriffs and their friends—the throng of curious visitors who assembled in the press-yard—the leave-taking with Mary Jones—the solemn address which Elizabeth delivered to her fellow-prisoners—the mounting the fatal cart—and the funeral procession to Tyburn. The fair and innocent victim of popular prejudice was followed by a repetition of those incessant yells and vulgar execrations to the place of execution which had accompanied her, on the preceding Saturday, to the place of judgment. The train at length reached the spot which had been mortal to the lives of thousands. Elizabeth was still firm in the energy of her high resolves and her conscious integrity. Timothy Hitch alone was agitated and in tears. His hands trembled to such a degree, from the excitement of his nerves, that they could scarcely fasten the fatal cord about her neck.

The awful moment had now arrived. Our heroine's last communication with the ordinary was over; she had expressed the forgiveness of all her enemies—she had bestowed a last memorial of her regard on the gentle Timothy—and she was preparing to utter a few sentences of parting exhortation to the assembled multitude—when, rising several inches above the crowd that passed upon him, and immediately in front of the scaffold, pale with sickness and

with grief, she suddenly caught a glimpse of Alphonso Belvidere. As their eyes met, he raised a phial to his mouth, and cried, "Elizabeth, my own Elizabeth, our love has been on earth!—our spousals shall be in the grave! We may not live, but we will die together!"

"No, Alphonso! for the sake of your father and of my fame," she exclaimed, "dismiss so wild, so inexcusable an intention.—You will not obey!—What!—How is this!—Good people, tear away, I entreat you, yon vile and deadly potion from that madman's hand!"

The people obeyed her mandate—the laudandum was dashed upon the ground; but Alphonso's hand was immediately turned to the butt-end of another weapon of death, which lay concealed in the side-pocket of his coat.—There was a pause.—The gaze of the mob was again directed towards Elizabeth.—The cap was drawn over her eyes—the final signal was given—the drop fell, and, as it fell, the explosion of a pistol was heard on the spot where Alphonso stood.—The attention of the multitude was diverted from the struggles of Elizabeth to the agonies of her lover.—The ball had taken effect.—He tottered, and sank in the arms of the by-standers, crying, as the last breath of life departed from him, "I come—I come, love! I could not live without thee in the world, and I hasten to join thee for ever in the tomb!"

The reader may perhaps be anxious to know the fate of the rest of the personages of my historic tale. Old Mr. Belvidere died of a broken heart soon after the transactions which we have recorded, and left the amount of his large fortune in charities, with an annuity to an elderly resident of Islington, on the condition of her seeing Elizabeth's lap-dog, Muggletonian, supplied with a kennel in the neighbourhood of the cottage that he was so attached to, and the daily allowance of sixpennyworth of cat's meat.

Mary Jones, to whom Elizabeth had bequeathed the whole of her property, married Timothy Hitch, who withdrew from public life to pass the residue of his days, with his young and beautiful wife, in a romantic retirement near the Lake of Windermere.

The rapid increase of Mr. Deacon's practice enabled him to purchase a

Scotch doctor's degree, and to set up a snuff-coloured chariot, in which he was accustomed to drive daily about collecting the guineas of his patients for the greater part of the twenty-four hours; till, at the age of seventy-two, he was found dead in the inside of it, with the last guinea he had received grasped tightly in his hand.

Mrs. Deacon, who survived her much-respected husband nearly twenty years, succeeded to the immense accumulations which he had secured by the

exercise of his profession. She had the chariot painted a bright yellow, and drove about in it nearly as many hours every day as its original occupant. Having attained extreme old age, possessing all her faculties to the last, with a large house, a good table, and a hospitable disposition, she eventually attained the designation of "the venerable Mrs. Deacon;" and, having lived the universal favourite of the neighbourhood, she died as universally lamented.

Advertisement.—The Author of the foregoing Tale begs leave to state, that he is prepared to treat with any liberal and enterprising publisher, who may be inclined to embark in the speculation for a series of novels, each in 3 vols. 8vo, under the title of "Tales of the Old Bailey, or Romances of Tyburn Tree;" in which the whole *Newgate Calendar* shall be travestied, after the manner of *Eugene Aram*.

Letters (post paid) addressed to X. Y. Z., 215, Regent Street, will receive immediate attention.

MUNDY'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN THE EAST.*

MUNDY is a man after our own souls—a hearty, adventurous, bold, chivalrous, dare-deviling, tiger-killing, lion-quelling, jackal-murdering fellow, with a firm hand, keen eye, sure aim, exhaustless enthusiasm, and good-humour in sufficient abundance to sweeten the bitterness of the very Asphaltic Pool. Of all boon companions, a British soldier is the man for us; one who will laugh, drink, fight for you, as occasion offers or necessity commands. You may fancy such a gentle and generous roysterer, standing six feet six out of his shoes, with one eye leering after a pretty girl, and the other sparkling with adventurous heroism; quadrilling it sweetly over-night with the ladies, while he squeezes the fingers of her he loves best—the *preux chevalier* of the field of battle in the morning, prepared for all matters—blows, or love, or friendship—a capital hand at every weapon under the sun, from a bottle of choice champagne to a forty-eight pounder—

"A gentle lamb in peaceful times—in war a fiend incarnate."

What to such a piece of flesh was the primest man of Napoleon's Invincibles—or the tallest of Patagonian savages—or the sturdiest of the old King of Prussia's grenadiers—or a battalion of such shrimps as Carus

Wilks himself? Weak, insipid, contemptible, girlish subjects!—not worth mentioning in the same breath with fellows of the thews and sinews, bland manner, jocose temperament, soldier-like carriage, coolness, intrepidity, valour, gentle bearing, broad chests, clean limbs, tight and slim waists, dexterity in attack and defence, fullness in all martial accomplishments, for which a thousand, at least, of our officers are conspicuous, of whom Mundy *ipsisissimus* beams forth the morning-star, the herald, the sign, the prototype. We really have a deep affection for such fellows as the gentle O'Doherty, the sweet-spoken O'Donoghue, and the straight-limbed Mundy, chuck-full and buoyant with good-humour, and charity, and loving-kindness to all the world. The first two have spoken already in the pages of REGINA, and they will speak, in their peculiar way and manner, as often as the humour for scribbling tingles at their finger-ends. Mundy, however, has, by his native bashfulness (he is an Irishman), been prevented from contributing to the rich stores and superabundant sweets of our peerless Queen. Since he has not, however, warbled forth his own praises, be it our part to do so for him. His fragrance shall not be wasted on the desert air; but all the good things in his two

* Pen and Pencil Sketches; being the Journal of a Tour in India. By Captain Mundy, late Aide-de-camp to Lord Combermere. In 2 vols. John Murray, London.

comes shall be brought in pleasing concentration before the delighted eyes of our public: and this deed shall be accomplished by the doughty fist of NOLL YORKE himself.

Reader! you have heard of old Simon Lee the huntsman, of whom our friend Wordsworth sings, in simple yet most reviving strains:—

"In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hull,
An old man dwells—a little man:
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is blooming as a berry."

Simon must, no doubt, have been a gay, frolicsome chap in his teens, overflowing with odd frisks and gambols with the lasses of the village, fond of the old October, full of wild forest songs, which he enounced from his deep lungs with a mellow Siptorian voice; and a very devil in eagerness, and a will-o'-the-wisp in swiftness, after Towser, and Hector, and Dewlap, and Leap-the-Dyke, and the whole eagle-pursuing pack, which a pocket-handkerchief, a yard square, would as easily cover, as an appropriate foolscap would the thickest pericranium of my Lord Donkey. Simon was a deuce of a fellow for running, and the recollection of his youthful sport still shed joyousness over the warm and quick-throbbing heart of the old huntsman:

"He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reel'd, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices,
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices."

Simon, to our fancy, is the *beau idéal* of a trim-built forester, and active, generous-hearted, woodland sportsman. But, bless his old soul! what was he in his primest heyday—what was the best man after the Rutland, or the Lonsdale, or the Applewaite, or the Thrussinton pack? what is our modern Nimrod himself, or the finest chase that Osbaldiston ever led, to the feats and the hunting expeditions in which our glorious captain operated with such amazing dexterity and such consummate prowess? All flam and fiddlesticks! They bear the same

ratio to the hunts of our Mundy as Ninth-part-of-a-man Place does to the roaring, rattling, drinking, kicking, roystering Edinburgh Professor (who has annihilated the sartorial *homunculus*, as the latter would annihilate certain animals, familiar to all tailors, between his thumb-nail and his shop-board); or the hunting of a pig with a soaped tail, on a village common, does to a fine fox-chase fast by Kilruddery, far-famed in song. Ah, we are a degenerate and paltry race! poor and contemptible, with all our fine horse-flesh and dog-flesh, and every other kind of flesh!—poor, paltry, contemptible, we repeat, in comparison with the sportsmen of northern and eastern nations! Their avocations are those of proper men; ours are as foolish as old Bedlamite Ajax's slaughter of harmless and silly sheep. Here you see some half-score of half-bumpkin chaps on sorry nags, that whistle through their projecting, hollow, aduncous noses, at each step over the glebe, persecuting a poor scared hare to the death; the long cocked-up ears of which trembling animal ought to be transposed to the head of the foremost of the party, who shouts, brays, laughs, grunts, halloos, and fancies himself a prime fellow at being first after his half-starved curs, that are tearing the animal limb from limb, and each is devouring his share, with tail beneath his legs and in gloomy sulkiness, beneath the hedge.

In another quarter you have a field of sportsmen, all gleaming forth brightness from their red jackets, and bent upon a fox-chase. Blackstone calls this business a princely and gentlemanly diversion. What did the old judge know about such matters? Fancy him, with his flowing wig, calling to the dogs, as he winged his way across the heath, with Reynard in full view—thanks to spectacles on nose! The fox is well enough for a diversion, but is he an animal comparable to the noble beasts of "venery," pursued amidst the clamorous calls and dissonance of horns by our forefathers? Where is the wolf, the bear, the boar, and the wild cat? The hart, the stag, the hind, and the roebuck, are no longer scared by the far-off baying of the hounds: the solitary exception in favour of the cervines is at the Easter hunt, for which one single-eyed old stag has served for many a long year,

to the jeopardy of many a Cockney's neck.

Some time since we remember to have expatiated, at considerable length, on the exploits of the Indians, their mode of life, and their forest-sports: they beat us hollow in sportsmanship. We have under our eye just now an account of an Indian war between the Illinois and the Sacks and the Foxes. The gazette says, that fifty-two of the latter were killed, (alas, the poor Reynolds!) among whom were two colonels, one major, and one captain. Jonathan has made sad havoc among the poor devils. The reader, however, must not imagine that these Foxes have the sagacity of the beaver, which recognises leaders of hundreds and leaders of thousands among its fraternity; these vulpines are not quadrupeds, but bipeds so named, who, in conjunction with the Sacks, had approached Chiacoa, with the intention of cutting their way into Canada. Directly we set ourselves right about the quality and pretensions of these Foxes, which at first sight appeared to be so wonderfully drilled by colonels and majors, captains and subalterns, we bethought us immediately of the brutal old Spaniards, who, well accounted and with blood-hounds in leash, tracked the thick woods of Hispaniola and the interminable forests of the mainland for the fugitive Indians, to force them to disgorge their treasures. Nimrod is allowed, at all hands, to have been the first hunter of men; but the rascally, rapacious old Spaniards refined, adopted, and followed up the fashion with a smacking gusto; and many a coloured son of the soil yelled forth his bitter adjuration for vengeance to his god, as he was torn joint from joint, and heard the furious mastiff crunching his bones between his iron fangs. That was hunting which old Nick and all his brood were delighted to behold, because it was sure to bring meat eventually to their own bubbling cauldrons in the other world.

A precious old blood-sucker was that same Alvarado, of whom the venerable Las Casas—the Jeremiah of the New World—says, that “he hath done to death, with his consorts and confederates, more than four or five millions of souls in fifteen or sixteen

yeeres' space, from the yeere 24 unto the yeere 40. This tyrant,” continues the narrative, “had a custome, when, as he went to make warre upon any citie or province, to carrie thither of the Indians already under-yoked, as many as hee could, to make warre upon the other Indians; and as he gave unto a ten or twenty thousand men which hee led along no sustenance, he allowed them to eate the Indians which they tooke. And so, by this meanes, he had in his campe an ordinary shambles of man's flesh; where, in his presence, they killed and rosted children. They killed men only to have off from them their hands and their feete, which parts they held to be the daintiest morsels.”* Sawney Bain was an innocent babe to these anthropophagous monsters.

“The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle”

would, had he lived in our day, have been the sportsman with whom our captain would have liked an adventure on mountain-top, or in deep forests densely enshrouding the valleys, or thick jungle teeming with quadrupeds, big and little, but all caterwauling with intense fierceness—each having a double Manton on his shoulder, and with a sufficient number of blackies about them to carry powder, shot, additional Mantons, something in the way of provender, and to beat the bushes and start the game for killing. We are confident that old Melesigenes, the Smyrniot and schoolmaster, must have been a dead-shot, and a keen pursuer of sport; and he and our captain had the same *penchant* as to the nature and quality of the brute beasts which they loved to pursue. With what zest and satisfaction does the old boy not dwell on the feats, propensities, courage, and other characteristics of the whiskered lion; “that most wonderfulllest,” to speak Bartlemyicè, “of all the hanimals in the crehation.” We have constant allusions to the monarch of the woods:

ὡς τι λαιοντα
Ὁν ἔα τι ποιμην ἀγρω ἐπ' ὑποστονῆς αἰῶσι
Χρᾶσθαι μιν τ' αὐλῆς ὑπερβαλμῖνος, οὐ δὲ
δαμασθῆναι, &c.

Thus elegantly, but inadequately, rendered by our friend Sotheby:

* Purchas his Pilgrimes, fol. ed. vol. iv.

" Like a fell lion, whom from far the swain,
While leaping o'er the fence, has gall'd, not slain,
Draws from the wound fresh force ; while, scared away,
The shepherd flies, and leaves his flock a prey :
Heaps fall on slaughter'd heaps, fill, gorged with food,
The lion leaps the fold, and seeks the wood."

What a picture we have here ! and how roundly and gustily, and with what sportsmanlike precision, the matter is set forth ! There then goes the cowardly craven-hearted bumpkin of a shepherd, with his heart ready to jump through the passage of his craven throat, and his hair all bristling up with affright (we'll not speak of the dirt and its uncombed state) ; — there then goes chaw-bacon to his brother bumpkins cutting *whoats* or making hay in some neighbouring field, and mustering up the whole tide of the ten grains of blood that dawdles through his carcass, he tells his story of "fire, rape, assassination, burglary" — and how the lion pounced upon his sheep — and how to save them he valorously took to his heels. While chaw-bacon is doing this, a very different course is adopted by old Homer and his chum the captain, who, with Mantons ready primed and loaded, come up to the spot just as the gluttonous beast, having taken his last mouthful, is about leaping out of the fold. He has taken his spring — is in mid-air. "Now, Mundy, my boy," says Homer, "mark well — here goes !" "Ay, ay," briefly replies the captain. Pop — pop ! pop — pop ! The four barrels are discharged : the beast, with four holes through his tawny carcass, sprawls on the ground — gives a grin — a kick — a shake of the shaggy tail — his eyes are irradiated with their last flash of fading resentment — he stretches out his limbs and body gradually and slowly, and death hovers over him with his finishing snufflers, *νικτι ιουκας*.

"Well done, Mundy, my boy ! Tell old Bentinck, with my compliments, that you are a broth of a lad for a shot."

"Thank you kindly, sir," quoth the modest young Irishman, blushing ; "I hope you'll let me have the fine young fellow skinned, and make you a present of his exterior for a covering to your cushion ; on which you can sit while you are birch-brushing the little Philistines of Smyrna (or wherever else you have your domicile now), and teaching them to grind the gerunds."

See again and again, in a score of

passages, how the glorious old Grecian narrates transactions in "venerie." Among others, mind the accuracy, the explicit, minute, yet all-glowing picture, displayed in the following passage :

αμφι δ' αε' αυτος
Τρωες ιπποδ', ουσι τε θαφοναι θως ερισθιν
Αμφ' ιλαφον κερων βιβλημασθι, οι τ' εβαλ' αυτη
Ιη απω νιυρης· σοι μιν τ' ηλως παδισι
Φινγων, οφε' αιμα λιπρον, και γουνατ' οραυρ
Αυταρ ιαυισθ τονη δαμισσεται ωπας οιστος,
Αμφωγαι μιν θως εν ουρει δαρδαπταυσιν
Εν νικτι σκιερ ιπτι τι λιν ηγασα δαμων
Σιντην θως μιν τι διατρεσαι, αυταρ ο δαπται.

This has been as exquisitely rendered by old Chapman, thus : —

"Circled with foes, as when a packe
Of bloodie jackals cling
About a goodly palmed hart,
Hurt with a hunter's bow ;
Whose 'scape his nimble feet insure,
Whilst his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees have powre to move.
But (maistred by his wounde,
Embos'd within a shadie hill,)
The jackals charge him round,
And teare his flesh ; when instantly
Fortune sends in the powres
Of some stern lion, with whose sighte
They fle, and he devours."

Here the old schoolmaster and the captain are neck to neck again. A shy from their Mantons, in this instance, would make mince-meat of old whiskerandos, as his teeth masticated, denticated, chumped, ground, and swallowed, with great, sweet, snarling satisfaction, all the choicest morsels of the green venison. Many and bold adventures must Melesigenes have had in deep forest-recesses and on lofty mountain-tops. The old gentleman must have been very humane — whenever he inflicted death it must have been with a master's stroke ; so that the prostrate beast was out of pain in an instant. If old Cornelius Agrippa, the "learned clerk of Almayn," of whom we have already made honourable mention, had seen the old Smyrniot in his sporting attire, with his leash of Spartan *πανουργιδες* — the breed of which Sir John Gam declares to be still extant — he would have looked with sweeter aspect on the art of "venerie," and not

have declared it to be the worst occupation of the worst of mankind; and old Philip Stubbes, although he has petulantly declared that "Esau was a great hunter, but a reprobate—Ismael a great hunter, but a miscreant—Nemrode a great hunter, but yet a reprobate and a vessell of wrath," would have added, with his blandest of smiles, that Melesigenes was a fine old generous gentleman, and a noble trump.

Mundy went in the train of the commander-in-chief, on a tour of inspection of the military stations in the Upper Provinces. He left the city of palaces towards the end of November 1827, accompanied by two friends, in a palanquin, which he insists upon being the easiest mode of travelling, and with a commissariat plentifully supplied; in addition to which, "we took," says he, "some powder and shot, a gun, and a sword." How modestly the lad speaks! but this is as it should be. Always commence your descriptions with becoming humility, is the Horatian rule. We admire the tone of deference employed by young Bashful. He is prepared, nevertheless, for action, with his powder and shot, and gun and sword. From Rogonathpore to Hazarebaug, the road ran through an uninterrupted jungle swarming with wild beasts. About eleven at night the travellers entered the famous pass of Dughye. About half of the lonely defile had been passed, when the captain was bumped out of his sleep by the palankeen coming suddenly to the ground amid the discordant shrieks and screams of his bearers. Up jumped the son of Mars, with gun in hand, and heard that the row was occasioned by a party of tigers, which had been out foraging in expectation of picking up a straggling bearer; but being scared by numbers, they had sprung off the rocks, dashed across the road between his palankeen and that of his friend Colonel Dawkins, scarcely ten yards ahead. Down came both the machines, and the bearers of both huddled close together, and gave forth a bellowing chorus; whilst the torch-bearers twisted about, and flared their torches every way like frantic and Bedlamite Mænads. "The whole incident, with the time and scene, was highly interesting and wild, with just enough of the awful to give an additional piquancy." Here is a stout-hearted dare-devil for you! Only look at the collocation of the

words here, and judge of the temper of the youth. "The scene," says he, with all becoming coolness and complacency, "was interesting and wild;" and then the awfulness gave a piquancy. After this you can well imagine that every beast of the forest quailed before him. He expatiates, like a gourmand over a dainty dish, over matters involving the terrific. See how he gloats at the "piquancy" of the scene:—"The night was dark and stormy, and the wind roared among the trees above our heads; the torches cast a red and flickering light on the rocks in our immediate neighbourhood, and just shewed us enough of the depths of the forest to make the back-ground more gloomy and unfathomable. The distant halloos of the men who were gone in search of their comrades came faintly and wildly upon the breeze; and the occasional shots that we fired rang through the rocky jungle with an almost interminable echo. In about three-quarters of an hour our bearers joined us, together with the two patarra-bearers." The patarra-bearers are men who carry the "provende" in a pair of boxes slung on a bamboo placed across the shoulders. The captain and the colonel, like very old soldiers, and with a spirit proper in men destined for jungle excursions, would not budge a foot without the provisions. Pleasant is it, after an eight hours' trudge up and over the Cairngorm mountains, through bogs and over snow, after the high-perched ptarmigans, to take a pull at the glenlivet bottle which the native carries with a grouse pie in his pouch. Pleasant even is it to sit under a blackthorn, on a grassy bank, fast by a gurgling fountain, after a morning's hard tramp over ploughed fields or amid difficult stubble, and, having barged your eight-and-twenty brace of plump partridges, with a landrail or two, to take a long and a strong pull at good brandy-and-water, and discuss a proper quantum of "*comestibles*," be they of what quality soever they may! But what comparison do these heroic achievements bear to jungle-hunting? A man wants a double dose of Carbonel or pale Hodgson for such exercise; and our captain and colonel were real knowing ones, and up to the mark in this respect. No, not an inch would they move without the dear patarra-bearers. And where, think you, were this precious couple? The cap-

tain tells us: "These latter, hearing the vociferations of our men, and guessing the cause, had quietly placed their boxes on the ground, about a mile in the rear of us, and, seating themselves on their heels, had determined not to proceed until the break of day." Is not this a picture for Cruikshank?

However, all was prepared for advance, which accordingly took place, while the men kept up their chorus of screams, and huddled together, each fearing to be the last of the retinue, because it is well known that the lurking tiger takes off the last straggler of any party. Shortly after, we find the commander-in-chief, with all his cavalcade, entering Lucknow by permission of the soothsayers, who had declared the 11th of December favourable for that exhibition. The entrance was full of magnificence, and, two days after, the captain details some Lucknow field-sports, which, however, were disgusting to our gallant hero on account of the unfair play and the cruelty indulged in. Various were the feasts given by the potentate of Oude to our travellers; during one of which the captain, who likes a relish with his fricassée and his roast and boiled, looked in vain for the King of Oude's famous sauce; but no such preparation was to be found, his tawny majesty being ignorant of its existence, and pronouncing the fabrication a decided humbug. After dinner came a grand display of fireworks, and on the morrow some wild beasts were ordered out to fight and tear each other to pieces, for the delectation of the company.

"The king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically appuyé against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears, and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hosti-

lities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures even single-handed, and shewed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap; but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace.

"A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard gate, where he cupized a palankeen which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports.

"A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely, but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat.

"A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist."

After the beast-fight came a breakfast, at which

"Captain and colonel, and knight in arms,"

as our Milton hath it—all the whole party, in short—played right good parts. What they severally and collectively demolished is not statistically set forth by the captain, but no doubt all acted the parts of hungry travellers at a well-spread board—very much to the astonishment of the rice and pilau-eaters of the kingdom of Oude. The cloth was tardily removed, and then quails—not dead and roasted, in a dainty dish, and by way of dessert, but alive and fierce, by way of gentle amusement, and trained for the pur-

pose—were placed upon the green cloth on the table, which was converted, *pro tem.*, into a *quasi* English cockpit. The birds fought gallantly and gamely; while the natives of rank, who take great delight in this national amusement, lounged luxuriously round the table, smoking their houkahs, and betted large sums on their birds.

To the tiny quail succeeded the big, burly elephant. Here is our author's description:—

“Elephant-fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong net-work for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread.

“We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased; and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself overmatched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat: he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises.

“Five or six couples were fought, but shewed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were overmatched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild-beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed.”

A skirmish with partridges succeeds to this, which is poor after the wild encounter of the Choones; but an antelope hunt, with well-trained chetahs, requires a moment's attention. Fancy the small, sleek leopards, placed on a flat-topped cart without sides, and

drawn by two bullocks. Each animal has two attendants. The animals are loosely bound by a collar and rope to the back of the vehicle, and are also held by the keepers by means of a strap round the loins. Their eyes are covered by a leathern hood. The antelopes are as timid and shy as wood-nymphs, or *Rosina* herself, in the fulness of maidenly modesty, which all the world knows is her grand and soul-subduing characteristic. But even as the wood-nymphs of old were circumvented by the cunning of the satyrs, so the timorous antelopes are deceived by the appearance of the vehicle, built after the fashion of the packeries of the harmless peasantry, to which the animals are accustomed, and which, by the adroitness of the drivers, is brought within a couple of hundred yards of the unsuspecting game. There then the sportsmen go—there glides the cart through the cotton-field with the stealthy drivers, and the hooded pard in posture prepared for a leap that is to play havoc among the deer. The cart stops suddenly—the chetah is unhooded and loosened from his bonds; but the cunning animal sees the nature of the ground, and the impossibility of an effectual leap; so, gently drops he from his platform on the side opposite to that on which the animals are browsing the sweet-scented grass, and then slowly, noiselessly, approaches his prey—now cowering low behind a bush, or amid the high herbage—now rising calmly, but with steady eye, and viewing his victims—then giving a crouching canter—and then lying by some bush, and taking momentary advantage of every inequality of ground. But even his paces, though noiseless as falling dews, are not too minute for the quick ears of the antelopes. They listen, pause for a moment, and then turn to flee, swift as the wind, into the covert of the neighbouring glade—when, lo! with three bounds, quick as lightning, and exceeding each other in extent, the fierce leopard is among them. The fattest and the sleekest of the herd he singles out, heedless of the others—the pursuit is rapid, yet short—two hundred yards suffice; he reaches the poor beast—strikes him with his paw—but one blow is sufficient—over and over tumbles the senseless doe, and in a moment the pursuer wags his long, flat tail, in satisfaction, as he

sucks the life-blood from her throat. Up, however, comes one of the keepers, and hoods the gore-stained chetah; then cutting the deer's throat, he receives some of the blood in a ladle, and thrusts it under the leopard's nose; after which he is rewarded with a leg of the slaughtered animal for his pains, while the rest is stuffed under the hackery, and many a glorious dish of right noble venison makes it for the hunters.

There are other ways of ensnaring antelopes. Among the rest is the following ingenious method:—A strong buck is trained to fight; and being furnished with thong nooses on his horns, is let loose among a herd of wild deer. The hunters lay by, and the trained antelope approaches the beasts, when the most valiant of the bucks comes forth to give battle to the foul intruder on his harem. A fight ensues, and the wild beast soon gets his horns caught by the leather thongs, when the hunters rush in and secure the prize. Deer-stalking, however, in the Highlands has twenty times the interest of such sorry sport.

The party are hospitably received at Bhurtpore. The appearance of the men was strikingly picturesque. They were tall, well adjusted in their limbs, and of a truly martial appearance—differing in every essential point from the delicate-limbed, languid, and apathetic Bengalee. Their dresses, too, were becoming—the padded green frock and trousers, red cummerbund, and rakishly put on scarlet turban. The young rajah gave his guests an entertainment, in which the nautch-women and mimics were conspicuous personages. The latter are, for the most part, noisy and vulgar, says the gallant Irishman. There seems, however, to have been a hard hit at British rapacity immediately after the capture of Bhurtpore. The *dramatis personæ* were an English prize-agent, and a poor, hungry, half-starved native. The former had an enormous cocked-hat and sword; the latter would have been stark naked, save only for a scanty waist-cloth. One passes the other, when the agent sternly commands the peasant to come too and deliver up his jewels and his money. The poor wretch protests his poverty, and for proof appeals to his walking-skeleton-like appearance. The Englishman becomes furious,—foams with passion

—makes a ferocious speech, plentifully interlarded with G—d—ns,—seizes on the lean and spavined figure before him, and, determined not to be balked in some exaction, flourishes aloft a pair of huge scissors, such as Place, or De Vear the leather-cutter, use at their respective shop-boards, and cuts off his long shaggy hair close to his skull, which he crams into his pocket, and makes his exit amid loud oaths that he had not got something better from the black-pated native.

But after four days' slaughter of partridge, hare, and wild-fowl, and some capital and jovial feasting in old Skinner's jughire, behold us in the famous sporting jungle eight miles from Belaspore. But we toiled for inconsiderable gains; for, being perched in the houdah of a rough-footed elephant, our aim was bad, and we confess, although to our immortal shame, that not one shot out of ten told. Ten brace of black partridges, four brace of hares, and one boar, was the poor amount of our spoil. But the boar was a fine old porker—a far more splendid fellow than many a one we have killed in the fir-woods of Pomerania, or amid the old gnarled oaks and dense thickets of the Black Forest. Our old elephant, however, had mauled him well; for being mortally wounded, while all the other elephants were afraid to approach the monster grinning with the last agonies of death, our bold veteran approached, rushed on bruin, and standing over the maddened brute, commenced a shuffling motion, like Miss D'Jeck dancing the minuet *de la cour* with Miss Barnett, Yates's Columbine, which so increased in violence, that we were nearly cutting a summerset out of the houdah, which was shaken as if by an earthquake, to which that of Lisbon was a joke. But we managed to look over the side of the houdah, when, lo! we beheld the boar, monster as he was, flying to and fro like a shuttlecock between the fore and hind legs of our Chooney; who, after keeping him thus in Chancery for a minute or so, gave him, as the captain says, a *coup de grace*, by a *coup de pied* in the ribs.

But we like to vary our amusements. Variety is the very essence of existence. Without it our appetites would pall; our souls dose out the body's existence; our eyes would be of no more use than

those of a tough old cod-fish, taken from a Billingsgate crone's board, and condemned to be burnt for putrescence. What would Walthman say if he were obliged to feed on nothing but turtle the whole year? Little Jeffrey got weary of life as editor of the *Saffron* and the *Blue*, and was fain to resign office to redoubted Naso. The Donkey having made the mayoralty serve his purpose, now wants to be made member for the city, which the citizens will be fools or knaves to accomplish for the long-eared baronet. We have often sung in our pages the praises of Pall Mall and Bow Bells; but are glad sometimes to leave the dense, dingy, Tri-nobantian atmosphere for places suburban, where the blue sky is visible to our eyes, and the lark is heard to carol over fields of clover, and clouds, chased by the languid breezes, are casting shadows over the undulating corn-fields, which, now in gleam, now obscured, typify the lights and shadows of our varied existence. Then will our feelings burst forth in spontaneous song, while, gazing round upon the broad and smiling face of nature, we imbibe sadness and philosophy from the contemplation of gurgling rivulet, and leaf-crowned tree, and distant hill, on which flocks are battening, and fragrant shrub, from which the weary bee is extracting honey, and the tiny floweret at our foot, peering forth, with smiles of sweet joy and contentment, like honest worth in the lowliest ranks of life. But the sun is sinking in the west, with broad, red, unobscured disc, like the shield of Pelides glowing from the intense glare of Dan Mulciber's furnace—the hinds are retiring to rest—the kine from the hill-sides are lowing as they descend to their stalls—and the voice of the shepherd-boy is faintly heard as he calls his fleecy care to the penfold. And now the sun has made a plunge into the ocean, and the dews are falling, and the stars are emerging from obscurity, one by one; and there gleams the star of our nativity, bright and brilliant, and with a serene aspect, betokening life, and the joys and desiderated objects of life. Well hath the renowned Henry Cornelius Agrippa written: "The virtues of things do become wonderful when they are put to matters that are mixed and prepared in fit seasons to make them akin, by procuring life for them from the stars,

as also a more sensible soul, as a more noble form. Heaven bestows celestial influences and wonderful gifts, according to the capacity that is in that life and sensible soul to receive more noble and sublime virtues. We know that of worms are generated gnats; of a horse, wasps; of a calf and ox, bees; of a crab, his legs being taken off, and he buried in the ground, a scorpion; of a duck, dried into powder, and put into water, are generated frogs; but if it be baked in a pie, and cut into pieces, and put into a moist place under the ground, toads are generated of it. Of the herb basil, bruised between two stones, are generated scorpions; and the hair of a horse's tail put into water receiveth life, and is turned into a pernicious worm. And there is an art wherewith, by a hen sitting upon eggs, may be generated a form like to a man, which I have seen and know how to make, which magicians say hath most wonderful virtues; and this they call the true mandrake." What prove these sage words of the Doctor of Nettesheim, but that, under astral influences, there are generative properties in the power of all creatures? And we should be better did we obey the high impulses of thought and spiritualised desire, which come like floating ecstatic dreams across the hearts of all; but that mundane conceptions and vain sublunary fancies drag down our aspiring souls from sublimated conceptions to vague, nay, oftentimes, indeed, odious enjoyments, aching desires, and force us, by little and little, into subjugation to all-powerful appetite. And now, even now, while our natal star beams brightly above us, and the bland zephyrs are lavishing their kisses amid the branches of the birch that comes drooping over our heads, and the shrill voice of the nightingale gives us rapturous cadences as erst it did amid the groves of Colonus, and the loud whooping of the owl from the yew in the churchyard reminds us of the myriads of mortals that, after a feverish existence, sleep in tranquillity, and whose spirits, like the soul of the spouse of Laodamia, live, breathe, and have their placid existence in purer and sublimer regions than the foggy atmosphere that surrounds us—yea, even in this hour of witchery, and having such feelings and convictions floating around us, doth hard necessity drive us into the dense

and crowded city. Here the lamps are burning, and have converted nocturnal gloom into broad daylight, and the streets are rife with the noisy multitude. The low and pitiful marauder, and expert housebreaker—the jockey, fresh from pigeoning some sumph who fancied himself a judge of horseflesh—the proud aristocrat, wending from club-room to parliament-house—the fair Cyprian, in drunken glee, or with painted cheek and aching heart—the gamester, hurrying to his den of damnation, prepared to win a thousand guineas to feed his extravagance and live, or put a pistol to his head and die, so even in death swindling his creditors;—all, all are crowding the streets at this witching time of night. And, hark! the noise of music comes in full sound from those open windows, whence issue streams of light brilliant as the beams of the noonday sun, and the sparkling forms of girls are fitting across our vision, while our ears are saluted by a buzz of reckless merriment. What sense and duty and stern purposes of life are lost in the giddy mazes of the dance! Not that OLIVER did not, in times of yore, love to hop on light fantastic toe, and curvet in frolicksome glee to the sound of dulcimer and fiddle-strings. With the gay there reigns a factitious necessity; and this it is that takes the painted mother to endless balls, and routs, and turns-out, with her jaded daughters, in the hopes of a husband for each; forcing them to forget the various duties of existence, and turning them forth into life heartless and reckless creatures.

But, stop! what are we driving at? We have surely been raving about sun, moon, and stars—flowers, birds, and distant hills—necessity, women, and deuce knows what all, when we ought to have given an account of the Indian nautch-dance. We began with the charms of variety, and we said that our friend the captain loved it, and all the world loves it, and is governed by the desire to attain it. Its belysts make some people better—some worse—drive some young women to the Methodist chapel and religious meetings at Exeter Hall, others to sport their limbs on the stage at the Opera House—while both stand equal chances of getting into Old Nick's clutches, by over-doing duty and sinking good works in faith, or by under-doing duty and sinking faith in the more grateful

vocation of paltry pastimes. All that we have written in this episode may be skipped by the observant reader, if he likes to have an account of the nautch-dance.

"Each set of dancing girls is usually furnished with an old crone of a woman, who takes care of their finery, their interests, (and their *morals*, perhaps;) and a band of two or three musicians, generally consisting of a kind of violin, a species of mongrel guitar, and a *tom-tom*, or small drum, played with the fingers: sometimes a little pair of cymbals are added. The musicians also join occasionally their voices with those of the women—which are dreadfully shrill and ear-piercing—in this 'concord of sweet sounds.' At the close of each stanza of the song, the girl floats forward towards the audience, by a sort of 'sidling, bridling,' and, I may add, 'ogling' approach, moving her arms gently round her head, the drapery of which they are constantly and gracefully employed in arranging and displacing; now mercifully concealing with the tissue veil one brilliant or languid eye (as the case may be)—sometimes effecting a total eclipse; or, allowing the whole head to be seen, in order to display the *Seigné* of pearl on her forehead, (for this elegant ornament, now dignified by a place upon the fairer fronts of my countrywomen, is strictly oriental,) the massive and numerous ear-rings which disfigure the feature they are intended to adorn, or the heathenish and unaccountable *nose-ring*, the use of which (for it is certainly no ornament) it is hard to discern,—unless these dangerous sirens are furnished with them, like pigs, to keep them out of mischief!

"The lithe, snake-like suppleness of their arms excites, at first, great surprise in the European spectator; but not more so, I suspect, than the horizontal evolutions of the nether limbs of our opera nautch-women would astonish the weak mind of a suddenly imported Mussulman.

"On entering a room, the dancing-girls and their followers salaam respectfully to the company, and then, amid a confused jingling of bracelets and anklets, and an all-pervading odour of attar, squat quietly down in a semicircle until called upon to display.

"For the applauding 'Wa! wa! Ka khoob!' ('Brava! Beautiful!') of the spectator, they return a smile and a low salaam. Natives of rank sometimes give more solid proofs of their approbation, by ordering the two hands of the charmer to be filled with gold or silver-coins."

Immediately that the party entered the Doab, or the tract of country between the Ganges and the Jumna, there commenced a great preparation of fire-arms and casting of bullets; for many are the wild beasts that haunt the banks. The old Nimrods of the party made sure of tigers; and their anticipations were confirmed by the report of some peasants, who had lost, only the day before, a fine fat young buffalo. Ten of the party, among whom was my Lord Combermere himself, mounted elephants, and, accompanied by twenty pad elephants, to beat the covert and carry the guides and the game, they hastened towards the swamp which was the reputed lurking-place of the monsters. The party was headed by no less a personage than old Sancho himself, in full fig;—he, good reader, is the jemadar hurkarah (chief courier) of the quarter-master-general's department. Sancho—so named from his striking resemblance to the illustrious Patza, not only in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, but in the shrewdness of his remarks—Sancho, mounted on his pony (instead of an ass), led the van, with bared right arm and cimetar flourished in the air. The jungle was not high, with few trees; but the covert of grass and rushes was very thick. They beat the ground for half an hour, when our worthy captain's Chooney began to trumpet furiously, which, by the mahout's account, was the sure sign of approaching a tiger. The thirty elephants were now drawn up in line, and made to beat slowly on to windward. They had not proceeded three hundred yards, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when the tally-ho was raised, and a shot whistled through the air. Tiger answered shot with a loud roar—such as our friend Dunlop gave, when, in the happiest of moods, with five bottles of port and three of claret under his belt, and Crofton Croker tacked under his arm, he and his companion were styled Robin Hood and Little John. After this trial of his lungs, tiger boldly charged the line of elephants. What do you think?—nine-and-twenty of the Chooneys turned tail, and skulked off like so many dogs with canisters tied behind them! Tiger caught hold of one, and gave him an earnest of his teeth on the nose. Lord Combermere's

was the only Chooney that stood his ground like a man. At him tiger went, and would have had at his trunk, but for a wound in his own leg; wherefore he failed in his spring, and slunk back into the rushes. Now came up our valorous captain's beast to his brother, bestrided by his lordship, whose gun being loaded by the aide-de-camp, a volley of four barrels was vented upon tiger, who would have come again to the scratch, had he not fainted from weakness. Now came a second discharge of musketry, and the brute lay stretched out on the ground. Let us look at him—a three-quarters' grown male, by all that's noble! And how beautiful a skin! Well, stow him away on one of the pad Chooneys; and my lord shall have the *spolia opima*, for having single-handed stood for some time the brunt of the contest.

To load and re-form line is but the work of a moment; then, advancing, we beat for half an hour; and then, at the bold captain's shrill Leicestershire tally-ho, forward we rush, and two tigers—as we live!—break covert, and off they go in style, while several bullets whiz around their carcasses, and one slightly touches the larger of the animals, who turns round, roars like a very fiend incarnate, lashes his sides with his cable-like tail, then makes several furious bounds towards us. But he thinks better of his purpose—the cunning leer and cocked-up ears of our Chooney frightened him; and he speedily turns tail, and slips into the jungle. Forward go we, full gallop (not the pleasantest motion on the back of an elephant, be it observed); while a volley of shots whistle through the air, without doing bodily harm to the wounded beast. Those who had the fastest elephants had the best of the pastime. Three of us came up to the fugitive, who faced about and made a spring at the hinder-quarter of one of the elephants, and nearly clambered up, with his sharp tenpenny-nail claws, to the houndah. The mahout looked round in a funk; the poor coolie made a spring, like Ellar the harlequin, from the animal's rump into the houndah: our gallant companion in it is levelling his Manton right into the monster's mouth, which seems like the fearful opening of the pit of Acheron, red with hellish flames. But we also have covered him with an eagle-like eye—crack goes our detonator, and a shot

in his bread-basket forces him to loosen his hold and recoil to the ground. A few shots now soon make mince-meat of the savage, who had, just before we caught him, been making mince-meat of a buffalo—the glutton!—for we found the carefully-picked bones of one just by the spot where he gave his last growl of despair. The fellow was a beautiful full-grown animal. The third tiger fell under eight shots, after making a glorious resistance. It was a magnificent sight to witness the burning of the jungle in various places, during the period of our excursion; the flames at one time gained rapidly upon us, scorched us, and obliged us to retreat. It is curious that, with long grass and a brisk breeze, fires run to windward; but this phenomenon is easily accounted for. The wind bends the long, silky, dry grass over that which is already ignited, and the flames catch the pendent tops.

But enough of tiger-hunts; the sport is pleasant, but the sweetest pleasures must have an end. Hunting is our delight. The captain tries his hand occasionally at falconry; but that will not, we opine, bear a comparison with the hardy delights of venation, notwithstanding the disasters of the latter set forth by Messire Arthelonche de Alagona, in his book on Falconry, wherein he dilates on the misfortunes of the disciples of Chiron, and gives the preference to his own favourite amusement. "*Méléager en perdit la vie, pour la victoire rapportée sur le sanglier de Calidoine. Le bel Adonis fut tiré par un sanglier. Actéon fut dévoré de ses propres chiens. Céphale y tua sa chère Procris, et Acaste en fut interdit, ayant occis le fils du roy, qui luy avoit esté donne en charge, comme fut Brutus pour avoir tué son père Sylvius par mesgarde. Un empereur fut occis par la beste qu'il poursuivoit. Un roy en courant à la chasse se cassa le col en tombant de cheval.*" For all which, and sundry other good, wise, and sufficient reasons him thereto moving, the cautious Sicilian exclaims, "*Que qui craindra ces dangereux effects, qu'il s'adonne à la volerie, où il trouvera, sans doute, plus grand plaisir.*"

The captain, like a fearless son of Mars, however, has a touch at sports of all kinds,—from killing a wild hog, a snipe, a partridge, and a snake, to pursuing a pard, a lion, and an elephant.

Of the lion there is a scarcity in India. There was a plentiful supply of this animal formerly in the wildernesses by *Pewur*; but the zeal of English sportsmen, and the price set upon the head of the noble beast by government, have been the means of almost exterminating the royal race of the forest. Your crack sportsmen say that nothing affords such gallant and prime pastime as the lion; his attack is open and noble. Our namesake and Scotch cousin, the major, is allowed at all hands to be the queller of lions *par excellence*. A friend of the captain's and our own had a rather perilous encounter with the royal quadruped. It had charged his elephant; but our friend, being a good marksman, had wounded him, and was leaning forward to give his roaring adversary another benefit from the undischarged barrel of his popper, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and, cutting a summerset over the head of his Chooney, he fell plump into the very jaws of the beast. The lion seized him, and had a paw raised to give our friend a gentle and final pater, when Chooney, urged by his mahout, valiantly stepped to the rescue, which he accomplished by grasping with his trunk the top of a young tree, and bending it across the loins of the lion, who roared from torture more vigorously than before, and was fain to let go his hold. Our friend was saved, and the lion was slain.

We feel exceedingly sorry to part with our friend; but Mundy, best of men! the time for leave-taking is arrived. Though we quit company now, we trust to meet again. Remember, captain, your appointment with us at Melton; where, when we ride across the field after Reynard, we will fancy we are in the pursuit of some Indian monster. Or meet us, noble captain, up in the wilds of Badenoch, where dwells one of the most hospitable of mortal men, whom, if life be granted us for three weeks longer, we intend to visit. Pleasant will be the slaughter of moorfowl in the cool of the morning, long ere the sun has attained his zenith—joyous will be the moderate carouse of the evening, when the moon shines on the placid waters of the lake, and the glorious stars of heaven scatter their holy influences over our chastened hearts, as we speak of past pleasures and past disappointments, cares, anx-

ieties, sorrows; but, washing down all bitterness with a huge draught of love, we draw golden experience from the days that are gone, and find ourselves prepared with earnest hope to take a share in all the battles of the future. Then forth again to the mountain on the morrow, with our Mantons on our shoulders. Ah, captain! they may sing of the good old English cross-bow, but the modern Manton is the weapon of weapons for you and for me. We know the use of that right well; — we should look foolish at the cross-bow, I warrant. What sumphs all the ancients were in venation, notwithstanding their boasted prowess in that

respect, and their knowledge of the *venandi mille viæ*, and of their nets and meshes, nooses, springes, darts, and arrows, and even the stately boar's spear. Give me a Joe Manton—of which weapon some learned wight sings after this fashion:

“*Machineæ*

*Mirandæ, horrificæ, minacis, atræ,
Qualem nec Steropes, nec ipse fertur
Pater Lemnius inferis cavernis
Informasse Jovi, nec ullâ in orbe
Per tot secula cogitavit atus*”—

until Joe Manton immortalised himself by opening his shop. Captain, farewell!

BABYLON IS FALLEN!

FALLEN is stately Babylon!
Her mansions from the earth are gone.
For ever quench'd, no more her beam
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled —
All, save her very name, is dead;
And the lone river rolls his flood
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East! afar
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star;
Till God, by righteous anger driven,
Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.
For false and treacherous was thy ray,
Like swampy lights that lead astray;
And o'er the splendour of thy name
Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines:
Priest, censer, incense — all are gone
From the deserted altar-stone.
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,
And vanish'd their imperial state;
Even as the pageant of a dream
That floats unheard on Memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er
The silence of her hidden shore,
Where the gaunt satyr shuffles and sings,
Hath Mystery waved his awful wings.
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,
Or angels' more pervading ken,
The ruin'd city lies — unknown
Her site to all, God alone.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE MOUNTAIN-DEW MEN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"TAMMAS! Tammas Turner! I wish you wad waken yoursel up a wee, an' gang out an' look what the night's like. I think the wind is grown unco loud an' bloustrous."

"Hout, wife! lie still an' sleep, an' let it tout away there. Ye hae wakened me out of a grand dream about hunting a hare."

"Ach! but ye ken, Tammas, to dream o' hares is snaw. Where hae ye a' your sheep the night' for the *whew* o' that storm at our window gafs the blood rin chill to my heart."

"Eh? what's that you're saying, wife? Gude gracious! think ye that's a drift wind? Gin that be a drift wind I'm a ruined man, for my sheep will be every ane o' them driven in an' whommled ower the Earn Craig."

"Ye may depend on it that it is a drift wind, Tammas; but the window is sae chokit up, that ye canna hear it, battering."

"Then, my woman, an that be the case, I'm o'er lang here. There will be mair ado for Snub an' me than a dish to wash. What time o' the night is it?"

"The clock has warned ane."

"I wish it had been the Almighty's will that it had been nearer day. But be as it may, I maun gang an' try to save a remnant. Hech-howe! he's but a poor laird whose estate consists only in trips an' puddings: a stormy night, an' he may be left no worth a bawbee. There never was a truer verse of an auld sang than the ane that comes aye in my head every drifty day—

"Our flocks are bonny to the sight,

But stacks o' corn are rather better;

The stacks will stand on a stormy night,

When the hags will dee on Gala-water."

Tom Turner threw on his clothes and ran to the door, but before he reached it he was in snow to the knees; and when he did reach it, it was so fixed in snow, before and behind, that it would not move. So he was obliged to get a spade, and clear the snow away inside; but when he got the door to open, there was no egress, his head encountering a smooth plate of snow as high as the door-head. The wreath

seemed to be as high as the house, for he tried to push a staff through it, but could reach nothing but solidness. So he was obliged to return ben the house to Lizzie Hepburn, his wife, who lay with a child in her bosom, and another at her feet. "Gude gracious! Lizzie, my woman, what do you think?" said he, holding up both his hands. "Aye, gude gracious! I'm steekit in beside you, for the house is blawn o'er the rigging wi' snaw. There never was the like o' this seen sin' the creation stood up! My certy, there will be news that are unheard-tell-o' the morn! The sheep will be destroyed every cloot o' them; an' every mother's son that is out o' doors the night will perish. I'll hae an awfu' job afore I get out; for ower the snaw I canna win, an' will be obliged to needle it through below, like the witch o' Fife."

"Weel, I shall be very glad, Tammas, if you are keepit in till daylight. A man wha has a wife an' family should nae sport wi' his life for the sake o' world's gear. Hae patience, at any rate, till I make ye a pickle warm parritch; for I dinna like that dream o' your's about the hare unco weel."

"O sic nonsense, Lizzie! Never got better fun in my life. We huntit an' huntit her I dinna ken how lang, till at length she holed in aneath the snaw in Coverhope-head, an' my brave dog Snub was sitting watching her. Then we howkit lang an' deep; an' at length Jock Burnet put down his arm and felt her rough, warm head, but he was so frightened, that he pulled back his hand as if it had been bitten; and I was so tickled with the fright he got, that I was like to burst with laughter when you wakened me."

Turner occupied the small sheep-farm of Kistcote, in a well-known wild pass between two districts in the south-west of Scotland. He sold a dram to passengers; and his house was much frequented by poachers and smugglers—I mean the distillers of the mountain-dew. He herded his sheep himself, and had no servant save one maid, whose name was Jane Hunter. She was, as most people judged, a light-head, madly fond of men and fine clothes, and all sorts of fun and mis-

chief, but withal extremely shrewd and clever. So, as the child would not lie by itself, Jane was obliged to rise, sore against her will, and get her master some warm breakfast; but she was all the while chattering and fretting at her master's absurdity in rising out of his warm bed from his wife, and ganging away, like a bog-stalker, amang snaw an' drift, where he was likely to do ill, but nae good.

"Every body's no sae keen o' the bed as you, Jane," said he.

"I ken weel, if I had a man that I like to take me in his bosom, it wadna be the smooing of a globe wad gar me rise till I was tired o' lying, an' that wadna be very soon."

"Poor glaikit thing! ye speak about ye ken nae what. But, good gracious! what's the burial fo'ks to do the day?"

"Hout! they may bury her in the neuk o' the kail-yard—its good enough for her. She'll lie as snug there as in any kirk-yard in the country, an' help the cabbages to grow too, which will be some advantage. The auld world's-worm! I hated her. She was a hard mistress to me, an' wadna let a lad come near me either night or day."

"Aweel, it is impossible for them to get her to the kirk-yard now: the grave is standing open yonder, both deep and wide; but it may stand open for the next, for a' Scotland could nae take sic a corpse ower the hills to-day. But it is a' ane to her where she be buried. For my part, I wad like just as weel to be buried in a kail-yard as a kirk-yard."

"An' ye'll maybe soon enjoy the privilege, goodman;—gaun out, like a fool, in a morning like this. How happy I wad be to delve you in, an' clap ye down wi' a cauld shool, singin' the while—

'Lye thou there, an' sleep thou soun'—
God winna waken sic a loun.'"

"Good gracious, Jane, but ye ir a provoking limmer! What wad ye think if I were to take ye to the back o' the hallan, an' lay ye flat on a cauld wreath o' snaw?"

"I wad think that I wad maybe rise again and lay you on your back in a hole o' the kail-yard, an' the sooner the better."

"What's that you're saying, you little wild reprobate that you are?" cried Lizzie from the ben end. "I hear every word o't, and it is a strange thing

that you canna speak reverently either o' the dead or the living. Tammas, how can ye trifle wi' that light-headit gysie, an' just gaun out to struggle between life an' death?"

"Lie still, goodwife, an' never fash your head; there will be some tow to tease ere he get out yet: 't is impossible to get out o' this house, unless he climb out at the lumb-head."

"I wonder what is come o' our friends, the mountain-dew men, the night; I ken they were in the linn distilling yesterday," said Turner. "How muckle the better I wad be o' their assistance."

"I wad gang wi' ye wi' a' my heart," said Jane, "but women's claes answer very ill in a deep snaw: I hae sometimes plumpit into it to the waist, and fand it very disagreeable. But if you will lend me a suit of your clothes, I shall go with you, and help you to gather the sheep wi' a' my heart."

"You're no to gang your foot-length, ye little impudent huzzy," cried Lizzie.

"What for, mistress?"

"Because you will just taigle him, an' do him far mair ill nor good."

"Aha, then! 'Tis a' that ye ken about it! Women's blood is muckle warmer than men's; an' when it comes to a fair strifle in standing cauld, the women aye beat."

"For the life that's in ye, gang ae foot wi' him! Sae nae mae words about it."

"I'm sure ye needna be jealous o' us in sic a judgment-like night as this. Wha wad think o' fashing a woman clad in men's elaes, an' wading through the snaw an' drift. I wad aye hae done ought for a man a' my life that I thought was for his good, and I insist on either ganging wi' my master, or keeping him in till daylight. Bad as he is, what wad come o' us a' if we were to lose him."

"Ah, weel I wat, lassie, that's nae lee! Wild an' wicked as ye are, the truth whiles fa's frae your lips. Try to prevail on him, by any means in your power, to stay; for he's already away to howk a hole through aneath the snaw."

"Aweel, I'll try. Master! Mr. Turner! come butt the house; I want to speak to you."

"Weel, what is't now, Jane?"

"I hae been thinking that though ye hae been out on the hills on mony a drifty night, ye never were out on ane

like this. Therefore, what wad ye think o' taking a share o' my bed till day? Na, ye needna wink an' shake your head, and point ben the house to the mistress's bed, for she has gien us liberty."

"Did ever ony body hear sickan impudence?" cried Lizzie, in absolute wrath. "I daresay the deil's in that lassie, if ever he was laced in stays. I declare she's enough to provoke a saint. Let your master take his will this instant. I am sure he is a better judge what's meet and fit for him to do than ye are."

"O yes! I maun gang, I maun gang. Dinna plague me ony mair wi' your tantalising, Jane, for I maun gang. An' it will be an hour afore I can dig a hole through that wreath."

"Ay, but it will be sax o' them, master, for the wreath will be as high as the house a' the way through the cleuch. The lumb's the thing: I'll gie you a nice heave up ahint; an' then, if your lost amang the snaw, we'll maybe can trace you by the foot."

"O Jane, Jane! ye wad gar a body laugh wha has nae laughing in his mind. Come away an' help me to howk."

"Are ye resolved to gang, then? because if ye are sae fool-hardy, I'll find a way o' getting you out without ony howking. See, here is a window, in the windy side o' the house, where the ground is swoopit clean o' snaw, an' ye'll be out on the hill at aince."

"Gude gracious, lassie, but that's very true! Od, ye're an auld farrant thing, for a' the nonsense that's in ye. I wonder it never strak ony o' our heads afore."

"It might strike lang on some heads without finding entrance, I trow."

Jane then sewed her master's plaid around him, and fastened his hat by a string to his breast, chatting all the while: "Weel, I see warrant I maun begin to that grave as soon as it is day: what part o' the yard wad ye like best to lie in, an it be your will? An' gin I shou'd hae to come out an' look for ye, where am I likely to find ye?"

"The sheep are maistly about the lang grain. If they blaw o'er the Earn Craig afore I reach them, they're a' gane."

And away went Turner and his old dog Snub out at the window, in one moment vanishing in the drift. And mischievous Jane, uttering a fervent

prayer to Heaven, laid herself once more down to sleep and dream about the men, having previously set on a rousing fire to keep the house warm.

Jeanie Hunter did fall asleep, and dreamed too. She dreamed about her master—but such a dream! I declare I cannot set it down, which is a great pity, as the want of it will mar my narrative: it was perfectly pure in its nature, but it was a queer and an awful dream. Jane wakened before day in great perplexity about it. She was quaking every limb, and thinking to herself, "What can be the meaning of this? or what extraordinary circumstance or interference could have put such things in my head?"

In this perplexity of mind, Jeanie raised her head and looked over the bed. The fire was burning bright, and casting a heavy and yellow light through the smoke with which the kitchen was filled, upon the soot-japanned rafters, and on Jeanie's snug box-bed. And behold there was her master sitting at the side of the fire, hanging his head, and having his eyes fixed on the flame. "Peace be wi' us!" exclaimed Jane; "Are ye come back already? An' how gat ye in that I never heard you?" The figure neither lifted its eyes nor opened its lips, but sat there as still as death, with its eyes fixed on the flickering blaze. "Did ye whisper aught into my lug sin' ye came in?" added Jane, "for I hae had an unaccountable dream that could never hae come into my ain head." Her master made no reply. "What's the matter wi' ye?" added she again; "Are ye grown no weel?" The figure sat silent as before, only giving its head a gentle shake. Jane was seized with a certain misgiving: if it was not terror, it was nearly allied to it. She sprang over the bed and into the apartment of her mistress, there being only a door between them. "Peace be wi' us, mistress! Are ye wakin'?"

"Ay; what's the matter wi' ye now, creature? An' wha was that ye were speaking to?"

"O mistress! haste ye an' get up, for the master's come in frae the hill already; an' he wants his dog, an' he'll no speak ony. I—I—I wish he may be weel enough."

"Daft tawpie! how can I get up frae the burns? Gae light a candle! Gie him a dram, an' gar him come intil his bed."

"Aih na! I daurnae gang intil him again for my life, unless ye gang wi' me."

"Heard ever ony body the like o' that? Weel I wat ye're no sae feared for him. Gang away an' do as I bid you."

"O but, mistress, he's hardly like himself. I'm feared that he's no just in his right mind. I'm thinking he may likely hae lost a' his sheep, an' the loss o' them may hae gart him lose his reason. He's some way no as he used to be ava."

"Lassie, ye make my heart could within me," said Lizzie, getting up and hurrying on a few clothes; and, without speaking a word, she led the way in breathless anxiety to the kitchen. There was no body there. "He will be gone into the byre to hang up his plaid," said Jane, "for I left him here this instant." They lighted a candle, and there being an entrance from the kitchen into the byre, the two went in to search. There was no body there either; but the cows were standing staring, as in stupid astonishment, and none of them were chewing the cud. "He cannot be here," said Jane, "for, look you, there are no traces of foot-marks on the snaw which is blawn through below the outer door."

"That is quite true you say, lassie," said Lizzie. "Then it is plain that you have been dreaming, and have risen out of your dream to give me this alarm."

"I was dreaming—I do not deny it; and I dreamed a dream which no human fancy could have conceived of itself," said Jane: "but after I had awaked out of the dream, and after I had pondered on it, I saw your husband with my bodily eyes as plainly as I see you. I saw him, and spake to him again and again, but received no answer in words. Therefore, as sure as you are a living soul, and as sure as I am a living soul, it was his wraith that I saw."

Trembling and pale, poor Lizzie and Jane returned to the kitchen, the one trying to persuade the other that it was all a dream, who strenuously maintained the truth of her former statement, and again added, "I know it must have been his wraith, for the door could neither be reached nor opened, and there is no new track from the window. Therefore I am sure that when that warning spirit appeared here your husband was in great jeopardy; and if assistance is

not afforded him he will never see home."

"O what helpless creatures we poor women are!" said Lizzie, crying. "There, though my dear husband may be perishing in the snow, what can we two do to save him? Alack! a' that we can do is to sit an' greet o'er the embers, and lippen to Providence."

"I beg your pardon, mistress?" said Jane; "I think a woman that is hardy brought up will gang through as muckle as a man, and maybe mair. I ken there are some things that a woman can stand, which a man couldna stand, an' take his life. There was the last year, when the bride and bridegroom lost themsels amang the snaw, in a place they ca' the Braes o' Badenoch, in the highlands, the woman was found leevin, and the man dead, lying in her bosom. But our claes are unco sair against us for a snaw. Whoever it was that contrived the dresses o' the women, never meant them to wade amang the snaw; that I ken to my experience. But our master has aye been kind to me, although he ca's me ill Jean. Gin ye will lend me a suit o' his Sunday claes, I'll e'en gang an' look for him, an' help him wi' the sheep."

"Hout, daft lassie! what could ye do to him but ill? But ye wad risk life an' soul ony day to be wi' the men."

"Ay, ay! Ye hae aye been jealous o' me wi' little reason, but never against reason till now. Weel, weel! take your risk. Ye'll find what ye hae to answer for; unless he get some assistance, ye'll never see him again. For I ken, what ye dinna ken, that he was at the still yestreen, an' had rather cower muckle in his noddle for sic a night; an' I'm far mista'en gin he was nae gay an' heavy on the bottle this morning. Therefore, frae what, I ken, an' what I hae seen, I hae very bad bodings within me."

Poor Lizzie, all goodness and kindness, though pestered internally with a little unacknowledged jealousy of wicked Jane, was obliged to consent; and, as the only resource in her power of sending some assistance to her goodman, she clothed Jane in a jacket and pantaloons; and, with snow-boots on her feet, and a St. Ronan's blue bonnet on her head, the girl set out at break of day in search of her master. Before

she went away, her mistress said to her, "Now, creature, what way do ye intend to gang?"

"I ken every foot o' the ground as well as he does," said Jane. "I'll gang to the lang grain first. If the ewes are there, a's safe enough. But if they are forced o'er the Earn Craig wi' the drift, it's very likely that baith them an' him are lying buried twenty feet deep in Cowerhope-head."

"Cowerhope-head, Jane? O, lassie, ye gae a' my heart quake. Where away is that Cowerhope-head?"

"Why, dinna ye ken that the Earn Craig just hangs outower it? An' when the wind is here, ae snaw wreath after another just jams Cowerhope-head fu'. O mony a man an' sheep has been lost in Cowerhope-head!"

"Then, Jane, gang and look there first. The Lord's will be done! But there is some stroke awaiting me. He had a strange dream about Cowerhope-head last night."

"A dream about Cowerhope-head!" cried Jane, holding up both her hands. "Then that beats a' that ever was prentit; for I hae done naithing but dreamed about Cowerhope-head sin' ever he gae away. But mine was sic a dream! I canna tell you it, though fain wad I. O sic nonsense! I dreamed, ye see, that I was a hare—a pretty doe, that's a she-hare, like. An' I thought that I gae away to Cowerhope-head to look for a—a—. O I canna tell it!"

"No, no! Let us alane wi' sic lavers. Take something wi' ye, an' gae away, gin ye will gang. What will you take for some refreshment to poor Tammas, gin ye find him?"

"O I'll just take some bread an' cheese, an' a little bottle o' what he ca's *half-an'-half*—that's half whisky an' half sweet milk, like. If that dinna put some smeddum in him, I ken o' naithing will. And now farewell, mistress; I'll either bring my master hame leevin, or dee wi' him."

That was a terrible morning! It was a day of March to be ever remembered. Between eight and nine o'clock the fall of snow and the drift were prodigious, but shortly after that they abated, while the load of snow on the ground was immense. Whole flocks were covered with it, and many shepherds got involved and swathed in it, that they could not move. Mahty a long look did poor Lizzie cast along the white and dreary waste, in the

direction of the long grain or the Earn Craig, but no one appeared, and many a salt tear she shed as she pressed her two children to her bosom, who she feared might go to their bed fatherless that night; but no assistance arrived, nor was there any within her reach.

At length about noon, or a little past it, Jock Burnet arrived; but he was the worse of liquor—a good deal more than half drunk—so he paid no attention to poor Lizzie's grievous statement, but sat wiping the perspiration from his face, laughing and calling for whisky.

"Whisky! Wae light on you an' the whisky bath!" cried Lizzie; "I wish there had never been a drop o't made in this country, for it is the beginning of a' our sins an' a' our miseries. I think ye hae haddin enough o' that to your head the day already, an' ower muckle rather."

"Troth, goodwife, ye never were saurer mista'en, for I'm very near the swartin'. I gae away to help them to bury the auld roudness, Mrs. Torpin; but we hae gotten sic a muxum! They shall ken when they get me to bury an auld wife in a drift again. Ye never saw sic a stramash a' the days o' your life. The snaw gae way wi' us, an' landit us a' in the howe o' the Blaeberry linn; an' I'm sair mista'en if they come a' out wi' the life again."

"An' what has become o' the corpse, then?"

"Od bliss ye! she's lying boddum upmost in the howe o' the Blaeberry linn, an' some thousand o' cartfu's o' snaw on aboon her. Dead an' living an' a' are jammed in thegither. For gudeness sak gie's a dram!"

"An' will a' thae fo'ks be smothered, John?"

"I wadna be suprised. Gie's a dram, will ye? Now that's something like yoursel. Here's your good health."

"Wow, John! that is the fearsomest story I ever heard. How could you leave the fo'ks a' weltering and wallowing to death in the linn?"

"I thought it the wisest and safest plan to let every one shift for himsel. I pu'd my neighbour, Jock Stewart, out by the heels, else he wad hae been smothered in five minutes, an' we clamb the linn thegither, glad to escape wi' bare life. When we got to the top o' the linn, he says, 'Jock,' says he, 'if we gang away this way, the country will abuse us for cowards.' 'I wadna be suprised,' says J, but didna look

o'er my shoulder. 'The greater part of these people will be smothered to death,' said he. 'I wadna be suprised,' says I, but still I never lookit o'er my shoulder. Auld roudess! she has gotten a nixum. Let her sell her kirk-milk for pennies the pint to the poor road-men now gin she can. Where is my wicked Jane the day?"

"O Jock, Jock! sin' ye fell on the brewing o' whisky and drinking o' whisky, ye are not only grown dild an' stupid, but perfectly regardless. Havena I tauld you ten times that my husband, Tammas Turner, has been out in the drift sin' near midnight, an' that Jane's away to look for him?"

"I heard ye hawering something about your Goodman; but as I didna care about him, I never heedit you. But ye never tauld me a word about Jane till this breath. Ye little ken the danger they are in. The snow is blown in in such quantities, that it is rushing from every hill-side that looks to the west, and carrying all before it. I wadna be suprised if they're baith smooored. Poor Jane! if aught that's had happen to her, my pipe's out. I'm ower lang here. Gie's a bottle o' whisky to take to them."

Na, na; ye hae ower muckle whisky already. Jane has a bottle o' whisky an' sweet milk wi' her."

"Then there shall be scantit backs o' hands but I shall find her. Will ye gie's a dram when I come back?"

John Stewart, the other mountain-dew man, just then arrived at Kistcot, and brought very bad news from the burialers, who had all been extricated alive, but were lying powerless and exhausted in the linn, beside the corpse of their dead relative; and, besides, two men had come from the church to meet the funeral, who reported that the church-yard had been blown so full of snow that it was impossible to find the grave, and though they had bored all the morning with long leister-shafts they could not hit upon it. In short, it was Stewart's opinion that they would never get Lucky Torpin further than the howe o' the Blaeberry linn.

By the time he got some refreshment it was past one o'clock, and the day continued blustering and blasty. The two illicit distillers were stout, athletic young men; but as they both brewed whisky, so they both drank it, and that rather in liberal quantities. The consequence was, that neither of

them had been quite right in the head all that morning. They supplied Turner with whisky, and he supplied them with peats and a snug still-house on his farm. So away they went to look after the lost pair. But instead of that they went straight to their own still-house, to get another supply of the *creature comfort*, *alias* the mountain-dew. This they took so heartily, that when they set out in search of Turner and his maid, they were in such glee that they viewed it as they had done the funeral, merely an expedition of fun. They were speaking as loud, and laughing as loud, as if they had been going to a wedding. Fine hands they were to trust to in a case between death and life! Each of them had a spade over his shoulder, though it was more as a matter of ridicule than expediency. "I's thinking this will turn out a gayen funny job," says Burnet. "It is sic a capital eedea to gang away to the hill wi' spades to howk out a bonny young lass, as she were a she-fox."

"Ay, an' what wad ye think if we were to find the auld he-fox in the same hole?" said Stewart.

"I wadna be suprised," said the other. But the query threw a damp on his spirits, and kept his tongue quiet for a long space.

They found a good proportion of the sheep safe, standing straight opposed to the wind on the side of the long grain; and after that, probably by mere random procedure, the two went directly on to the top of the Earn Craig. There they saw, with some degree of agitation, that the snow had shot, as it is called; that is, rushed from the hill-side into the hollow. "I wish we maunna get ower muckle employment for our spades here," said Stewart.

"I wadna be suprised," said the other.

But there was no time to hesitate, for Turner's old dog Snub was sitting howling with a bow-wow of perfect despair on the top of the shot snow. The two proceeded directly to the place, where they soon perceived that the dog had scraped himself out from a great depth; and, on looking down through the aperture which he had left, they thought they saw the fringe of a plaid. They then began a digging with all their might, though still not so sober as to be in any degree serious. "It will be an awfu' thing," said Stewart,

"if we should find Turner lyin smooored to death, wi' his pretty mai in his arms."

"I wadna be supprised," said Burnet.

"It will certainly look like as their Maker had been displeased with them," said Stewart.

"I wadna be supprised though he was," said the other.

"Now, dinna you think, Jock, that, if we were to let them lie stiff here, they wad look gayen qucer when they set up their heads thegither at the resurrection?"

"I wadna be supprised," said the other, at the same time plying and working away with his whole might. The pit deepened rapidly: the snow accumulated in heaps around them; and when they came near to the depth at which they supposed they had seen the plaid, Jock Burnet put his arm down the hole to feel if he could feel any thing, but in a moment wuldrew it as if he had thrust it unwittingly into the fire. "Lord preserve us! what's that, man?" cried he.

"Why, what is it?" said Stewart.

"I fand something rough an' warm; it is surely a hare," said Jock.

"And why, in the devil's name, should you be so frightened for a hare?" said Stewart. "Are ye sure it is not a she-fox?"

"I wadna be supprised," said Burnet, gasping for breath; "but, at ony rate, it has gien me a terrible gliff."

They digged on, Burnet in manifest trepidation. The snow became looser, as by a former vacancy, and at length they discovered part of a plaid and a blue bonnet. They pulled out the wearer, still warm, but apparently lifeless. "Wha can this chap be?" said Stewart. "This is an utter stranger, to me at least. It is a question how mony folks are smothered in here."

"I wadna be supprised though there were a good when," said Burnet; "but where in the world could they come frae? What should we do to bring this callant to life again? for he's quite warm an' supple, an' maybe just in a trance for want o' breath. Should we loose his breast, think ye?"

"O no! that wad kill him in sic a day as this. Let us carry him to our still-house, an' pour whisky intil him, an' rub him, an' take him into our warm bosoms, an' breahte into him; an' if

these winna bring him to life, we may bid good-e'en to him, an' howk for mae."

They wrapped the youth in his own plaid, and bore him lightly and speedily toward their concealed bothy; but by the way he began to mumble and speak like one in a dream. "He's coming round again," said Burnet. "For mercy's sake, take care an' dinna hurt his back in the carrying! Poor child! he's aye somebody's bairn."

They hurried on, till at length the youth spoke again, and in a feeble voice said, "O let me diane! Consider the situation we are in, and let me die in peace!"

"I think I should ken that voice," said the one. "And I think the same," said the other, "though I do not at all remember the features. Let us hurry on, and by all means take care of hurting him."

They soon reached their bothy, and kindled a blaze. The youth breathed, but continued motionless and insensible. Burnet took him to his bosom, and on loosing his bonnet, which was tied with a napkin below his chin, to let him get breath, the beautiful chestnut hair fell down and discovered the maiden. Jock then perceived at once that he had his own beloved Jane in his arms, and he kissed, embraced, and wept over her. He took the bottle of sweet milk and whisky, which he found untasted in her pocket, and warming it, he fed her with it in small drops till she revived; but it was long before she became sensible, or could be made to understand where she was. When she did, her story was a lamentable one, conveying the certainty that Mr. Turner was lying below that immense mass of snow, and in all probability smothered to death. When she went to the place first, the lower part of the wreath of snow that lay on the smooth green steep only had shot, overwhelming Turner, his dog, and a few sheep which he had been trying to extricate from their perilous situation. The dog had scraped himself out, and was busy scraping above his master, where he had made a hole half way down through the snow. She hastened to the poor animal's assistance; but having nothing to dig with but her hands, she made very slow progress, as she was obliged to knead the snow up in balls and throw it out. She, however, got so near her master, that she heard him

meaning as through his sleep; but when she called he made no answer. The old dog was all the while hanging out his tongue, and plying his whole might. She had hopes of reaching her master in a few minutes, when, behold! the remainder of the wreath rushed and covered her and the old dog up together, she knew not how deep. She was then in a deep pit among snow, and the body of snow rushed over her, without hurting or pressing on her, only covering her completely up from the light. She then turned and digged upward, and the dog did the same, making better progress than she. But in spite of all she could do she sunk under an invincible drowsiness, and fell into a sleep, out of which she believed she never would have awakened.

It was therefore manifest that Thomas Turner, the husband of an amiable young woman, and father of two small children, had been neglected, and lay crushed, in all likelihood to death, below that mass of shot snow, and by that time it was nigh midnight. What could be done to save him? Poor Jane wept, and prayed them to go and attempt saving him; but the two companions in iniquity made light of the matter, and averred that a man, or any creature whatever, could lie and doze for weeks beneath the snow, without being materially the worse. They then began and told long stories how that they had known sheep and goats lie beneath the snow often from four to six weeks, and yet come out sound and whole when the snow went away.

By these means they lulled their consciences asleep, and resolved to keep within their hovel till day. Indeed, Burnet's affection for Jane was such that he had not the heart to leave her in her debilitated state.

But the worst thing of all was, that they had no meat at their still-house—nothing, indeed, save some tubs of strong wash and whisky, and of these they partook till they grew regardless of all earthly things. They laughed, they sung songs, and particularly "The deil's away wi' the exciseman," until daylight appeared; and when they sallied forth to search for their friend and associate, they scarcely knew what they were doing, or remembered what they were going about, as their actions fully manifested. For an instance, they urged their way through the deep snow, speaking and

spitting without intermission, until they were more than half way, when it struck the obtuse head of John Stewart that they were proceeding without their mattocks. He turned and looked his companion in the face: "Gude faith, Jock, we have comed away wanting the spades!"

"Od, so we have!" said Jock; "that was terribly stupid of us, as we cannot do one thing without them. We may just gang back an' seek them."

"It is a pity we should both go back," said Stewart. "Go you on and be working till I come, and I'll turn and fetch them."

But to this Jock would in nowise consent. Probably he did not wish Stewart and Jane to be left by themselves; but he said he could not work, having nothing wherewith to work, and it was needless to sit chattering to death outbye yonder. So back they both returned to seek the spades.

When they arrived at the bothy, the spades could not be found, neither out nor in. It was most wonderful what could have become of the spades, or who could have been there to have taken them away. It behoved to be somebody searching for Turner. "But," added Stewart, "did we no leave them in the wreath, stickin straight aboon Turner?"

"I wadna be supprised," said the other. "O yes! to be sure we did; for we had Jeanie to carry, an' we coudna carry her an' the spades baith. It was terribly stupid of us. But we have gotten an awfu' heat for our forgettleness. We'll need another drink."

The two then took another reaming jug of strong wash and whisky mixed, and set out again drunker than before. They were just in a state that they cared not what they did. They would readily have done a good or kind turn, if it had come in their way, but they would just as readily have done a foolish or wicked one. They little thought all this while of the agony of poor Lizzie. Left alone to take care of two babies and three starving cows, to which she could neither get meat nor water, through the insurmountable snow wreaths by which she was surrounded—her husband awanting, so long exposed to the most dreadful perils of hunger, cold, and that mortal numbness to which all men are liable in a snow-storm; but, above all, from the rushing of the snow; for, from every

bill that faced the south-west, the snow had shot in irresistible masses, bearing all before them, and leaving the steeps bare. Many a long look did poor Lizzie direct through tears over the waste of unbroken whiteness. From morning to night might she have been seen standing at the door, shivering, with one baby at her breast and another at her knee, her eyes always fixed in the same direction, and the tears incessantly streaming to her knee, while the queries of little Keatie, the eldest girl, added greatly to her miseries.

Lizzie could not answer to her child's prattle, but flung herself across the bed and wept bitterly. The urchin, however, perceiving that something was wrong, never ceased her inquiries, teasing her heart-rent mother from morn to night.

The two reckless mountain-dew men thought not of this scene. They were not even sensible of the time they had lost in endeavouring to save the life of their associate, notwithstanding a vague sense of duty or necessity drew them once more to the place, though they regarded it in much the same light as going to dig for a smooored wedder. Not so poor, faithful Snub. He had never left the spot, though quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and had never ceased digging one while and howling another from the time his master had been overwhelmed. The hearts of the two smugglers were melted when they came in view of the place, and saw the poor colley continuing his fruitless toil, and heard his heart-piercing sounds of despair; and they confessed to each other that they had never seen or heard aught so truly affecting. They fell to digging with alacrity, and soon reached the object of their search. He was lying flat on his face, and the snow wedged firm above him, and they had been within an ell of him the night before. They pulled him up to a sitting posture, leaning his back to the snow; and there the following dialogue ensued between them.

"Is there ony sperk o' life left in him, think ye?"

"I rather doubt it. He's looking terribly gash an' clay-coloured."

"I hope that since he has gotten a suck o' the whisky bottle he'll come round again."

"I wadna be surprisid, but I sairly doubt it; for, see ye, he's as braid as a puddock-stool, and there's a clammy cauldness on his skin."

"Then, Jock, if we have lost honest Turner in this way by our remissness, it's a very serious concern, an' we are twa ruined men."

"I wadna be surprisid. But if ruin be seeking after us, she hasnae very far to come—that's some comfort. We might have eluded the excisemen for a while had Turner lived, but sooner or later they wad have had us. Now he's gane, honest man! an' our pipe's out!"

"He was our best friend, Jock."

"Ay, that he was! An' we are answerable for his death."

"Oh! I'll never get aboon this as lang as I live."

"Nor I! Oh—Oh—hoh!"

And here the two reckless outlaws indulged in a hearty fit of crying, most pathetically lamenting their friend and blaming themselves. In such a state of excitement were they, that in all the passions they ran to extremes. The old dog kept whimpering, looking always up at his master's dead face, and scratching on his knee to persuade him to rise and go home. This set the two mountain-dew men once more into a fit of weeping and lamentation. They then covered the corpse decently up with his own plaid, returned to their botly, or rather cave, covered the entrance up with snow, conducted Jane near to the house of Kistcot, and then went off at a tangent to raise assistance to help them home with the body, leaving the weakly and debilitated maiden to bear the grievous tidings to her mistress.

It was a scene of marvel, wo, and misery: marvel at the apparition of the deceased having appeared at the very time when it was afterwards apparent the snow had rushed on him and covered him immovably fast, along with thirty-two of his sheep, which were likewise all kneaded to death. His hands were upon one of them, which he had been lifting through the snow. Thus died Thomas Turner, leaving a disconsolate widow and two orphan children.

From that day forward wicked Jane lost all her glee and humoursome pranks, and on May following was married to Jock Burnet. John Stewart married the widow on the following year; and the two friends keep their still for the manufacture of mountain-dew occasionally going till this day. There is in it a certain spirit of unri-

called "flavour," called "Jock i' the box;" I know where it is brewed. I have only to add, that when the people went to Cowbridge-head to bring home the body, they found the old faithful colley

lying dead on his master's breast. This dreadful storm and fall of snow happened so lately as the 5th of March, 1827, on which day many lives were lost.

DISSENT IN THE CHURCH IN WALES;* CONDITION OF THE
WELSH PEASANTRY.

Ecce pro clericis multum allegavi;
Necnon pro presbyteris multum comprobavi;
Pater Noster pro me, quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque presbyter cum sua suavi.

WALTER DE MAFPS.

WHILE the customs, manners, and traditions of Scotland and Ireland have been displayed and depicted in every form and variety, those of Wales have been most culpably neglected. And whence has this neglect arisen? Not, certainly, from a dearth of materials, nor from a paucity of marked and peculiar interest in the manners of the mountaineers; for Wales is rich in traditional lore—rich in carefully cherished annals of the valour, devotion, and magnanimity of her ancient heroes—rich, too, in the more subordinate adventures, which stamp the broad mark of individuality upon a peculiar people, and afford the skilful delineator of human life so valuable a stock of *matériel*; while every nook and corner of her *locale*, every rock and mountain, every glen and grove, every cataract and ravine, are identified with poetical reminiscences, admirably illustrative of those quick imaginative powers which the Welsh possess, and which,

"Darken'd by their native scenes,
Create wild images and phantoms dre,
Strange as their hills, and gloomy as their
storms."

In superstitious, too, wild, fanciful, and copiously imbued with the bright beauties of poesy, the Cambro-Britons largely abound. How confidingly interesting are their notions respecting fairies, whom they have denominated, as typical of their amiability, the fair family (*tylwyth tég*), the blessing of mothers (*bendith eu mamau*), and dear wives (*gurcigedd uwyl*)! The imputed actions of these diminutive beings are strictly accordant with their endearing appellations;—they lead a life completely and purely pastoral, residing in crystal caves, or in the cool hollows of sunny knolls—befriending fond lovers, pretty dairy-maids, and hospitable housewives. They are, moreover, the inspirers of pleasing dreams, the patrons of virtue and benevolence, and never fail to reward the faithful servant or the affectionate child.

Equally simple-minded is their belief in the power of the mischievous and sportive elf, or *ellyll*,† the prototype of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, and imbued with all the tormenting propensities of that malicious sprite. It is to the *ellyll*, therefore, that the

* An Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent from the Established Church in the Principality of Wales; to which the Royal Medal was awarded at an *Eisteddfod* of the London Cambrian Institution, held in May 1831. The Second Edition, comprising a Statement of the Value of Church Revenues in North Wales. 1 vol. 8vo. London, Hatchard.

† We may observe, *en passant*, that a species of sprite, very similar to the Welsh *ellyll*, which has also some resemblance to the Scotch brownie, exists at the present day in Sweden. When the Swedish peasant sees a dark circle marked on the morning grass, he attributes it at once to the midnight revels of the mischievous elf. With him, as with the Welshman,

"O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worm's light,
Dance the elves of night,
Unheard, unseen:
Yet where their midnight pranks have been,
The cirkled turf will i' the morn be seen."

Welsh peasant attributes all those untoward events, which in more civilized countries are usually laid to the account of the fairy. They milk the cows when the dairy-maid is lazy or engaged with her sweetheart—they lame the horses when the grooms are careless—they blight the corn, addle the eggs, and are supposed to cause

all the numerous mischiefs that so frequently occur to vex mankind. Amongst the most common, as well as the most inconvenient, pastimes in which the *ellyll* indulges, is that of misleading travellers from the right path. We have Robin Goodfellow's own formula for this freak in the following spirited lines:

' Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sportes they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call on them with me to roame
Through woodes, through lakes,
Through bogges, through brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolicke it, with ho! ho! ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turne me can,
To trip and trot about them round:
But if to wale,
My backe to stride,
More swift than winde away I go;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing ho! ho! ho!"*

We are ourselves acquainted with many a stout mountaineer, with as bold and brave a heart as that of Dandie Dinmont "himself," and with a trifle more than a quart of strong ale under his belt, who has, on more than one occasion, been exposed to the sportive pranks of the *ellyllon*, as he returned home from his "nighte sportes;" and his reiterated collision with stunted rocks, blasted trees, furze-bushes, and the like, rendered more obscure by the mountain mist and the mountaineer's muzziness, has been readily attributed to the wild knavery of the sprites aforesaid, while the effects of the *corw da* have been left entirely out of the question. The *ellyllon*, indeed, constitute very convenient scape-goats to the ale-drinking Cambrians. Dr. Owen Pughe relates an anecdote of a lawyer who had a broken nose, and was otherwise disfigured, probably in some drunken fray, who always asserted that the injury was inflicted by the *ellyllon*. "This," continues the doctor, "had such an effect upon my boyish mind, that if I walked in a mist,

I took good care to walk on the grass, in case there should be need to catch hold of a blade of it, which the *ellyllon* have not the power to break." Falstaff, it will be recollected, had a vast horror of a Welsh fairy: "Heaven defend me from that *Welsh* fairy," he exclaims, "lest he transform me into a piece of cheese!"

If the moralist wishes for a more dark and repulsive example of the prostration of human intellect at the shrine of superstition and credulity, we can present him with one even from amongst the simple-minded and secluded peasantry of Wales. Amidst the retired hills of Denbighshire is a well, or rather fountain, dedicated to Saint Elian. In times of Catholic supremacy and delusion, this well, with others in the country, was made subservient to the grasping and avaricious interests of the Roman church; and in these days its superstitious influence is well preserved in its pernicious effect upon the credulous Cambrian. Whoever is put into this well, as it is called, will be afflicted with any malady or

* These lines are extracted from an excellent song, attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson, but not included in that author's collected works.

misfortune which his enemy may desire. "I will put you into Saint Elian's well, and have revenge of you!" said a choleric mountaineer to Mr. Pennant, in return for some trifling offence; and it is only some ten years ago that a man was actually tried at the assizes for, pretending to take a person out of this well, and thereby defrauding him of some fifteen or twenty shillings, when he was imprisoned twelve months for his offence against the statute. It is needless to descant upon the effect of such a superstition upon a race of people, above all others most fitly calculated for its deleterious operation. Like the withering curse of the Indian *Obi*, it strikes at the root of all social and moral happiness, and eventually renders its unhappy object the victim of a fearful and consuming misery.

Having thus cursorily adverted to some of the materials which Wales might beneficially furnish for literary illustration, we again ask, whence has arisen the neglect which has shrouded in darkness so many interesting traits of national manners, and effectually preserved from publicity much valuable information? We need not search long for an answer. In all matters of literature and science, the Welsh are worse than careless—they are culpably and obstinately neglectful. With all their loyalty and hospitality, and with all their generous warmth of temperament, they take no delight in fostering living talent, nor in rescuing from oblivion the genius of past ages. The Welsh gentleman, alas! cares little for the Homers who have, or might have, been born to sing the wars of his Cimmerian ancestors, or the Virgils and Pindars who have perpetuated in poetry the pastoral manners and heroic achievements of the Cymry. There is no concealing the fact, that the Welsh are not a literary or an enlightened people; the genius of their bards expired with its noble-minded possessors; and even the mantle of the order has not descended in any of its pristine freshness and purity to the modern inhabitants of the Principality.

But it may be averred, in contradiction of this assertion, that there are more institutions than one especially established for the preservation and advancement of Welsh literature and antiquities. We know there are; but do they fulfil the purposes of their establishment? We answer, boldly and

confidently, *They do not.* Let us just examine into the *modus operandi* of two of these societies, the *Gwyneddigion*, or North Walesmen, and the *Cymmrodorion*, or Fellow-countrymen—the two most prominent of the Welsh societies.

The *Gwyneddigion*, which we take first, on account of its seniority, was founded, in 1771, by Owen Jones, "the Thames Street furrier," whose active life was dedicated to the preservation of the literary treasures of his native country, Wales. This good man, with a perseverance as ardent as it was inflexible, employed his time and his purse in the collection of all the scarce and ancient manuscripts relating to the history, the poetry, and the antiquities of Wales; and of poetry alone, he succeeded in rescuing nearly one hundred quarto volumes, the contents of which are calculated to throw considerable light upon early British history.

There is one event relating to the beneficence of this generous Welshman, which we are anxious here to record. A few years after the establishment of the *Gwyneddigion* society, the author of a successful prize-essay attracted the notice of its liberal founder. A correspondence between them was the result, in the course of which this kind-hearted Cambrian Mæcenas urged his new friend to give his talents the benefit of an academical education, using, in his letter on this occasion, these characteristic words: "I will bear your expenses; draw upon me for any sum of money you may be in need of whilst at college: and the condition of the obligation is this,—that if, by any reverse of fortune, I should become poor, and you in a state of affluence, then you must maintain me." The person to whom this was addressed—who was, it must be remembered, a perfect stranger to the patriotic furrier—was only once under the necessity of trespassing upon his patron's munificence, and then but to a small amount; but he found him true to his promise, and was even urged to be more large and frequent in his demands. It must also be recollected, that by his discernment in this instance, and by his encouraging instigation, Owen Jones was the means of bringing into public notice an individual moving in the humblest paths of life, who has since proved himself a distinguished ornament to the literature of his country, and filled a

station in the church with great credit to himself, and extensive utility to his flock. We need not hesitate to name this worthy individual; he is the Rev. Walter Davies, rector of Manafon, in Montgomeryshire.

We have recorded this anecdote for two reasons; first, as a noble instance of disinterested generosity, occurring in a humane, but humble individual; and, secondly, as a bitter and durable reproach to the wealthy patricians of Wales. To public charities, and other institutions, they willingly subscribe their hundreds, and readily lend their names—not, however, out of any love to the institutions themselves, but because it is a sort of fashion which they would be ashamed to renounce. Well, indeed, may they “blush” (they will understand us) when they think of Owen Jones, “the Thames Street furrier!”

The *Gwyneddigion*, thus established by Jones, had for its object the favourite pursuit of its founder; but we have looked in vain for the names of the Wynns, the Vaughans, the Mostyns, the Morgans, the Trevors, or, in truth, of any of the *magnates* of Wales, attached to it as actual members. Indeed, it was chiefly supported by individuals of the same rank in life as the furrier, and it does not seem to have been kept up with any spirit after his death. The only good which has accrued from it, as far as we know, is the publication of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*,—a work most valuable to the historical student, as containing a vast body of information connected with the annals of Britain and Wales; but, like every other work relating to Wales, so decidedly antiquarian and *recherché*, that none but the most profound Welsh scholars can even comprehend its contents. This attachment to antiquarianism (we do not mean to antiquity) is the besetting sin of the Cambrian *literati*; and whether it arises from affectation, or from a positive veneration for the ancient relics of their ancestors, we do not know; but we do know, that no better plan could possibly be adopted to circumscribe the diffusion, and limit the utility, of much that might be really useful and interesting, even to the general reader. With the publication of the *Archæology* we must, we fear, close our account of the real benefits which the *Gwyneddigion* society has conferred upon literature; for, although its semblance is still preserved

by the annual election of officers, and by occasional tavern-meetings during the year, the officers are but nominal, while, the meetings are characterised only by a conviviality which, however agreeable it may be to the mirth-loving descendants of Gomer, is by no means becoming the members of a grave society. With this, nevertheless, we should not quarrel, were it accompanied by any attempt to perpetuate the original praiseworthy purposes of the society; but, alas! the only relics of ancient customs which are preserved or attended to at these sittings are the conviviality aforesaid, and “singing to the harp after the manner of the ancient Britons!” Poor Owen Jones! how would his ghost be shocked and scandalised could it but slyly witness one of these uproarious orgies!

We have now to say a few words concerning the *Cymmrodorion* society, which was established about ten years ago, under very high and encouraging auspices. The king was the patron, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (“who,” Taffy says, “will be Cot A’mighty when Cot A’mighty dies”) president; and every individual who could boast of a long pedigree, or of a few hundred acres of bog or mountain, appeared in the list of vice-presidents. Its plan and purpose were somewhat exultingly advertised, and its object was vauntingly avowed to be, “To preserve and illustrate the remains of ancient British literature, and to promote its future cultivation by every means in its power.” Officers of every grade and calibre were ostentatiously appointed; a council, consisting of twelve of the most talented members, was formally appointed; and, to crown the whole, subjects were issued for prizes, which were to be awarded at a grand *Eisteddvôd*, or bardic session, to be held at Freemasons’ Hall on the anniversary of the society’s formation. We were present at this *eisteddvôd*; and of all the wretched farces which it has been our lot to witness, we never saw one more perfectly ridiculous than this. And the best of the joke was, that none of the busy and important actors in the scene were aware of its extreme absurdity. The members of the council stalked about, decorated with a blue riband, hung round their necks in the full solemnity of official dignity; some even had staves in their hands—for what purpose Heaven only

knowing while the bluff and burly Sir Warden himself sat as upright as he could in an old oak chair, the very image of mighty Magog! We pitied the young ladies who were dragged to this strange scene by their ill-judging parents, to present the medals to the successful candidates, nearly all of whom were wild, uncouth animals, fresh from the hills, who had obtained the distinguished honour of a prize for sundry barbarous verses in Welsh in praise of the 'society's institution. Welsh speeches were made, and Welsh songs sung to the harp, "after the manner of the ancient Britons;" and the *cisteddvd* broke up, that its members and their friends might go to dinner.

We have spoken thus of this, the first *cisteddvd* of the society, because we perceive that the same absurd mammy is still carried on, to the impoverishment of the society's funds, and to the great ridicule of its members. But we have a graver charge than this to bring against the *Cymmrodorion*, in noticing the fact of its utter apathy to the most essential purposes of its foundation. What good, let us ask, has it done to any thing connected with the literature, the history, or the poetry of Wales? Has it published any thing worth reading—or worth even the paper and print that have been wasted on its "*Transactions*?" We answer, No! Has it rescued from obscurity any literary treasure, or elucidated any of the perplexities of our early national history? No! Has it, after the manner of the Thames Street furrier, afforded assistance—nay, even encouragement—to one single son of Cambria? No! Has it, during any period of its ten years' existence, done one single thing in strict accordance with the avowed purposes of its foundation? *It has not*; and we will briefly tell our readers why.

The acting members of the *Cymmrodorion*, in other words, the council, consist of the least influential—we had nearly said, least respectable—individuals of the society. Acting under the apparent responsibility of the other and more eminent officers, they proceed entirely according to their own selfish caprices. If they meant well, and were disappointed in the result of their measures—as many greater councils have been before them—we should pity, and not condemn them: but this

is not the case. They act wilfully, and with their eyes open, to the great injury of the society, and to the infinite disgust of all rational people. We do not say this out of pique or ill-will to any single member of the *Cymmrodorion*, or of its council; indeed, as far as we are individually concerned, we have no cause for complaint; but having been honoured by the distinction of one of the society's prizes, we naturally feel a little interest in its welfare and respectability. Besides, being very nearly a thorough-bred Cambro-Briton, and dating our pedigree considerably beyond the deluge, the *amor patrie* is strong within us; and, notwithstanding the evil days upon which our poor country has fallen, and the busy part which some of her *magnates* have taken in the propagation of this evil, we love her still. We love her blue hills and her secluded lakes; we love her glens, her woods, her rocks, her streams, her cataracts, for she is our "father-land;"—we were cradled amidst her mountains, and may we finally repose in their calm and quiet bosom!

No wonder, then, that we feel grieved and indignant at the silly proceedings of the *Cymmrodorion*; and no wonder that we are not singular in our vexation. Instead of "preserving and illustrating the remains of ancient British literature, and promoting its cultivation by every means in its power," it devotes its funds to an expensive and most ridiculous annual concert, in order to benefit certain interested individuals, whose principal ambition is to shew the English people how very barbarously and discordantly the modern Welsh can sing to the harp, "after the manner of the ancient Britons!"

But, it will be said, this society must be of some advantage by the distribution of its prizes, and by the good-fellowship which it must naturally promote amongst the natives of the Principality; as well as by enabling the rich and generous to subscribe their money towards the laudable object of its institution. As far as the prizes are concerned, the plan and purpose are beneficial, we will readily allow; but the mode in which they are awarded is not impartial. The council, of course, constitute the tribunal, to whose judgment the productions are submitted; and we have reason to know, that, with very few exceptions indeed, the writers are sufficiently well known before hand.

Hence impartiality is impossible; and hence it is that certain individuals, whom we could mention, have nearly monopolised the whole series of prizes. In addition to this, the council fix upon the subjects; and we know of no regulation which prevents any one of them from entering the lists as a candidate.

As to the opportunity which the *Cymmrodorion* has afforded for the co-operation and support of the rich and patriotic natives of the Principality, its *bona fide* subscribers—and we speak it with indignation—do not reach two hundred; no, nor scarcely one hundred and fifty, out of the whole population of North and South Wales!*. Let us not, after this, hear any more twaddle about the ardour of Welsh patriotism, or of the zeal of Welsh generosity; neither of which virtues is of sufficient intensity to induce its possessor to contribute one guinea per annum to a society, which ought to be national, and which might be rendered extremely useful and interesting to the literary public at large. But enough of this: we must now come to the more immediate business of our article.

The title of this paper is derived from one of the last successful prize-essays of the *Cymmrodorion*, which the author has anonymously published, under the clumsy title of *An Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent in Wales from the Established Church*. It is a very curious publication, and presents an admirable specimen of the *stuff* of which these successful prize-essays are manufactured.† Professing himself no enemy to the established church, this doughty essayist does, nevertheless, labour most lustily to throw all the discredit and obloquy in his power upon that portion of it which is devoted to the salvation of his stubborn countrymen; and as his production has made some stir in the Principality, we shall enter somewhat minutely into its consideration.

Our author sets out with an asser-

tion to which we can by no means afford our implicit concurrence. “The Welsh,” he says, “have long been proverbial for their attachment to ancient usages, and for habits of cheerful respect to their superiors.” The first part of this assertion is clearly a *sop* for the especial soothing of the Cerberus of the *Cymmrodorion* council; but what we have already said respecting the support which this society has received from the Welsh, will at once disprove its sincerity. The second part requires more serious notice, especially when it is clenched with the following bold affirmation: “The general disposition of the people is *evidently* that of obedience to existing authorities.”

Certainly there was striking evidence of “obedience to existing authorities,” in the riotous tumults at Merthyr Tyd-
vil, and amongst the North Wales colliers, which must have been in full and furious operation at the very time that this luminous oracle was writing his essay. Why, at this very moment there exists a strong and bitter hatred towards the “existing powers,” in the immediate district surrounding the estates of the mighty Sir Watkin himself; and he, in particular, is an object of very cordial execration amongst his own cheerfully-respecting dependents.

The condition of the Welsh peasantry, although marked by poverty, has certainly presented, till of late, an interesting example of contentment and tranquillity. We say *till of late*, because we shall presently have a few words to say on the cause of the alteration. And any person who had passed through the country, would be at no loss to account for their contentment and tranquillity. He would have observed the large and small landed proprietors, clergymen as well as laymen, acting towards their tenants and dependents like kind and careful masters, attending to their wants in sickness or decay, and so far watching over their interests in health, as to find them employment on their estates; and thus affording them and their families an

* We perceive, by a report of the last *Eisteddvôd*, that Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Southey, and Mr. Thomas Moore (what a triad!), are honorary members. In the name of Cadwalader, what has Mr. Moore ever done in connexion with “ancient British literature?” Is not such foolery perfectly contemptible in a society with any pretensions to gravity or sincerity of purpose?

† May we ask, what reference the subject of this essay has to the original purposes of the *Cymmrodorion*, and why it was selected on the present occasion? We should like to know, also, how many candidates there were for this prize.

honest and well-earned subsistence. To exemplify more graphically the utility of the old system, we will describe the mode in which a bluff old kinsman of our own manages his estate in the secluded county of Caernarvon. He farms some four or five hundred acres of his own land ; in addition to which, a considerable portion of the property is let out to small tenants, who live in cabins, and work their own "farms," as they are called, by the sweat of their own brows. These tenants, who are very similar to the Irish peasantry, usually work out the rent of their cots, or huts, on the estate of the landlord ; and as it generally happens that some of their children are employed in the house—the tenant himself having formerly been a domestic also—an attachment to the family is engendered, which is abundantly conducive to the maintenance of a mutual regard, and which is productive of the most beneficial and happy results to both parties. The land in Caernarvonshire, at least that in the vicinity of our friend's estate, is badly adapted to the production of corn ; and the estate to which we are now referring furnishes only enough of this essential article for the consumption of the proprietor and his family. The greater portion of the land being wooded, its chief produce is oak-bark and cordwood ; the former being exported to Ireland in considerable quantities, while the latter is consumed on the spot as the ordinary fuel, with turf, of the lower orders. Oats and potatoes, with a small quantity of barley, are the principal articles which the small farmers, or cottars, cultivate ; and both are chiefly appropriated to furnish food for the cultivators, as oat-cakes and potatoes and buttermilk, with sundry savoury compounds concocted out of oatmeal, constitute the ordinary diet of the peasantry. If to these they can add some salt-fish, or bacon, their luxuries are completed. Money, therefore, is only so far necessary as to procure clothing, and the requisite comforts of sickness or old age.

We have already observed, that the landlord, in many instances, where the property is not large, will take his rent for these humble tenements in the work done by the tenant ; and where there are children in the family old enough to work with their parents, the tenant not unfrequently earns money over and

above the amount of his rent ; and where this is not the case, the sale of a pig or two, or occasionally of a calf, produces what is necessary to procure clothing and other extras, not excepting even litigation—a favourite pastime amongst the better class of peasants, who will even boast of their ability to pay for law, as an approximation to the rank of a gentleman. What a practical satire ! Thus, actual want, except in cases of sickness, or other unavoidable misfortunes, is rarely the lot of the Welsh peasant. His condition, God knows, is poor and wretched enough, as far as the absence of all luxury can make it ; but with plenty of oatmeal, potatoes, and buttermilk, and (if he have a cow) some skim-milk and butter, with a weather-proof cabin and a good stock of linsey-woolsey, the Welsh mountaineer may safely bid defiance to the dangerous and inflammatory harangues of bawling demagogues ; and instead of spouting sedition and imbibing "*useful knowledge*" (!) at the ale-house, rest well satisfied with the study of the old Welsh Bible, "ance his father's pride."

To take an example upon a larger scale, we know of no set of tenantry or dependents who are better managed, in every conceivable respect, than those of Sir Robert Vaughan, the member for Merionethshire, on his Nannau property. We heartily wish some of our noisy Irish absentee patriots would pay a short visit to the worthy baronet's residence, and while there, make a proper and diligent use of their eyes and ears : if they did not imbibe a sound practical lesson, infinitely more valuable than all the trash of a million knowledge-societies, we should entertain but a mean opinion of their mental capacities. Sir Robert Vaughan affords an admirable illustration of the extensive benefits which a wealthy and humane *RESIDENT COUNTRY GENTLEMAN* is capable of conferring upon every one within the sphere of his influence, but more especially upon those who want them most—the poor. Ardently attached to his inheritance, the kind protector of his numerous dependents, and deriving a continual source of gratification from witnessing, in the happiness of others, the result of his own good works,—he is fully justified in replying to a flattering invitation to quit the seclusion of his native hills, and to mix more frequently with the

gay creatures of the court, "Sire, I love to dwell amongst mine own people!"

It would far exceed the limits of this article, and, indeed, outrun our present purpose, were we to enter fully into the great benefits which Sir Robert's conduct as a landlord confers upon his tenantry; we should, however, consider ourselves guilty of a culpable omission, did we close these observations without bearing the strongest testimony to his judicious kindness towards the poor. "Come up to Nannau!" is his cheering speech to the willing labourers, when the severity of winter is pressing hard upon the poor—"Come up to Nannau, and let me see that you are willing and anxious to work, and you shall have your wages." On one occasion, a new barn on the estate was struck by lightning; and those who first observed it hastened to Nannau, to communicate the accident. "Where is it?" anxiously asked Sir Robert. The name of the place was mentioned, when he exclaimed, with grateful energy, "Thank God! it is not one of my poor tenants!" Such is Sir Robert Vaughan, of Nannau; and if he has never distinguished himself as a brilliant and showy senator, he has employed a long life in an uninterrupted series of good actions—in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, without ostentation and without pride. Truly may we hope of him—

"Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus
ævo!"

To come, however, to the more immediate object of our article—the *cause of dissent in Wales*. This our author attributes, and has laboured most zealously in his vocation, to the incapacity of English clergymen to administer to Welsh parishioners; and, above all, to the ignorance of the bishops touching the *Welsh language*. Although he has collected a considerable portion of evidence in support of his position, we must take leave, from our own local knowledge, to assert, that he has misrepresented many facts, and most highly coloured others. Although, as we have already observed, apparently a friend to the established church, he has indulged in culpable exaggeration to depreciate its ministers, who are, we readily admit, far from infallible: still, *magna est veritas*; and we must endeavour to set mankind right upon this

particular point, with our accustomed energy and facility.

First of all, let us here say a few words on the real and positive "*cause of dissent in Wales*;" a cause no more peculiar to Wales than to any other country, and always, in religious matters at least, to be referred to *persecution*. What drove Wesley from the established church, and imbued him with a power mightier than that of the mightiest bishop that ever wore a mitre? Was it the gibes and scorn and contumely of his fellow-colleagues? No, truly! They might have giped and scorned and tormented till doomsday; and they would not have invested the amiable seceder with any peculiarity above that of his meek and singular character. But no sooner did the bigwigs of the university take the matter seriously in hand, and excommunicate the young saint, than he was immediately sought after and followed with all the fanatic enthusiasm and blind zeal which usually characterise the worshippers of martyrs. And what induced Wesley to practise those pious irregularities which led to his expulsion from the university? Did the lax discipline, the indolence, or the ignorance of its rulers, compel him to adopt those means for his own salvation which he considered more effectual than the orthodox, prescribed, and formal rules of the establishment? We opine not. Neither was dissent in Wales caused by any remissness on the part of the ministers of the church, but by the *persecution* of its primitive professors, who, in the first instance, were induced to secede, either in accordance with their own wild whims, or to effect some purpose of a nature not strictly pious. The following singular account of the *commencement* of dissent in Wales, is given in a Welsh periodical, entitled *Trysorfa*:—

"In the reign of James I. a clergyman of the name of Wroth was vicar of Llanfaches, in Monmouthshire. Being of a joyous temper, and, like most of his countrymen, passionately fond of music, he was sometimes carried beyond the bounds of propriety by this enthusiasm. On one occasion, a gentleman, having presented him with a new harp, fixed a day on which, in company with some mutual friends, he would visit him, and hear him perform upon it. The day appointed came, and Wroth was anxiously expecting his visitor, when a messenger arrived to inform him that his friend was

just dead! This incident affected him so deeply, that, repenting the levity of his youth, from a gay clerical troubadour he became all at once a sad but zealous divine. He soon distinguished himself so much as a preacher, that the Welsh peasantry flocked from all the neighbouring counties to hear him."

The severity of this penitent's life rendered him obnoxious to Laud, and other dignitaries; and a pretext was soon discovered for depriving him of his benefice. The persecution once commenced, Wroth gained proselytes with great rapidity; and at last they became so numerous as to constitute a regular dissenting congregation, on the Independent model. Under the Commonwealth, the Independents were not only tolerated but predominant; and even in the persecuting times of the Stuarts, their pastors still continued to traverse the wild hills of the Principality, braving all dangers for the sake of their few but faithful followers. Their congregations still met, in fear and trembling, in woods and caverns, and amidst the gloomiest recesses of most inaccessible mountains, exposed to such bitter persecution as drove some of them to the very verge of actual insanity.

There is nothing in all this for which the regular clergy can be blamed,—on the score of laxity, at all events. We have seen how the dissent originated in the remorse of a gay vicar; and we should be glad to know how the establishment, with all its secular assistance to boot, could stem the torrent of sectarian enthusiasm, which an attempt to maintain its own orthodoxy in this, as in many other instances, so surely produces? It is now too late in the day to impute the existence and extensive prevalence of dissent to the indolence or the incapacity of the ministers of the regular church. The torch which was lighted at the blazing shrine of proud intolerance, has kindled a fire which all the piety, learning, assiduity, and zeal of the whole established church will never succeed in extinguishing.—*No, never!*

The old grievance of appointing English clergymen to Welsh benefices is revived by our essayist, with a virulence quite alarming. In allusion to this subject, "What," he asks, "is the fact at the present moment in Wales? All the highest church preferment is in the hands of men utterly ignorant of

the Welsh language!" and forthwith follows a woful lamentation, because "a whole district should be virtually deprived of the rite of confirmation"—this, in our author's opinion, being the principal benefit conferred upon his flock by a bishop! "The visitation of an English bishop in Wales," he continues, "has nothing in it, or associated with it, to influence the affections (!)" As for the clergy, they attend, not to seek advice from a father and a friend; but with cold formality, as at the levee of some temporal lord, with whom they are bound to hold, for a few brief moments, an interview of heartless ceremonial. As for the people, they crowd the church, indeed, dissenters and churchmen; but it is in the spirit in which Englishmen abroad go to see a popish procession; they hardly understand one word that is said; their bishop's dress, his words, all that he does, are a mere topic for idle gossip and "guess-work—often of sectarian ridicule!"

Did ever any body read such twaddling senility as this in a grave prize-essay? *Where*, we humbly ask this "learned Theban," is the "visitation of an English bishop" attended with any feelings which influence the affections,"—with any feelings in fact but those of gaping curiosity? "As for the clergy," so long as bishops are imbued with the blessed virtues of clerical patronage, so long will they be waited upon "with cold formality;" and we doubt very much that, even in Wales, the influence of *Starad Cymraeg*, even in a bishop, would be so powerful an attraction as his wig and lawn sleeves. As to the ceremony of confirmation, it is one in which the bishop merely acts a cold, mechanical, heartless part: there is no scope for anything else, and the dull monotony of repeating so frequently the same prayer, however impressively it may be delivered, would not be improved, we are thinking, by expressing it one minute in Welsh and the next in English; neither would it tend in the least to convert the Welsh dissenters, and bring them back into the bosom of the church. "English bishops," therefore, will answer the purpose quite as well as Welsh ones, at least for the present.

"On putting to a gentleman, upon whose accuracy I can rely (we are quoting our essayist), the following question, 'What proportion of the col-

lective income (qy—wisdom?) of the Welsh church is held by Englishmen?' I received the following answer: 'Four bishoprics, a great portion of the deaneries, prebends, and sinecure rectories, and many, if not most, of the canopies.'"

Passing over the brilliant aptitude of this luminous answer to its preceding question, we may here observe, the want of tact exhibited by our zealous author in adducing in favour of his argument a fact which any school-boy must see tells strongly against it. His "collective income" comprises those dignitaries of the church who are created merely to maintain its pomp and temporal glory, and who, if they were all barbarous Welshmen, would rarely come into contact with their countrymen, except on occasions of public display, or useless formality. They are, in fact, the very persons upon whom such situations in the church, if they are to be conferred at all, ought to be conferred; as they can go through all the requisite ceremonials with just as much benefit to mankind in one language as in another. Let the "collective income" be enjoyed by bishops, deans, prebendaries, and canons, for aught we care about the matter, so that we have amongst the *working* clergymen individuals well qualified for their vocation; and that we *have* such, even in Wales, we shall proceed to point out.

Our essayist has appended to his essay a formidable list of individuals not qualified, in his opinion, to enjoy Welsh benefices; but he has omitted the *per contra* side of the question, and said nothing about those who hold benefices, being duly and fully qualified to perform their parochial duties. Now, we do not hesitate to affirm, and that, too, without any fear of contradiction, that the majority of those parishes which contain a large proportion of inhabitants purely Welsh, are invariably served by Welsh incumbents. All the secluded and inland parishes are thus served, and many of those which are situated on the borders, where the English language is the common dialect of the people. Nay, to such an extent is the partiality for the Welsh language carried, that at Dolgelly, the capital of the county of Merioneth, and a parish containing some six of seven thousand souls, the ritual is always performed in the Welsh tongue;

and it is only till within these few years that the rector has been induced, as a great and especial favour, to preach his sermon in English once in the month! At Barmouth, too, the want of English service has been found so pressing, that a church is now actually building, if not built, by subscription, for the express purpose of accommodating a numerous class of people, who prefer to pray in English rather than in Welsh.

Now these are facts which our zealous essayist has never hinted at; and did our limits permit, we could multiply them a hundredfold. We must rest satisfied, however, with observing, that in every case which he has adduced of the impropriety of the appointment of an English incumbent, the said incumbent presides over a parish in every respect English, whether we consider the manners, the habits, or even the language of the inhabitants. For instance, he has adduced the parish of Machynlleth as labouring under the incapacity of an English incumbent. Now Machynlleth is as civilised a town as any in North Wales, inhabited by a numerous race of well-educated gentry, who are therefore fully qualified by habits and inclination to benefit by the spiritual aid of an English pastor; and were they not thus qualified, the rector, Mr. Venables, is sufficiently acquainted with the Welsh language to perform the necessary services.

But it is not so much with what the author has stated as with what he has omitted to state, that we have to find fault. His essay is a decided *ex parte* statement, and as fine a specimen of specious special pleading as we ever remember to have witnessed. Surely, the council of the *Cymmrodorion* must look but superficially into the communications submitted to their erudite judgment, when an essay so partial and imperfect as this was deemed worthy of the lion-prize of the great session. We say nothing now of the bad taste and wretched impolicy which led to the selection of a polemic subject for discussion by a society established for the preservation of the language, history, antiquities, and literature of Wales; neither shall we, in this place, enter into any inquiry as to the *secret cause* of so strange and anomalous a proceeding: all that we shall say is, that it augurs very ill for a literary society to be compelled to seek

notoriety by sanctioning, at a time of great popular excitement, the abuse of any portion of the established system; and that this has been effectually accomplished by the publication of the essay before us, is, we are sorry to say, perfectly indisputable. ^c

We have intimated that the author has been guilty of culpable omission; and any person but superficially acquainted with Wales will immediately detect a long list of offences of this kind. After giving a minute catalogue of absentee, incumbents, sinecure rectors, and other grievous bugbears, he obliges us with a "State of the Fifty-two Parishes of Montgomeryshire," a border county, and, therefore, more civilised, or, to speak plainly, more Anglicised, than any of the inland districts. Montgomeryshire, too, is a great thoroughfare from the north-west parts of England to South Wales, and is, besides, chiefly inhabited by a wealthy race of farmers, the country being less mountainous, and the land richer than almost any other county in North Wales. The obvious unfairness of selecting such a county, as affording a correct example of the mode in which the church in Wales is mis-managed, is too glaring to need any detailed exposition. If the author intended *by figures* to prove the truth of his assertions, why did he not go through the six counties of North Wales at once, and give a fair and candid statement of the whole clerical establishment? Because he could not make out his clumsy case in *that* way, as he knew, or ought to know, that a *correct* report of the inland parishes would utterly demolish the slender fabric of his argument. Does this zealous reformer of church abuses, this enemy to English bishops, this champion of clerical propriety, really *know* any thing of the truly Welsh counties,—of Merioneth, of Caernarvon, or of Anglesey? If he does, why not favour us with the result of his knowledge; if he does not, more shame to him, and to the society which has sanctioned his garbled and uncandid statements!

The church in Wales is in as pure a

state as it is elsewhere; indeed, we may affirm, that, upon the whole, it is less characterised by imperfections than in several other parts of the kingdom. That it has abuses, it would be absurd to deny; for "where is that place into which foul things will not intrude?" But these abuses are *not* the cause of dissent in Wales, nor do we believe that they add to its existence, or contribute to its propagation. So long as the human mind is flighty and variable—so long as human passions are more powerful than human reason—and so long as there are individuals whose object and interest it is to avail themselves of human weakness and human error,—so long will sectarianism flourish, in despite of all the prize essays of a thousand *Cymmrodorion*, and of all the zealous interference of the whole church establishment to boot.

We have had occasion to allude to the contented and happy condition of the Welsh peasantry, which, till of late, has been esteemed, and not unjustly, a pattern of Arcadian excellence. Still, we must not suppose that they were exempted from the common lot of mortals, or that their pastoral simplicity was unmixed with the boorish vices of an untutored peasantry. These vices, however, have been grossly exaggerated, and by no persons more darkly than the sectarians, who, to prove the extreme efficacy of their own zealous exertions in the way of reformation, have painted the sins of their proselytes with a flaming pencil. The following is a translation of an account of the state of religion in Wales in the eighteenth century. It was taken *verbatim* from the mouth of a very old Welsh Methodist, and published in 1813 in the *Trysorfa*, a Welsh periodical already quoted.

"In those days the land was dark indeed! Hardly any of the lower ranks could read at all. The morals of the country were very corrupt; and in this place (Bala, in Merionethshire*) there was no difference between gentle and simple, layman and clergyman. Gluttony [in potatoes and buttermilk?], drunkenness, and licentiousness, prevailed through the whole country (!)

* This is the place of which the accomplished and talented Lord Lyttleton speaks so rapturously in his *Tour in Wales*. The beauty, good-nature, and modesty of the women, were particularly striking, and the place altogether reminded his lordship of a modern Arcadia. The banks of the beautiful lake near the town are studded with gentlemen's seats—mostly English gentlemen. Sir Richard Colt Hoare had a villa here; and we beg our readers to remember what we have just stated, as a small counterbalance to the sectarian's formidable account.

Nor was the influence of the church at all calculated to repress these evils. From the pulpit the name of the Redeemer was hardly ever heard; nor was much mention made of the natural sinfulness of man, nor of the influence of the Spirit. On Sunday morning the poor were more constant in their attendance at church than the gentry; but the Sunday evenings were spent by all in idle amusements. Every Sabbath there was what was called a 'chwnren-gamp,' a sort of sport (game) in which all the young men of the neighbourhood had a trial of strength, and the people assembled from the adjoining country to see their feats. On Saturday night, particularly in the summer, the young men and maids held what they called singing-evenings (*nosweithiau canu*); that is, they met together, and diverted themselves by singing in turns to the harp, till the dawn of the Sabbath [a dreadful sin, truly!] In this town they used to employ the Sundays in dancing and singing to the harp, and playing tennis against the town-hall. In every corner of the town some sport or other went on, till the light of the Sabbath-day had faded away. In the summer, 'interludes,' (a kind of rustic drama) were performed, gentlemen and peasants sharing the diversion together. A set of vagabonds, called the 'bobl gerdded,' (walking-people), used to traverse the country, begging with impunity, to the disgrace of the law of the land."

This affords one of many examples illustrative of the mode in which the simple pastimes of the Welsh peasantry are misrepresented by the fanatic zeal of sectarian prejudice; and, from the general tenour of the essay before us, we are not at all surprised that the author should attach a prodigious degree of importance to it. If, however, he knew the Welsh sectarians as well as we do, he would not pin his faith upon any statement emanating, as this does, from a partial and prepossessed narrator. Those who have had opportunities of closely observing the manners and motives of the Welsh sectarians, will bear testimony to the truth of our assertion, when we say, that, in all matters, even of innocent and harmless diversion, unconnected with what even *they* term religious duty, they are the bitter, avowed, and uncompromising denouncers. The Welsh peasantry are naturally a social people, and their rustic games and amusements are characterised by a spirit of sociality abundantly productive of mutual good-

will and regard. Even their more laborious avocations were formerly pursued in concert, and these social assemblies were called *cymmorthau*. There were *cymmorthau* for spinning, for works of husbandry, for coal-carriage, &c. The "singing-evenings," so strangely adduced in the sectarian's statement as an instance of immorality, and even of sin, are still practised in some of the secluded mountain districts. But a far more general mode of spending the Saturday night, is by the odd practice of *bundling*, which has afforded ample scope for sectarian denunciation. The thunders of the Church of Rome were not hurled with greater violence against incorrigible heretics, than were the anathemas of the dissenters against the Welsh *bundlers*—but all in vain; for the louder the Methodists preached, the longer the "young men and maids" *bundled*, and without incurring, moreover, any of those dangers of damnation with which they were so energetically threatened by their saintly advisers.

Now *bundling* is, of itself, not only a harmless, but, from all we could ever make out, a salutary pastime. Perhaps the English reader does not exactly comprehend the minute bearings, the "scope and tendency," of *bundling*; it must be our business, therefore, to enlighten him on the subject; and if he is not then of our opinion as to its positive utility, the fault is not ours, but his.

On Saturday at e'en, no sooner has the sun descended into the glowing west, amidst a canopy of golden clouds, and the usual paraphernalia of appropriate accompaniments, than the amorous Cambrian swain, regardless of a week's work in the fields or on the mountains, repairs with stealthy step, with sparkling eye, and bounding heart, to the far-off residence of his bounding Dulcinea. If it should happen, as is usually the case, that this said Dulcinea is a member of the establishment of a mountain "laird," or a substantial farmer, her faithful swain secures an ambush in one of the out-houses adjoining the mansion, till the family have retired; and no sooner is all quiet, than he boldly enters the house, and is escorted, "nothing loath," by the fair object of his adventure at once to her bed-chamber. If more than one servant occupies the same sleeping-room, she has also her lover; so that solitude and secrecy are by no

means requisite accompaniments to the *ars conversandi*. That the parties spend the night in bed is true; but that nothing beyond simple flirtation usually occurs, is a fact known to every magistrate and master of a family in the uplands. Indeed, it is an implied compact between *Gwen* and *David*, that the utmost decorum should exist during the whole period of this singular courtship; and if any breach of it should occur, compensation is almost invariably rendered by the espousal of the erring fair one.

From all that we have been able to learn respecting the effects of this custom upon the morality of the peasantry—and by the peasantry we mean all the lower classes in the pastoral districts—we must repeat unhesitatingly our affirmation, that it is of great and extensive utility in preventing that rustic licentiousness, which would inevitably prevail amongst a people possessed of so warm a temperament as the Welsh: it affords, in fact, that restraint which a more careless and less formal mode of courtship would appear not to render necessary. That *slips* sometimes occur, it would be folly to deny; but they happen much less frequently where *bundling* is practised than where it is not; and in these more sanctified districts, the "misfortune" is not always repaired by marriage,—a circumstance necessarily implied by an admission to the rites and privileges of the practice.

Against *bundling*, as we have already intimated, the bitterest anathemas of the sectarian were loudly fulminated. To strangers, and to that numerous class of persons who are the first to denounce an offence which they themselves would willingly commit if they dared, their fulminations bore a character of peculiar excellence, from the alleged enormity of so heinous a sin; for it is particularly observable, that there are no sins so sinful in the estimation of your zealous sectarian as those of the "lusts of the flesh." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," is the loud and common *slogan* of the order; and more proselytes have been gained by its bigoted whooping, coupled with long and luminous expositions of the "natural sinfulness of *man*," than by any other branches of their heterodoxy. But *bundling* continues, and will continue, in spite of the unceasing efforts of the "elect;"

and when it is attended with one-half of the immorality and deliberate wickedness which originates in love-feasts, and other meetings of the Methodists, the sooner it ceases the better; till then, long may it flourish, for the especial oblectation and solace of the merry mountain-maid and her lusty lover!

It would have been well for the Welsh if the exertions of the sectarian had been equally unsuccessful in other matters; but this, we regret to say, has not been the case. With a zeal characterised by all the strenuous and unmitigable fanaticism of its professors, the sectarian has succeeded in effecting a total and an evil change in the character of the Cambro-Briton. The strong and binding sociality which cemented society together even more closely than the ties of hereditary consanguinity, has given place, either to assemblies for the purpose of boisterous hilarity, gloomy religious disputation, or, what is worse than all, unbridled and insubordinate political discussion. It is dangerous, deeply dangerous, to attempt to subdue the national sociality of a whole people; and thus the sectarians have unhappily proved in Wales. When they denounced damnation against the harmless and happy meetings of the peasantry—when they declared, like the bards of old,

"In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,"—

nay, in the very name and presence of God himself, that the innocent amusements of the people, their simple and cheering songs, their manly games, and *all* their cheerful, social pastimes, were sinful and wicked, it would have required a stronger faith than was possessed by that untutored community to disbelieve or dispute the denunciations of these spiritual ascetics. When, therefore, they met for any other purpose than that of religion, they met predetermined to commit a sin, to which it was not necessary to assign any curb or any limitation. It is needless to descant here upon the unavoidable peril, nay, the certain and overwhelming destruction, which such a state of headlong determination must sooner or later hurl down upon its practisers. There is a ban upon the harmless and social pastimes of their fathers: and, in the opinion of the

simple and ignorant, it is just as reasonable to be condemned for a large offence as for a small one—"to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!"

But the evil does not rest here. By sedulously exciting, first a contempt, and then a hatred, towards the ministers of the established church, the sectarian produces a frightful chasm in the hitherto smooth and even path of the secluded society in Wales. The best and surest mode of planting the seeds of turbulent discontent in the breast of a community, is to destroy those salutary ties which exist between the pastor and his flock. The sectarian knows this full well, and full well has he availed himself of it; especially in Wales, where a reverence and an affection for the minister of God formed a prominent part of the character of the Welsh peasant. The transformation of the merry, warm-hearted, and loyal mountaineer, into the gloomy fanatic, or the riotous drunkard, is a change which every good man heartily deplures; and its result we have recently had too

sad an occasion to witness, in the shedding of human blood and the destruction of much valuable property. That the origin of this evil may be traced to sectarian influence, is too evident to be denied; for by diverting the people from the social customs which, while they afforded them a requisite and a salutary relaxation, contributed most powerfully to the fostering and maintaining of mutual good-will, as well as to a proper degree of respect for the rich, who encouraged them—they destroyed the stronghold of their integrity, and rendered them well qualified for the reception of new impressions. These the religious zealot on the one hand, and the political demagogue on the other, have industriously distributed; and amongst those secluded hills, where tranquillity and happiness once universally prevailed, the germs of a huge commotion are plentifully scattered, which will at no distant period gather and grow, till it bursts like a torrent over the land, to be restrained by—whom? and how?

LORD BYRON'S JUVENILE POEMS.*

CAN any thing more be possibly written on Lord Byron? O yes! much, much, much. Not, indeed, if all that had been professedly written upon him had been proper either to his character or his productions; but the fact is, that more than three-fourths of all the exertions published on his merits and genius have been as wide of the mark "as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole"—nay, had no more to do with him than with Jack the Giant-killer. Indeed, if, by any chance, it could be proved that they had aught to do with the last-named hero of the nursery, they might, *à fortiori*, have been inferred as belonging remotely to his lordship also—for, if the truth must be spoken, he was somewhat of a Jack the Giant-killer himself. Somewhat?—nay, altogether. But this is a profound idea, which, however it might be esteemed in Germany, would, we fear, be unintelligible in England, even were we, OLIVER YORKE, Prince

of Metaphysicians, ourself to enter on its development.

Moreover, what we have to write is designed to relate to Byron, and to Byron only, and not to Jack the Giant-killer, nor to the centre, nor to the pole, nor to any other thing in earth, heaven, or hell, but what was and is contained in the earth, heaven, and hell of his lordship's mind and its productions.

Have we not said it—yea, and it shall stand fast—that Lord Byron became a poet in consequence of his education having been as far as possible from that breeding and bringing-up which can only with propriety be termed lordly? Have we not said, that it was only inasmuch as Byron was less of a lord that he was more of a poet?—to say nothing, now, of the defects of his character, moral and intellectual, in which, we apprehend, many nobles may be as imperfect—wanting, also, that excellence of poetical awakening, which in him was, not

* The Works of Lord Byron: with his Letters and Journals, &c. &c. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In 14 vols. Vols. I. to VII. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1832.

to speak it profanely, "as a well of water springing up into everlasting life." It is his—that life; and he is now one of the immortals. Not so they.

Now, it is known that we are thoroughly aristocratical. We are for "the order"—let all else go to wrack and ruin, but the order must be kept up. We are ready at all times to fight this good fight, and, like soldiers faithful and true, to die in the breach for this high cause. The aristocratical is the highest style of man; for the pure aristocrat is the only true Christian. A poetical idea this,—all the more religious for being poetical. Would that we could reach its heights and its depths, its lengths and its breadths. Christianity is kingly and lordly, and its founder is a king and a lord; and such would he also make his followers to become. This is the end and aim of his religion; for it is his high boast to be King of kings and Lord of lords. Nay, more, its ambition is more exalted yet: he is God, and would have his believers to be gods also; "for the Scriptures cannot be broken." The utmost elevation of character is enjoined to every Christian,—the noble, the royal, and the divine. This is the mystery of the Christian faith; and hence it is that poetry, which is the only adequate expression of religious sentiment, is right royal; a fact perceived even by such a scapegrace democrat as Hazlitt—who perceived it, however, only to lament it.* Fool! not to draw from the fact its appropriate conclusion, and rejoice in the

wise dispensations of an overruling Providence. But a fool is an unteachable ass, and "he shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray."

Not such a fool was Byron; neither is his biographer, Moore, quite—for all the world knows that Tom loves a lord. Well, it is some merit, after all, to love a lord, but a greater to be one. We mean not one by profession, but in reality. This it is not likely Tom will ever be, much less a king or a god. He may, however, become a member of parliament—at any rate, he is trying for it. A pledged representative! the slave of a democracy—that tribe of slaves! Slaves, called by the new constitution of England freemen! Freemen, forsooth! as if such noble cattle could be made by act of parliament. It is all a blasphemous mistake. Freemen! Is a man, seized and bound in the gripe of the world, the flesh, and the devil, a freeman? Not a bit of it. Is it to make men free, to command a gaol delivery of all evil dispositions,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life? Not a bit of it! No man, over whom his lusts, and his passions, and his appetites tyrannise, is a freeman—can be a freeman! Is that man free whose soul is struggling in the meshes of false opinion, or left forlorn, a wretched pilgrim, to muse amid "the ghostly gloom of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloistered cells," whither his servile feet had been attracted by "the poisonous charms of baleful superstition;" or

* We extract, in a note, the passage from Hazlitt, which is to be found in two of his works,—*The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, and *View of the English Stage*,—according to that practice of "damnable iteration" by which he was wont to impose upon that more egregious ass than himself—the public. "The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty; it takes from one thing to add to another; it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favourite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty; it judges of things not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolising faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present excitement by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good, by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle—it aims at effect,—it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium—it is every thing to excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents a dazzling appearance. It shews its head TURRET-ED, CROWNED, AND CRESTED. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before, 'it carries noise, and behind it leaves tears.' It has its altars and its victims,—sacrifices,—human sacrifices! *Kings, priests, and nobles, are its train-bearers,—tyrants and slaves its executioners.* 'Carnage is its daughter.' POETRY IS RIGHT ROYAL. It puts the individual for the species," &c. &c.

seeking still, "with a rash impetuous aim, those flowery joys with which the hand of lavish fancy paints each flowery scene where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire where is the sanction of eternal truth, or where the seal of

undeceitful good, to save her search from folly"? Ask Akenside! Ask the train of sages, heroes, bards, whom he, in his poetic ecstasy, beheld proceeding to the shrine of Truth—

"O let not us,
Lulled by luxurious pleasures languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot rage,—
O let us not a moment pause to join
The godlike band!"

Who, then, is the freeman? He in nity of soul that conquers Chance and whom is awakened "the strong divi- Fate?" But can he be such

"Who, at the sound of death,
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjured up
And black before him,—nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth"?

And what security have we that such wretches as this shall not give their "most sweet voices" in the choice of representatives now? Or, say you, such security was never had?—what test have we to satisfy us that the representatives themselves should not be

such wretches—such slaves? Had we not once such test? But that is gone—for ever! And wherefore grieve for what cannot be repaired? But we may look to the future; and from a voter or a representative like this what may be predicated?

"Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country, nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame,—
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country! and in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?"

Now, if Tom were a lord in reality—that is, one of Nature's noblemen, to whom a mere title can add no dignity—he would not submit to be returned by or among such rascals. But Lord Byron was a lord—both by name and nature. He mingled the pride of ancestry and of personal merit. He might have been the father of a lordly line, and he rejoiced that he was the son. He felt himself equal to the dignity of his social rank—capable of grappling therewith in all spiritual might. Whatever might be his speculative opinions—and the bitterness of his moral feelings, originating in a physical defect, influenced these to a deteriorating degree, in a word, democratised them—his practical principles were decidedly aristocratic. His ideal energies, his highest sentiments, his rational being, his unprejudiced will, were alive to admiration of all noble, all honourable, all excellent things; in which is the essence

and ground of aristocratic feelings, desires, and aspirations. The strength and depth of these may be estimated from the wrath excited by the attack upon them in the *Edinburgh Review's* criticism touching his *Hours of Idleness*. It was for the outrage on these that his ire was so fearfully roused, in the first place; that on his poetical pretensions held the second—but only the second—for he knew them to have originated in an individual impulse, akin to those lofty distinctions to which his soul, in its deepest and holiest recesses, bowed in adoration. And it was this secret worship which saved him—this which, in the interest he felt for Greece, inspired him, in later life, to act upon her classic soil a poem as great as any he had ever written. It was not for modern Greece he felt, but for her ancient, though now absent, glories. The names of illustrious men and deeds were asso-

ciated with her name; and for such men and such deeds he felt an aristocratic veneration. Such men were converted by the ancients into heroes, demi-gods, and gods; the moderns have, in a less idolatrous spirit, established

gradations of rank, to testify public gratitude for public services, making a noble man of him who enacted a noble deed. To Byron, the scenes of Rome and Greece were places which, in his own words,

Became religion, and his heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

The beautiful edition of his works, now subscribing by Mr. Murray, has at length overstepped Moore's life of the poet, and safely launched us into the seventh volume, which contains (*inter alia*) the *Hours of Idleness*, and *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. We are desirous of bestowing some attention on these works, however late in the day it may seem for such a turn. But we rely on the notoriety of the fact, that injustice was done to these poems at their first publication, and that justice has not since been offered to them, as a sufficient reason for our present undertaking. These poems also contain the first indications of what those elements were which constituted Byron's peculiar character in after-life. "The child is father of the man." We agree also with the editor in the expediency of observing the order of chronology in any examination of the works of a poet whose compositions reflect constantly the incidents of his own career, the development of his sentiments, and the growth of his character. Such is a rule always to be observed with the productions of a Petrarch, a Burns, a Schiller, or a Byron. "Here," says the editor, "the reader is enabled to take 'the river of his life' at its sources, and trace it gradually from the boyish regions of passionately tender friendships, innocent, half-fanciful loves, and that vague melancholy which hangs over the first stirrings of ambition, until, widening and strengthening as it flows, it begins to appear discoloured with the bitter waters of thwarted affection and outraged pride. Composed entirely of verses written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three, this volume, even considered in a mere literary point of view, must be allowed to stand alone in the history of juvenile poetry. But every page of it is, in fact, when rightly understood, a chapter of the author's 'Confessions'; and it is by contemplating these faithful records of the progress of his mind and feelings,

in conjunction with those already presented in the prose notices of his life, which mutually illustrate and confirm each other throughout, that the reader can alone prepare himself for entering with full advantage on the first canto of *Childe Harold*."

As to the mutual illustration and confirmation, nothing say we, because we accord not altogether with Mr. Moore's "prose notices." But we doubt not that, by contemplating Byron's juvenile poetry in conjunction with *our* prose notices, the reader will be fully prepared for a right study of the poet's more mature productions. Therefore, in all joy of heart and alacrity of spirit, we proceed on our appointed work.

One of Byron's *Hours of Idleness*—seasons when he perpetrated the sin of versifying—is devoted to *Childish Recollections*, a poem which he thought it fitting to point out in the preface to the first edition. It was written under the malevolent influence, he says, belonging to "the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits"—a consideration, he hopes, "which, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure." Ours is and would have been arrested by the very title. Childhood! We recollect having already written some fine things on this subject. We quoted from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and from Wordsworth again. But there is yet a rare harvest to glean on this delightful theme. Twice have we quoted Wordsworth; but a third time yet must we refer to the treasures of his lyric genius. And we do it the rather, because Coleridge has criticised the passage as a defective one. He mentions it among the instances in Wordsworth's poems, where the "thoughts and images are too great for the subject." He describes it as "an approximation to what might be called *mental* bombast, as distinguished from *verbal*: for, as in the latter there is a disproportion of the

expressions to the thoughts, so in this there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and occasion. This, by the by, is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is the awkwardness and strength of Hercules with the distaff of Omphale." All very good as respects some of the instances quoted by the philosophic

critic, though on them we should have something to say in favour of the poet—but on the passage in question—bombast indeed! mental or verbal—we eschew the very suspicion. But here is the passage. Wordsworth is speaking of a child, "a six years' darling of a pigmy size," and thus addresses him:

'Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! Thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,—
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find!
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er the slave,
A presence that is not to be put by."

Now, what says Coleridge? More than we can quote—but not than we can reply to. We care nothing for the metaphors, nor for the equivocal syntax, and wonder that the old man on the top of Highgate Hill should condescend to such verbal criticism. But then he is a man of genius, and men of genius are sometimes capricious. So is OLIVER YORKE a man of genius; and fidelity to the right is equally characteristic of the class to which he belongs, and shall be his motto. Philosopher—Reader of the Eternal Deep—The Haunted of the Eternal Mind—Prophet—Seer! Who can doubt for a moment what these phrases signify? And why did Coleridge doubt their meaning? That he might write a series of splendid

sentences, and ask, in a style of grandiloquence, "At what time were we dipt in the Lethe, which has produced such utter oblivion of a state so godlike? There are many of us that still possess some remembrances, more or less distinct, respecting themselves at six years old; pity that the worthless straws only should float, while treasures, compared with which all the mines of Golconda and Mexico were but straws, should be absorbed by some unknown gulf into some unknown abyss."

And the man who wrote thus understood, all the while, the sublime ode, *On the Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood*, wherein the question he asks is answered—thus:

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

If our critic, however, had admitted this answer, which on any other occasion he would have been the first man in the world to do, he would have been precluded from philosophising in manner following—that is to say: "If these mysterious gifts, faculties, and operations, are *not* accompanied with consciousness, who *else* is conscious of them? or how can it be called the child, if it be no part of the child's conscious being? For aught I know, the thinking

spirit within me may be *substantially* one with the principle of life, and of vital operation. For aught I know, it may be employed as a secondary agent in the marvellous organisation and organic movements of my body. But, surely, it would be strange language to say, that I construct my heart! or that I propel the finer influences through my nerves! or that I compress my brain, and draw the curtains of sleep round my own eyes! SPINOZA and BREMEN

were, on different systems, both Pantheists; and among the ancients there were philosophers, teachers of the *EN KAI PAN*, 'who not only taught that God was All, but that this All constituted God. Yet not even these would confound the *part* as a part, with the whole, as the whole. Nay, in no system is the distinction between the individual and God, between the Modification and the one only Substance, more sharply drawn than in that of Spinoza. JACOBI, indeed, relates of LESSING, that after a conversation with him at the house of the poet GLEIM, (the Tyrtæus and Anacreon of the German Parnassus,) in which conversation Lessing had avowed privately to Jacobi his reluctance to admit any *personal* existence of the Supreme Being, or the *possibility* of personality, except in a finite intellect; and while they were sitting at table, a shower of rain came on unexpectedly. Gleim expressed his regret at the circumstance, because they had meant to drink their wine in the garden; upon which Lessing, in one of his half-earnest, half-joking moods, nodded to Jacobi, and said, 'It is I, perhaps, that am doing *that*;' i. e. *ruining*! And Jacobi answered, 'Or perhaps I.' Gleim contented himself with staring at them both, without asking for any explanation."

• O Wordsworth! O Coleridge! O

' Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting .
The soul that rises with us our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

He saw, therefore, in that infant form an exterior semblance belying only "the soul's immensity." Impressed with the solemn truth intended by these words, the poet loved to contemplate the capacity involved in the being of a child, "the father of the man." What might it not become? Is it not the *miniature* of that humanity, which has manifested itself in the Philosopher—in the Reader of the Eternal Deep—in the Haunted of the Eternal Mind—in the Prophet and the Seer? Yea! and as yet it is an unvisited Yarrow—a vision only—a treasured dream! The humanity, when of mature age, of which it is but the dawn, may

Spinoza and Behmen! and Jacobi, and Lessing, and Gleim! have ye mercy on our "six years' darling of a pigmy size." A strife more unequal than that of David's awaits it. He had but one Goliath wherewithal to contend, and David was a stalwart lad; our puny infant must be quite overborne by such six sons of Anak! But our critic finds out the solution at last; yet he expresses it as if he had found it not. He continues: "So with regard to this passage. In what sense can the magnificent attributes above quoted be appropriated to a *child*, which would not make them equally suitable to a *bee*, or a *dog*, or a *field of corn*; or even to a ship, or to the wind and waves that propel it? The Omnipresent Spirit works equally in *them* as in the child; and the child is equally unconscious of it as they."

To be sure he does. And this is all the poet intended to convey—all, or with perhaps this addition, that as an intelligent being, in whom the "high capacious powers" proper to it lay as yet "folded up," the Omnipresent Spirit bore witness with the spirit of the child, in a manner higher and worthier than with the nature of the bee, and the dog, and the field of corn, or with the mechanical properties of the ship; that, in brief,

fulfil the promise of the glorious sunrise—for all this man may become, and all this may this child be when it becomes a man. It is the poet's hope and desire which thus invests the infant with the fulfilment of those prospects, whereof the fond mother dreams when she rocks the cradle of her late-born babe! Would that such dreams were never dispelled! But they are—they are! Who exclaims not, with Byron,

"Once more, who would not be a boy?"

But we will not yet turn into the dale of Yarrow, that we may not be disappointed; therefore remain we yet awhile with *Childish Recollections*.

“ Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
 It must, or we shall rue it :
 We have a vision of our own ;
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow ! ”

With *Childish Recollections* remain we then. Moreover, in this paper of ours, we design to have nothing to do with Byron as a man, but as a boy—as a child.

Loved not Byron the memory of Henry Kirke White? Probably his *Childish Recollections* were suggested by White's *Childhood*, a poem in two parts, written before the publication of *Clifton Grove*. This poem of Kirke White is a delightful one, notwithstanding its faults of composition. It is one of Henry's earliest productions,

“ How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
 To view the unclouded skies of former days !
 Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
 When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,—
 When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
 Blest childhood, hail ! Thee simply will I sing,
 And from myself the artless picture bring ;
 These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
 Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more,
 And every stump familiar to my sight
 Recalls some fond idea of delight.”

These, perhaps, may only be, after all, the mere common-places of poetry, inserted unconsciously ; yet was the poet now entering on the world, and, to speak the truth, was truly unhappy. For, at the age of fourteen, he was placed in a stocking-loom, with a view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. He went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it ; but the circumstances of his family

appearing by the handwriting to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen, and is unfinished. Not the man, but the boy it was—the boy-poet, who looked back upon the days of his childhood, “ pictured, nevertheless, in memory's mellowing glass ”—a glass then undimmed, unspotted, yet, haply, rendering not enough of contrast between the shadow of the past and the substance of the present. Yet he seems to have felt a contrast, since he exclaims—

obliged them to turn a deaf ear. His mother, however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better things : to her he spoke more openly ; he could not bear, he said, the thought of spending seven years of his life in spinning and folding of stockings—he wanted *something to occupy his brain!* And so, at the age of fifteen, he was apprenticed to an attorney !! This was the period when *Childhood, a Poem*, was written. The picture of the schoolmistress is the gem of the work—it was from nature.

“ In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
 In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school,
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
 Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean ;
 Her neatly-border'd cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care ;
 And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
 Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,—
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
 These does she guard secure in leathern case,
 From thoughtless wights in some unforted place,
 Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
 The low vestibule of learning's fane ;

Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
 Though sometimes tedious, many a sweet display.
 Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
 • While I was first to school reluctant borne:
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
 And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,
 To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
 And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
 But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
 Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
 First at the form, my task for ever true,
 A little favourite rapidly I grew:
 And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
 Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
 And, as she gave my diligence its praise,
 Talk'd of the honours of my future days."

Byron's recollections of his childhood consist not of such circumstances as these—at least, not in the poem. In a sort of journal, however, which he once began, under the title of *My Dictionary*, and which is preserved in one of his manuscript books, he refers to the fact of his having been sent to a day-school at Aberdeen.

"For several years of my earliest childhood," thus runs the record, "I was in that city, but have never revisited it since I was ten years old. I was sent, at five years old, or earlier, to a school kept by a Mr. Bowers, who was called 'Bodsy Bowers,' by reason of his dapperness. It was a school for both sexes. I learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables, ('God made man,' 'Let us love him,') by hearing it often repeated, without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated these words with the most rapid fluency; but, on turning over a new leaf, I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first years' accomplishments were detected, my ears boxed, (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters), and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor. He was a very devout, clever, little clergyman, named Ross, afterwards minister of one of the kirks (East, I think). Under him I made astonishing progress; and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured painstaking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was history, and why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus, in the Roman history, put into my hands the first. Four years ago,

when standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterwards I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Patison, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scots. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin in *Ruddiman's Grammar* and continued till I went to the 'Grammar School,' (*Scoticè*, 'Schule'; *Aberdonicè*, 'Squel,') where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this hand writing, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city. I don't think he would plume himself much upon my progress. However, I wrote much better then than I have ever done since. Haste and agitation, of one kind or another, have quite spoilt as pretty a scrawl as ever scratched over a frank. The grammar school might consist of a hundred and fifty of all ages, under age. It was divided into five classes, taught by four masters, the chief teaching the fourth and fifth himself. As in England, the fifth and sixth forms, and monitors, are heard by the head masters."

Of this time of his life, however, Byron kept no memorial in his *Childish Recollections*, which were written ere his nineteenth year—yet at this time he had, or thought he had, renounced the world. Thus, in the private volumes, the poem opened with some lines in which the following were included—

"Wearied of life, devour'd with spleen,
 I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
 • World! I renounce thee! all my hopes o'ercast:
 One sigh I give thee,—but that sigh's the last!"

In the printed copy, the poem commences with reference to the disease, suffering under which most probably occasioned such renunciation. The re-

collections themselves begin no earlier than his connexion with Harrow school.

"Oft," says he—

"Oft does my heart indulge the ~~same~~ thought,
Which still recurs, ~~unask'd~~ for and unsought;
My soul to fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields;
Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source,—
Who still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.
IDA! blest spot, where science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchang'd by time or distance, seem the same;
Through winding paths along the glade I trace
The social smile of every welcome face,
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe—
Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past—
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast —
To love a stranger, friendship made me blest,—
Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein;
When all we feel our honest souls disclose,—
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Still to assent, and never to deny,—
A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
And who, when fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
Although against his word that heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell.
Away with themes like this! not mine the task
From flattering friends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
My fancy soars not on detraction's wing:
Once, and but once, she aimed a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, but still to me the same,
Warned by some friendly hint perchance retired,
With this submission all her rage expired.
From dreadful pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave."

He then proceeds with some satire on Dr. Butler, head master of Harrow school; which satire, had he published another edition of these poems, it was Byron's intention, as appears from a loose sheet in his handwriting, to have substituted with lines of a self-criminatory character. Dr. Drury, who retired from the situation in March 1805, comes in for a share of Byron's eulogy. He seems to remember with peculiar satisfaction the share which he had in the election of his successor, when the boys made him the head of a party. Dr. Drury also has left an account of

his pupil, when committed to his care. "I took," says the doctor, "my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable; and on that principle I acted." The passage which follows possesses again poetical interest:

"High through those elms, with hoary banches crown'd,
Fair Ida's bower adorns the landscape round;
There science, from her flavoured seat, surveys
The vale where rural nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue,
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Breat's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat.
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some roguish and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaiet their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing day
Tradition treasures for a future day:
'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earned the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight.
While thus our sails with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
The allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
These, deeply caryed, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son,—
The one long grav'd, the other just begun:
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire:
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
While to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,

During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers

Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
 Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law,
 And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
 To rule the little tyrants of an hour;
 Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
 They pass the dreary winter's eve away:
 'And thus our former rulers stemmed the tide,
 And thus they dealt the combat side by side—
 Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
 Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd—
 Here Pronus came the rising fray to quell,
 And here he faltered forth his last farewell—
 And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
 While bold Pomposus bravely staid at home;—
 While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
 When names of these, like ours, alone survive;—
 Yet a few years, one general wreck will overwhelm
 The faint remembrance of our former realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
 One long last look on what we were before,—
 Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu,—
 Drow tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
 Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
 Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
 I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
 And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
 Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
 Some old companion of my early race,
 Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy.
 My eyes, my heart, proclaimed me still a boy;
 The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
 Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
 The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
 What 'tis to bend before love's mighty throne)—
 The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,*
 Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
 My thoughts bewildered in the fond surprise,
 The woods of Ida danced before my eyes;
 I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
 I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
 Punting, again I traced her lofty grove,
 And friendship's feelings triumphed over love."

The passion of friendship was so strong in Lord Byron, as to be almost a disease. He has accounted for it in the next passage of his poem, in which he laments the necessity which he experienced of roaming abroad for kindred hearts, in search of love denied at home:

"Those hearts, dear Ida, have I found in thee,—
 A home, a world, a paradise to me.
 Stern death forbade my orphan youth to share
 The tender guidance of a father's care.
 Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
 The love which glistens in a father's eye?
 For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
 Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
 What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
 What sister's gentle kiss has press'd my cheek?
 For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
 To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
 Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
 Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;

* "Lord Byron elsewhere describes his usual course of life while at Harrow,—
 'always cricketing, rebelling, rowing, and in all manner of mischiefs.' One day, in
 a fit of defiance, he tore down all the gratings from the window of the hall; and
 when called upon by Dr. Butler to say why he had committed this violence, an-
 swered, with stern coolness, 'because they darkened the room.'"

While still the visions to my heart are press'd,
 The voice of love will murmur in my rest,—
 I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
 I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.
 A hermit, midst of crowds, I fain must stray
 Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
 While these a thousand kindred wreathes entwine,
 I cannot call one single bosom mine:
 What then remains? in solitude to groan,
 To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
 Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
 And none more dear than Ida's social band."

Reader! peruse this passage and perpend, for here you may find the keynote, as it were, of the poet's character. You will probably join, on this subject, in the sentiments of a great genius—at the time of this writing perhaps on a bed of death—as expressed in the following passage:—"It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of *Lara*:

'Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,—

Lord of himself—that heritage of woe."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The result of all this was, that the description given by the young poet, in the lines before quoted, of his feelings on encountering in the world any of his former schoolfellows, falls short of the actual fact. He has himself recorded an accidental meeting of the sort with Lord Clare, on the road between Tivoli and Bologna, in 1821, on a burning page. "This meeting," he says, "annihilated for a moment all the years between the present times and the days of Harrow. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare, too, was much agitated—more, in appearance, than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' end, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own

which made me think so. We were but five minutes together, and in the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them." Madame Guiccioli, also, has borne testimony to a similar occurrence. "In 1822 (says she), a few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend: his emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down."

It is in perfect harmony with these unsophisticated feelings that this interesting poem proceeds to celebrate his school friendships. Let the objects of his preference be remembered. First in order comes the Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards, brother to Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt, to whose memory the last stanzas of the first canto of *Childe Harold* are devoted. He died of a fever, in his twentieth year, at Coimbra, May 14, 1811. "Of all human beings," says Lord Byron, "I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield. I had known him the better part of his life, and the happiest part of mine." Next we have the Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, who died December 8, 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-four. To this young man Byron had been indebted once for his life. The breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, both happening at the same hour, produced a collision between the two bodies. The butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled

him to the ground but for the interposition of Tattersall. The friends just mentioned have departed to the Land of Dreams, and each has taken up his shadowy chamber "in Hades indistinct;" but the next succeeding is still on this side of that "Gate of Hope," the grave! John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2, 1792. His father, whom he succeeded January 28, 1802, was for nearly twelve years Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His lordship is now (1832) Governor of Bombay. "I never," says Lord Byron in 1821, "hear the word 'Clare' without a beating of the heart even now; and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, *ad infinitum*." Lord Byron kept all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites had ever addressed to him, and they were found after his death preserved carefully among his papers. The following is the endorsement upon one of them: "This and another letter were written at Harrow, by my *then*, and, I hope, *ever* beloved friend, Lord Clare, when we were both schoolboys; and sent to my study in consequence of some *childish* misunderstanding,—the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration; and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that he may smile over the insignificance of our first and last quarrel."

Honourable mention is next made of George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr,* of an ancient family that have been barons by the male line from 1342; their ancestor, Sir Thomas West, having been summoned to parliament as Lord West the 16th Edw. II. Byron also alludes to him in some unpublished letters. "*Harrow, Oct. 25, 1804. I am happy enough and comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select. Among the principal I rank Lord Delawarr, who is very amiable, and my particular friend.*"—"*Nov. 2, 1804. Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the*

universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of my forefathers, in Charles the First's time married into their family." Of this same nobleman he also wrote thus to Lord Clare, in February 1807: "You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible, without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow, which you will recollect was rather *en cavalier*. Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologising for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury."

Edward Noel Long, besides mention in this poem, has a whole one addressed to him. He was with the poet both at Harrow and Cambridge; afterwards entered the Guards, and served with distinction in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula, the transport in which he sailed being run foul of in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," says Lord Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised; but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being, as rarely remains long in this world; with talents and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted." As the poem alluded to is in peculiar harmony with the intended tone of this paper, it is here inserted.

"TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.

'*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*'—HOR.

"DEAR Long, in this sequestered scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on fancy's eye;
Thus, if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,

Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;

Born Oct. 26, 1791; succeeded his father, John Richard, July 28, 1795.

Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptured visions as before ;
Though youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring :
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell ;
If frowning age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone,
Oh ! may my bosom never learn

To soothe its wonted heedless flow ;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.

*Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And e'en in age at heart a child.*

Though now on airy visions borne,

To you my soul is still the same ;

Oft has it been my fate to mourn,

And all my former joys are tame.

But, hence ! ye hours of sable hue !

Your frowns are gone, my sorrows
o'er :

By every bliss my childhood knew,

I'll think upon your shade no more.

Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,

And caves their sullen roar enclose,

We heed no more the wintry blast,

When lulled by zephyrs to repose.

Full often has my infant muse

Attun'd to love her languid lyre ;

But now, without a theme to choose,

The strains in stolen sighs expire.

My youthful nymphs, alas ! are flown ;

E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,

And Carolina sighs alone,

And Mary's given to another ;

And Cora's eye, which rolled on me,

Can now no more my love recall :

In truth, dear Lono, 'twas time to flee ;

For Cora's eye will shine on all.

And though the sun, with genial rays,

His beams alike to all displays,

And every lady's eye's a sun,

These last should be confined to one.

The soul's meridian don't become her

Whose sun displays a general summer !

Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.

As, when the ebbing flames are low,

The aid which once improved their
light

And bade them burn with fiercer glow,

Now quenches all their sparks in
night ;

Thus has it been with passion's fires,

As many a boy and girl remembers,

While all the force of love expires,

Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear Lono, 'tis midnight's
noon,

And clouds obscure the watery moon,

Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,

Described in every stripling's verse ;

But why should I the path go o'er

Which every bard has trod before ?

Yet e'er yon silver lamp of night

Has thrice perform'd her stated round,

Has thrice retraced her path of light,

And chased away the gloom profound.

I trust that we, my gentle friend,

Shall see her rolling orbit wend

Above the dear-loved peaceful seat

Which once contain'd our youth's re-
treat ; *

And then with those our childhood knew,

We'll mingle in the festive crew ;

While many a tale of former day

Shall wing the laughing hours away .

And all the flow of souls shall pour

The sacred intellectual shower,

Nor cease till Luna's waning horn

Scarce glimmers through the mist of
morn."

In his *Childish Recollections*, the poet speaks of his friend as having been his rival in elocution, in the public speeches delivered at the school. Dr. Drury paid a tribute of approbation to Byron's first harangue. "I remember," says Byron, "that my first declamation astonished Dr. Drury into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." And Dr. Drury himself thus writes : "I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as in the earlier part of his delivery did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure : he came round to the close of his

* "The two friends were both passionately attached to Harrow ; and sometimes made excursions together, to revive their schoolboy recollections."

composition without discovering any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him; and, from a knowledge of his temperament, am convinced that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed."

Such is Dr. Drury's testimony to his pupil; to whom, as Moore observes, "Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the

poet and the master." Not only in this poem, but in the notes to *Childe Harold* also, the poet has remembered his preceptor: the following, moreover, occurs in an unpublished letter: "*Harrow, Nov. 2, 1804.* There is so much of the gentleman, so much mildness and nothing of pedantry in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He is the best master we ever had, and, at the same time, respected and feared."—"Nov. 11, 1804. I revere Dr. Drury. He is never violent, never outrageous. I dread offending him; not, however, through fear;—but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy when I am under his displeasure."

The poem thus concludes:—

"IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this record of the past,—
This parting scene, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,*
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While, future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone,
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.
IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth:
Say, if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreathes by slaughter won,—
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,—
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age,
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsuited only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each checker'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;

* "In a note to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, Lord Byron says:—'No one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life.'—E."

Where passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
 Or weeping virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
 Traced by the rosy finger of the morn ;
 When friendship bowed before the shrine of truth,
 And love, without his pinion,* smiled on youth."

Byron lived to write better poems than this ; and, of a truth, it must be granted, that here the interest is rather personal than poetical. But, in this case, who is prepared to deny that the personal is itself the poetical? Lord Byron was not only a poet, but his character, his conduct, were poetical in their elements and their expression. His life was a poem ; therefore it is that a record of this kind is as a chapter of Confessions, and we read it and transcribe it to detect his secret. We are solicitous to extract the heart of his mystery—we desire to ascertain the keystone of that arch of glory and

honour, which, like a rainbow, spanned the air he breathed. But, without for the present expatiating on whatever merits may belong to this poem, it may, we think, be questioned whether it be rightly entitled. *Childish Recollections!* are they not rather boyish? They regard not the days of his childhood, but of his boyhood—of that time of life when Henry Kirke White was looking back on the period of his childhood. We miss such scenes as the following : beautiful are they in their simplicity of untutored expression—how beautiful might Byron have rendered them in the power of cultivated thought!

" 'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
 When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
 What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
 In various postures scuttering o'er the green.
 Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
 Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race ;
 While others, seated on the dappled grass,
 With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
 Well I remember how with gesture starch'd
 A band of soldiers oft with pride we march'd ;
 For banners, to a tall sash we did bind
 Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind.
 And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
 And guns and spears we made of brittle reed ;
 Then in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
 We storm'd some ruin'd pigstye for a town.
 Pleas'd with our gay disport, the dame† was wont
 To set her wheel before the cottage front,
 And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
 To view our gambols and our boyish geer.
 Still, as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
 With its belov'd monotony of sound.
 When tired with play, we'd sit us by her side,
 (For out of school she never knew to chide),
 And wonder at her skill, well known to fame,—
 For who could match in spinning with the dame?
 Her sheets, her linen, which she shew'd with pride
 To strangers, still her thriftiness testified ;
 Though we, poor wights, did wonder much in troth,
 How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth."

And so Henry goes on to describe the home-chat and the vacant hour, and the maid's promised ditty, which told

" Of wicked guardians, bent on bloody deed ;
 Or little children murder'd as they slept ;"

and 'awakened in the infant mind of the hearer "romantic thought," causing him to "shed bold fancy's thrilling tear," and laying up in his soul the seeds of poesy—precious treasure! But childhood has its sorrows as well as its pleasures, even as manhood has—but with a difference. For—

* " 'L'amitié est l'amour sans ailes,' is a French proverb. [See a subsequent poem under this title.—E.]"

† The schoolmistress. The reader will not fail to recollect Shenstone's beautiful poem on the same subject.

" In the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies."

Not so manhood. Affliction and care abide in its sterner spirit. The fugitive becomes then the permanent. The eternal gains upon the growing man, and makes itself felt in the dura-

tion of feeling, once so evanescent. Well, if the feeling were not so frequently painful! Herein is childhood happier,—the painful is as ephemeral as the pleasing.

" Yes, childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep;
And sanguine hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms th' internal strife.*
Yet e'en 'round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh."

So sighed the poet when transferred from the village girl-school to the public boy-academy. Nor does he forget to celebrate the friendships which he formed there. The verses in which he embalms the memory of his school-fellow George, are superior to any in Byron's *Childish Recollections*: they are, however, too long for quotation. Neither has Byron any simile equal to White's "Royal Mary;" any description equal to his "Sunrise," or "Noon," or "Evening;" all of which are full of beauties. Yet had Byron much to tell of this period of life; and much that would have put a new face on the matter. But perhaps the woes of that period preponderated in his recollection—for his infancy was not happy. It was then, alas! that was conceived the morbid humour in his eye which delighted to behold things darkly. Certain it is that he was a turbulent child. "Of his class-fellows at the grammar school," says Moore, "there are many, of course, still alive, by whom he is well remembered;* and the general impression they retain of him is, that he was a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy—passionate and resentful, but affectionate and companionable with his school-fellows—to a remarkable degree venturesome and fearless, and (as one of them significantly expressed it) always more ready to give a blow than take one." Among many anecdotes illustrative of this spirit, it is related that once, in returning home from school, he fell in

with a boy who had on some former occasion insulted him, but had then got off unpunished—little Byron, however, at the time, promising to "pay him off" whenever they should meet again. Accordingly, on this second encounter, though there were some of the boys to take his opponent's part, he succeeded in inflicting upon him a hearty beating. On his return home, breathless, the servant inquired what he had been about, and was answered by him, with a mixture of rage and humour, that he had been paying a debt, by beating a boy according to promise; for that he was a Byron, and would never belie his motto—"Trust Byron." We should have liked well some incidents of his prowess among his schoolfellows, in all sports and exercises, to have been told in verse; but, perhaps, he looked back with no complacency, seeing that he made no advancement in learning then, upon which he would probably afterwards have desired occasion to pique himself. But in no long space of time he was furnished with *Scenes of Infancy*, such as those to which Leyden was born, the shepherd-derived child of a simple cottage, situated in a wild pastoral spot, near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity, we are told, of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lonely

* "The old porter, too, at the college, 'minds well' the little boy, with the red jacket and nankeen trousers, whom he has so often turned out of the college courtyard."

roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Picturesque, O Leyden! are those verses of thine, in which, under the title of "Ruberslaw," thou gavest vent to the feelings and fancies with which thy mind was early impressed by the wild

and romantic scenery to which thou wert native, and which afterwards, with the same enthusiasm, were more fully delineated by thee in thy *Scenes of Infancy*. But that these confounded columns are confined in their space, we would even here expatiate with thee over those

"Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,
When in the soften'd light of summer skies,
Full on the soul life's first illusions rise!"

But it is with Byron that we must trace the "scenes of infancy"—and we rejoice that we are able so to do. For though not in the poem expressly devoted to childish recollections can we for a moment recollect the child, the *Hours of Idleness* contain many poems in which such innocent memories are embalmed. It was in the summer of 1796, after an attack of scarlet fever, that he was removed by his mother, for change of air, into the Highlands, where they resided at a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Ballater, within a short distance of which all those features of wildness and beauty that mark the course of the Dee through the Highlands may be commanded. It was, however, many years afterwards that he wrote

"The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And highland linn with Castaly's clear fount."

Byron had a remarkable habit from a boy,—that of carrying, or having near him, arms of some description. When quite a lad, he wore at all times small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. This was a peculiarity derived, in the spirit of imitation, from his immediate predecessor, as well as adopted as a defence against whatever insults he might have to endure at school on account of his deformed foot; to cure which malformation, he heroically endured much torture from a pretended remedy prescribed by a quack of the name of Lavender. His first tendency to rhyming appears to have been brought into manifestation by the

his verses on "Lachin-y-Gair," whose dark summit, according to his nurse's testimony, he visited only twice. So true is it that it is not scenery or climate which makes a man a poet, but the poet which makes such poetical. This poem, with all its faults, deserves quotation; but, unfortunately, we have no room to do that justice to it now.

Byron traced, as Moore rightly remarks, all his enjoyment of mountain-scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic remembrances, than to those fond and deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin-y-Gair.

violence of temper which characterised him, boy and man. An elderly lady, in the habit of visiting his mother, affronted him occasionally in a manner which he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some peculiar notions respecting the soul, which she imagined took its flight to the moon after death. Appearing before his nurse in great rage, on account of some recent insult, he broke out into doggerel verse, which he repeated over and over with glee. Here, then, is Byron's "first dash into poetry," as deponed by Mary Gray, said nurse:

"In Nottingham county there lives at Swan Green
As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon!"

His "first dash into poetry," however, according to Byron's own account, was of a more elevated character; i. e. the elegy on Margaret Parker, which

commenced the *Hours of Idleness*. This lady was his first cousin, and the little poem was written on occasion of her death, either in 1800 or 1802.

In 1821, he wrote in his diary of it and her: "I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta, by some thought still more beautiful, died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness—being at Harrow, and in the country—till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy—a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow,—all beauty and peace."

We have said much of Byron's school friendships, and desired some account of his attachments previously. To such an attachment the next poem refers,—a boy of Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead. But the romance lasted not long; and, indeed, Byron was too conscious of his rank from the first, and in this little poem makes a merit of forgetting it—

"Since worth of rank supplies the place."

Worth, my Lord Byron, supplies not the place of rank, but is rank—it is in the first order of things; and this you should at any rate have recollected on the death of the lowly-born. And did you not? Oh! you began to commemorate his virtues, under the title of an "Epitaph on a Friend;" and thou of that friend wert ashamed, when shame availed not, nor was needed. Perverse mortal! Byron altered the form of the epitaph, omitting every allusion to the humble rank of his young companion, and added passages calculated to give an idea of

a youth of higher station. Why was he thus solicitous to sink his early friendship with the young cottager? It was evidently a false notion of his aristocratic dignity; but it shews the strength of the principle—a right one—but would that it had been shewn on a less exceptionable occasion!

It would seem that so early as the year 1799, Byron had, in Dr. Glennie's study, the opportunity, of which he fully availed himself, of perusing our poets from Chaucer to Churcull. The earliest imitation, however, which we trace, is from *Ossian*. "A Fragment" regarding his ancestry is of this sort; and his verses "On leaving Newstead Abbey" are preceded with a motto from the bard of Morven. There is in Macpherson's *rifacimenti* much that encourages reverence for a noble ancestry; in fact, it is the great feeling of this series of poems. The fathers of heroes hovered in their airy halls over their offspring; and whatever may be their faults of composition, these poems suggest a delicacy of sentiment and a tenderness of emotion, beneficial traces of which are easily discoverable in the productions of Byron. But an icy wind, like that of death, had already bleakly smitten "the hall of his fathers;" and the *sarsar* had pierced also his susceptible soul with a premature sense of decay. He felt, therefore, that he had to restore, rather than to inherit, the honours of his race; and herein originated that mixture of aristocratic principles with democratic opinions, which made his after-life of a mingled yarn. And now we see him in the work of redemption. School exercises—fragmentary as they are—imitations of Adrian's address to his soul, of Tibullus, of Gray, and of *Ossian*—nay, even of Rogers and Montgomery; translations from Catullus, from Marsus, from Horace, from Anacreon, from *Æschylus*, from Euripides, and from Virgil; all aid in the mysterious process. Nay, the foundation of still deeper worth had been laid in other and humbler teachings. His nurse, while putting on the machines, or bandages, at bed-time, intended to remedy the malformation of his foot, would often, we are informed, sing him to sleep, or tell him stories and legends, in which, like most other children, he took great delight. She also taught him, while yet an infant, to repeat a great number of the psalms; and the first and twenty-third

psalms were among the earliest that he committed to memory. "It is a remarkable fact," says Moore, "indeed, that through the care of this respectable woman, who was herself of a very religious disposition, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the sacred writings than falls to the lot of most young people. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Murray, from Italy, in 1821, after requesting of that gentleman to send him, by the first opportunity, a Bible, he adds, 'Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old; that is to say, the Old Testament—for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a boy, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796.'" Dr. Glennie gives important testimony to this fact. "He shewed," says the doctor, "at this age (1799) an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures, upon which he seemed delighted to converse with me, especially after our religious exercises of a Sunday evening; when he would reason upon the facts contained in the Sacred Volume with every appearance of belief in the divine truths which they unfold. That the impressions thus imbibed in his boyhood had, notwithstanding the irregularities of his after-life, sunk deep into his mind, will

"Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—

What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?

But still I perceive an emotion the same

As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-covered wild.

One image alone on my bosom impress'd,

I loved my bleak region, nor panted for new;

And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd,

And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you."

Of his boyish love for Margaret Parker, mention has already been sufficiently made. But the passion which appears to have had a permanent influence on his character and conduct, was that for Miss Chaworth. Disappointed love! only thy victim knoweth the force of thy anger, the madness of thy wrath! Byron's evidence should be taken with the most implicit faith touching this matter. His marriage with this young lady would probably, as he felt it would, have changed the whole texture of his existence. He felt it would, and we have, can have, no better witnesses than his feelings. In his diary, he says, "Our union

appear, I think, to every impartial reader of his works in general; and I never have been able to divest myself of the persuasion that, in the strange aberrations which so unfortunately marked his subsequent career, he must have found it difficult to violate the better principles early instilled into him." To this Moore adds—"It should have been mentioned, among the traits which I have recorded of his earlier years, that, according to the character given to him by his first nurse's husband, he was, when a mere child, 'particularly inquisitive and puzzling about religion.'" Thus was the soul of Byron touched to fine issues with the beauty of poesy, and his feelings directed whither they might radiate themselves in the foundations of truth. With other beauty also had his soul been touched; his heart was early susceptible of female loveliness. He was but eight years old when his heart was awakened to the charms of Mary Duff; a precocity of passion whereof instances are not wanting in a Dante and an Alfieri, and which was by the latter considered as an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts. Canova used to say, that he perfectly well remembered being in love when but five years old. A poem in the *Hours of Idleness* relates to this premature affection—"Where I roved, a young Highlander;" wherein the poet tells us—

'would have healed scuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers—it would have joined lands broad and rich—it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder); and—and—and—what has been the result?" Gothe was subject to a similar disappointment in his early loves. A girl a little older, after treating him as a lover, affected to have considered him only as a boy, and, as such only, to have indulged in certain innocent liberties. Such liberties are perilous to both parties. Gothe turned his disappointment to a poetical use, to which, it is allowed, such inci-

dents may become greatly tributary. By such means a boy may be put in advance of his years, and made to anticipate in verse the feelings of later age. Well, if it proceed no further. But in Byron there was no distinction between the poet and the man—so that the whole matter was a more serious affair with him. Many are the places in these juvenile poems, as well as in his later, which shew how this, which might have been transferred beneficially to the merely poetical, was blended with the everyday reality of his life and conduct. But why should such a disappointment have urged him into vice? Instances are many in which a like cause has produced the same effect, but it speaks of an ill-regulated mind. Had Byron's mind been well-nurtured and admonished in its dawn of reason and feeling, such an hallucination could not have overshadowed so fine an intellect with occasional intervals of insanity. It made him, however, an amorous poet. At one period of his life, we find him attentively studying Lord Strangford's pretended translations of Camoens' amatory poems, and feeding the flame which should sear the conscience within, and wrap him in a tabernacle of combustion. But he was no fire-king;—he was scorched, and he felt it. In his agony he cried out, and the groans of his torment were heard in many lands. Let them be heard as an example to warn and deter.

Such are the elements of future character indicated in Byron's first publication. He was but nineteen when this collection of verses appeared. Knowing what he afterwards became, a critic now can perceive, in these otherwise mediocre specimens, many a promise of genius, many touches of even positive excellence. But the light in which we now judge them is a reflected light. Very different was the aspect under which they were viewed by the critics of the day. His pride of birth—his veneration for his ancestors—the imitative exercises of a self-cultured spirit—the wounded feelings of disappointed love—the aspirations after fame,—were liable, one and all, to the imputation of personal vanity. Doubtless, they were also capable of a more generous interpretation; for these things speak also of a noble emulation, of self-respect—that tree of many a

good fruit. But when was the world generous? when did it not rather seek to injure a man in the opinion of others, than to establish him in his own? The world puts every man on his trial—to sift and to test his pretensions. But it does not this, until a man comes forth, and claims to be "somebody." In private circles, and at the domestic hearth, it disturbs him not, unless he court observation. It is as a public person that it requires him to be cast into the furnace, so that note may be taken whether he be pure gold or not. And individuals must submit to this—for the interests of the race, or of a community, are superior to those of an individual. On those interests, every public person exercises a certain influence of some sort or other. It is, therefore, important that the worthiest, the wisest only, should be suffered to become such; and it is only through much tribulation that the required character can be manifested. Every man seeking to become public, claims, however unconsciously to himself, a superiority over his fellow-men. Now, it is this superiority which is disputed, as it should be. Touching an equal there is no question raised, except in cases of manifest inferiority; which cases form, indeed, the exceptions. Moreover, about the result of this trial there need to be no fear, for the superior will conquer at last. Meantime, much individual suffering must be endured—but then a man brings it on himself; nor should he claim any sympathy, unless he can prove that he undertook the hazard from a love to his race or to his country, rather than for his own private advantage. And even then he would have his reward; for, during his life, by many should he be honoured, and, after his death, by all worshipped, as a hero or a divinity.

In contesting his superiority, after he had claimed it, Byron acted wisely, because, as the result shewed, successfully. He also acted wisely in having omitted from the *Hours of Idleness* a poem which, however it might, from its great poetical merits, have modified the decision of the critics, would most certainly have raised enmity on other accounts. Byron's "Prayer of Nature" shews that a struggle commenced between early piety and growing doubt, which he afterwards exhibited on a grander arena. But he did neither well nor

wisely, when—resenting the outrage which he had experienced of all that was noble and excellent in his own bosom—he unsealed also the fountain of bitter waters in his heart on the unoffending, the moral and intellectual, good and great—and why? Only because they had received their reward in the world's acknowledgment of their dominion, and thus far had entered into their rest. In thus doing, not only does genius mingle with the crowd, and profane the “spark divine”—but by outraging that excellence in another, the outraging of which in itself had aroused its indignation, shew that it is not altogether and purely, if at all, for the sake of that excellence in the abstract, but for the sake of personal advantage, namely, from a principle of selfishness, that the flood-gates have been opened, that the waters have been let out, which purify not merely the water-course and overcome improper interruption, but inundate the banks and the pleasant fields adjacent. Pope, indeed, had been equally guilty in the same kind, and had set Byron a bad example in his *Dunciad*. But would it not have been well for both to have kept within the limits of their argument, and not scattered the gall from their pens upon objects, not only innocent, but who deserved other return from men of genius? We know not that Pope repented of his act. To Byron's credit, it can be said that he discovered his error, and was desirous of atoning his indiscretion.

That he was influenced by the example of Pope is probable, since it is known that it was in a great measure owing to his deep study of the writings of Pope, at the period of composing *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, that he entertained so enthusiastic an estimation of the genius of that great poet; but if he was so influenced, he was not seduced. For the selfishness thus manifested was, not to speak it profanely, his character both as a man and a poet, all his life long. His genius was egotistical; in the *Hours of Idleness* egotistical, as in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*. But he took not into account this aggravating element of his character, when he suffered, like Rousseau, the effect of early injustice, experienced in his own person, to remain on his mind—not for the

purpose of warning him from, but of apologising for, the like guilt, and of keeping alive those ultra feelings of indignation, which were ever expressed when he heard or witnessed a similar occurrence,—provided, always, that he himself was not the criminal. Herein lay the source of his democratic opinions; for, in aiming at another aristocracy than that to which he had been born, namely, the aristocracy of intellect, he was made feelingly to perceive that power was liable to abuse. That abuse, however, was not confined to criticism; but, in matters political and religious—nay, in all the business of life—in all the regards, whether of time or of eternity,—power was liable to be, and had always been, abused. But his early education had not been such as to enable him to separate the accidental perversion from the positive utility of institutions. He would, accordingly, be controlled by none. Hence he was at continual war both within and without him. His principles and opinions were ever at strife, and his sentiments were divided among themselves. Like a pendulum, he was in perpetual vacillation. His life was a contradiction; his character without decision; his name continues a doubt. He was the creature of circumstances—but no free man. And even as a poet, from the spirit of the age came his inspiration; he was not the spirit of the age. A mere wind instrument, he gave forth the sounds which had breathed into him from the living minds of his own and former times; but he understood not the meaning of the words. He was rather actor than author, though he performed not on a stage, but in a book; and we have it in evidence, that in his youth he was considered a good actor. The parts, too, which he preferred to perform, mark his taste and talents. “For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm.” And so he fretted and strutted his hour on this world's stage; and will soon, however famous now, be heard no more. For his life was

“a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

ON PARTIES.

No. III.

VARIOUS causes have, in modern times, conspired to produce a mighty change in the character and state of parties.

Antecedently, the Whigs, Tories, and country gentlemen, including their subdivisions, were the only political parties of moment which had separate and regular being. Popular discontent and convulsion shewed themselves occasionally at the instigation of temporary grievances, but they had no constant existence, and they created no standing disaffected party. The lower and middle classes in general divided themselves between Whig and Tory, and were warmly attached to their institutions.

Party war was then waged in the only manner reconcilable with the existence of tranquillity, order, and free government. The great conflicting parties vied with each other in professions of reverence for the laws and institutions of the empire; these they not only spared, but held up to the people as sacred and invaluable treasures, of which both were equally the devoted champions; and if a part were singled out for amendment, especial care was taken to make it the means of increasing, rather than diminishing, veneration for the whole. The party in opposition drew the line distinctly between them and their administration, and confined contention mainly to the latter; it assailed the ministry for neglecting, violating, or improperly using them, and arraigned its discretionary measures; but here was the boundary of its hostility.

It necessarily followed that the war was merely one between political individuals and parties. With little exception, it made all classes and interests satisfied with what they possessed, and bound them from aggression: it arrayed not the poor against the rich, or trade against agriculture; and it only permitted the dissenters to seek equality of privileges. Under it the aristocracy and democracy, trade and agriculture, population and property, could duly protect their separate interests, and still be each divided to a sufficient extent between Whig and Tory. Of course, it was only against public men and parties that popular discontent

and indignation, when called into action, were directed. A ministry and its measures might be in the last degree odious, the nation might be convulsed to its centre—but laws and institutions were so far from being injured, that the strife, discontent, and convulsion, operated to bring their excellence more fully before the public eye, and to serve them. It was to put down their enemies, to support the throne, defend the church, and vindicate the national honour, that commotion took place and mobs perpetrated their outrages. The regular existence of a powerful disaffected party was rendered impossible; the opposition occupied the only ground on which one could stand, and was as efficacious in keeping it from birth as the ministry. The great parties combined to make the trader in sedition and turbulence contemptible, odious, and impotent.

This exhibits the only mode in which party war can be made productive of good—can be reconciled with the being of free and good government—the only mode in which the Whig or democratic party can be maintained in the proper medium of strength, and with the requisite qualifications.

The destructive change we have witnessed is to be charged principally on the present generation of Whigs. Whatever the last commenced, it still, notwithstanding the baleful effects of the French Revolution, spared the rights of the state, and took the ground of collective good. The living Whigs were the men who transferred party war to laws and institutions in both the mass and detail. For many years before their late accession to office, they fought primarily against these, and only incidentally against the Tory ministry, for refusing to be their ally; they attacked the latter, not for administering them erroneously or viciously, but for objecting to change and abolish them—not for bad measures, but for resisting innovation and subversion. To give this the very worst operation, they took grounds which swept away the rights of the state and the collective good, and consisted only of the assumed rights, separate benefits, and will of the less exalted part of the population.

Here was one of the great parties, which possessed half the press and almost as much of the legislature and aristocracy, in the first place constantly proclaiming that the laws and institutions ought, from injurious operation, to undergo sweeping change or abolition; and, in the second, constantly insisting that this ought to be done in order to bestow their rights on, and obey the will of, the people. A very large part of parliament and the influential classes, as well as the press, eternally assured the Irish Catholics that the laws took away their rights, and ground them to powder by the worst tyranny, and the middle and lower classes throughout the United Kingdom, that the House of Commons, in its election and conduct, plundered them of their rights, and inflicted on them every evil—the church, in various ways, produced great injury, and the clergy acted most mischievously—the aristocracy usurped their rights and opposed their weal—the courts of justice were filled with corruption and abuse—and the laws in general were of excessively defective and pernicious character. It mattered not if the throne escaped direct assault in parliament; for Lord Brougham and other Whigs regularly attacked it in the press, and they were known to be the writers. His lordship and his confederates, as legislators, puffed republicanism, reviled royalty, and used every opportunity for vilifying the royal family. The Catholic question was no longer advocated with due regard to the interests of the church; it was perverted into an engine for making both her and her ministers objects of popular animosity; reform was no longer called for merely to improve the House of Commons—it was employed to array popular hatred against this house, the peers, and the general government. Change of every kind was in like manner insisted on, not to amend what was valuable, but to inflame the popular mind against the whole social system.

As a matter of course, every man in the lower and middle classes who was, from choice or the influence of landlord or master, a Whig, was made by his creed an enemy of this system. At elections, the object was to choose, not men who would act in the best manner according to the laws and institutions, but such as were hostile to and would labour to alter them. Public meetings

and general party strife turned on the same pivot. Thus faith was aided by feeling and contention, until the enmity took the most malignant personal character.

While the Whig part of these classes was filled with sedition and disaffection, the war necessarily resolved itself, in reality, into one of class and interest—a deadly aggressive one of the democracy, poorer classes, dissenters, and population, against the aristocracy, wealthy orders, church, and property. Whigs and Tories remained only in name. The tendency of this was to give the worst feelings to the body of the people.

Ample ground was here prepared for the demagogue, traitor, and rebel; they had a large part of parliament, the aristocracy, and the press, to propagate their doctrines, protect them, and give them followers. As men who reasoned the most justly from grievance to remedy, and made the most palatable promises, the Irish Catholics and British lower classes necessarily greatly preferred them to the Whig leaders. A new party, of the most revolutionary and dangerous kind, of course sprung into being throughout the United Kingdom.

The Whigs were the parents of this party; and then, by acting as their competitor, it added infinitely to the mischievous character of their creed and conduct. Rivals for popular favour, they were compelled to equal it as far as possible in the faith and professions requisite for winning such favour; and, largely dependent on it for support, they were also compelled to protect it in any iniquity. As it grew in strength they changed and lowered their doctrines, rendered it lawless in its atrocities, and bowed to its dictation, until at last, on the Reform-bill, the profligate Whig laboured as openly to trample on the sovereign, suppress the House of Peers, overthrow the church, and violate the laws, as the most depraved revolutionist.

All this yielded the Tories far more benefit than evil. Doubtlessly it caused much difficulty and embarrassment to their ministry, but it also secured it almost any indulgence and latitude. It gave them a monopoly of power in regard to both the sovereign and the country. So long as they differed in creed from the Whigs, it was consi-

dered a matter of course for them to hold the reins of government. Every respectable Whig deemed his own leaders unfit for office.

This commanding position they voluntarily abandoned; their degradation and ruin were solely and from choice things of their own production. On leading questions their heads embraced the doctrines of the Whigs, and this involved the surrender and demolition of every thing on which the supremacy of their party rested. In the first place, character vanished; Toryism was stigmatised as error, Whiggism was held up as truth and wisdom; the Whig leaders were, in regard to trust and consistency, placed far above the Tory ones; and, in consequence, the unattached part of the community was transferred to the Whigs. Then every question which arrayed the better classes against the latter was settled on their own principles; all the matters which secured the sovereign, aristocracy, and church, the agricultural, colonial, monied, and other interests, to the Tories—which constituted an impassable barrier between the Whigs and office—were, by the suicidal Tories themselves, recklessly destroyed. The Whig was carefully purified by Tory hands from whatever made him obnoxious to the great interests of the empire; and in so far as this did not gain him their support, it made them, through disgust and indignation, neutral.

The Tory rivalled the Whig; therefore all the organs of party opinion combined in proclaiming laws and institutions to be highly defective and injurious, and in advocating alteration. It necessarily operated, in the most powerful manner, to strip him of followers, as he was in it only a follower himself; and his remedies for the evils he complained of were evidently less effective than those of his rival. Every change he made had the same operation. The dissenters, both Catholic and Protestant, were rendered, by the abolition of the restrictive laws, infinitely more active, unanimous, and powerful, against him; the Catholic question, while it was agitated, gave him as many Protestant ones as did much towards balancing those who opposed him, and its triumph made them his adversaries. Moreover, this triumph, by transferring hostilities from matters which ranged the body of the people on the side of

the church, to her property and ministers, reduced his power prodigiously. The free trade and currency measures produced general distress, which, of course, filled the mass of the lower orders with animosity towards the Tory government; the animosity spread through the middle classes, and, for the first time, the farmers became discontented and infected with Radicalism. The population, in the midst of loss, insolvency, and hunger, was assured, on the one hand, by the Tory ministry, that remedy was out of the question—measures of aggravation would only be resorted to; and on the other, by the Whig and Radical, that reform, the spoliation of the church, the repeal of taxes, &c., would alone yield relief. The natural consequence followed: as one kind of relief was denied, it sought another; the Tory refused it every thing, therefore it turned against him to crave the remedies promised by the Whig.

The mechanic institutes, and other things expressly projected to destroy him, were patronised or sanctioned by the Tory, without any effort to restrain them from doing him the intended mischief; they had his countenance in all their anti-religious, democratic grossness.

As the ruler, he reserved coercion for his supporters, and gave boundless impunity to his enemies. It was the Orangemen only whom he bound and punished—he suffered the Catholics to do what they pleased; that part of the press alone was visited with his denunciations and prosecutions which upheld Toryism; he tolerated and encouraged the Whig and Radical publications in the extreme of licentiousness; his official newspapers assailed the royal family, aristocracy, church—in a word, all the institutions and divisions of society which gave him a party: the conviction was generally produced, that those who took the Whig and Radical side might do and say any thing without fear of law; and they did and said every thing calculated to serve their cause.

Combinations, clubs, and Radical publications, multiplied in every direction amidst the people, and speedily freed them in the mass from the influence of Whig and Tory, master and superior. But although they were rendered as independent of the Whig as of the Tory in leader and doctrine, they

had to choose between them at elections, and their Radical representatives had to support the one or the other in parliament: the consequence was, the Whig reaped mighty gain from it, and the Tory ruin. When it is considered what a small number of votes will turn the scale at elections, it will appear almost surprising that the Tory, putting out of sight his close boroughs, was able to shew himself in the House of Commons.

We see at present, amidst the fruits, the Whigs in office and Tories in opposition, but both the parties destitute, to an unexampled degree, of strength, and well-nigh without followers. Both the middle and lower classes have separated from them, treat them with disregard, and only support either when it will serve their own opinions and interests. The same may be said of the better classes, saving the highest. The Whig and Tory, speaking generally, no longer divide and lead the community, but, if they act on their own opinions, they stand almost alone; the Radical or Liberal party is now the only one of the three which is mighty in numbers, duly organised, and obedient to its leaders.

As to definite, distinct, rational, constitutional creed, the Whigs have none. Putting aside their unmeaning, worthless declamations on abstract principles, their opinions on practical matters are servilely borrowed from the Radicals. We have just seen their heads, when acting as the government, trample on their own deliberate convictions, in obedience to Radical mandates, touching a national question of the very last importance, and violate the essentials of what has hitherto been taught as Whiggism. The Irish Reform-bill, after being elaborately concocted and again and again reviewed, was altered in a leading part at the command of O'Connell and his followers; an important amendment of the Scotch one was resolved on, and then, on the outcry of the Scotch Radicals, abandoned. No one can be ignorant that the Whig ministry, in these matters, sacrificed its own judgment to those who were influenced by the reverse of disinterested, patriotic motives. In accordance with this specimen, throughout their creed some vague generality is professed, but the meaning and application are left to the dictation of the Liberal newspapers and unions.

A general election is expected, and no candidate is offering himself on the profession of Whiggism; no one stands on the ground that he belongs to them as a party, and takes for his guides their leaders. On the contrary, all allusion to them is avoided, and the electioneering address is studiously drawn to meet the views of the Radicals: the candidate is a friend of church reform and an enemy of the corn-law—he is an advocate of free trade and the abolition of slavery; he culls from the Radical publications the topics which are in favour with their readers, and from these he compounds a faith which is so far from being taught by, that it is embarrassing and distasteful to, the Whig ministry as a whole. This is done by the follower, the only supporter, as the sole means of obtaining a seat; and the head imitates him, regardless of the official difficulties it may cast in his way, as the sole means of enjoying power.

This subserviency to the Radicals is coupled with an utter contempt for the convictions of able, independent, patriotic men. Every modification of the Reform-bill pressed on the ministry by eminent members of the legislature, demonstrably on public grounds alone, was rejected; in wanton violation of constitutional usage, not a single concession was made to the upright objections of the better classes; while the surrenders I have mentioned, touching the Irish and Scotch bills, were made on the instant. The Whig candidate, in his election address, overlooks the opinions, interests, and rights of all but the lower part of society; to him the aristocracy and clergy, the land-owners and colonists, learned men and capitalists, are portions of the community unworthy of being listened to, and only of use as materials to be bartered for the favour of the rest. By leader and follower, the educated, experienced, exalted, and wealthy, either on public affairs, or when their own fortunes, privileges, and liberties are assailed, are held forth as entitled to no notice when opposed to the multitude.

It follows that present Whiggism wages offensive war against almost all that exists in the empire. If it for the moment spare the monarchy, it strips the king of his rights in practice, and makes him a passing mental; it refuses to the aristocracy all power and freedom, places it in slavery, and threatens

its being. The church is assailed by it in character, followers, and possession, and it insists that she ought to have no political influence; and it incessantly labours to deprive the wealthy and intelligent part of the people of privilege and weight. To the British constitution it is thus so far hostile, that it maintains the government ought to be in practice a pure democracy. We have just had evidence, that to render the government this it will make the most flagrant inroads on usage and law. It seeks to inflict deadly injury on agriculture, the colonies, and various manufactures and trades; many laws and institutions it dooms to change or destruction. Reform is carried, but it is only a means; and the ends are innovation and demolition throughout the system of privilege, right, property, and regulation.

And it also follows that this Whiggism has the worst basis, and endeavours to produce the most gigantic evils. Each tenet is gathered from popular outcry; and what prompts this outcry? Is reform in the Church demanded in the spirit of friendship for her, and in order to increase her stability and usefulness? Enmity is the source; the object is to cover her with odium, despoil, and cripple her. To a large extent, the demand proceeds from rivals who seek her ruin; and in respect of Ireland, it openly comprehends the transference of much of her property to the Catholics. Does the clamour for the abolition of slavery flow from a desire to benefit the colonies and the national welfare? It professes to be dictated by pretended hostility to slavery in the abstract, and to be utterly regardless of the mischief it may do to either the colonies or the empire. Is the abolition of the corn-law sought on the score of general advantage? It is called for as a means of exciting hatred against, and injuring, the aristocracy—of fighting the trading and labouring part of the population against the agricultural, for political purposes; it is confessedly to take from landowners, small and great, a vast portion of their property, and place them in a situation far below that of their fellow-subjects, in order to confer on the latter some petty, separate profits. Is it for the sake of equality of right and national prosperity that the aristocracy is doomed

to proscription and bondage, the influence of the wealthy is smitten, and the sovereignty is claimed for the multitude? No: it is to acquire guilty private gain through robbery, tyranny, and national injury; the shopkeeper and labourer advocate it from selfish motives, which crave as a sacrifice both their superiors and country. All this is above doubt; it is known to all, through unreserved confession.

This Whiggism, by borrowing and following, instead of leading, continually impels its popular schoolmasters to multiply their profligate demands, and drag it deeper into error and danger; it stimulates the production of what it borrows, and creates its leaders. Catholic emancipation has only produced still greater discontent and convulsion in Ireland;—the triumph of the Reform-bill has strengthened the cry for change and innovation in England: why? Because there is a Whig party constantly teaching the people that they constitute the real government, and ought to be obeyed in all things—always ready to defend their conduct, and press any demand they may think fit to make. Through it their worst proceedings are made legal and meritorious; their most unjust claims are rendered grave and necessary state questions. It may allow some subtraction and qualification to be expedient, but still, on the general matter, it insists that they are right, and ought to dictate. If the Whigs and their press declaim against the aristocracy, clergy, tithes, Irish Protestants, colonists, &c., this is amply sufficient to produce the evil, though they may differ from the multitude in plan and detail.

The truth is, there are no longer, in the correct sense of the term, any Whigs. While both electors and candidates disavow the name and avoid connexion with those who bear it, the men who, for the sake of distinction, are still called Whigs, confess their subserviency to the Radicals, and trample on the essentials of genuine Whiggism. These men only form a subordinate division of the Radicals or Liberals; the latter and the Tories are now the two great parties.

These sham Whigs can only hold office by obeying, to the farthest point, their Radical masters. Disobedience—an attempt to stand as an independent party—would strip them of sup-

port, as the rest of the community is against them. We have before us this monstrous incongruity—a ministry to which the better classes and all the great interests of the empire are hostile, which scarcely any part of the community trusts, and which is kept in being by the unpopularity of the Tories, and its submission to those who only support, that they may command it. They must depend for preserving power on measures decidedly adverse to the laws and institutions of the empire, and which must keep them in conflict with the sovereign, the peers, and the wealthy orders. These measures must be aggressive, involving the destruction of the privileges and fortunes of their opponents.

With a Whig ministry, then, we must have the two houses of parliament commonly at variance, provided the peers retain any independent feeling—the king and his ministers at variance—the commons and cabinet warring against the peers and sovereign—the lower part of the population struggling to ruin and enslave the upper—property in its masses continually assailed—regular disaffection and turbulence—and unceasing attempts to bring the government, in both practice and form, to a republic. Changes made and threatened must keep agriculture, manufactures, and trade, in constant suffering, and the whole system of society in constant disorder. This must be the case, or there can be no Whig ministry.

With the Whigs as the opposition, we must either have a Tory ministry misgoverning in every way under their dictation, or the subject arrayed against the ruler, population against law and property, the democracy against the aristocracy—licentiousness and convulsion, in order to batter down what exists in the empire, and produce every national ill.

This is the prospect before us, so far as the Whigs are concerned, unless (of which there is little hope) they change their conduct. Unfortunately, they have placed themselves in such a situation that they have comparatively no strength save in the Radicals. The little power they had reserved for leading as a party, their Reform-bill has taken away; by throwing them, as well as the Tories, on the community, and turning all upright men against them, this bill almost compels them to choose

between following the Radicals and annihilation.

Hope has nothing to rest on save the Tories, and they offer little to inspire it; yet every thing is in their favour, except their own conduct.

One mighty matter is, their cause is wholly a defensive one; it proposes nothing hazardous, demands nothing irritating or unjust, and offers nothing insulting to reason. It defends the laws and institutions of England—the equal rights and privileges of all—the fair distribution of protection and power. Friendly to the king and aristocracy, the church and better classes, it seeks for them nothing beyond what they possess under the constitution, for the sake of general good; it seeks no more for them than for the lower classes. While it is adverse to giving farther political power to the latter, it is as free as that of the Whigs to promote their prosperity.

Such is Toryism, looked at apart from its professors; and it is evident, that if they act on it properly, they must always stand far above the Whigs in general estimation. In such case, they must, in the nature of things, be greatly preferred by the king, peers, church, agricultural and other great interests, learned bodies, and wealthy orders. They must also be much preferred by the independent part of society: the rank, wealth, learning, wisdom, and virtue of the community, must go with them. With regard to the body of the people, they have, in the church and better classes, advantages of the first value over their rivals; their exertions to promote the bodily comforts of the labourer would be more effective in winning his favour than those of the Whigs to bestow on him destructive political privileges.

What, then, makes the Tories unpopular and powerless? Their own incapacity and errors.

The name of Tory is identified with the laws and institutions, the fame and greatness of the empire; public feelings and associations regard it as a venerable and leading national possession: vilified and hated it may be, but nothing can take away its dignity and lustre. This name they have renounced for the most unhappy one they could have blundered upon—they must call themselves Conservatives! The conservative part of the country knows who made the changes which were wit-

nessed before the Whigs gained office, and the other part remembers who opposed the Reform-bill. The new name injures them with friends, and makes them odious where it is of the first consequence for them to gain supporters.

It is an impossibility in nature for party to stand equally on all divisions of the community; it must grow of and depend on some, and be more or less at variance with others. The dissenters from interest will prefer the Whigs, and their weight must go against the Tories: various manufacturing and trading divisions, from the same reason, will give the Whigs their favour. The Tories necessarily must find their strength in the other parts of society. As it is obvious to all men that they can never gain or render neutral the dissenters, &c., it might be imagined that they would leave nothing undone to acquire the attachment and preserve the power of such other parts. They have, however, long been embarked in the enterprise of buying up enemies by the sacrifice of friends, in order to stand triumphant on the equal love of all. The churchman was made a sop for the Catholic and Protestant dissenter, the agriculturist for the manufacturer, the villager for the townsman; and the issue is, they have well nigh made equal enemies of all, while the dissenters and traders are much more unanimous against them than they ever were: churchmen and agriculturists are, to a very large extent, against them also.

The Tories must find a principal pillar in the Church — meaning by the term, the laity as well as clergy. Her prosperity is not more essential for theirs than it is for maintaining the balance against the republican or democratic party, and upholding the monarchy. Driven to them for defence, it is all she requires for giving in return her mighty support; and surely the dissenter can find no just cause of provocation in efforts to protect what it has through law and public benefit. In this matter, however, neither party nor national interests moves them to do their duty. Frequently, when she is assailed they are silent; they meet attempts to injure her with compromise, or, if they venture to speak in her behalf, they apologise and explain in a way to render it useless. Here the friend is disgusted,

and the enemy served. What incalculable benefit they would confer on her and reap themselves, were they to fight her battles with due warmth and boldness, and on every attack expose the character and motives of the foe!

The war made on the Church divides her against herself; it arrays, in the first place, the poorer clergy against the richer, and, in the second, the laity against the clergy. Thus, the Whig and dissenter contrive to make her, in the major part, their ally for her overthrow: through the cry against tithes and great livings, the layman is led to oppose the Tory, and beat to the dust his pastor. That the Tories, as well as the country, have the deepest interest in making such reforms in her as will remove the layman's dissatisfaction, unite him with the minister, and enlarge the influence of the latter, must be obvious to all men. The general commutation of tithes, abolition of curates, suppression of pluralities, and more equal distribution of her property, would add enormously to their party power. And when it is remarked how her dignities are at present disposed of, need I ask how far they would profit from her just independence? They are, however, the opponents of these reforms: to gain the clergy, they are content to lose the laity; they see the church falling, and with her themselves. Not one of them can be ignorant, that if the body of the people, or even a farther small proportion of them, become dissenters, it must be their own ruin; yet they make no effort to purify her from the things which make her unpopular, and deprive her of followers. They can only propose or sanction changes which degrade and weaken her.

Agriculture must form another principal pillar to them; nevertheless, they act towards it in the same manner. The Whig, though its enemy, manages, through tithes and taxes, to gain its support, in both England and Ireland; while the Tory, as its defender, finds it hostile to him. The latter, instead of exhibiting the open courageous conduct requisite for proving himself to be its friend, and the Whig its foe, conceals, turns, and modifies, until, to the less exalted but more numerous part of its members, the Whig appears the better protector.

If Toryism be less friendly to the middle and lower classes than Whig-

gism, it deserves to be in its present condition; and assuredly it will never prevail if it have them against it. The Whig pretends to be their especial patron; he sympathises with their distress, echoes their complaints, and professes boundless solicitude for their welfare. And what is done by the Tory? He defames and ridicules them; he denies or doubts their allegations of suffering, opposes remedy, and stands before them in the light of an enemy. Is it, then, wonderful, that at elections, he finds himself outnumbered? Yet he has better means of gaining their favour than his rival. The latter is bound by his creed to keep them in their various varieties of distress; it makes him the opponent of poor-laws and charities, the advocate of free trade and cheap labour—the champion of every thing that injures them. The creed of the Tory imposes on him contrary obligations. Calling himself a Conservative, it is his party-duty to protect the poor man's bread as well as the rich man's fortune and privileges—the silk as well as the cotton trade—the colonies as well as the mother-country—public prosperity as well as institutions. It is his decided party-interest, as a means of preserving the corn-law and other matters of protection, to take up the complaints of the portions of the community which are suffering from the free-trade measures, and insist on the necessary remedies—to leave nothing undone towards giving employment and food wherever they are needed, in both England and Ireland.

If the Tory should take up the cause of the destitute agricultural labourer in England—endeavour to give Ireland poor-laws, and other means of relieving want—support the claim of the silk-weavers, &c. for relief—and adopt all rational suggestions from the middle and lower classes generally, for bettering their condition—it would place him far above his rival in popular estimation, and give him a powerful party amidst the lower classes. In addition, it would yield the mighty advantage of connecting these classes with the aristocracy, by visibly employing it in their behalf. It is a calamitous circumstance, that while the democratic party labours so incessantly to gain the body of the people, the aristocracy is disabled by its party from doing any thing but oppose and alienate them.

If there be sufficient reason why the noble should refuse to extend popular privileges, there is reason equally powerful why he should do this utmost to give necessities to the labourer who tills his estate, business to the tradesman, and employment to the starving mechanic.

The Tory vituperates the body of the population for revolutionary conduct, and hostility to himself and the aristocracy. Admitting his charges to be but too true, what does the other side of the question exhibit? Unexampled loss and want have long scourged the population, and both inquiry and remedy have been steadily refused: the main objects of the revolutionary conduct have been work and food. If relief have been an impossibility, the sufferers have believed the contrary; and it is not in human nature for a people to be other than discontented in such circumstances. In the midst of all this, the Tory has even denied the existence of distress, and stigmatised all complaint as Radicalism—to ask inquiry for the insolvent master or starving workmen, to call on the aristocracy to interest itself in favour of its dependents, to crave the removal of sources of popular exasperation, to oppose destructive measures, to speak in favour of the community against him, has been declaimed against by many of his writers as Radicalism; and the declamation has contained abundant abuse of both the lower and middle classes. The aristocracy has been motionless, and it has been mixed up with him in the whole; and the Whig has been incessantly charging all the distress on him and the aristocracy. Here is a state of things which could not have done other than produce what he blames; and if it must, from necessity or any other cause, continue—if Toryism must be a creed regardless of the people's needs, and hostile to their feelings, defending the upper by abuse of the less exalted classes—he must, whether deservedly or not, remain as he is.

The Tories call themselves Conservatives, to make themselves appear the reverse of the Whigs: now difference of name is nothing without a corresponding one of creed, and where are we to find the latter? Let me be understood to mean, in all I say, by the word Tories, their heads—those who give them conduct, and, in case

of change, would form the Tory ministry. Many individuals among them display the best principles, but they must be judged as a party by what they do, and appear as one. It matters not what Lord Eldon may say, or Mr. Sadler may attempt, or the minor part of them may think; as a party, they will only act on the opinions of these heads: and it is from these opinions that the country will form of them its own. Where, then, are we to find this difference of creed? The question of reform is extinct, but on it they differed as much from each other as from the Whigs. Looking in detail at the great questions which agitate the public mind, what is the difference between them and the Whigs on the free-trade measures? Practically, nothing. The Duke of Wellington speaks against free trade, but Sir Robert Peels lauds Mr. Ricardo and Sir H. Parnell at every turn, as the first authorities; Mr. Herries, by chance, denounces the economists, but Mr. Courtenay is their worshipper. If they now support inquiry touching the silk and glove trades, they declare against all change. In regard to the shipping interest, and the slavery, foreign sugar, and colonial timber questions, no difference of moment can be discovered. On the corn-law, and protection to agriculture generally, they agree with the Whigs, if the latter are to be believed: there are Whigs who would abolish the law, and there are Tories who would do the same.

There is no difference respecting the currency question; the Tories are as much bound to gold as the Whigs.

In matters relating to the Church, they are with the Whigs, or neutral, in so far as the latter are opposed by her more zealous friends; in other things, the difference is to their disadvantage.

On poor-laws for Ireland, and means for improving the circumstances of the labouring classes generally, no difference appears; and the case is the same touching measures for restoring general prosperity.

It is no doubt understood, that the Tories incline to the higher and the Whigs to the lower classes; and it is well known that the former are sincerely attached to the constitution; but the difference here relates principally to political privileges and power, and, unhappily, it only serves them with a minority. The knowledge that

they would do their utmost to preserve the institutions of the empire, has little weight with many whom it ought to influence; and it injures them with the mass. Their conservative differences relate to abstract matters, or such as are not at the moment pressed; and they are not combined with such as regard property and bread: on the questions for gaining the great interests and the body of the people, no material difference is visible.

This absence of definite, obvious, opposite creed, their differences from each other, and the vague, evasive manner in which they speak, operate against them ruinously. No conviction prevails that they would not in office do the same as the Whigs; the interest which suffers has no hope that they would give it relief, and that which is threatened scarcely expects they would remove its danger. Agriculture, the colonies, &c. &c., have no proper pledge from them to inspire confidence and win support; therefore, general dislike of the Whigs gains them little favour. The injurious effects reach far beyond themselves. The follower from party-feeling, if from nothing else, embraces the opinions of his leader throughout society. So long as the Tories distinctly differed from the Whigs on leading public questions, they had an enthusiastic party in every class; and, what was of more consequence, the church had one, the aristocracy had one even amidst the lower orders, and agriculture one amidst merchants and manufacturers; Whiggism and Radicalism had a mighty party against them in the humblest divisions of the community. But now the Tory follower has nothing substantial given him by his head on which to differ from the Whigs; his war against them is only a personal one,—he is left to embrace their opinions. The consequence is, Whig doctrines generally prevail.

Without an influential press, the Tories must be powerless; and their press cannot be influential if it be not duly supported by its party. At this moment it is placed in conflict with the mass of the population; it is not allowed the means of pleasing the middle and lower classes on some questions, if it offend them on others; so far as concerns its party, it can only oppose and irritate them. If it espouse their interests on particular matters, it

has not the authority and eloquence of a powerful party in parliament to second it; on the contrary, its party, in all probability, openly dissents from it. Does it take the side of the shipping interest and silk trade? the leading Tories take the opposite one; does it advocate a paper currency? it is known that they differ from it wholly. Thus, if it break through the restraints for provoking popular hostility, it has their weight against it; consequently, it makes little impression, and it rather injures than serves them. Whether justly or not, their press is very naturally banished from amidst the body of the population as an enemy; and its banishment will endure, until, with the full sanction and concurrence of its party, it may rival that of the Whigs in what is requisite for gaining popular favour.

I say not this to cast blame on individuals or the body: whether they act justly and wisely, is not the question. I speak of facts; if their conduct be the best possible, it still has the fruits I have named, and, if persevered in, must keep them in the minority.

What a contrast does this conduct form to that which has so long been seen in the Whig! The latter courageously carried invasion into every quarter; he attacked the aristocracy and church, agriculture, and nearly all the leading interests; he even assailed, in like manner, many of the feelings and interests of the middle and lower classes. But while he did this as essential towards possessing a separate creed and party, he did his utmost, as far as his profit would permit, to gain the body of the people. He set up the dissenters against the church, and then paralysed her by arraying the laymen against the minister, and demolishing her privileges. He fought the great trades against agriculture, and then disarmed the latter by turning the labourer and tenant against the landlord. His labours were equally unremitted and dexterous to extend, and give effect to, his press, win the people at large, and exempt them from all control or influence which might be hostile to him. He made no idle attempt to please all,—to triumph through conciliation and concession,—to gain the hostile divisions of the community by the sacrifice of friendly ones. I need not speak of his success. If he have been so successful with every thing

against him, similar exertions could scarcely fail to make the Tory equally so, when every thing is in his favour.

If parties were not wholly impenetrable to the influence of patriotism, they might all see in the state of the empire need for a radical change of conduct. Doctrines are triumphant,—that because a man is of exalted rank he is unfit for office, and for having a voice in the management of public affairs,—because he is learned or rich, he ought to be treated as a public enemy,—because he is poor and ignorant, he alone understands national interests, and can be trusted for acting disinterestedly and uprightly. These doctrines assure us, that the upper house of parliament ought to be the slave of the lower one, the king ought to have no discretionary power, the opinions of able impartial men ought to be disregarded, and the multitude, whatever may be its delusion and infatuation, ought to dictate to both the legislature and executive. They are spread abroad by the minister and noble, as well as by the abandoned traitor.

In the consequences, we have just seen the empire, according to the avowal of all, on the verge of rebellion, revolution, and anarchy; and this state of things in a great measure continues, so far as regards feeling and prospect. What is the great object? Is it rational measures for giving the population necessities and comforts, virtue and happiness? They are never mentioned. Is it to obtain political liberty? No; all own that our institutions are in essentials admirable; and no one avers that liberty, either civil or religious, is unduly contracted. We have a constitution against which its worst enemies can prove nothing, and under which popular freedom continually degenerates into licentiousness, without molestation. If all the avowed objects were accomplished,—if the aristocracy were wholly expelled from the management of public affairs, the church ~~was~~ reformed and demolished, tithes and corn-laws were annihilated, and the supreme government were vested in the multitude, we have no evidence offered us that it would yield any benefit to those who are called the people. Amidst this outcry against the aristocracy, no proofs are produced that it has done injury; the abuse of the church is

combined with no detail of the evil she has caused ; and no reasonable assurance is given us that "the people" will make a better government than the one which has hitherto existed.

The empire has been placed and is kept in this condition without adequate cause or plausible pretext ; the object has been, and is, even on confession, — party profit.

All parties,—not only those which have taught and assisted, but also those whose duty it has been to oppose and resist,—ought, at least, in sheer selfishness, to look seriously at this, and inquire whether they can survive if the empire fall,—whether a change of conduct be not necessary to prevent — party ruin.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

THE joy of song, which hath such deep control,
Now on my mind a shadowy world hath brought,
Stirring the hidden depths of heart and soul
With glorious thought;
For it brings with it images of thee,
IMMEASURABLE SEA !

The mind in its immensity expands
To take within its range so vast a theme,
And clothes the thoughts with hues of other lands,
As in a dream ;
Giving to words a light, a power, a sense,
Of passionate influence.

Shadows that dwell within th' unfathom'd deep !
Spirits that ride upon its angry wave !
Ye fearful shapes and dreadful things that creep
In rock and cave !
Why should the secrets of your home be known
Unto the Dead alone !

But has not oft the wond'ring seaman heard
The witching song of mermaids in their caves ;
And in the storm, many an awful word
Borne o'er the waves ?
Have not th' uninhabited rocks given birth
To sounds unknown on earth ?

Has not the shipwreck'd sailor often seen
Sights which have curdled his impetuous blood,
Whene'er the wings of the strong winds have been
Upon the flood ?
Does not the drowning mariner behold
What tongue hath never told ?

Have not the pearl-fishers discern'd the forms
Which people thy blue depths, the fearful things
That bear the spirit of a thousand storms
Upon their wings ;
Shapes unimaginable, with looks that tell
Of horror and of hell ?

Have not the awful women of the Isles
Held dread communion with thy viewless powers,

And promised, by the aid of spells and wiles,
Fair winds and showers?
Then give the secrets of the dead to me,
IMPENETRABLE SEA!

'Tis fabled in a verse of Grecian tongue,
 Oceanus thy waters ruled of old,
 From whom the Oceanides were sprung, **Who, we are told,**
Gave the unsandall'd foot and naked limb
Free to the water's brim.

• And from the silvery foam which on thee lay,
Like the chaste purity of falling snows,
Shewing the glory of the God of Day, Love's Queen arose,
With that immortal beauty which should bind
The hearts of all mankind.

But thou hast roll'd from chaos, ere the Word,
The mighty Word ! through realms of ether came;
When the vast depths of thy dark waters heard
Jehovah's name,
Creation started into life, and each
Rose proudly into birth.

Thou hast thy mountain-waves resistless hurl'd
O'er the devoted ones of every land,
Taking within thy breast a sinful world At His command ;
And human littleness and human pride
Thou wert condemn'd to hide.

Oh ! thou art lovely, when the golden smiles
Of the warm sunbeams on thy surface rest,
Giving to life and light a thousand isles Which gem thy breast,
And send delicious odours in the breeze,
From groves of spicy trees.

**But thou art glorious when the tempest howls,
Like a roused tigress springing to the fight ;
And the black sky grows blacker as it scowls Upon the night ;
When thunder roars, and the red lightning leaps
Over thy foaming deeps.**

**Changes have fallen on the earth, but thou
Hast been the same from the first age of men ;
The same eternal glory decks thy brow** As it did then :
Though storms rush over thee, though flowest on
As calmly when they're gone.

Thou takest from the continents, to add
To wave-girt islands an extended space ;
And by degrees bare rocks with earth are clad
For a new race ;

**Till a Columbus sees with wond'ring eye
New worlds before him lie.**

Thou hast been chosen for a prince's bride ;
 Yearly Venetian doges, wise and brave,
 The jewell'd ring, with kingly pomp and pride,
Cast in thy wave.
 Ah ! 'tis a glorious thing to wed with thee,
O, THOU UNCHANGING SEA !

Mighty have been the armaments that swept
Thy waters for dominion of its waves,
Since that day when with thee great Pharaoh slept
 With all his slaves ;
Since the innumerable Persian host,
And the Armada's boast.

How was their glory clouded with thy frown !
 How before thee their boasted strength grew weak !
 How did the proud "Invincible" bow down
 When thou did'st speak !
 And then the warring myriads on thy breast
 Were hush'd in sleepless rest !

Man talks of thy obedience to his sway,—
 O, let the vain and babbling thing talk on ;
 Who ever bore this sceptre for a day,
 But it was gone !
 For who can put a bridle upon thee,
 UNGOVERNABLE SLA !

What were to thee the Persian's stripes and chains ?
 What was to thee the Roman's idle boast ?
 What was to thee the vaunt of the proud Danes
 Upon thy coast ?
 On did'st thou glide, in calm contempt of blows
 And threats from such vain foes.

For thou hast armies stronger than of old
The Macedonian to Hydaspes led,
Form'd of the great, the noble, and the bold,
Who've fought and bled :
What are the nations of the world to thee,
UNCONQUERABLE SEA !

O, might I but possess the precious store
Which thou hast gather'd to thy hoards of old,
Composed of riches brought from ev'ry shore ;
Silver and gold,
And gems, from Heathen, Christian, Jew, and Moor,—
Then no man should be poor !

For thou hast jewels of uncounted price,
Gather'd from older worlds as rich as ours,
When, numerous ages since, the glittering vice
Had all its powers ;
And man allow'd his heart to be a clod,
That gold might be his god.

The mighty Babylon her tribute sent,
 And princely Tyre, and gorgeous Sidon too;
 From wond'rous Thebes the fated vessels went
 To pay their due:
 And gold of Ophir, cunning hands had wrought,
 The ships of Tarshish brought.

But thy exchequer flourishes as high
 Almost as once it did; within thy deeps
 The El Dorado stores neglected lie
 In mountain heaps;
 And India has poured forth her millions there
 Of treasures rich and rare.

And wave-girt Venice, thron'd upon the sea,
 Whose merchants have been conquerors and kings,
 With Genoa the superb, pour'd fast and free
 Their precious things,
 And costly fabrics wove of silken twine,
 As off'rings on thy shrine.

Yet thou'rt a miser with thy riches,—still
 Adding fresh treasure to thy hidden store;
 Though frequent argosies thy caverns fill,
 Thou seekest more;
 Hungering for wealth, of little use to thee,
 INSATIABLE SEA!

Oft when a boy upon thy breast I lay,
 Changing my many motions with my whims,
 To let the light of the warm sunbeams play
 Upon my limbs;
 Or dashing through the waves with glee as wild
 As an unconscious child.

And I have stray'd thy yellow sands along,
 Mid scenes most stirring to poetic minds,
 To hear the hollow sea-shell's mimic song
 Of waves and winds;
 And garnering up a store of fond delights
 From many pleasing sights.

Alone I've stood beside thy sounding shore,
 List'ning to the wild music of thy voice;
 And while the moaning winds would sigh and roar
 I would rejoice.
 I loved to be familiar with each sound
 Which echo'd far around.

But soon I had a boat with swelling sail,
 And many a day reposed beneath the sky,
 Courting the breeze until it proved a gale,
 And waves were high;
 And when the storm was raging in its height
 I felt a deep delight.

My joy was in the long-continued roll
 Of the fierce thunder, when it bellowing came;
 But there seem'd deeper glory for my soul
 In the red flame,—
 To watch the dazzling flashes that were sent
 To light me as I went.

I've heard the sea-gull screaming o'er my head,
I've seen the stormy petrel on my track ;
But none had power to stop me where I led,
Or keep me back ;
And I maintain'd companionship with thee,
UNFATHOMABLE SEA !

Of those who held dominion on thy waves,
Who is there that has sway'd it long, or well ?
Thou dost not truckle to the power of slaves,—
But let me tell —
'Tis to the free, and to the free alone,
Whose power thy waters own.

The Island-born have swept thy billow since
The Sea-kings bore their proud dominion there,
Though Europe leagu'd, and oft some powerful prince
The fight would dare ;
Holland, and Spain, and France, have many a day
Felt a superior sway.

They were as chaff before the rushing wind,
As dead leaves scatter'd by an autumn shower :
They throng'd in arms, were conquer'd, and resign'd
Their useless power.
What flag waved triumph o'er thy foaming brine? —
My island-home, 'twas thine!

And now shall we our former fame forget,
And let our barks rot idle on the wave?
No!—do we not possess a Sea-King yet,
As good and brave
As ever free-born men were glad to own
Upon an ocean-throne.

Deeds might be done worthy our glorious isle—
 Arise, ye relicts of the mighty dead !
 The fame of Trafalgar and of the Nile
 Is not yet fled ;
 A shame upon our bravery remains
 While Poland is in chains.

Send o'er the wave the British flag unfurl'd,
Where Nelson, Drake, and Hood, the way have shewn ;
Then Freedom o'er the nations of the world
Shall raise her throne,
And let her sway remain unchanged like thee,
THOU EVERLASTING SEA !

"MY CONTEMPORARIES;"

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

It is the fashion of the present day to publish what are termed *Reminiscences*. They are the history of occurrences which took place in the time of the author, and anecdotes of those who were his contemporaries during the same period. They affect no importance, and yet possess no inconsiderable share of interest: *that* they derive from the curiosity which the generality of the world feels to become acquainted with the real character of those who have been distinguished by great public services, by rank, or by talents. Unsatisfied with what passes before them and meets the public eye, they wish to follow them into retirement, and to see them there without disguise.

It is not from the studied address of the public speaker, or the formal carriage of high office, that the true estimate of human character is to be formed. Every man in society is, to a certain degree, an actor: he must disguise his real, or give up a certain portion of his natural character, to the opinions and prejudices of others, and assume that which his intercourse with the world renders necessary. To appreciate him justly, he should be seen in every situation. In public, when he acts under the influence of his feelings, without regulating his conduct by the opinion of the world — in private, when retired from business and released from study, he gives freedom to his thoughts, and his language flows without premeditation from his heart. It is from scenes such as these curiosity wishes to derive its information of the natural character of the individual, and finds an interest in the details of the private habits, pursuits, and even conversations of those who have been so distinguished. Incidents of the most ordinary occurrence, and anecdotes of

the most unimportant description, are sought for and collected to contribute to its gratification.

But curiosity does not stop there: the likenesses and lineaments of the faces of those upon whom, from their merits, public observation has been drawn, are preserved, handed down in engravings, and furnish the portfolio of the collector and the antiquary. They acquire a value in proportion to the eminence of the person whom they represent, and realise the ambition of our old law authors, who were anxious to give equal perpetuity to their personal likenesses and their works by prefixing their portraits to their title-pages.*

From this curiosity few will, I think, be found wholly exempt. For myself, I make no scruple of avowing, that it would afford me some gratification, to read accounts of those who sat upon the bench, or were distinguished members of the bar, and whose names occur in our earlier reporters, to learn by what talents, what manners, or what habits they were distinguished.

From whatever source we derive entertainment, we are apt to conclude that what is pleasing to ourselves will be found equally so to others. It is to that feeling the following sketches owe their origin. I had, in every stage of my life, and in every situation, adopted and followed as a maxim, the practice of Horace —

" — si quid datur oti
Illudo chartis ;"

and at different times had amused myself with sketching the characters of my contemporaries, with the addition of some anecdotes relating to them. A collection made from such materials, appeared to me likely to be received with some degree of interest by the

* The late Mr. Professor Christian (than whom no one was better acquainted with the science of book-making) was aware of the public appetite for this species of decoration by portraits, and how much it contributed to the sale of any work upon which it was bestowed. His attachment to it, however, seems to have led him into an indiscriminate and ill-judged use of it. He sent his edition of *Blackstone's Commentaries* into the world adorned with engravings of the learned judges whose names occur in it. Whether from the terrific dignity which he has bestowed on Lord Ch. Justice Holt, or from the drowsy solemnity of the countenance in Mr. Justice Blackstone, the book acquired any additional value in the eyes of the public, I will not presume to say; but I never took it up so disguised by meretricious ornament, without mentally apostrophising the volume in the words of the self-sentencing Pope, given by Blackstone in his 3d volume, c. 20, "*Judico te cremari.*"

present members of the profession, and to become a not unentertaining legacy, to those of it who may come after me, and whose sentiments on such subjects may accord with my own. Early impressions are not easily effaced—memory preserves and transmits them. Though much of the subject of these pages is drawn from that source, the hackneyed term “Reminiscences” I have rejected, as forming but a small portion of them: they are devoted to the delineation of original character, and if they possess any merit, it is from that only they will derive it.

To sketch with truth the character of any man, the author's first duties are accuracy and fidelity. To give it with accuracy, personal acquaintance, frequent intercourse, and long-continued observation, are indispensable. These opportunities I possessed and enjoyed for many years, with every individual whose name is found in these pages, and whose character I profess to give. In the task which I have undertaken, I have no private end to answer, no selfish object to attain, no spleen to gratify; I borrow from no quarter a thought or an expression; my pen now records the impressions of my early life, formed during those of the individuals themselves. I draw from my own resources only, and what I write are reflections the result of my own observations—facts which took place under my own eye, or such as I derived from information upon which I could rely. Retired from the bar and from public life, I had much unemployed leisure. To continue what I had begun, and to extend it so as to embrace a wider field of the profession, suggested itself to me as a source of amusement, on which to bestow some of the many idle hours which retirement afforded me. The following pages are the fruit of that leisure: the characters are drawn by my own hand; the anecdotes are such as memory presented them, or taken from the corner of my note-book, where they were preserved as the memoranda of some pleasantries which had passed in court, and had found a place there.

No man ever passed through life whom the world concurred in pronouncing faultless—no man in whom something might not be found wanting in talents, in temper, or in manner. There is an amiable and an unfavourable side in every man's character—

something to be praised—something, perhaps, to be censured. To be just, unmerited panegyric, and undeserved censure are equally to be avoided; to bestow indiscriminate praise is to do injustice to those who really merit it; it is to lower sketches such as these, pretending to something of an historic character, to the level of the obituary of a monthly magazine. But where the object is to put the future members of the profession in possession of the real characters of those who have gone before them; to enable them to distinguish those whose memories are consecrated by their conduct during life, to respect and reverence; from those who, when living, had no title to either; it is due to truth not to withhold censure where censure is due. I write to inform—not to flatter or to slander. I practised at the bar during a very long period, without ever having had even a coolness with any member of the profession; I may therefore be allowed to make not unjust pretensions to impartiality, and to claim an exemption from all suspicion of prejudice.

Of the anecdotes to which I have given place, many, I have no doubt, will be found, not to be new; to those who were members of the profession in my own time, it may detract from the entertainment which they might otherwise afford, but not from their originality. I kept no register of “stray jokes and pilfered witticisms,” with a view to future publication, and to the sorry fame of being such an editor; they were collected in court from my own hearing, in private conversation or in public business, and on the preservation of them I bestowed but little attention. I may have given to one, by mistake, what belonged to another; it will, however, be recollected, that every *bon-mot* finds many fathers, and is claimed by many owners; but a stray joke, like any other estray, however many hands it may pass through, remains still the property of the first owner. Many, I have no doubt, have escaped from across the channel, where they abound, and he who first catches them here makes them his own. Many may have found their way into print from the length of time which has elapsed since their birth, and I may have repeated in conversation what I here relate; but they are given not as specimens of refined wit, but as occasionally illustrating the characters and

style of conversation of those to whom I have thought they belonged; and

they form a very inconsiderable portion of the following pages.

LORD MANSFIELD.

At the period of my first acquaintance with Westminster Hall as a student, Lord Mansfield was on the bench, where he had presided for above thirty years. The puisne judges were Willes, Ashurst, and Buller. Lord Mansfield, when I last saw him, was in his eightieth year, and his person bore the strongest marks of old age. Of his public and private life, his conduct at the bar and in politics, so much has been written, and is in possession of the world, as to make it unnecessary for me to comment or observe on them. Though at that advanced period of life, and bending under the weight of years, he still preserved those polished manners for which he had been at all times so distinguished; and though age had weakened the powers of his once vigorous mind, it had not stripped him of those marks of taste and genius with which nature had so liberally endowed him. In the following year he retired wholly from the bench and from public life. To the students, Lord Mansfield was eminently attentive; they were admitted to a seat on the bench with him, and allowed there to take their notes without interruption. The present Lord Grenville was a contemporary student with me; he at all times sat on the bench, on the right hand of Mr. Justice Ashurst, in which place he took his notes. This mark of attention, shewn only to him when the court was full, was considered as a compliment to his rank. At *nisi prius*, every student of the four inns of court enjoyed an equal indulgence.

The conduct of the king's counsel was distinguished by similar courtesy: we were invited to sit within the bar, as affording us a greater facility in taking notes; and during the whole period that I was a student, mine were taken within the bar, sitting near to Mr. Thomas Cowper, the king's counsel. I owed the situation to no personal introduction; I was a perfect stranger to him; but a liberal and gentlemanlike feeling seemed to pervade the whole court over which Lord Mansfield presided, and of which he displayed so admirable an example.

The indulgence which I have mentioned, has been for several years dis-

continued. For what reason, after having been so long enjoyed, it was withdrawn, I have never learned. It was attributed, at the time, to Lord Kenyon; but as I was at the bar when he was appointed, and no longer required it, the precise period of its discontinuance made no impression upon me. That the merit of this unaccommodating regulation belonged to him, I cannot presume to say; but he had so undisputed a title to every thing ungracious, that his claim in this instance was as little doubted as disputed. I have no recollection, however, of having seen, during the period that he was chief justice, the students occupying those seats which in my early life they were accustomed to fill.*

To embrace that period of my professional life to which I mean to devote these pages, and to employ them in the review of the characters of those learned persons whose names will be found to have a place in them, it became necessary for me to begin with those who filled judicial seats, or were of high professional rank, at the commencement of my legal life. Of these my information was limited, and of course my strictures and observations necessarily wanting in that interest which they may be found afterwards to possess. The probationary years which intervened from my first opening a law-book to my call to the bar, I devoted to severe study. I neither had nor sought for the intercourse of mixed society, nor had I the advantage of a personal introduction to any member of the bench or bar; I had therefore no access to the sources from whence anecdote or private information respecting individuals are usually drawn, nor the opportunity of availing myself of them, until some time after I was called to the bar. My early sketches, strictures, or anecdotes, were wholly drawn from observation of what passed in court, and gleaned from the daily occurrences which there took place. These will be found, however, to be few. I was not long confined to the privacy of learned retirement, nor was the intimacy of the best members of my profession long withheld from me;

the best sources of information were soon thrown open to me, and I was

left to the full enjoyment of my own judgment.

MR. JUSTICE WILLES.

The retirement of Lord Mansfield left Mr. Justice Willes in possession of the place of senior puisne judge of the Court of King's Bench. He seemed to be held in very moderate estimation by the bench, the bar, and the public. There was a flippancy of manner and a levity of deportment about him, wholly at variance with the dignity of his situation and the becoming gravity of the judicial character. To the personal appearance connected with it he shewed equal indifference, and he was distinguished by a slovenly neglect of the costume appropriated to his station as a judge. The ermine which covered his shoulders had long ceased to be white; his scarlet robes had assumed a dingy brick colour; and his wig seemed to have gone a *several years' May-day circuit* with a chimney-sweeper. These were the ornaments of a fat, unwieldy figure, endowed with a face of smirking fatuity.

Little attention seemed to be paid to his opinions by Lord Mansfield or by the rest of the judges. He appeared to feel it, and to be anxious to indemnify himself against what he could not avoid seeing was slight; he felt it with wrath, and sought to shew his resentment of it without judgment. I draw this conclusion from his ludicrous conduct when the case of *Jones v. Smart* was before the court. It was a question as to the right of the son of an esquire to kill game, though the father had no qualification in respect of estate, and whe-

ther a derivative title could be conferred without an original one. Mr. Justice Willes in that case differed from Lord Mansfield and the other judges. He delivered his opinion to that effect, in direct opposition to that which Lord Mansfield, to whom he sat next, had pronounced, and whose arguments he seemed to think he had successfully combated. When he had concluded, with an air of the most ludicrous triumph and self-satisfaction at the display which he had made, he turned quickly round on the old lord, and, in a manner the most burlesque, stared full in his face. This was accompanied with a vulgar and significant nod of the head, which conveyed to the spectators his meaning as fully as if he had expressed himself in the identical words to which the refined taste of Mr. Hume has given a classical currency which till that time they did not possess, of "Take your change out of that!" They are certainly not of a phraseology of the best taste, but they are most significantly expressive.

From the first day of Michaelmas Term, 1786, Lord Mansfield had discontinued to take his seat on the bench. The duties of the chief justice then devolved upon Mr. Justice Willes. He enjoyed the pre-eminence which the place bestowed on him, but for a short period. He died in January 1787. The decisions of the court during that period were not marked by any extent of legal learning, and were undistinguished by importance.

MR. JUSTICE ASHURST.

The place of Mr. Justice Willes on the bench was supplied by Mr. Justice Ashurst, the next senior puisne judge of the court. He assumed its rank and duties in Hilary Term, 1787. Every man who at any period filled the office of Lord Chief Justice, would suffer from a comparison with Lord Mansfield; and though little expectations were formed of Mr. Justice Ashurst, he was entitled to the negative praise, that he did not disgrace the situation which he was appointed to fill. His person presented no mark of dignity, and his carriage no bearing to command re-

spect. He was tall, stiff, and formal; his countenance singularly long, void of expression, and deformed by a strong scorbutic redness. His manner was confused and embarrassed, and he seemed to shrink from the eye of every one who approached him.

He had the character of being an able lawyer, to which the judgments which he pronounced while he presided in the King's Bench fully entitled him. It may detract something from his claim of personal merit, that he had the able assistance of Mr. Justice Buller; but it never was disputed that the de-

cisions of that period rank as high, in point of legal authority, as any which took place in it when the court was full.

On the bench he exhibited the most inflexible gravity of countenance, an immobility of features which never relaxed, and a solemnity which never forsook him. He equally preserved the dignity of silence, and abstained sedulously from a waste of words. This had the appearance of apathy and inattention, which did not serve to improve the natural expression of his countenance; but that want of attention was in appearance only. When he came to deliver his judgments, they were always correct, and, from his apparent inattention to the arguments, surprised by their accuracy. He stated the points of the case with brevity and precision, and they displayed no want of learning or discrimination.

His delivery was slow without being distinct, monotonous, and unimpressive. As second judge of the court, it was his duty to pronounce the sentence on those who were, after conviction in criminal cases, brought up for judgment. It is a duty which should be performed not only with solemnity, but in language which should convey a strong reprehension of the offence — enforce the necessity of punishment for the sake of example, and be delivered in a tone and language impressive and feeling. This part of the office of a judge, was never committed to one less capable of doing justice to it than Mr.

Justice Ashurst: he did not mark with any discrimination the different shades of offence; he conveyed no impression to the convicted of the unerring consequences of crime, or of warning example to the vicious and unprincipled, by any observations which fell from him; he hurried through the written sentence, as agreed upon by the court, with undistinguishing rapidity of delivery, and tones of unvarying monotony.

The redness of his face led to many jokes at his expense. Although Mr. Justice Ashurst was the senior judge of the court during the absence of Lord Mansfield, the whole of the efficient business of it was done by Mr. Justice Buller. He was too indolent to take an active part in it, probably from a feeling of the superior fitness of the latter for the task. With the most imperturbable indifference, he suffered him to take the lead in every question that came before the court. This assumption was noticed by the bar; and one of them having remarked to Mr. Cowper, the king's counsel, how Mr. Justice Buller trespassed on Mr. Justice Ashurst — "Poh!" says Cowper, "that's nothing; don't you see," pointing to Judge Ashurst's face, "how he himself gives colour to the trespass?"*

His habit of doing business was mild and conciliating, and his conduct to the bar marked with attention and courtesy. He filled the situation of judge for very many years, and resigned in Trinity vacation, 1799.

MR. JUSTICE BULLER.

On Lord Mansfield's retirement, and ceasing to take any active part in the business of the Court of King's Bench, and on the death of Mr. Justice Willes, the second seat upon the bench was filled by Mr. Justice Buller. For the defects of personal appearance, and of judicial dignity in administering justice, which were imputable to Mr. Justice Ashurst, ample compensation was found in the corresponding claims of Mr. Justice Buller to those qualifications. He possessed a countenance marked by intelligence which could not be overlooked, and lighted up by genius which could not be mistaken.

These at once conveyed the powerful impression of superior talents, and every sentence which he uttered confirmed the impression which they had made. The animation and expression with which he spoke, was imposing and impressive, and the earnestness of his delivery, commanded alike attention and conviction. From the distinctness of his voice, not a word was lost, and this gave effect to his language, which was clear and correct, but without any affectation of ornament or classical allusion. His summings up of evidence to juries were master-pieces of conciseness and perspicuity.

* This is a mere law phrase, and of course not intelligible to an unprofessional reader; nor is it worth defining for him: it is sufficient to observe on it only that it is one.

For talents and legal acquirements he soon ranked among the first of his day. To shew the extent of his practice at the bar, it will be only necessary to refer to *Cowper's Reports*, where there will be found few cases of any importance, in which his name does not appear; and his arguments are equally distinguished for ingenuity, research, and sound law. His rise in the profession kept pace with his claims to advancement; and he was raised to the bench at an earlier age, than any English judge who had preceded him. This was attributed to the influence of Lord Mansfield, who, after so many years of judicial labour had passed over his head, began to feel the want of assistance. This he sought to derive from the relief which Mr. Buller's talents and information were calculated to afford him; and the selection of him, though at so early a period of life, was such as might have been expected from that great man, and fully justified the choice which he had made. Mr. Justice Buller was at once found to be eminently qualified to fill the situation to which he had been appointed.

From the time that Lord Mansfield had withdrawn from sitting at *nisi prius*, Mr. Justice Buller took his place, and the business of that court rested entirely upon him. That seat was never filled with greater ability, nor its duties discharged with sounder judgment, with more pure impartiality, with more extensive legal knowledge, or with more unwearied attention.

Mr. Justice Buller possessed, to a degree which I never saw equalled in any other judge, the distinguishing gift of seeing at a glance the point upon which every case before him turned; he stripped it at once of all circumstances which did not go to the merits, and to these alone he kept the evidence strictly confined. The effect of this, was to shorten the trial of causes, as it prevented the excursive flights of imagination in which counsel too frequently indulged, to the waste of the time of the court, and repressed the idle display of ignorance or vanity, in raising points which could decide nothing, and taking objections as irrelevant as untenable. By such means the cause-paper was got through at the end of every sitting; and the suitors of the court were relieved from the anxiety of suspense, the torment of *remanets*,

and the impoverishing punishment of refreshing fees.

Precipitancy of decision was imputed to him as a fault; but it was the decision arising from talent, which saw at one view the bearing of the facts upon the doubtful points of the case, and the principles of law to which only the attention should have been directed. He therefore ruled his points with a rapidity which nothing could equal but the learning and accuracy by which they were invariably distinguished.

Mediocrity of talent is the best shield against envy, and not to excel the best security against slander.

"Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit,"

is an observation which, however it may apply to the generality of mankind, cannot be extended to those who move in the higher ranks of society. Obscurity calls forth no observation; and to pass through life undistinguished and uncensured, is a kind of negative praise, which may satisfy the ambition of poverty or of want of talent. But who, when engaged with others in the same pursuit, happened to outstrip his competitors, and remained unassailed by envy? Who ever escaped detraction whose superior attainments had exposed him to its attacks? Against no man was this malicious hostility more pointedly and incessantly directed than against this learned judge. Reports which had their origin in disappointed pretensions, were raised against his fame; circulated with curious industry, and received with malignant avidity by those who ascribed his professional elevation to any cause but the true one,—his merit, the superiority of which over their own they were unwilling to admit.

At an early period of his professional life Mr. Justice Buller gave to the world, in his own name, the first treatise ever published upon the law of trials at *nisi prius*. It was an unarranged collection of decided cases on the subject, without any pretensions to merit in point of composition, or legal profundity, and was, therefore, neither in a literary nor legal point of view, calculated to add to his professional fame; nor does it appear that he was desirous of having it so considered. It was never affected to be denied, that the work was a collection of cases made by Mr. Justice (afterwards Lord)

Bathurst, for his own use ; and, being nearly allied to Mr. Justice Buller, it was understood, that he had given the MS. to the latter, to assist him in his studies and his practice at the bar. For this publication, those who sought for any pretence, however slight or unfounded, to blame the learned judge, affected to pronounce against him their severest censure. It was represented as an attempt to raise a spurious fame, by assuming the title of author of a book which was the work of another. That Mr. Justice Buller had a right to publish a work, the copyright of which belonged to himself, and which he must have accurately revised and corrected for publication, no lawyer can question ; but that he sought for fame, and an increase of reputation from an unworthy source, was scouted by the bar, who considered the work as devoted to the public ; and, if any proof were wanting, this circumstance would place it beyond a doubt. The work was subsequently published by Mr. Serjeant Onslow in his own name. He was known to be a man of too honourable feelings to have offered a pirated publication to the world during the lifetime of the learned judge, had he considered that the latter claimed an exclusive right to it as the author. But I never heard that any action for an infringement of the copyright was ever brought, or any injunction to stop the publication was ever moved for, nor do I believe that any such proceedings ever took place.

This was the first shaft which detraction levelled against Mr. Justice Buller. It produced an effect widely different from what had been proposed, as it brought his name under public observation, and caused the value of the publication to be canvassed and discussed. It was found to be of considerable utility for the purpose which its preface professed,—a vade-mecum for the circuit ; and liberality and good sense could find nothing blameable in the title, or objectionable in the mode of publication ; it made known his merits, without detracting from his reputation or the honour of his name.

Mr. Justice Buller required but to be known to be employed. While at the bar he rose rapidly into business, and soon placed his name at the head of his profession. This served to sharpen the animosity of his enemies ; and, finding his legal character im-

pregnable, they, with persevering malignity, and with equal injustice, endeavoured to assail his moral one. It was imputed to him that, having been employed by a friend to purchase an estate for him, and having got a bargain, he denied the agency, and took the estate to himself. This report was circulated, but was never, as far as I could learn, traced to any particular source. But I recollect the insidious whisper of slander, prefaced with affected concern, “that a man so highly gifted, and so honourably allied, should, by such an act, have so far forgotten what was due to his name, his character, and his station.” That was the “*negra saccus loliginis*,” the “*arugo mœra*” of covert malignity. It was, however, sedulously urged, as so far affecting the moral character of the judge, that it had prevented his promotion to the seat of lord chief justice, on the death of Lord Mansfield. This was a calumny of prominent injustice, as by no producible evidence, by no appeal to facts, could it be repelled. To what circumstances, and to the operation of what causes, Lord Kenyon owed his appointment, could be known only to himself and to those who conferred it. That general expectation and the wishes of the bar pointed out Mr. Justice Buller as the successor of Lord Mansfield, was an indisputable fact. The integrity and independence which he always evinced, and the ability with which he had discharged the duties of the office, placed the fitness of the learned judge for the situation beyond all question. The length of time, also, during which they had devolved upon him, gave him a claim for his services not to be inconsiderately rated, or lightly overlooked. They were, however, (but for what reason never transpired), considered as insufficient to give him a title to that high situation, when put in competition with those of Lord Kenyon ; and the latter was appointed lord chief justice. But who can, with any deference to truth, or to the justice due to private character, in the absence of all proof, presume to assert, that a failure in attaining that appointment proceeded from any objection to his honour or moral character. Lord Kenyon as a lawyer possessed the highest reputation. He then held the office of master of the rolls, and had been attorney-general. The filling of the

latter office has been usually considered as giving a title to the situation of lord chief justice when a vacancy happens; and when Lord Kenyon accepted the rolls, the very advanced age of Lord Mansfield promised not a distant vacancy in the King's Bench. But do politics never mix in judicial appointments? and is there any thing in this case to exclude such a presumption? No man ever understood the value of money better than Lord Kenyon, nor was any one ever gifted with an eye keener to the perception of his interests. Was he, then, it may be fairly asked, an unlikely person to overlook the prospect of the speedy attainment of the highest and most valuable legal office under the crown, and, in the political arrangements, to have stipulated for the reversion of Lord Mansfield's seat on the bench, leaving the mastership of the rolls to the patronage of government, when he might vacate it? These are considerations which weigh with every government, and may satisfactorily account for the appointment of Lord Kenyon, without having recourse to the unworthy reproach sought to be thrown upon Mr. Justice Buller's character, and which the honourable and right-minded portion of the bar always treated as a base and foul calumny.

That he felt the disappointment deeply can afford no surprise. It was not confined to himself, but a general feeling of regret was excited among the whole of the King's Bench bar. He stood high in their estimation, not merely for his talents and extent of legal knowledge, but for his personal demeanour as a judge, and his conduct towards them on the bench. The members of the bar, too, had no flattering anticipation of courtesy from Lord Kenyon, such as they had been in the habit of receiving from Mr. Justice Buller; and they found their apprehensions not without foundation.

Disappointment, however, did not induce the learned judge to resign, or then to change his seat to another court. He resumed his place in the King's Bench, but with evident chagrin and dissatisfaction, which the temper and manners of Lord Kenyon were not calculated to remove, or to reconcile him to that change of situation which his appointment had occasioned.

While Mr. Justice Ashurst presided

in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Justice Buller had, in effect, been the chief justice in every respect but the possession of the title. The patronage which belonged to the office, it was understood, Lord Mansfield had wholly resigned to him during his retirement. His regulations and rules of court were uniformly sanctioned by him, and his recommendations to office invariably attended to. In disposing of the business of the court he was absolute. The passive indolence and inertness of Mr. Justice Ashurst left him without control; and Mr. Justice Grose had too recently come from the Common Pleas, and was too little acquainted with the practice of the King's Bench, to presume to interfere.

Used to dictate; when Lord Kenyon took his seat as lord chief justice, the situation of Mr. Justice Buller was materially changed. Too able a lawyer to require the assistance of others to enable him to form an opinion, and too proud to ask it, Lord Kenyon never condescended to consult the other judges, or to ask their opinions. He did not wait for the expression of their approval or dissent, but made rules absolute, or discharged them, upon his own judgment only. On arguments he pronounced an unhesitating opinion, and left the other judges to agree with, or to differ from him, as they thought fit; the latter was of very rare occurrence. He felt his superiority, and displayed it with a want of feeling bordering on contempt.

To sink into the low and level consequence of his brethren who had been used to look up to him, was ill suited to the high mind of Mr. Justice Buller. He bore it for a few years, when, forsaking the court in which he had practised for all the antecedent years of his life, he retired from the King's Bench into the Common Pleas. He became a puisne judge of that court in 1794, and died in the year 1800.

At the period during which Justices Willes, Ashurst, and Buller, filled the judicial seats of the Court of King's Bench, the members of the bar who held the first places in rank and extent of business were, Sir James Wallace, Lee, Howarth, and Cowper. They lasted but for a few years of my time, and afford little matter for observation, or subject for anecdote.

SIR JAMES WALLACE.

Sir James Wallace, during a part of the same period, held the office of attorney-general. That situation, as well as his character for great legal knowledge, on all occasions commanded the attention of the court. Nature had bestowed on him a most unprepossessing cast of countenance, and his manners appeared to be equally ungracious and repulsive. His voice was harsh and unpleasant, his tones peculiarly grating and discordant, and his accent coarse and strongly provincial. Whether Cumberland or Westmoreland had the honour of giving him birth, I am uninformed; but "*Lucanus an Appulus anceps*" is of little importance, as in their expression or accent I never could observe any difference. The native pronunciation of the English language in the northern counties is neither characterised by the sweetness of its tones, nor the natives by the graces of its delivery. A deep guttural enunciation gives utterance to words, which, by a perversion of accent

and distortion of pronunciation, present a meaning often bordering on the ridiculous, and bearing no analogy to that which they were intended to convey. Sir James Wallace afforded a fine specimen of the truth of this observation. The term of *shewing cause*, which is continually occurring in court, was literally pronounced by him *shoeing cows*, and drew forth frequent laughter from those whose ears had not been accustomed to that barbarous phraseology. All its native graces of tone, accent, and delivery, acquired in his early years, Sir James Wallace preserved in undiminished perfection; nor had his long practice at the bar, and the intercourse of well-educated society, any influence on his taste, or detracted from his partiality for the beauties of the Cumberland dialect. But what was wanting in grace was amply made up for in matter. His arguments were sterling law; and, though unornamented, always received the attention and respect of the judges.

The great competitor for business, and rival of Sir James Wallace, was Mr. Lee, known by the familiar title of Jack Lee. He was also from the north of England, and a highly popular leader of his day. To the ear of taste, in his tone of voice, his language and delivery,—and to the eyes of those who form any idea of the manner in which an advocate ought to address an audience, or a member of the bar of England a jury,—he offered every violence and infliction. His voice was harsh, without modulation; and his language deformed with plebeian idioms. When he rose to speak, he threw his spectacles up to his forehead, he crossed his arms on his breast, and assumed the attitude which belongs to vulgar familiarity. He seemed anxious to identify himself, for the purpose of gaining a grovelling popularity and favour with the jury, with the manners and deportment of those whom he addressed, by adopting a language and style of delivery suited to their rank and habits of life. It was a trick unworthy of a man of taste or good feeling, as its object was to gain a verdict, and to call in the aid of buf-

foony as an auxiliary to obtain it. His speeches were not the manly appeal becoming a member of the bar of England to address to a jury, calculated to persuade or convince; they were a string of familiar colloquial observations, fraught with low jokes and vulgar allusions, levelled to the scale of taste which might be expected to be found in suburban clubs of retired tradesmen and uneducated shopkeepers. Of this description of persons the common juries are generally formed, and with such they had their effect. He was a successful, though not honourable advocate, as his popularity was acquired by a sacrifice of the dignity of his profession.

Lord Erskine came to the bar when Lee was in full business. With equal talents and ambition, Erskine adopted the wise course of flying at the highest quarry. He felt that a victory gained over a man of his own standing costed no honour, but over one of established reputation and high character in his profession it would have the effect of attracting public attention towards him, and of raising his own reputation in the eyes of the world. It had the

further recommendation, that it was a safe sort of attack, as success would be attended with honour, and defeat with no disgrace. Lee seemed to present no formidable obstacle to Erskine's views. His talents were far from being of the first order. His address and manners, though coarse, had served to recommend him, and to those he owed much of his success, by the assumed frankness of natural and unpolished good nature. Whether he saw that Erskine contemplated to enter into professional competition with him, cannot be known. Erskine had never studied to propitiate his friendship, or to conciliate his good graces, either by courting his society or by an affected deference to his talents. This might have raised some suspicion of his intentions, and awakened the fears of Lee as to his views, with anticipating apprehensions of the effect which it would have on his business at the bar; and that it roused his spleen he could not conceal, nor could the prudence of old age control his exposure of it.

They were counsel on opposite sides, before a committee of the House of Commons, on a contested election. Erskine having occasion to observe on part of the speech before delivered by Lee, in giving the words of it, humorously affected to adopt his singular style and action in speaking. He crossed his arms on his breast, and hit off with some degree of humour the tone of Lee's voice and manner of concluding his sentences. It was done in the most perfect good humour, but was not so received by Lee. Erskine had in his early life been intended for the navy: he had quitted that profession, and gone into

the army; which latter he also relinquished for the bar. When it came to Lee's turn to reply to him: "This gentleman," says he, "they tell me, has been a sailor; they say, too, that he has been a soldier; and will now probably finish his career as a mountebank at Bartholomew fair."

This splenetic, unmannered, and unmerited observation, while it shewed the rancour of the speaker, was of advantage to Erskine. It was retailed as a proof of Lee's jealousy of what might be expected from his promising talents, and the envy of his increasing reputation. Every one felt that detraction is only levelled against those whose merit casts a shade upon the slanderer, and which, while he hates, he is forced to acknowledge. The shaft flew over Erskine's head, and recoiled on him who threw it.

He was for a short time attorney-general, and in parliament. There he lost all reputation as a constitutional lawyer, by a long-remembered sentence in a speech which he made there: "What was a charter but a piece of parchment, with a piece of wax appended to it?" Such an observation, from one holding a high law appointment under the crown, was made strong matter of observation: animadverted on with well-merited severity; and he suffered deeply in professional character from the effect of it.

Some time after, Lee had the affliction of a paralytic stroke. He recovered from it; but, insensible that it lays waste our intellectual as well as our powers, he attempted to re-
sume his business at the bar, of which he except himself saw that he was wholly incapable.

HOWARTH.

Of Howarth I knew little. His business was not extensive, and his death was untimely. He was drowned in the Thames, in the prime of life. He was addicted to aquatic pursuits, and kept a boat on the river, which he navigated himself. Enjoying his fa-

vourite amusement, the boat was over-set by a squall. He was plunged into the river; and the loose oars of the boat being at the same time thrown out, one of them struck him on the head, which stunned him, and he sunk to rise no more.

T. COWPER.

The junior of the king's counsel of that day was Mr. Cowper. Whatever rank he might have held among his contemporaries at the bar for extent of legal information, he was decidedly

entitled to the first place for wit and agreeable manners. I have already mentioned that to his courtesy I owed a seat near to him within the bar, when a student. This afforded me

the daily opportunity of witnessing both. Lively in manners and entertaining in conversation, his mind seemed to be kept in a state of continual requisition, to find matter for a pun, or a subject for a bon-mot. Though the possession of this talent is not generally considered as conferring high claims to wit, it is impossible to deny it the merit of being entertaining; and Horace's authority, that *dulce est desipere in loco*, perfectly sanctions the opinion that there is some pleasure in levity; and *desipere* would go still further, and almost justify playing the fool. When Mr. Justice Lawrence was at the bar, he sat in the front row of the court, at Cowper's back. The latter having thrown his leg across his knee, on which was a very handsome silk stocking: "What a handsome clock," said Lawrence, "you have got to your stocking!"—"Yes," says Cowper; "a striking clock." It was a trifling play on words, and many of the same description passed in my hearing. They were for the most part puns, made on the observations or arguments of the counsel who surrounded him—ludicrous or playful comments on their language or speeches—whimsical in their conception, and offensive in their delivery. He bestowed them on the court as the occasion suggested. In a case of prohibition from the court of the Bishop of Salisbury, of which Dr. Calvert was the judge; it became a question whether that judge had decided on the whole of the question, or upon a collateral point only. Cowper had to support that it was the latter only. When the opposite counsel were contending that the doctor had decided on the whole question. "You want," says Cowper, "to force Calvert's Entire down our throats."

With the bar who surrounded him, he kept up a continual cheerfulness of conversation and pleasantness of remark, wholly free from satire or ill-nature. He possessed, however, talents for wit of a higher order than that of which I have furnished the examples. Many of his bon-mots are still in the recollection of the profession; and I regret I did not keep memoranda of some of them, as memory now supplies

me with so few. Whether they would have afforded amusement to others, I cannot presume to say; they would, at least, have served to recall to my mind the pleasant recollection of by-gone days.

He went the Oxford circuit with Lord Kenyon, when he was at the bar, the irritability of whose temper involved him in frequent bickerings with the members of the circuit. On one occasion, having conducted himself with great want of temper, and exhibited much irritation of manner, the judge said to him, "Pray, Mr. Kenyon, keep your temper."—"My lord," says Cowper, "you had better recommend it to him to part with it as soon as he can."

The parsimony of Lord Kenyon was notorious, and the absence of all hospitality the theme of general animadversion. The subject being once started in conversation, in a company of which Cowper was one, some of them made the observation, that Lord Kenyon had never been known to give a single bottle of wine to a friend: "But I have," says Cowper, "known him give one to a dozen."

His business at the bar was not extensive, nor his manner of doing it to be praised. Its best recommendation was its pleasantness, which never forsook him; nor was an opportunity for a joke ever suffered to escape. These were the natural effusions of a lively imagination, not borrowed from *Joe Miller* or the *Anthologia of Wit*,—a practice which I have witnessed too frequently since his death. I have seen, in collections of that description, many of Cowper's bon-mots, which I have heard from his own lips, and which the particular circumstances of the time elicited; given to others, who had no sort of title to them. To this he added an uninterrupted flow of spirits, accompanied by manners the most conciliatory and kind. In the heavy business of the court, I never saw him employed. His voice was not calculated for the delivery of a long argument or formal declamation: it had an asthmatic huskiness of tone, which detracted much from its effect.

THE RENEWAL OF THE BANK CHARTER.

THIS period of popular delusion is a most inauspicious one for the discussion of so grave a question as that at the head of this article; but circumstances over which they have had no control, as well as their own acts of folly and dishonesty, have cast upon the most incompetent ministers that ever ruled the destinies of a great empire the consideration of questions that have rarely, if ever, pressed upon the attention of a single cabinet; and amongst them is the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England, second scarcely to any in importance, inasmuch as it connects itself with the every-day interest of all grades of society. The landholder, the fundholder (if those who are to work the new representative system will be forbearing enough to leave us that class of capitalists), the commercial man, the manufacturer, and the great body of the people, are alike interested in this subject; for the price of every necessary of life, no less than every object of property and commerce, will be affected by the legislative decision respecting it.

This extensive question necessarily divides itself into three parts, for separate consideration: the value of the Bank of England, as at present constituted, to the public; the advantages of a national bank, or of joint-stock banks of issue in the metropolis; these latter establishments having been proposed by some writers in lieu of that at present existing. Sir Henry Parnell and the late Mr. Ricardo have been the most able supporters of the new systems. How far they would be likely to work better than the old one, is our present business to inquire. The necessity for a pivot around which the circulating medium can work, is an admitted principle, and therefore all the materials for the present inquiry are included in the arrangement we have laid down. We will take it in the order stated; and, first, as to the advantage to the public of the Bank of England. And here it may be well to premise, that whatever abuse the directors have been subjected to in their corporate capacity, individually they have always sustained the highest character for honour and integrity of dealing; and there has been no instance of even one of them turning the informa-

tion he has gained as a director to his own private emolument. Slander has never ventured upon that charge. "The whisper of a faction," even a faction so lost to political principle as to merit the approbation of Lord John Russell, has never been heard in furthering such an accusation, although it is notorious to every one at all conversant with the business, that the most tempting opportunities are afforded to those in the secrets of the bank-parlour. The directors then can only be charged with malversation in their corporate capacity; the two prominent acts charged upon them by their opponents being the stoppage of cash payments in 1797, and the bargain entered into with the government in 1823 respecting the dead weight, as it is technically termed. These we shall notice presently.

It is a common practice to compare great objects with small ones, and that has been done most mischievously in the case of the Bank of England and the joint-stock banks of Scotland. The latter work in a locality, and their operations can only affect a very contracted portion of the circulating medium, the former works for an extended empire, and the course of its policy must necessarily materially, nay, wholly, influence the entire currency. The great advantage of the Bank of England to the public is the care with which it guards against commercial crises, and the assistance which it affords to the banking and mercantile bodies, when these periods of embarrassment arrive—and arrive they must in all countries whose trade is as extensive as that of England. The opportunities afforded to the directors for thus acting with caution and liberality are the immense wealth of the establishment over which they preside, and their perfect knowledge of all the great commercial transactions of the metropolis and the country. This information enables them to ward off many periods of pecuniary difficulty; and their habit of extensive discounting does not offer them the least certain test of the position of commerce. Their ample means enable them to maintain the monetary system under the most discouraging circumstances. In 1826, for instance, the Bank sustained its own credit: and two-thirds of the

country bankers who weathered the storm were saved by the well-timed assistance of the managers of that establishment. In that season of trial not less than ten millions of money were flowing to provincial bankers, and merchants, and manufacturers, through the instrumentality of the Bank of England. The truth is, the interests of the public and those of the Bank are identified with each other, because that establishment has no petty jealousies to gratify. To serve itself, it must act upon great leading principles, strictly in accordance with the best national policy. The great object with the public must be to have a well-regulated circulating medium, and to effect that object must be also the chief purpose of the bank directors. The currency is redundant, or the reverse, according to circumstances. At one period eighteen millions may be sufficient, while at another twenty-five or twenty-six millions may be under the mark. It is the duty of the Bank, with a view to its own interest, to watch this point; because, if it were not to do so, and in one case to suffer a redundant currency, its notes would be returned for gold. In the other case, if it reduced the circulating medium below its required level, the Bank would lose the profit upon those notes that were thus injudiciously kept out of circulation. The three leading causes that are likely most seriously to affect the exchanges, a fall in which alone can affect the currency, are, bad harvests at home, a drain upon the treasury from abroad, or a previous over-issue; and this latter cause is a most important one to bear in mind with reference to the value of the service of the Bank of England to the public; which will clearly appear when we come to notice the expediency of instituting joint-stock banks of issue in London, where all cash-balances and money business of the empire are adjusted. In 1826, the directors undoubtedly committed a great error. They mistook the wild speculations of the previous year, and the consequent demand for an increased circulation, for a sound mercantile demand, and suffered their issues to increase so as to meet this clamour for currency until the crisis came. Even had the directors acted with their usual caution upon that occasion, great mischief must have occurred, because private bankers throughout the country, as if by one

consent, over-issued. It is only by a simultaneous effort on the part of those individuals that the currency can be affected by them. The partial operations of this body can never produce that effect. The immense wealth of the Bank, and some circumstances that most fortunately occurred at the critical moment, carried it over its embarrassment, and enabled that establishment (as we have before stated) to advance loans upon funded and other property to the amount of ten millions sterling. If the Bank erred upon this occasion, it erred in wishing to serve the public even beyond the limits of its great means.

The benefit that the commercial community experience in seasons of severe trial, under the present monetary system, is, that such of that class as have property need not sacrifice it to meet their pecuniary engagements. Even exchequer bills and India bonds, in smooth periods, as every one knows, of as ready application as a bank-note, are in times of panic inefficient for immediate purposes. There were instances, in 1826, of mercantile houses being compelled to suspend their payments, with the above securities to a much larger amount than their liabilities in their iron chests. It is impossible that any system can provide for all contingencies in cases of severe panic; but it is the care, and the means within the reach, of the Bank of England, that it is important to bear in mind, and the success with which the efforts of the directors have been generally crowned; because it is by that test that the new systems are to be tried in comparison with the old one.

But the Bank is accused of being the humble servant of the minister of the day; and the two heavy charges against it, upon this point, are the events of 1797 and of 1823. Before, however, we further refer to them, we will observe, if this coquetry with the treasury be a charge against the directors, how much more forcibly must it apply to the managers of a national bank; but this we will consider when discussing the merits of such an establishment. And now as to the year 1797. If by truckling to the minister at that period be meant yielding to circumstances over which the directors had no control, they are certainly open to that charge; but nothing can be

more false than to assert that the directors *trucked*, in the common acceptance of the term, to the will of the minister at that eventful period. Nearly three years previous to it, the Bank managers became apprehensive at the amount of debt due to their establishment by the government, and expressed their anxiety to the chancellor of the exchequer to have it reduced. In a few months afterwards, the court of directors resolved to advance money upon treasury bills only to the limited extent of 500,000*l.*, and nearly at the same time desired Mr. Pitt so to adjust his financial measures for the year 1795 as not to depend upon them for pecuniary aid beyond that which the government had already received from them. But not contented with these precautionary measures, on the 11th of February, 1796, the court of directors came to a resolution to the following effect:—"That it is the opinion of this court, founded upon the experience of the late imperial loan, that if any further loan or advance of money to the Emperor, or to any of the foreign states, takes place in the present posture of affairs, it will in all probability prove fatal to the Bank of England. The court of directors do earnestly deprecate the adoption of any such measure, and they solemnly protest against any responsibility in the calamitous consequences that may follow thereupon."

These remonstrances were followed up by others equally strong; but the engagements of the government, and its pressing necessities consequent upon them, induced the directors, in opposition to their better judgment, to become more entangled with the treasury: and if they had not yielded, the result to the nation, in its monetary relations generally, would probably have proved fatal, for the credit of the government, as well as the solvency of the commercial community, was at stake. But supposing there had been no foreign loan in existence, and the minister of that day in no degree committed to a continental power, the case, as regards the suspension of cash payments, would not have been different; for the threats of invasion had then become so alarming, that the Bank could not have borne up against the demand for gold made upon it. The state of the nation at that period, when provincial banks were run upon and failing in all directions—when alarms

of invasion were predominant, and reports of descents upon various parts of the coast continually prevailing—rendered it impossible for notes immediately convertible into cash to continue in circulation.

On Saturday, 25th February, 1797, the occasion was urgent. The means of the Bank, by previous drains, were fearfully reduced; and, under the expectation of a heavy run on the following Monday, it only contained cash and bullion to the amount of 1,272,000*l.* We think that we have made it appear, that the emergency of the period produced the event in question.

The other charge that is brought against the Bank that we have selected for notice, because it is a prominent one, is the bargain respecting the half-pay and pensions; or, as it is familiarly termed, the dead weight. To enter fairly into the merits of this transaction would require us to pursue various details and calculations, and therefore, on the present occasion, we shall content ourselves with one or two facts.

The government was desirous, in the first instance, of making the arrangement with another corporation; but it was declined by that body, and when it was offered to the Bank Directors, they entered upon only one-fourth part of the proposed arrangement. The government wished them, upon certain conditions to be performed by the directors, to receive an annuity of 2,800,000*l.* for forty-five years; whereas the actual bargain entered into affords an annuity to the Bank of 585,740*l.* for forty-four years: a tolerable proof that the court of directors were not very eager for the arrangement. Be it also remembered, that this bargain, like every other between the government and the Bank, was sanctioned by parliament.

Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione querentes? The two general charges brought against the Bank directors are, their truckling to the minister of the day, and the expense of their establishment to the public. Let us now try the validity of these charges by the test of a national bank.

The directors of the Bank of England have always been selected from among the first merchants of the city of London, possessing high character, immense wealth, and credit almost unbounded, with a knowledge of the

commercial affairs of the metropolis, and of the empire at large, that it is impossible for any persons out of their sphere of life thoroughly to acquire; because it is their every-day business, and the occurrences that are constantly before them, that afford them this information. The directors, therefore, are well acquainted with the necessities of the commercial body, sympathise with them, and regulate their discounts and other operations accordingly. They have, as we have shewn, occasionally erred, as in the year 1826; but no one can successfully contradict the assertion, that the general policy of the directors has been to act in concert, as far as they are concerned, with the best interests of the mercantile community. The managers of a national bank would necessarily have their appointments from the treasury, and, consequently, be under its immediate control. Whether individuals so appointed, or wealthy and independent merchants of the city of London, are the most likely to *truckle* to the minister of the day, is a question of easy solution. Of their knowledge of business, and of their means of acquiring information necessary for safely conducting their establishment, as compared with that which is always pouring in upon the Bank directors, it would be almost insulting the common sense of the public to speak. *Protégés* of the treasury, at a salary, in the shape of younger sons of some great families—assisted, probably, by a few bankrupt merchants, in order to infuse into the national bank a knowledge of routine business, and some sort of commercial system—would constitute the board of management.

One great source of information to the Bank directors is their discount business, which could not be carried on under the alteration we are now considering without bringing the government into disrepute, by suffering the managers of a national bank to be engaged in mercantile affairs, which they must be, if allowed to enter upon discounts; and all advocates for this scheme, both in and out of parliament, have declared the necessity of keeping the treasury clear from even the appearance of suspicion or abuse of its power under the proposed system, by strictly prohibiting the individuals who are to work it from interfering in commercial pursuits. If, then, the busi-

ness of a national bank be strictly confined to the receipt and payment of all sums due to and by the government, and to the payment of its own notes when presented, the directors would have no means by which they could contract or enlarge their issues but by the sale or purchase of exchequer bills, and other government securities, and bullion; and occasions must arise when it would be impossible to bring the exchange to par, by buying or selling stock or bullion, without producing ruinous fluctuations in the price of the funds. Discounts are an essential ingredient in the power of those whose duty it is to control the amount of the circulating medium of London, which operates throughout the provinces, from the fact before stated, that all the cash balances of the empire are ultimately settled here. The extending and diminishing of discounts in this view are most important transactions. The managers of a national bank being deprived of this aid, can only regulate the circulation by purchases and sales of stock and bullion; and that circumstance must bring the government in contact with all the Jew stock-brokers of 'Change Alley and Capel Court. The great object of the managers of a national bank would be so to conduct their sales and purchases as to produce the most trifling fluctuations in the value of stock; and by these means they must, and through them the government, enter upon all the intricacies—to use the mildest term that occurs to us—of the Stock Exchange.

We will not now trace this part of the subject through its various branches—for it admits of a very extended consideration—but believing we have already proved the inconvenience and inadequacy of a national bank for the purposes required, both as an efficient control over the currency, and as an engine independent of the government, we will now, by a very few figures, shew the saving to the public of a national bank, compared with the cost to the treasury of the Bank of England. The Bank receives from the public 700,000*l.* a-year for conducting the banking business of the nation, and for interest of money lent, amounting to above fourteen millions, by the Bank to government. From this sum is to be deducted 80,000*l.* a-year paid by the Bank in lieu of stamp duties. The lowest calculation of expense for ma-

naging a national establishment that we have ever seen, from the most sanguine writer upon the subject, is 300,000*l.* a-year, for the outlay of clerks, stationery, house-keeping, and innumerable other incidental expenses, without allowing a shilling for losses by forgeries and other means that the directors of the present Bank, with all their care, are constantly liable to, and that to a great amount; and to these items are to be added the charges for purchasing land and erecting buildings requisite for the new establishment. A site so convenient as that of the Bank of England, and the building to be erected upon it, would cost 1,500,000*l.* upon a very low calculation. To these deductions from the supposed gains to the public of a national bank must be taken into the account 100,000*l.* a-year for procuring coin and bullion, and for the general regulation of its issues, which under all circumstances, favourable or unfavourable, must be strictly attended to, no matter what the terms may be upon which these objects are to be effected.

And now as to the advantage of joint-stock banks of issue in London. These establishments must either act in concert with, or in opposition to, each other. If the former be the case, the monopoly continues with a clumsy and complicated machinery at work, unlike that of the Bank of England, which is perfect in all its parts; and if they act upon the principle of competition, then there is an end of all care for the regulation of the currency. As we have before observed, the joint-stock banks of issue in Scotland, and the proposed ones in London, are not analogous in their operations. And supposing various joint-stock banks of issue were established in the metropolis, their great object would be to endeavour to compete successfully with each other, with-

out caring for the public convenience. For their own private purposes, they would overload or starve the circulation; with a view to their own profits, they would never keep in their coffers a larger amount of bullion than was actually necessary for their own wants; and when a crisis came, the public would find these new establishments too much occupied in taking care of themselves to afford any attention to the community at large. It is to no purpose to argue that an over-issuing or starving the currency would recoil, as we have shewn in the case of the Bank of England, because these establishments are acting in competition, and may and would have motives more powerful with them than the loss by over or scanty issuing in producing either of these effects. In the various ramifications of their course of competition, these banks will have operations in progress which must lead particularly to over-issues; and the currency in these cases must be constantly fluctuating, and they would, in consequence, by their own transactions as private bankers, have a frequent tendency to produce those periods of pecuniary embarrassment, from the effects of which they would neither have the power nor the inclination to protect the public.

By the foregoing arguments we think that we have established, first, the position, that it is desirable to confine the issue of notes in London to one party of individuals, and, secondly, that it would be at variance with sound policy to establish a national bank. We also hope that we have shewn the value of the Bank of England to the public service, and that it would be highly expedient to continue the monopoly to that institution, under such modifications as altered circumstances may require.

[Since the foregoing remarks were written, a very important meeting of Bank-stock Proprietors, consequent upon the proceedings of the committee of the House of Commons, upon the affairs of the Bank, has taken place. Notwithstanding the clamour of the revolutionary press against the Bank, and which has increased since the meeting, we can state that its surplus profits are as high now as in 1823, and that it has a balance of 40,000*l.* a-year beyond the payment of its dividends of 8 per cent.]

THE VICTIMS OF SUSCEPTIBILITY.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

FORTUNE, it has been truly said, is blind, and the same thing may be alleged of nature; for while there are some to whom the latter goddess has denied the commonest gifts, either of person or intellect, she has bestowed the most splendid upon others, with a prodigality which astonishes and perplexes the world. A beautiful person, and genius almost superhuman, fell to the share of Milton; nor can it be doubted, that in these respects the blind goddess was equally kind to the bard of Avon, whose presence, even judging from the imperfect, and somewhat apocryphal likenesses handed down to us, was noble to behold, while his genius more resembled that of a superior nature than of a human being. The same remark applies to the beautiful, the divine Raphael,—nor less to Tasso, and various others, whom we might easily point out.

It will perhaps be deemed presumptuous, after naming those illustrious characters—those “demigods of fame”—to allude to Augustus Merton, who, although he obtained the distinction of first wrangler at Brazenose, Oxford, and carried off a multitude of prizes from that seat of learning, may yet be thought an inadequate testimony of the fact with which we set out, more especially when placed in juxtaposition with the Miltons, the Shakespeares, the Raphaels, and the Tassos of the world. We discuss not this point. We claim for him no equality with these august names; and yet, with all such reservations, do we set him forward as no unmeet proof of the soundness of our assertion.

Merton was gifted with fine genius, and with a person all but faultless. In stature he rose to six feet, and was slightly but elegantly formed; while his whole air bespoke at once the gentleman and scholar. Those who have seen his fine Spanish countenance, dark eyes, and rich clustering hair,—the whole communicating dignity, grace, and interest to his natural melancholy,—will not soon efface his imposing image from their remembrance. His talents were of a highly-diversified order. He was a first-rate Grecian, and had he turned his attention exclusively to that language might have contested the palm with Porson

himself; nor do those who are best qualified to judge hesitate to place him upon an equality with Burney, Young, or Parr. He was also an excellent Latinist, and had a profound acquaintance with geometry, and the other branches of mathematical science. For knowledge of the various eastern tongues he was no unequal match for Lee, of Cambridge; while his acquirements in natural philosophy, political economy, and metaphysics, were such as would have fairly entitled him to prelect on these subjects in any university in Europe. Besides this, he had an exquisite poetical genius; and, in his very first contest, succeeded in carrying off the prize of poetry, to the utter discomfiture of many formidable rivals.

But, with all these high acquirements, he was not a happy man. He had been baptised in the waters of melancholy; and a circumstance which occurred in the fifth year of his curriculum had a baleful and, ultimately, fatal effect upon him, dethroning reason from its lofty seat, and plunging not him only, but another estimable individual, in the deepest distress. This circumstance, painful as it is, we must relate; and, on perusing it, the reader will see that the noble aspirations, the keen susceptibilities, of the mind do not always lead to happiness; for, alas! it was such an excess of susceptibility in his intellect which disturbed so sadly the current of his ideas, and made him an inmate of St. Luke's.

The weather at the period we speak of was truly melancholy. It was in the gloomy month of November,—that month in which it is said the suicidal propensities of the English nation are most strongly in force. The air was either filled with dull, sluggish, unwholesome fogs, which hung upon it like a nightmare, or soaked in a constant drizzle of small, annoying, contemptible rain-drops, which, without possessing the energy and dignity of a shower, were infinitely more disagreeable, and found their way to the flesh in spite of all the protective armoury of great-coats, hessian cloaks, or umbrellas. It seemed as if a wet blanket were drawn between the sun and the earth. The atmosphere was always

foggy, often perfectly wet, but never thoroughly dry. It wanted vitality; and every person that breathed it partook of its own damp, hypochondriac, inanimate character.

It was in the morning of one of those days of fog, gloom, and *ennui*, that Augustus last sallied out to lounge about the streets of Oxford, as was his custom, before breakfast. There was a favourite spot in which he was wont to walk; it was upon the footpath of a very short street, about the middle of which stood the shop of Jonathan Hookey, a barber. This street (we forget its name) is not above fifty yards in length, and opens at each end into a cross street. Now, Merton's walk extended from one of those cross streets to the other, including, of course, the whole extent of the short street: he always walked on one side of this street, viz. on that opposite to the barber's shop. These particulars may seem trifling, but they are essential to the proper understanding of the story.

While making these morning perambulations, he had always an air of deep thought. His arms were crossed, and he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground, as if deeply engrossed in profound meditation. It boots not now to inquire on what subjects his thoughts were mostly employed, but it was unquestionably on themes of deep import, and concerned not himself only, but the interests of science, learning, and humanity at large. The morning in question was peculiarly dull and foggy; but whether it was this or something else, certain it is, that he felt himself more than usually overpowered. The air oppressed him like a leaden shroud, and the energies of his soul seemed for once on the point of sinking beneath the superincumbent burden.

Turn we now to Jonathan Hookey, the barber. In person he differed much from Merton. His height did not exceed five feet, but he made amends for it in breadth; for he was a man of a lusty habit, and sported a paunch which no London alderman or burgomaster of Amsterdam would look upon with contempt. Bald was his head, and his nose was not merely large but immense; but it is idle to grow eloquent upon noses. Has not Sterne exhausted the theme? have not we ourselves more than once expatiated upon it? Swakenbergius had a nose,

so had Ovidius Naso; but to neither would Jonathan Hookey's strike its colours, and good crimson ones they were.

Jonathan, despite his bald head, his diminutive stature, his ample pot-belly, and appier nose, was a man of fine feelings. Nature was outraged when he became a barber. He most assuredly was never destined by her to shave beards, and manufacture perukes for heads more brainless, many of them, than his own blocks. He ought to have been a professor of metaphysics or logic in some famous university, such as Heidelberg, Gottingen, or Glasgow;—but why lament over cureless evils? it is sufficient to say he is a barber, and there is an end of the matter.

We must now return to Merton. His solitary walks on the opposite side of the street had not even, from the first, escaped the scrutinising eyes of Mr. Hookey. No: he saw in the tall, pale, elegant, dark-haired student the victim of deep sensibility. From seeing him, he wondered, from wondering he loved him, from loving he adored him: he knew at once he was no common man. Having perused Byron's *Manfred*, he conceived him to be such another as that strange character; or he might be a second Lara; or, more, he might be, nay he was, 'a glorious genius, full of high imaginings. Little do we know what bright thoughts passed through the mind of the enthusiastic Hookey. He cursed his profession, which debarred him from the fellowship of such a man: he cursed his nose, which stood between him and the object of his adoration.

Day after day had Mr. Hookey noticed the accomplished, the highly-gifted Merton; but it was only upon this particular morning that the recognition was mutual. Merton, on turning his eyes by chance from the ground, looked to the opposite side of the street, and there beheld a nose. He then turned his eyes to the earth in his usual meditative mood; but, reflecting that a nose without an owner was rather a singular phenomenon, he looked a second time, and there, behind the nose, he saw a man; it was Mr. Hookey himself.

This was the first time that the melancholy and intellectual student reciprocated upon Hookey the attention which Hookey had hitherto bestowed exclusively upon him. No more was

the barber's "sweetness wasted upon the desert air," but fell on one who knew how to appreciate it to its fullest extent. Merton stood stock-still, and gazed upon him with mute admiration. He was positively fascinated. The nose operated upon him like the head of Medusa, and almost turned him to stone. And Mr. Hookey was fascinated too. Merton also had become Medusafied, and exercised a petrific influence upon the barber. He was nailed fast to the threshold of his own door, and gazed upon his fancied personification of Lara and Manfred with an indomitable and resistless perseverance, which utterly confounded himself; while Merton, nailed alike fast to the opposite footpath, stood staring at his antagonist, or rather at his nasal protuberance. This impressive scene continued for several minutes, when Merton, regaining the power of locomotion, slowly approached the barber, his arms all the while crossed, and his eyes intently fixed upon the nose. Nine slow and awful steps brought him face to face with Hookey. The barber's eyes were fixed intently upon *his*—his eyes upon the barber's nose. The scene was extremely dreadful; and Mr. Hookey, after vainly trying to keep his ground, retreated into the shop, still facing Merton, who kept advancing upon him as he receded. Back, step by step, went Hookey; forward, step by step, came Merton; each all the while eyeing the other with equal astonishment. The barber continued retreating, the other following him,—first through the shop, then through the kitchen, then through the parlour—the three apartments leading into one another. At last he got to the remotest corner of the parlour, and could get no farther. Here he paused, and Merton paused also. Still they gazed on each other,—the barber in the corner overpowered with amazement, and the student standing before him hardly less surprised. At last Merton broke silence in the following awful words,—GRACIOUS HEAVENS, WHAT A NOSE! So saying, he retreated as slowly as he entered, leaving Mr. Hookey utterly stupefied and bewildered. The sentence went like iron into the barber's soul; he felt it in all its bitterness.

It is almost unnecessary to say what an effect this scene had upon the highly-susceptible temperament of

Merton. From that moment peace fled his mind. He went instantly home; but instead of devoting himself, as before, to those studies in which he delighted, and in which he was wont so highly to excel, he immured himself in his chamber, giving way to gloomy abstraction, and agonising his spirit with painful and most distressing fancies. The great power of his imagination caused him, in a peculiar manner, to suffer from the remembrance of what he had witnessed; and, accordingly, his waking as well as his sleeping hours were haunted with visions of noses,—noses of stupendous size, which arose, like ocean islands, amid the gloomy tabernacle of his brain, and filled him with utter despair. At last, from bad to worse, he became the mere shadow of his former self, the wreck of what he was, and a picture of fallen and shattered genius. To drive away the hideous phantasmagorias that tortured him, as with the stings of demons, he had recourse to gin, and soon became a confirmed drunkard: the next stage was lunacy; and he was confined for fourteen months in Saint Luke's Hospital for the insane.

The fate of the barber was equally deplorable. The awful words pronounced by Merton may be considered his death-knell. They rung ever after in his ears; and, in a few weeks, his head was turned, his shop shut up, and himself sent to Bedlam. "*Gracious heavens, what a nose!*" This dreadful sentence—more dreadful than the hand-writing on the wall to Belshazzar,—haunted him by day and by night. Reason was dethroned, and "moody madness, laughing wild," was the result. Such are the frightful consequences of *extreme susceptibility*, against which the youth of both sexes ought to be constantly on their guard.

The worst remains to be told. These unhappy men were liberated from confinement about the same time, and both returned to Oxford. They seemed to have recovered their reasoning faculties, but the result shewed that this was very far from being the case; for, happening to meet on the banks of the Cherwell, they attacked each other with such fury, that, like Brutus and Aruns, they were both killed on the spot,—the barber having been *burked* in the encounter, and the student having died of a wound which he received in the throat by his antagonist's razor.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. II.

DR. CHALMERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

We acknowledged, at the close of our former essay, that Dr. Chalmers had laid us under one considerable obligation, and had established one point of great importance in the present discussion. We now proceed to explain and to illustrate this point.

It respects the real nature of the question at issue: it explains the exact position of the whole controversy. There have been divers attempts made of late years to obscure this point, and to perplex the public mind by *medium courses* and *equitable adjustments* of a dispute, which can never really terminate but with the absolute overthrow of one or other of the contending parties. Either Malthus is right, or he is wrong. If he is right in his premises, then, revolting as his conclusions are, we have no choice but to proceed onwards with him. If he is wrong, then let him be proved, and regarded, and treated as such.

Numerous have been the attempts made, during the last twenty years, to get rid of the Malthusian theory by a side wind. Very many benevolent persons, whose sensibilities were shocked at the conclusions which naturally resulted from the premises laid down by him, endeavoured to repudiate his system by sundry palliative expedients. Of these, *emigration* has been the latest, the most warmly espoused, and the longest adhered to. Mr. Wilmot Horton, in the *Quarterly Review* of Mr. Sadler's work, fights stoutly for this panacea. He, like others, is neither able to meet Mr. Malthus's assumed facts himself, nor will he take the trouble of examining Mr. Sadler's laborious and voluminous refutation. He takes the easier method of pushing both the combatants aside, telling them, in courteously-phrased sentences, that they are a couple of idiots; for that emigration sets all things to rights, and that nothing else will.

Now of this fancy Dr. Chalmers at once disabuses his readers. He shews them, in an instant, that, admitting the Malthusian theory, emigration is altogether inefficient and powerless as a remedy. As a temporary expedient, indeed,—as one of the necessary preliminaries to an abolition of the poor-

laws,—he admits it to a trial; but as meeting the real difficulty, or furnishing a cure to the existing evil, he altogether denies its value.

“Population, when permitted its full development, by an unbounded supply of the means of subsistence, can double itself in fifteen years; and we proceed on a computation greatly more moderate than this, when we affirm, that for an emigration, sufficient to allow an unchecked multiplication of our species in the British islands, there behoved to be at least half a million of human beings transported annually from our shores. The expense of so mighty a transportation, and the magnitude of that immense flotilla, which would need to be upheld for the business of these annual shipments, are of themselves sufficiently startling; and might well disabuse us of the idea that any very effectual relief can be ministered, by this expedient, for the wants of our population. But we may properly add the ever-increasing difficulty of new settlements abroad; after that the most accessible and best portions of territory had been occupied. It is no great recommendation of a scheme, that, the longer it is prosecuted, it is always becoming more impracticable; inasmuch, that every successive year must witness another augmentation both to the cost and the labour of it. Neither can we admire, as a sound or lasting expedient for keeping right the overflowing population of one country, a process that hastens onward every other country to the same consummation. We should greatly prefer an expedient that would equally apply to all countries; and that would not lose its efficacy, even though the globe should throughout be peopled up to its capabilities; and the millennial era had arrived, at which we beheld a general fulness and prosperity in all lands. But the near, the practical consideration is, that the relief afforded even now, by all the emigration which even the most sanguine of its advocates can count upon, is but an insignificant fraction of what a population, left to its own unchecked spontaneity, would need; and every future year this relief would become more insignificant.” pp. 380, 381.

Thus have we one great hinderance cleared away, which constantly prevented men from seeing and from meeting the real difficulty. And now

we may proceed to look at the true question at issue, for the clear statement of which we have again to express our obligation to Dr. Chalmers.

"All the remedies which have been proposed against a state of general destitution in society, may be classified under two descriptions. By the first, it is sought to provide the adequate means for the increasing numbers of mankind. By the second, to keep down the numbers to the stationary, or, comparatively speaking, to the slowly-increasing means. The first may, we think, be conveniently designated the external remedies—inasmuch that their object is to equalise the means with the population, by an increase on the former term, or by an increase and enlargement of the resources from without. The second may, perhaps, be contradistinguished from the other, by viewing it in the light of an internal remedy—inasmuch as its object is to maintain the equality of the two, by preventing an undue increase on the latter term, which can only be achieved, in a right way, by adding to the restraints of prudence and principle from within. It is our main design to demonstrate the insufficiency of one and all the remedies put together which belong to the first class—and to contrast, with their operation, the effect of the moral remedy, the prosperous economic state that will surely be realised through the medium of general intelligence and virtue, or by an action on the minds of the people themselves." pp. 28, 29.

"It is now high time that the statesmen and philanthropists of the old world should take this direction. It is to a moral restraint on the numbers of mankind, and not to a physical enlargement of the means for their subsistence, that we shall be henceforth beholden for sufficiency or peace in our commonwealth." p. 70.

And again :

"We need scarcely advert to any of those lesser expedients, which, though but the crudities of mere sentimentalism, have been proposed, each as a grand panacea, for all the disorders of the social state,—such as the cottage system, and the cow system, and the village economy of Mr. Owen, and the various plans of home colonisation that have been thought to supersede the lessons of Malthus, or, at least, practically to absolve us from all regard to them for centuries to come. Now, the remedies we have just specified may be regarded as belonging to the first class. They are all external remedies ; and it will be our distinct aim to demonstrate, in succession, the inefficacy of each of them." p. 36.

Here, then, we meet the question in

all its breadth and fullness. And surely no man will think that we have overrated, or *can* overrate its real importance, who considers for a moment what is now going forward in England.

A strong impression has lately been imparted to the public mind, and it is now working its natural results in every quarter of the empire,—that something may be done, and ought to be done, to improve the condition of the labouring classes ; and that this something mainly consists in giving them the means of improving their own condition. One can hardly take up a provincial newspaper without meeting with some paragraph detailing an effort of this kind. In every corner of the island, the more benevolent landed proprietors have busied themselves, in apportioning out patches of ground, in giving gardens to the deserving, in promising or even in providing them with cows, and in seeking to improve or multiply their little habitations. Plans for building cottages, reports on the advantage of spade-husbandry, and statements of the good done by little allotments of land, fill every county newspaper, and gladden our hearts with the hope that better times for the poor are fast approaching.

How startling, then, is it, and yet at the same time how loud a call to close and serious examination, when a man of the commanding intellect of Dr. Chalmers comes boldly forward, and denounces these proceedings in the mass, as "the crudities of mere sentimentalism," and as practising "a deceitful mockery on the hopes of the philanthropist." And still more, when he proceeds to argue, with evident sincerity and earnestness, that the only and the inevitable result of all these well-meant efforts must be, to increase, and not to diminish, the wretchedness at present existing,—to deteriorate, and not to improve, the condition of the labouring classes.

"A reckless population, made more reckless by the show and promise of such a relief, will shoot a-head of all that can possibly be achieved by it. The additional food that may have been created, will be more than overborne in the tide of an increasing population. The only difference will be a greater instead of a smaller number of wretched families—a heavier amount of distress, with less of unbroken ground in reserve for any future enlargements—a society in every way as straitened as before, yet nearer to

the extreme limit of their resources than before,—in short, a condition at once of augmented hardship and diminished hope, with all the burden of an expensive and unprofitable scheme to the bargain." (p. 39.)

Does not this strong opinion, this alarming prognostication, coupled with what we know to be going on in the country, call upon us, in the most imperative manner, to look again at the facts, and to inquire whether hundreds of intelligent and benevolent men, scattered over the country, are all in error; or whether it be merely the professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh that has miscalculated results? (One or the other must be wrong; but the whole country is interested in deciding which.)

Now, in discussing this question, we shall find it necessary to grapple, in the first place, with three leading principles enunciated by Dr. Chalmers.

The first is, that population *will* increase more rapidly than food.

The *second*, that population, if left to its natural development, will *double itself in fifteen years*.

The *third*, that population advances in a regular ratio, doubling itself in *every successive fifteen years*.

These three fundamental propositions of Dr. Chalmers' scheme we believe to be, each and every one of them, wholly contrary to fact. And if they can be removed out of the way, we shall then find very little basis on which to rest his tears, as to the fatal results of the benevolent efforts now making in various parts of the country.

His first proposition, then, relates to the supposed tendency of population to increase faster than food. He says,

"Certain it is, at all events, that the produce of the soil cannot be made to increase at the rate that population *would* increase." (p. 21.)

"With every possible enlargement, subsistence *will* not increase so fast as population *would* increase." (p. 31.)

"The additional food that may have been created, will be *more than overborne* in the tide of an increasing population." (p. 39.)

Such is the notion entertained by the doctor. But where, in the whole history of man, did he learn it? where, in the review of the state of human beings, either in past times or in the present day, did he discover the facts upon which such a fancy is built?

Is it true of individuals? Try it in an individual case. Take an emigrant, for instance, just settled down upon his farm, and preparing to cultivate it principally by the labour of his own hands. Tell him to beware of adding children to his family, for that, do what he will, all the "additional food that he may be able to create will be overborne by the tide of his increasing family." Tell him, in plain English, that he cannot raise food so fast as to supply the wants of his children, if he should be so "reckless" as to have any. Will he not laugh at your folly? Will he not tell you that he can raise more food in *one* year, than his family, were it even twice as numerous, would require in *five*? Will he not set at nought your warning, and tell you plainly, that he is well assured, not only of being able to feed his family as they arise, but of being, moreover, a far richer man at the end of twenty years, with eight children, than he is at the present moment without any?

Is it true, then, of an individual man, that he is unable to raise food for his increasing family? Is it true, that "the produce of the soil cannot be made to increase at the rate that population *would* increase?" Certainly not. As far as individuals are concerned, it is abundantly clear that every man is able to raise food in far greater abundance out of the ground than he or the largest family he can rear will ever be likely to need. Of individuals, then, *it is not true* that population increases faster than food.

But is it true of communities? Does it turn out, by some strange concurrence of circumstances, that a mass of individuals, each of whom can create food much faster than he can consume it, may yet prove, in the aggregate, unable to meet the wants of their increasing population? Is it so, that a thousand men, each causing a surplus in his individual capacity, do yet, when massed together, prove unequal to produce even food enough for their own consumption?

Dr. Chalmers and the economists aver that it is so; and they ground their assertion, not on any deficiency in the men, but in a deficiency of land on which to exert their industry. Want of room is the supposed cause. There is but a certain proportion of productive land; and when this is fairly occupied, every additional unit added to the population subtracts

something from the general stock of food, and from the general comfort of the community.

But, surely, nothing can be more obvious than that this supposed *want of room* must have a certain point of commencement. Supposing England to be submerged for four-and-twenty hours, and, on its reappearance, a solitary man, with his wife and children, to be put into possession of it, with an entire security from any disturbance by immigration. He, at least, could suffer no apprehension of *want of room*—he, at least, might be free from the distracting apprehension, that “the produce of the soil could not be made to increase at the rate that population would increase.” And even when centuries had passed away, and ten thousand families had sprung up in the land, still would there be productive soil enough, still would there be food enough, and still would every man of them, with common industry, be able to raise, *in each single year*, food enough to sustain his family for *five*.

The evil of *want of room*, then, if it came at all, could only come to such a society after the lapse of ages. The practical question for our present consideration is, has it yet come to us? And this inquiry may be answered by putting three other questions in return:—

1. Is there any symptom or sign from which it may be rationally argued that the country is unable to produce the food required by its inhabitants? We know of none. Nay, further, we will say, that such are the capabilities of the country, and such is the obvious possibility of augmenting its productiveness by a higher style of cultivation, that we should feel no apprehension even at the prospect of a doubled population within the next fifty years;—convinced that means would easily be found of providing abundance of food for the whole. So far, then, no symptom is yet visible of “*want of room*.”

2. Is it not true, that with the constant increase of population during the last five centuries, there has always been found a corresponding rise in the quantity and quality of food provided for these increasing numbers? Can even the most cursory glance be cast over the history of past ages in England, without seeing that the mode and style of living, the actual quantity and

quality of food furnished and consumed, has been perpetually advancing, and advancing *faster than the population*. Nay, during even the last thirty years has the case been so. We know, indeed, that by abuses in the administration of the poor-laws, by the increase of machinery, and by the baleful effects of “free trade,” the condition of the labourers of England has been rather deteriorated than improved during these last few years. But this has resulted merely from the richer classes having succeeded in grasping and retaining more than their share. The general state of things, could it be satisfactorily ascertained, would shew a considerable advance in luxury, in enjoyment, in consumption, among the people as a whole, accompanying and outstripping the advance in population which has occurred during the same period.

If, then, we find, as far as history and statistic fact will enable us to judge, that food has increased much faster than population, how are we to believe the proposition so repeatedly laid down by the learned doctor, that “the produce of the soil cannot be made to increase at the same rate at which population increases?”

3. With reference, however, to the supposed “*want of room*,” it would be unpardonable to overlook the question, whether it be clear that this country has arrived at *the limit*,—whether it be really over-peopled,—whether there are not still acres enough for each inhabitant, to supply that inhabitant with food? This is a point which ought to be inquired into,—not assumed; for there is no *prima facie* reason why twelve millions, rather than eighteen, should be the exact number which the island can sustain. We know that there were men who talked about over-population when the whole number of the people fell below six millions. But we have doubled our ranks since then, and are the more comfortable, rather than the less so, for the increase. Surely, then, before we take up the same cuckoo-cry of “over-population,” we should look around us and see if there be no instance of any more thickly-peopled region than our own.

Now, with reference to this point, the most important facts are close at hand. Just across the water lies the Flemish coast, and there we find, on a soil originally bad, a population subsisting in ease and plenty with numbers

more than twice as dense, in relation to the space they occupy, as those of our own population. In one of the departments of Flanders, Radclyffe tells us, there are 461,659 souls upon 302,235 hectares, which are equal to 746,521 English acres, being about five souls to eight English acres. But the population, he adds, "is much more dense in other districts; in that of Bruges alone, at the rate of three souls to four acres—and in that of Courtrai, at the rate of one to an English acre. Notwithstanding this, *one-third of the produce of the land is annually exported.*"

Now, in England and Wales we have still about *three acres to every soul*; so that, before we reach the level of the Flemish population, our people must more than double themselves. From such a doubling Dr. Chalmers would predict a general and downright starvation; and yet in Flanders, with a naturally *bad soil*, and with nearly one soul to every acre, the people not only support themselves in comfort and plenty, but *actually export one-third of their produce*.

What is the bearing of all these facts upon the doctor's position? "Food," says he, "cannot be made to increase so fast as population." Now, in the case of an individual, we see this at a glance to be untrue; in the case of our own country, we see that the growth of its population has been far outstripped by the increase of comfort among the people; and, lastly, by a neighbouring country we learn that more than twice our present population might be subsisted on our island, and might produce far more food than would be needed for their own subsistence. Surely, then, we learn enough, from all these facts, to enable us at once to discredit the doctor's assertion, that "it is not possible to keep the produce up to the population," and to repudiate his grand remedy, "the keeping down the population to the produce." •

But we must proceed onwards to the consideration of the second leading proposition enunciated by Dr. Chalmers. It is as follows:—

"Population, when permitted its full development, can double itself in fifteen years." p. 380.

On this important point we have already said something in our former essay; but it appears necessary to establish the contrary position in the

strongest manner, seeing that upon this assumed fact rests nearly the whole of the Malthusian theory. The great object of Mr. Malthus and of Dr. Chalmers is, to alarm us with a fancied danger of a growth of population beyond any possible supply of food. To give some colour to this notion of theirs, it is obviously necessary to assert a rate of increase, as taking place among human beings, far beyond any increase of the means of subsistence that we on the other side could venture to anticipate. To establish this point, Mr. Malthus resorted to his famous geometrical and arithmetical ratios, asserting that human beings increased on a geometric scale, as 2, 4, 8, 16, &c.; while food only increased in an arithmetical series, as 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. This fancy—for it was a mere fancy—if admitted, established his argument; but it was, after all, nothing but a visionary chimaera.

Dr. Chalmers is silent on the subject of the geometrical and arithmetical ratios; but he bases his scheme upon this supposed duplication of human beings at short and regular periods. Several times does he allude to this supposed doubling "in fifteen years," as if it were some established fact, which might be just as safely assumed as the revolution of the moon round the earth in every four-and-twenty hours. And yet this leading and fundamental point, adverted to by the learned doctor again and again, as if it were one of the best-established of all known facts relative to man, is, after all, nothing but a dream,—and a dream more baseless and absurd than the speculations of Owen or the reveries of Jacob Behmen.

It is easy enough to say that population doubles itself in fifteen years,—it is, also, easy enough to say that money, at five per cent compound interest, doubles itself in five years; but the detection of either folly is equally easy. To expose the latter, you take your pencil, and add the interest to the principal, year by year, and you shew, in less than a minute, that more than fourteen years, instead of five, must elapse before the duplication would even be approached. In like manner, in the other question, it is only necessary to ascertain what *rate of annual increase* is supposed, and by what steps this fifteen years' duplication is to be reached; and a similar operation to

the former will, in a few minutes, decide the question.

When Dr. Chalmers, then, tells us that the natural progress of population, under favourable circumstances, is to double itself every fifteen years, we ask him, at starting, at what rate he supposes the marriages, births, and deaths to go on? If we can gain this information, nothing can be more easy than to construct a parish register, in which that number of marriages, births, and deaths shall be regularly recorded; and then, at the end of a hundred years or so, we shall have, at once, decisive and irrefragable proof whether or not this fancy of a fifteen years' duplication be consistent even with possibility.

These data, however, are nowhere supplied to us in the doctor's book. He contents himself with the bare enunciation of a result, without the least information as to the manner in which that result is obtained. But his authority for the whole scheme is, as he tells us, to be found in "the clear and convincing statements of Malthus." To Malthus, then, we must resort for an answer to our present question, *How is this supposed fifteen years' duplication brought about?*

But even in the learned professor's pages we shall hardly find more light thrown on this important part of the investigation. True, as far as mere assumption and assertion can go, he fully supports Dr. Chalmers in his averments. He tells us (book i. ch. 1), that "in the back settlements of America, the population has been found to double itself in fifteen years; and even this extraordinary rate of increase is probably short of the utmost power of population." And (in book ii. ch. 11), he further adds, that "in particular districts, the period of doubling, from procreation only, has often been less than fifteen years." But he does not support these statements by the least explanation of the usual steps of marriages, births, and deaths, by which every population must proceed, either in increase or diminution.

We are therefore compelled to wander through the pages of his volumes in quest of some statements of this kind, which may be brought into comparison with his estimate of the ratio of increase. And in another part of

his work (book ii. ch. 9), we find a few data which may be brought to bear upon the question.

Mr. Malthus there states, that "in England, the average proportion of marriages to births appears, of late years, to have been about 100 to 350." In other words, that marriages produced, on an average, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ children each.

But in America he estimates the prolificness to be so much greater as to reach 558 births to 100 marriages, or about 5½ to each.

He also calculates that *about* 20 out of every 35 of these children live to the marriageable age. Not to resort to a minute fraction, we will suppose that 3 out of the 5½ children resulting from each marriage, survive to enter into wedlock in their turn.

Now let us endeavour to construct a table, founded on these data. Let us suppose a party of healthy young persons (sixteen couple, or thirty-two in all) settled down in one of these same back settlements, where, according to Mr. Malthus, the people double their numbers every fifteen years, or even in less; we will suppose them to have, one with another, on an average, 5½ children each couple—being 2 more than, according to Mr. Malthus's own shewing, they would have been likely to have in England. We will suppose, further, that 3 of these children, on an average, live to a marriageable age, and that *all* so surviving do actually marry at the age of twenty-three, and have the same families in their turn. And we will also suppose all these married persons to live to the age of sixty-five years, one with another; and, lastly, although every community must have a reasonable proportion of aged persons, and it would be perfectly irrational to argue, in the present case, from a party having no parents surviving; we will only calculate that each married couple, at starting, is accompanied by *one* surviving parent out of the four originally existing:—the total number, then, of our little party, at the commencement of their history, would be 48. And we will endeavour to keep a record of their births, marriages, and deaths for about a hundred and twenty years. It will arrange itself as follows:—

Year.	M.	B.	D.	Total of Persons.	Year.	M.	B.	D.	Total of Persons.
1	16	48	61	...	24	...	184
2	...	16	...	64	62	...	4	...	188
3	64	63	4	188
4	64	64	...	12	...	200
5	64	65	...	12	...	212
6	...	16	...	80	66	212
7	80	67	16	196
8	80	68	...	12	...	208
9	...	16	...	96	69	208
10	96	70	208
11	96	71	...	4	16	196
12	96	72	196
13	96	73	2	196
14	96	74	..	2	16	182
15	96	75	182
16	96	76	182
17	96	77	6	182
18	16	80	78	...	8	...	190
19	80	79	190
20	80	80	6	190
21	80	81	6	8	...	198
22	80	82	...	12	...	210
23	80	83	210
24	80	84	12	210
25	8	80	85	2	24	...	234
26	...	8	...	88	86	...	8	...	242
27	88	87	6	242
28	88	88	6	12	...	254
29	8	88	89	...	24	...	278
30	...	16	...	104	90	...	2	...	280
31	104	91	6	..	8	272
32	8	104	92	...	24	..	296
33	...	16	...	120	93	...	8	...	304
34	...	8	...	128	94	2	304
35	128	95	...	8	16	296
36	128	96	...	12	...	308
37	...	16	...	144	97	1	308
38	144	98	...	1	16	293
39	144	99	...	8	8	293
40	..	8	...	152	100	293
41	152	101	4	293
42	152	102	...	7	16	284
43	32	120	103	284
44	120	104	4	284
45	120	105	6	5	8	281
46	120	106	...	10	...	291
47	120	107	291
48	120	108	12	291
49	4	120	109	4	20	...	311
50	...	4	...	124	110	...	10	...	321
51	124	111	6	321
52	124	112	12	10	...	331
53	8	124	113	1	30	...	361
54	...	12	...	136	114	5	366
55	136	115	12	...	4	362
56	8	136	116	4	30	...	392
57	4	12	...	148	117	...	20	...	412
58	..	12	...	160	118	4	1	..	413
59	160	119	6	10	12	411
60	8	160	120	...	30	...	441

Four hundred and forty-one persons, then, would be the result, at the end of 120 years from the commencement of this record. One addition, however, we must stop to make.

The children who die in infancy, or unmarried, are nowhere recorded in this register. Their births and deaths would have encumbered its details, without in the least degree affecting the general result. The first married couples, for instance, might have sixteen children in the fourth year, and sixteen children in the eleventh, of this chronicle; but as it is an admitted point that two out of each five die before they come to maturity, the shortest way is to omit their births and deaths equally from the calendar, and to record those only who, by their marriage and fruitfulness, help forward the general result.

Still, however, though all the children of this class which have been born and have died during the first hundred years of this register, may fairly be omitted, we must not forget that those of later birth, though still young, and though doomed to die unfruitful, may yet be in existence, and may swell the ranks of our little community in the 120th year.

We will give Mr. Malthus the benefit of the whole of them. We will suppose that each of the seventy couples who married between the 97th and the 118th year of this register, may have two children living, in addition to the three set down in the record. The fraction we may omit, on the score of the inevitable deaths in first infancy.

Now, adding these 140 children to the result which appears at the foot of the record, we arrive at a total of 581, as the highest amount that can possibly be obtained, in 120 years, from the original number of 48 persons; reasoning, as we have done throughout, from data furnished to us by Mr. Malthus himself.

But let us compare this result, which may be taken to be a statement of *fact*, with the *supposed* increase predicted by Mr. Malthus and Dr. Chalmers. The difference is "pretty considerably" striking, as an American would say.

Year.	Estimated Numbers.
1	48
16	96
31	192
46	384

Year.	Estimated Numbers.
61	768
76	1536
91	3072
106	6144
121	12288

And yet five hundred and eighty-one is the actual result, obtained from the statements of Mr. Malthus himself; while, according to his anticipations, above *twelve thousand* ought to have appeared: so wofully do all these wondrous speculations shrink up and vanish away, when brought to the test of actual arithmetical calculation!

Perhaps, however, the doctor may not be satisfied with the 5½ children to each marriage, or with the surviving of only 3 of them. In that case, he may turn to the pages of Mr. Sadler's work, from whence we have borrowed the above calculations; and he will there find many other similar demonstrations, founded upon various data; and he will learn from the whole, that by none but the most extravagant and impossible suppositions could a doubling in fifteen, or even in twenty years, be brought about.

But we must hasten onwards to the third proposition of Dr. Chalmers, which is, that population advances in a *regular geometric ratio*, doubling itself *every fifteen years*. The doctor states this in the following terms:—

"Should a population, when every let and hindrance of a straitened subsistence is removed, be able to double itself in fifteen years, it would still have the inherent ability of doing so, after that every acre on the face of the globe had been advanced to its state of uttermost cultivation." (p. 18.)

Such is the notion he entertains; and it is necessary to the coherence of his system that he should entertain it. All these three figments, which we are assailing one by one, are absolutely essential to his scheme; and it is because his theory rests entirely upon them, that we now take the trouble to shew the airy basis on which they all stand.

A population which doubles itself in fifteen years will continue to do so, food being still at hand, every succeeding fifteen years. So says Dr. Chalmers.

As to the idea of a fifteen years' doubling, under any circumstances, that we have already shewn to be a mere

dream,—an impossible supposition; but we will take up the other limb of the argument, or rather chimera, and see whether it is true that a population having doubled itself once, whether in fifteen or in fifty years, will naturally go on to double itself again and again in a like term.

And, first, we ask these bold asserters, Messrs. Malthus and Chalmers, for *their* proofs. Dr. Chalmers states it as a settled point, that a population will double itself a second time, and a third time, in the same number of years as were occupied by its first duplication. Now, *why* does he state this? upon what well known and ascertained fact is this proposition based? when and where shall we be furnished with any evidence that the truth is really so?

No reply! Throughout all the volumes of Malthus and Chalmers, not a syllable is found in answer to this inquiry. Like all the other leading data of the Malthusian theory, imagination and supposition are the only foundations, upon which this notion of a *regular progression* of increase is based.

But Dr. Chalmers here again, as in a former instance, lies open to blame, in that the facts *have been searched out*, and the true state of the case laid open; and yet he, neglecting to acquaint himself with these facts, and preferring to remain in utter ignorance of the real truth of the matter, has come before the public, *after* the results of an extensive inquiry had been made known, and has stated and avouched as truth, that which had been previously and publicly shewn to be altogether an error.

No one, it is true, but Mr. Sadler, has taken the trouble to go into this inquiry; and Dr. Chalmers, it may be supposed, does not choose to read Mr. Sadler's writings. But then, as we have already told him, if he will not allow himself to be made acquainted with the truth, he should at least abstain from the dissemination of error.

In Mr. Sadler's two volumes on population, we find an immense mass of evidence bearing on this very point. It is, in fact, the great leading feature of Mr. Sadler's theory, it is his peculiar discovery—that *the fruitfulness of marriages constantly varies in proportion to the density of the population*. This law of nature, if it can really be shewn to exist, at once puts an end to the Malthusian notion of a geometric progression, and to Dr. Chalmers's posi-

tion, that a population doubling itself in fifteen years would continue to do so in each following fifteen years; for, according to Mr. Sadler, the fruitfulness of marriages in a district having 200 on a square mile would be less than that of a district having only 100 on the mile. Consequently, when the 100 had increased themselves to 200, their scale of increase would diminish, and the period of the second doubling would be longer than that of the first, and so on.

But do the facts accumulated by Mr. Sadler justify and establish this conclusion? They do. We cannot here copy out his voluminous tables; but a specimen may suffice, as the proof appears equally strong and clear throughout the whole.

For instance, taking the counties of England, and classing them according to the density of their population, it appears that,

In two counties, having less than 100 persons on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 120 births.

In nine counties, having from 100 to 150 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 396 births.

In sixteen counties, having from 150 to 200 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 390 births.

In four counties, having from 200 to 250 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 386 births.

In five counties, having from 250 to 300 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 378 births.

In three counties, having from 300 to 350 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 353 births.

In two counties, having from 500 to 600 on the square mile, each 100 marriages produced 331 births.

In the metropolitan county each 100 marriages produced 246 births.

Now, this is an abstract of one only out of a great number of tables produced by Mr. Sadler, formed from the population returns of all the countries of Europe; and in every single instance the result is exactly the same. Why has not Dr. Chalmers studied and considered these tables? Had he done so, how could he ever have enunciated such a proposition, as that a population doubling itself once in a certain number of years, would also naturally continue to double itself, again and again, in every succeeding like period.

To conclude, then, the present inquiry,

we have arrived at this result,—that no one of these three great leading data of Dr. Chalmers's system,—the impossibility of increasing food as fast as the population would naturally increase; the power of population to double itself every fifteen years; and the regular progression of population, doubling itself perpetually at equal periods,—we have found, we repeat, that no one of these leading propositions is sustained by facts. But that, in truth, all the evidence that can be brought to bear upon the question tends to negative and refute them. Experience shewing us, in the clearest manner, *first*, that any one man, or any one hundred, if allowed fair play, can produce food much faster than mouths to consume it; *secondly*, that a duplication of any population by the ordinary ratio of births, &c., in fifteen years, is a physical impossibility; and, *thirdly*, that there appears to exist a benevolent law of nature, which adjusts the ratio of increase in accordance with the density of the population, so as constantly to diminish the supply, just as the want diminishes.

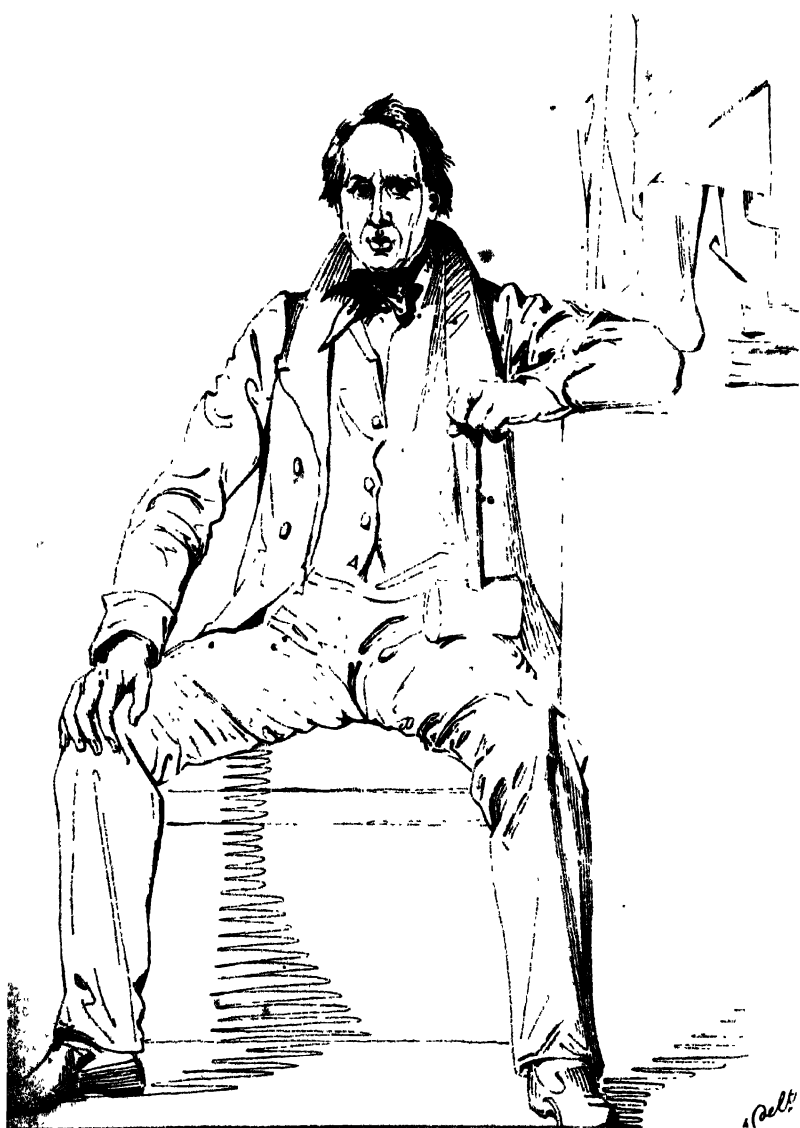
These being the results of the present inquiry, we now return to that great question, so well stated by Dr. Chalmers, as existing between the surplus-populationists and their opponents. The one party, as he tells us, would fairly endeavour to increase food, so as to furnish plenty to all. The other, believing this to be impossible, would “keep down the population to the level of the food,” by opposing marriage, and repressing the natural feelings of man. Of the latter party, Dr. Chalmers declares himself to be one, —denominating the schemes now generally adopted throughout the country, “the crudities of mere sentimentalism.”

But if it appears,—and that it does so appear we have no doubt,—that all the fears and fancies of the learned doctor are founded upon a mere ignorance of the facts,—if his alarms about the “impossibility of keeping the food up to the level of the population” prove to be utterly groundless,—then we may look with comfort to the labours of the benevolent throughout

the country, and rejoice to see them striving to better the condition of the labouring poor. The “external remedies,” as Dr. Chalmers calls them, are no longer to be looked upon with a mixture of pity and contempt, as the offspring of ignorance and folly; but we may proceed to aim at “providing adequate means for the increasing numbers of mankind,” with some hope, that happiness, and not misery, will be the result of our endeavours.

The present inquiry may seem tedious; and to those who have thought little on that most interesting question, the state and prospects of the labouring poor, it may well seem so. But it is, in its nature, *fundamental*; and it is actually impossible to proceed, with any degree of safety, to the consideration of our great national interests, until this point has been satisfactorily decided. It is the strongest hold of the enemy, and can neither be masked nor left in the rear with any degree of safety. You may not propose the least matter for the benefit or comfort of the people, but some economist meets you with the alarm, that you are “encouraging a surplus and already redundant population.” Mr. Macculloch's principal remedy for all the evils of Ireland, as stated to the committee of the House of Commons, consisted in dispersing among the young people of that country small simple *tracts on population*, shewing the evils of early marriages, and the atrocity of having children; and not even the loud and long-continued peals of laughter which resounded through the island at this notable proposal has deterred others of the same class from urging the same idea. Miss Martineau, as her concluding and most important inference in her last tract, prints in large letters the necessity of regulating population; and the same topic is announced for the forthcoming Number of *The Working Man's Companion*, issued by “The Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge.” We mention these things merely to shew that the all-important nature of the question is felt in other quarters, and ought to be felt, too, by the friends of the poor.

~~And see gude night, quo' sne;~~
And a stouter chiel in a' Scotland
Ye'll never live to see.



No. XXVIII.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

HONEST Allan Cunningham! Such is the flattering *sobriquet* by which the worthy fellow who sits on the opposite page is generally known; and no title is better deserved. We think that his very face is almost a sufficient guarantee for its justice.

Allan's biography is sufficiently known to excuse us from the task of writing it over again. Like Ben Jonson, he began with trowel and mallet, which he abandoned for divine poetry;—not, however, abandoned as completely as Rare Ben, because he has wielded them, or superintended their wielding, in a higher department; and, instead of helping to build up houses for the savages of Nithisdale and the adjoining districts, acting now as aide-de-camp to Chantrey, it is his province to assist in bringing forth the features of those distinguished individuals whom the public delighteth to honour, or who delight to honour themselves, by setting up graven images of heads, frequently as brainless and impenetrable as the marble out of which they are hewn, for no small consideration. In this post we believe that Allan has found a resting-place for his maturing years, more comfortable than those in which the Muses are too often fond of quartering their votaries.

He has himself expressed his dissatisfaction with his own Scotch novels, as compared with those of Sir Walter Scott; but we must not allow him to make a comparison so odious. "Who," says the Greek proverb, "is to compete with Apollo in the bow?" We admit with, or rather without pleasure, that we do not exactly recollect what all the novels of our friend Allan are about; but we have a misty recollection of their being very fine matters, full of chivalry, and Scotland, and clouds, and warriors, and Cameronians, in the most approved Caledonian fashion; and of *Paul Jones* we have already recorded a most favourable opinion, which we have no idea of retracting in this our infallible magazine. Nor, though we have reviewed his *Maid of Elvar*, and read with singular delight his *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, and other dramatic compositions, full, as Sir Walter says, of "fine passages that lead to nothing," are these more lengthy compositions impressed with much vivid distinctness upon our mental retina. But his songs, who shall forget? Who that has any taste for ballad poetry will have let slip from his memory those beautiful specimens of that style of composition in its most exquisite perfection, which, under the pretence of being fragments of Galloway and Nithisdale songs, were published by an especial ass of the name of Cronick, on whom Allan—in that particular, not honest Allan, but about as dishonest as Chatterton—palmed them as genuine. They are simply *chefs-d'œuvre*, and are almost, but not entirely, equalled by the Jacobite relics, which he at another period, but in a similar mood of humbug and inspiration, gave to the not-altogether-unsuspecting, nor the altogether-in-such-arts-unpractised Hogg. It is foolish to compare either him or Hogg with Burns—they are all three Scotch, and all three makers of verses; but there the similarity ends. Cunningham has his own merits—he will never be able to write a song with Burns: but Burns never could have turned off a ballad like him.

So far for Allan's inner man. In his outer, he is one of the Anakim of literature—Doric in the proportions of his frame as in his poetry—a strapping specimen of Caledonia stern and wild, who, if he be not a great deceiver, would be as well able to maintain his claim to the crown of the causey as Dandie Dinmont himself; and if we do not mistake, he takes care that every one of his heroes, in all his works, both of prose and verse, should be as ably built as himself—all well-qualified members of the six-feet club, *et supra*. In all other matters he is a good-natured, good-humoured, good-hearted fellow, jogging on through the world with merited good fortune, increasing every year, and, we are happy to say, seeing those who are to follow him in his name raising themselves to well-won honours, and launching in the career of life with every hope and prospect of deserved success.

And see gude night, my bonny man!
And see gude night, quo' she;
And a stouter chiel in a Scotland
Ye'll never live to see.

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRITISH.

BY COLONEL RICHARD H. HICKORY, OF CEDAR SWAMP.

PART IV.

BEFORE we resume the publication of Colonel Hickory's interesting correspondence, we cannot omit, as Conservatives, to draw the attention of our readers to a very serious innovation which is making head-way in the world of letters. We do so with, we hope, some effect; for our complaint is drawn forth by motives of public good, and prompted by a magnanimity that would do honour to a Radical. We allude to that usurpation by the newspapers and weekly periodicals of the functions and faculties of the reviews, and the application of them, with even more than the wonted seasoning of dogmatism, to the magazines, and other ephemeral works, which have hitherto been spared.

No one has had more reason to notice this than *RIGINA*; for although we may have been the admiration of them all, and although praise may have long been bankrupt in numerous vain attempts to speak in adequate terms of her merits, still, in proportion to our dislike of adulation in general, and particularly when directed to ourselves, so is our sympathy excited by the manner in which we observe every poor magazine treated; and therefore, in the words of Sir Charles Wetherell, we vituperate the system, and beg to say, if the abuse be not soon abated, we shall be very angry. Having thrown out this hint, those whom the hat fits may wear it.

We shall now proceed with the Colonel's second letter from the Scottish Athens.

LETTER VII.

Edinburgh.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

In my last I only touched on the prominences of this capital city, Edinburgh, or, as the thbalutants pronounce it, Embrie. I shall now be special on the items.

Well, I have been to leeward in some of my says; for when I told you that they had no right names in this here old country for their things, like ours in the States, I did not then know (what I have since learned) that Scotch is not tarnation bad English, as I thought it was, and so condemned it, but is a different language; and therefore I shall not be so ridiculous wrong in future. I must, however, notice, that it is most extravagant to see the citizens and ladies smile when I call a waiter in a private house a help, which is an understandable word; for they nominate the self-same 'dividual a flunky, which denominator nobody has been able to expound to me. I think that the 'scurity arises from spelling the word it signifies with an *f* instead of a *p*; and that the waiter should therefore be called plunky—that is, a help what draws corks.

Since my first 'spection of their parliament-house here, I have been there again to hear the 'rorators, particularly one Squire Jeffry, whom certain old ladies that remember times past told

me was like Demosthenes; and to be sure he does resemble that Greek man, for he 'rorates as if he had peas in his mouth. At first when I heard him I thought he might have false teeth, which as he talks snash would account for his thickness of speech, if they happened to be loose; but Mr. McTavish, who went with me, said it was a defect of taste, as he might amend it would he condescend to please the judges; but, having no respect for them, he, just on purpose to bamboozle them, makes minced collops of his words: collops is a Scotch word, and signifies substantial common sense.

When his head was sapwood, this Mr. Jeffry was much given to personalities, and many, it is said, are the tears that he thereby caused to be shed; but he has 'pented of that sin long ago; and although it is 'vangelical that, either directly or indirectly, he has much to answer for, it would seem that his punishment is not yet complete, for now and then he meets with a snag in the stream, a *memento mori*, which keeps his contrition a-moving. Nevertheless, he is a clever Dick—as spry as a frog, and almost, though not quite, a man for talents of the secondary degree—better, say some, than a third-rater; but of that I have my doubts, for no man with such a laxity of words can be an oracle,

though, like the oracles of old, his court sentences; like theirs, too, his need sometimes 'terpreters. He is, Mr. McTavish says, a most upsetting person; but how can he be otherwise, being low and of 'gnominious stature? It is thought that he gave Miss Frances Wright (Mrs. Trollope's Virgin Mary) those letters to friends in America that opened road for her nigger humbug. That ere Mrs. Trollope, you know, deserves to be tarred and feathered for going to the backwoods to keep tavern, where she had no custom, and so came back and put out a book of games, by Jingo! In America, however, she got her dues; for there she was seen through, and made to 'sociate with washerwomen, &c.; but here, since she brought her type-stuff to market, she is run after, like a gilded gingerbread image, by all people of quality. However, if I fall in with her, I'll give her a glass of butters by break of day.

But I have not done with the 'fore-said Squire Jeffry, who for a length of years has ruled those afraid of him with a rod of iron, and who was among the first that made the printing of a book a criminal offence. Had I put out a book, and he had done so to me, I would have driven a marling-spike through his right eye-ball; however, he has mellowed like our cider, which, when new, was not palatable; for I have been told that very lately a young lady wrote a most original work on the History of the Twelve Cæsars, and his tyranny has been content to let the loss she incurred by the publication be her punishment. This bespeaks a noble spirit, after all, and mayhap he in his old age may turn out very pitiful-hearted, and make a 'cantation before a gospeller concerning his primitive 'linquencies. I wonder if the young ladye was his cousin?

Over and above this man is one Christopher North, who is as close up with him as gouty toes and swelled feet will let; for he is a man that, inasmuch as Squire Jeffry walks before, cannot be said to have the heels of him, but he treads closely. The worst of Mr. North is, that he often rides in swampy ways without curb or snaffle, and bemuds his friends as it were in diversion; but some think that is in gammon, to draw off their attention from the deficiency of his judgment in horsing.

I must not, however, be overly 'ticu-

lar concerning the touch-and-go 'nimals of Edinburgh. They will serve for sass to our tea at Cedar Swamp, after I gets home, when night is wet and Dr. Gruel the fyezushon comes to hear the news I shall then have brought home with me.

One thing a gentleman who boards at the same hotel with me said last night, which I have no manner of means of putting to the proof, but it boggled me—namely, that the 'ruditical 'habitants of this city of satire and east wind were very thin in what the tanners call the 'pedermiss, which was the cause of their desperate cries when they are tickled in the catastrophe, which cries are almost as loud and vehement as their guffaws and laughter when they commit their red-hot iron scapularities on others.

It is very puzzling to hear how the conversation goes on here about law and the fine arts, the statutes at large and large statues. An old ladye who hears a good deal of these things at her daughter's table (she being married to an advocate) quietly asked at me, yesterday at dinner, what I thought of the late king's statue at large, which has been set up in one of the streets. I thought she meant the proclamation for the king's fast, which was sticking on every corner and wall, and which had greatly surprised me; for, with episcopalian arrogance, (you know comes from London), this kingdom is, in that statute, called 'significantly "that part of Great Britain called Scotland." So I replied, with an innocence that I 'spected would provoke her national 'ry, by saying it was a great shame to put up such a thing.

"Shame!" said Mrs. McAcid; "its thought a masterpiece of art, and will give a new odour of renown to the fame of Mr. Chanty, who hammered it out, as they say, of the cannon and camp-kettles that were made prizes at the battle of Waterloo—a most extraordinary invention; but, on looking at this his brazen image, it should, for decency, have on an apron; on the south side it's a perfect 'O tie!"

This remark led me to think that I had 'gloriated a fact; but a Mr. Robertson, who by the by is very like your friend Colonel ———, of New York, and preaches Gaelic sermons that you would think were the colonel's Italian solos, set the matter right by telling me, with a wink, that it was

the large statue which Mrs. M'Acid meant.

"'Deed is't," said she; "and if it's no the Colossus of Rhodes, it's the Colossus of streets,"—which *bon-mot* she was obliged three times to repeat, and every time the laughter was louder and louder. I escaped in the cataract.

They have committed a great mistake here, in a building they call a national monument; but it was not till it was in a forward state that the mistake was discovered. A monument, you know, is a tomb in a church; but when their money ran done, they discovered that they had been all the time building a church for the tomb.

The authorities that have the paving and lighting of the town, unlike those of other places, deserve great praise. Strangers, however, not in the arcana of the system, are apt to think their 'conomy a very little too rigid. The commissioners being, of course, all men of science, have, with theodolite-precision, set the lamp-posts so exactly apart from each other that the lights from two several lamps do not actually meet, but just so come together that a mathematical line only can be drawn between the limits of their respective radiance. In George's Street (mark the national touch of Presbyterianism—not Saint George's!) this 'conomy has run into a fault. The street is, you see, too wide across for the lamps to shed their light near enough to each other, so as to meet. In consequence of the

distance between two lamp-posts on the side-pavement being less than the distance between the lamp-posts on the opposite sides of the streets, it is very hazardous to p'ramblate across the street; because the light, for the reason mentioned, falling short from both sides, the centre of the street may be termed the valley and shadow of death. Thus strangers, not aware of the danger, may have their bones Macadamised in that dark region. Fortunately, however, carriages seldom pass that way.

The account given to me of the secret policy which has influenced the magistracy in conniving at this inadequate illumination, reflects honour on the far-sightedness of the Scottish character. It has been supposed that although the medical school of Scotland stands A 1 in all Europe, the anatomical is not, however, of the first grade; and therefore, in order to provide students with cases, the magistrates are alleged to have sanctioned this system of darkness, and also to wink at another dangerous piece of economy of the commissioners, who leave the pavement long out of repair. A corduroy road is a bowling-green compared to the smoothest street in Edinburgh. Talking of the streets reminds me that I am so tired with my walking this day, as to have scarcely strength enough left to say that I am

Your dutiful Nephew,

RICHARD H. HICKORY.

This, upon the whole, is one of the best letters of the Colonel with which we have yet favoured the public. In some respects, the style is not quite so pure as those which have given so much delight to our readers; but there is an acumen throughout that makes it particularly relishing. Doubtless, it affords examples of that mal-information to which the conceptions of travellers are liable, but, upon the whole, it is the production of an intelligent and shrewd mind. We are glad, however, to see by it, that he does not intend to obtrude upon us much more of that ineffectual disquisition which he has used too often, by mistaking Scotch for the English language. We hope to see this improvement carried a little farther, for our readers, both in Oxford and Cambridge, have expressed some doubt as to the propriety of his etymologies; indeed, were it not taking an unwarrantable liberty, we would cancel these passages altogether, characteristic though they be both of the author and his country.

A letter which we have received on this subject, from a professor who shall be nameless, in the University of St. Andrew, did not come to hand before our last publication. The city of St. Andrew, we understand, lies apart from the post-road, and no highway goes through it—a reason sufficient to account to ourselves for the delay; but a respectable contributor has suggested, that Dr. Bell's rich legacy to that ancient mother of learning and grand-dame of science, may not be yet what the Scotch law calls implimented, and the bursary may not therefore have been in a condition to pay the postage; for we make a point of never receiving a letter that is not post-paid. We quite laughed at this ridiculous reason, but we have seen since, by the *Mirror of Parliament*, that the more

opulent colleges of Aberdeen are reduced to such extreme necessity, that, although instituted for the encouragement of literature, they have been obliged by poverty to sell their privilege to France, of getting books from Stationers' Hall; and that the British Government have undertaken, with its wonted liberality, to pay the money.

We abhor personalities, and therefore we need not say a word more respecting the atrocities into which the Colonel has unhappily fallen with respect to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and that excellent and learned old bachelor, Mr. Christopher North. As for what he says of Miss Frances Wright, he ought to have called her Mistress, for she is now a married woman; and, notwithstanding her negro predilections, her last piccaunmy, says our private correspondent, was not a blackey. Mrs. Trollope must defend herself, but we sympathise with the Colonel in his feelings towards that clever and fear-nought writer. Gracious! to talk of tarring and feathering! With what part of the lady would he have the process commenced? The idea shews what a people she has indeed been among. Nymphs and Graces! tar and feather! What a group for a picture!!!

We do not see much in the statute-at-large business of Mrs. M'Acid; there was no particular brilliancy in her *bon-mot* certainly, but it might be laughed at in Edinburgh — less is often laughed at in other places. The parliamentary reporters often put the word "laughter," in brackets, to things said both in the Lords and Commons not more piquant.

The Colossus of streets is really very funny! Can the Mr. Robertson that set the Colonel right as to the large statue be our "fat friend," who, when an elegant speaker in court, talked of the London *Courier* (calling it the *Cooreyay*), said to the court, "My lord, he might as well talk to your lordship of the *Morning Po.*"

The Colonel's remark on the national monument of Scotland is not so intelligibly expressed as it might have been; for why should not Scotland have a national monument? Is not her pride *in articulo mortis*, and her poverty defunct? and, therefore, is not a monument — for which the means are wanting to finish — a proper subject of national endeavour?

The disquisition concerning the lighting and paving the city, as well as the sagacity of the magistrates, may, by some people, be deemed a little too far-fetched.

These remarks are all that occurred to us as necessary to make on the foregoing letter, and we shall now proceed to gratify our readers with another.

LETTER VIII.

Edinburgh.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

The more I see of this here city, the more I am surprised, for it makes me to think that there is not such a superiority in Albany, the capital of our state of New York, over Edinburgh, as I at first thought, especially in the matter of good society. New York is, however, a better mark to compare it with, being only a little larger in size, and bounding in houses of the same grade. Indeed, to a certainty there is an advantage on the side of New York, inasmuch as it has finer houses, and public buildings of white marble, that beat all the sandstone erections here to slivers. But, making allowance for these defects, Edinburgh is a prime place, and the citizens most exceeding kind, specially when they see it is worth their while to be so. I do not mean that they are sordid in their 'spitality, for I do think they are

smart and liberal, and do the thing handsomely; but it is their fault, that they will go as far for the vanity of 'tertaining strangers as for any grist that the strangers are ever likely to bring to their mill. In short, if a man came to this town with a feather in his cap, he is as sure of being as well received as if he brought a ravelled law-suit of many ends in his pocket, notwithstanding that the making of law-suits is the staple manufacture of the place.

Here they have been of late at the boiling, 'cause of the Reform-bill; and surely it is a rare curious thing, that the symptoms of a disease at the heart should be always strongest at the extremities. In gout, as you know, by tarnation experience, the disease does not go to the vitals till it is all up with the patient; it may, therefore, be said to resemble this here Reform fever, which shews most violence in the toes, and distant insignificant parts of the

body corporate, such as Edinburgh and other provincial towns, where the distemper rages like cholery, or the devil, as I am told, compared with what it is at London—the heart and fountain-head of the malady.

So long as Wellington kept power, the Tories were as bold as rousters here; and the Whigs, seeing themselves then but half-and-half thought of, smiled alluringly to the Radicals. But ever since the duke's 'ministration was capsized, the Whigs have been a-going 'bout with tails spread, and every now and then, as they sun their feathers, they gurgie joobly jockery, as if they said, "how grand are we!" thereby terrifying the caponised Tories, who begin to give out that they were never against all reform, but only required a fair case of the necessity of it to be made out to have their warmest support. Mr. M'Tavish tells me, that though these—the pluckless, as they are nicknamed—have not yet made an entire wheel to the right-about-face, they already stand at the right-about, and will not make a second move till they have seen that Lord Grey can keep his post.

But I have made my calculations on this state of things; and on casting up 'counts, I see that the Tories in Edinburgh are now become so diminutive, by reason of the deduction caused by the change of administration, (the pluckless being cut off figures on the left of the operation,) that I guess in the sum of the people they will not be considerable; and the result must be, that these same pluckless Tories will fall to be added to the Whigs, who will then become to the Radicals what the Tories were to them in times past. This is my gospel concerning the reform; and a proud thing it is for us Americans, and clear to be noted as the hand before us, that the old country is fast imitating our liberal institutions. I reserve, however, what I have to say on this head till I get to London, where I shall be more at the four corners of the subject.* But is it not a thing much to be 'gratulated, that there

is such a visible trending to republicanism among these old corrupt people?

There is one thing which I heard at Glasgow, but which I did not understand till I came here: they call a self-contained house a lodging, and a flat or floor a house, and a house of many floors they call a laun. This is surlye a most almighty perversion, and makes my 'temology stone blind.

I have been 'structured by Mr. M'Tavish in the Scotch banking system, which you have seen by the newspapers is something notable. It is a subject, though, too vollooious to be spoken of in these letters. I do not, however, see that there is in reality any difference from ours. Only here there is a droll sect of persons called bullionists, who think that a bank note, which is, you know, the representative of a quantity of property, should be made of engraved gold, equal in value to the property it represents; so that both your guills and mine, and all we have, worth more than fifty thousand dollars, are, according to these fanatics, worth nothing, the value of them being all conveyed away, and in the hands of those whom we paid for them. I do not understand this philosophy; but if our property cost fifty thousand dollars, it stands to reason, if the bullionists be right, that there must be one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property about them; viz. fifty thousand in the mills, &c., and fifty thousand in the money paid for them—while we have been innocently thinking all this time there was only one fifty thousand. Can you 'terprate this? for it puzzles me; and surely it can be but a crotchet to suppose that a man building a house should pay his men with gold or silver plates for it, instead of cheques on his bankers; and what is a bank-note but a cheque against property somewhere? I doubt those bullionists mistake the ell-wand for the cloth. But I hear Mr. M'Tavish come to call, and must make an end for the present.

Your 'fectionate nephew,
RICHARD H. HICKORY.

* The Genesee country is laid out in square townships, and the point where four meet is the circumstance here alluded to.

REGINA AND HER CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a long arrear of correspondence to pull up, and we must try to get rid of as much of it as we can. We take the letters as they come :—

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of my paper, which it seems you have thought fit to reject. Considering that some of the most popular articles which have appeared for the last two years in *Blackwood* and the *New Monthly* are from my pen, I must confess I felt not a little surprised at the fate of the above communication. With regard to the amusing absurdity of such a work as yours pretending to shew any squeumishness about the insertion of papers which *Blackwood*, *Bulwer*, or *Campbell* would be glad to obtain for their respective magazines, those who know *them* and know *you* will form their own judgments. I beg leave, then, most distinctly to state, for your information (and I do so out of no ostentatious spirit, but simply to shew you the possibility of even the editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE being at fault in his estimate of literature), that the series of papers in *Blackwood*, entitled * — and the articles — and — in the *New Monthly*, are by me ; while the communication you have thought fit to reject is equal to the best of these. This from the imitator of *Blackwood* is carrying the joke as far as it will go. It would be well if you would chalk out some new path for yourself, and steer clear of imitating, where it is, as you must be perfectly aware (the public, at any rate, is so) impossible to come up to your northern model.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

* * We print this letter, strongly bearing as it does against ourselves, for the purpose of shewing the utter contempt with which we view such attacks. So, because this gentleman has the folly of being—save the mark !—a crack contributor of *Blackwood* and the *New Monthly*, his articles—*his best ones*, too—are necessarily suitable for, and worthy of, REGINA. We have taken the trouble of reading some of his effusions in the two works to which he refers, and can assure him that, had they been sent to us, we should have taken the liberty of returning them, with a polite note, declining their acceptance. What does this person mean by calling us an *imitator of Blackwood*? *Blackwood* is just as soon an imitator of us. Both works do bear a certain resemblance to each other, because they are in a great measure supported by the same writers. There was once a time, indeed, when our *northern model*, as the blockhead calls *Blackwood*, bore a nearer resemblance to ours than he does now : we allude to the high and palmy days, the days of *Ebony's* juvenescence, in which he could boast of the services of many men of high genius, now lost to him, but secured to ourselves, as we acknowledge with honest pride. With regard to the assertion of not *coming up*, as he calls it, to our *northern model*, we leave our readers to judge for themselves on this point. Self-praise honoureth no man, and silence better becomes us than talking upon such a theme ; yet, if we may be allowed a single word, we may declare, boldly and truly, that for sound, honest criticism—for wit, humour, variety, learning, science, and general talent, we shall not shrink from backing the five volumes we have published against any five which have emanated from *Blackwood*, giving our rejected contributor himself the choice of the whole thirty (we believe *Blackwood* has published somewhere thereabouts) to make a selection from. Let him, then, beware ! If he pester us with any more of his communications, we shall lay his case before the next symposium, and according to the decision there pronounced—and, when pronounced, as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—so shall his treatment be. *Terb. sap.* *

We have received a long letter signed "MEDICUS," proving that the author of the *Passages from the Diary of a Physician* is not a medical man. We never supposed he was. The author of this work is a young London barrister, connected, we believe, with an eminent blacking manufacturer in the Strand ; and he has personated the physician with sufficient accuracy to pass as such with the mass of readers ; although, of course, medical people will see at once that he is not one of themselves.

* Not wishing to expose this gentleman unnecessarily, we conceal the titles of his effusions in these periodicals. For the same reason, we also conceal his name and address.

MR. MACREADY AND OUR MAGAZINE.

To OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

SIR,—As the writer of the critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's *Francis the First*, I beg to say that Mr. Macready labours under a misconception as to the passage in the article in which his name is introduced. I am sorry that more justice has not been done by the public press to an actor of the original conception and power of the gentleman in question. It was not my intention to insinuate that Mr. Macready is only happy in the part of *Virgilius*. So little do I think so, that while I have only seen him twice in that part, I have been, before now, for several nights consecutively to witness his personation of other characters. I consider Mr. Macready's acting in *Virgilius* the least of his merits; and I hope that ere long both the press and public will do more justice to the gentleman's deserts. I am, sir, your's truly, _____

P.S. I am sorry that my absence from London for two months has prevented me from addressing you before this.

The *Morning Chronicle*, we remember, had some observations about Knowles being in Macready's trammels. Than this nothing can be more ridiculous. Knowles has lived for the most part either at Glasgow or Belfast, while Macready has been following his profession at a distance from the dramatist. As to *Virgilius*, it was written many years ago for Kean; and Cooper was the first representative of the hero. Macready had just then begun to make himself known at Covent Garden by his performance of *Richard III.*, which established him as one of the first actors at the theatre.

We agree with "Giltspur," that it was particularly shabby on the part of the Archbishop of Dublin, in his book on secondary punishments, in which he writes so much of Newgate, and quotes Wakefield and others, not to have taken notice of the papers of "The Schoolmaster in Newgate," which have attracted so much attention in all well-informed quarters, extracting even compliments from the *Examiner* and *Morning Chronicle*, in spite of their having been published in our most anti-Whiggish Magazine. Our correspondent supposes that Dr. Whately was actuated by some mean feeling of spite, in consequence of Sir Morgan O'Doherty's familiar epistle to him, which has been copied far and wide throughout the three kingdoms, and sometimes accompanied by no complimentary commentaries. But we shall have something more serious than any thing Sir Morgan ever wrote to say to the Archbishop by and by; so that our friend "Giltspur" may wait in patient expectation of the coming storm.

C. A.'s "Stout Gentleman" is not quite equal to Washington Irving's. It is left for the author at our publisher's.

We like W. D.'s politics better than his poetry.

L. L.'s paper does not suit us. He may have it on application. We must give the same answer to Launcelot Longbow; the writer of "An Evening at the Hon. Mrs. R's.;" Octavius; our Pentonville Correspondent; H. Dive, whose Dandies are far from being exquisite; John Gorges, whose songs, however, are not amiss; T. Buxton; and some others we have not time now to enumerate. In general, however, we beg to remark to our correspondents, that they will oblige us by not expecting us to return short papers; and they are especially requested to pay the postage,—a ceremony which they too often neglect.

The verses on St. Leonard's are too long, and, we are sorry to say, too dull, which is the more to be deplored, as the place itself is gay, and pretty enough to inspire a more worthy laureate. One verse, however, prosaically as it is expressed, must be considered by the persons concerned in the prosperity of the town as most harmonious to their ears:—

The town is fine, the sky is clear,—
The ocean-wave is blue;
No wonder then that in one year
The houses all are taken here
Excepting only two.

Tom Campbell's poem on St. Leonard's contains nothing half so touching to the pocket as this splendid verse.

The article on the "Channel Islands" appears to us only a specimen, on which we therefore do not wish to decide hastily. We must give the matter some more consideration.

O. Y.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXIII. OCTOBER, 1832.

VOL. VI.

THE TALE.

BY GOETHE.

THAT Goethe, many years ago, wrote a piece named *Das Mährchen* (The Tale); which the admiring critics of Germany contrived to criticise by a stroke of the pen; declaring that it was indeed *The Tale*, and worthy to be called the Tale of Tales (*das Mährchen aller Mährchen*),—may appear certain to most English readers, for they have repeatedly seen as much in print. To some English readers it may appear certain, furthermore, that they personally know this Tale of Tales; and can even pronounce it to deserve no such epithet, and the admiring critics of Germany to be little other than blockheads.

English readers! the first certainty is altogether indubitable; the second certainty is not worth a rush.

That same *Mährchen aller Mährchen* you may see with your own eyes, at this hour, in the Fifteenth Volume of *Goethe's Werke*; and seeing is believing. On the other hand, that English "Tale of Tales," put forth some years ago as the Translation thereof, by an individual connected with the Periodical Press of London (his Periodical vehicle, if we remember, broke down soon after, and was rebuilt, and still runs, under the name of *Court Journal*),—was a Translation, miserable enough, of a quite different thing; a thing, not a *Mährchen* (Fabulous Tale) at all, but an *Erzählung* or common fictitious Narrative; having no manner of relation to the real piece (beyond standing in the same Volume); not so much as Milton's *Tetrachordon* of Divorce has to his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*! In this way do individuals connected with the Periodical Press of London play their part, and commodiously befool thee, O Public of English readers, and can serve thee with a mass of roasted grass, and name it stewed venison; and will continue to do so, till thou—open thy eyes, and from a blind monster become a seeing one.

This mistake we did not publicly note at the time of its occurrence; for two good reasons: first, that while mistakes are increasing, like Population, at the rate of Twelve Hundred a-day, the benefit of seizing *one*, and throttling it, would be perfectly inconsiderable: second, that we were not then in existence. The highly composite, astonishing Entity, which here as "O. Y." addresses mankind for a season, still slumbered (his elements scattered over Infinitude, and working under other shapes) in the womb of Nothing! Meditate on us a little, O Reader: if thou wilt consider who and what we are; what Powers, of Cash, Esurience, Intelligence, Stupidity, and Mystery created us, and what work we do and will do, there shall be no end to thy amazement.

This mistake, however, we do now note; induced thereto by occasion. By the fact, namely, that a genuine English Translation of that *Mährchen* has been handed in to us for judgment; and now (such judgment having proved merciful) comes out from us in the way of publication. Of the Translation we cannot say much; by the colour of the paper, it may be some seven years old, and have lain perhaps in smoky repositories: it is not a good Translation; yet also not wholly

bad; faithful to the original (as we can vouch, after strict trial); conveys the real meaning, though with an effort: here and there our pen has striven to help it, but could not do much. The poor Translator, who signs himself "D. T.," and affects to carry matters with a high hand, though, as we have ground to surmise, he is probably in straits for the necessities of life,—has, at a more recent date, appended numerous Notes; wherein he will convince himself that more meaning lies in his *Mährchen* "than in all the Literature of our century:" some of these we have retained, now and then with an explanatory or exculpatory word of our own; the most we have cut away, as superfluous and even absurd. Superfluous and even absurd, we say: D. T. can take this of us as he likes; we know him, and what is in him, and what is not in him; believe that he will prove reasonable; can do either way. At all events, let one of the notablest Performances produced for the last thousand years, be now, through his organs (since no other, in this elapsed half-century, have offered themselves), set before an undiscerning public.

We too will premise our conviction that this *Mährchen* presents a phantasmagoric Adumbration, pregnant with deepest significance; though nowise that D. T. has so accurately evolved the same. Listen notwithstanding to a remark or two, extracted from his immeasurable Proem:

"Dull men of this country," says he, "who pretend to admire Goethe, smiled on me when I first asked the meaning of this Tale. 'Meaning!' answered they: 'it is a wild arabesque, without meaning or purpose at all, except to dash together, copiously enough, confused hues of Imagination, and see what will come of them.' Such is still the persuasion of several heads; which nevertheless would perhaps grudge to be considered wigblocks."—Not impossible: the first Sin in our Universe was Lucifer's, that of Self-conceit. But hear again; what is more to the point:

"The difficulties of interpretation are exceedingly enhanced by one circumstance, not unusual in other such writings of Goethe's; namely, that this is no Allegory; which, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, you have only once for all to find the key of, and so go on unlocking: it is a Phantasmagory, rather; where the things the most heterogeneous are, with homogeneity of figure, emblemated so; which would require not one key to unlock it, but, at different stages of the business, a dozen successive keys. Here you have Epochs of Time shadowed forth, there Qualities of the Human Soul; now it is Institutions, Historical Events, now Doctrines, Philosophic Truths: thus are all manner of 'entities' and quiddities and ghosts of defunct bodies' set flying; you have the whole Four Elements chaotico-creatively jumbled together, and spirits enough embodying themselves, and roguishly peering through, in the confused wild-working mass!" * * *

"So much, however, I will stake my whole money capital and literary character upon: that here is a wonderful EMBLEM OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY set forth; more especially a wonderful Emblem of this our wonderful and woful 'Age of Transition'; what men have been and done, what they are to be and do, is, in this Tale of Tales, poetico-prophetically typified, in such a style of grandeur and celestial brilliancy and life as the Western Imagination has not elsewhere reached; as only the Oriental Imagination, and in the primeval ages, was wont to attempt."—Here surely is good wine, with a big bush! Study the Tale of Tales, O reader: even in the bald version of D. T., there will be meaning found. He continues in this triumphant style:

"Can any mortal head (not a wigblock) doubt that the Giant of this Poem means SUPERSTITION? That the Ferryman has something to do with the PRIESTHOOD; his Hut with the CHURCH?"

"Again, might it not be presumed that the River were TIME; and that it flowed (as Time does) between two worlds? Call the world, or country on this side, where the fair Lily dwells, the world of SUPERNATURALISM; the country on that side, NATURALISM, the working weekday world where we all dwell and toil: whosoever or whatsoever introduces itself, and appears in the firm-earth of human business, or as we well say, comes into Existence, must proceed from Lily's supernatural country; whatsoever of a material sort descends and disappears might be expected to go *thither*. Let the reader consider this, and note what comes of it."

"To get a free solid communication established over this same wondrous River of Time, so that the Natural and Supernatural may stand in friendliest neighbourhood and union, forms the grand action of this Phantasmagoric Poem: is not such also, let me ask thee, the grand action and summary of Universal History; the one problem of Human Culture; the thing which Mankind (once the three daily meals of victual were moderately secured) has ever striven after, and must ever strive after?—Alas! we observe very soon, matters stand on a most distressful footing, in this of Natural and Supernatural: there are three conveyances across, and all bad, all incidental, temporary, uncertain: the worst of the three, one would think, and the worst conceivable, were the Giant's Shadow, at sunrise and sunset; the best that Snake-bridge at noon, yet still only a bad-best. Consider again our trustless, rotten, revolutionary 'age of transition,' and see whether this too does not fit it!

"If you ask next, Who these other strange characters are, the Snake, the Will-o'-wisp, the Man with the Lamp? I will answer, in general and afar off, that *Light* must signify human Insight, Cultivation, in one sort or other. As for the Snake, I know not well what name to call it by; nay perhaps, in our scanty vocabularies, there is no name for it, though that does not hinder its being a *thing*, genuine enough. Meditation; Intellectual Research; Understanding; in the most general acceptation, Thought: all these come near designating it; none actually designates it. Were I bound, under legal penalties, to give the creature a name, I should say, THOUGHT rather than another.

"But what if our Snake, and so much else that works here beside it, were neither a *quality* nor a *reality*, nor a *state* nor an *action*, in any kind; none of these things purely and alone, but something intermediate and partaking of them all! In which case, to name it, in vulgar speech, were a still more frantic attempt: it is unnameable in speech; and remains only the allegorical Figure known in this Tale by the name of Snake, and more or less resembling and shadowing forth somewhat that speech has named, or might name. It is this heterogeneity of nature, pitching your solidest Predicables heels over head, throwing you half a dozen Categories into the melting-pot at once,—that so unspeakably bewilders a Commentator, and for moments is nigh reducing him to *delirium saltans*.

"The Will-o'-wisps, that laugh and jig, and compliment the ladies, and eat gold and shake it from them, I for my own share take the liberty of viewing as some shadow of ELEGANT CULTURE, or modern Fine Literature; which by and by became so sceptical-destructive; and did, as French Philosophy, eat Gold (or Wisdom) enough, and shake it out again. In which sense, their coming (into Existence) by the old Ferryman's (by the Priesthood's) assistance, and almost overturning his boat, and then laughing at him, and trying to skip off from him, yet being obliged to stop till they had satisfied him: all this, to the discerning eye, has its significance.

"As to the Man with the Lamp, in him and his gold-giving, jewel-forming, and otherwise so miraculous Light, which 'casts no shadow,' and 'cannot illuminate what is wholly otherwise in darkness,'—I see what you might name the celestial REASON of Man (Reason as contrasted with Understanding, and super-ordinated to it), the purest essence of his seeing Faculty; which manifests itself as the Spirit of Poetry, of Prophecy, or whatever else of highest in the intellectual sort man's mind can do. We behold this respectable, venerable Lamp-bearer everywhere present in time of need; directing, accomplishing, working, wonder-working, finally victorious;—as, in strict reality, it is ever (if we study it) the Poetic Vision that lies at the bottom of all other Knowledge or Action; and is the source and creative fountain of whatsoever mortals *ken* or *can*, and mystically and miraculously guides them forward whither they are to go. Be the Man with the Lamp, then, named REASON; mankind's noblest inspired Insight and Light; whereof all the other lights are but effluences, and more or less discoloured emanations.

"His Wife, poor old woman, we shall call PRACTICAL ENDEAVOUR; which as married to Reason, to spiritual Vision and Belief, first makes up man's being here below. Unhappily the ancient couple, we find, are but in a decayed condition: the better emblems are they of Reason and Endeavour in this our 'transitional age!' The Man presents himself in the garb of a peasant, the Woman has grown old, garrulous, querulous; both live nevertheless, in their 'ancient

cottage,' better or worse, the roof-tree of which still holds together over them. And then those mischievous Will-o'-wispes, who pay the old lady such court, and eat all the old gold (all that was wise and beautiful and desirable) off her walls; and shew the old stones, quite ugly and bare, as they had not been for ages! Besides they have killed poor Mops, the plaything, and joy and fondling of the house; — as has not that same Elegant Culture, or French Philosophy done, wheresoever it has arrived? Mark, notwithstanding, how the Man with the Lamp puts it all right again, reconciles everything, and makes the finest business out of what seemed the worst.

"With regard to the Four Kings, and the Temple which lies fashioned under ground, please to consider all this as the Future lying prepared and certain under the Present: you observe, not only inspired Reason (or the Man with the Lamp) but scientific Thought (or the Snake) can discern it lying there: nevertheless much work must be done, innumerable difficulties fronted and conquered, before it can rise out of the depths (of the Future), and realise itself as the actual worshipping-place of man, and 'the most frequented Temple in the whole Earth.'

"As for the fair Lily and her ambulatory necessitous Prince, these are objects that I shall admit myself incapable of naming; yet nowise admit myself incapable of attaching meaning to. Consider them as the two disjointed Halves of this singular Dualistic Being of ours; a Being, I must say, the most utterly Dualistic; fashioned, from the very heart of it, out of Positive and Negative (what we happily call Light and Darkness, Necessity and Freewill, Good and Evil, and the like); everywhere out of two mortally opposed things, which yet must be united in vital love, if there is to be any *Life*; — a Being, I repeat, Dualistic beyond expressing; which will split in two, strike it in *any* direction, on *any* of its six sides; and does of itself split in two (into Contradiction), every hour of the day, — were not *Life* perpetually there, perpetually knitting it together again! But as to that cutting up, and parcelling, and labelling of the indivisible Human Soul into what are called 'Faculties,' it is a thing I have from of old eschewed, and even hated. A thing which you *must* sometimes do (or you cannot *speak*); yet which is never done without Error hovering near you; for most part without her pouncing on you, and quite blindfolding you.

"Let not us, therefore, in looking at Lily and her Prince be tempted to that practice: why should we try to *name* them at all? Enough if we do feel that man's whole Being is riven asunder every way (in this 'transitional age'), and yawning in hostile, irreconcilable contradiction with itself: what good were it to know farther in what *direction* the rift (as our Poet here pleased to represent it) had taken effect? Fancy, however, that these two HALVES of Man's Soul and Being are separated, in pain and enchanted obstruction, from one another. The better fairer Half sits in the Supernatural country, deadening and killing; alas, not permitted to come across into the Natural visible country, and there make all blessed and alive! The rugged stronger Half, in such separation, is quite lamed and paralytic; wretched, forlorn, in a state of death-life, must he wander to and fro over the River of Time; all that is dear and essential to him, imprisoned there; which if he look at he grows still weaker, which if he touch he dies. Poor Prince! And let the judicious reader, who has read the Era he lives in, or even spelt the alphabet thereof, say whether, with the paralytic-lamed Activity of man (hampered and hamstrung 'in a transitional age' of Scepticism, Methodism; atheistic Sarcasm, hysteric Orgasm; brazen-faced Delusion, Puffery, Hypocrisy, Stupidity, and the whole Bill and nothing but the Bill); it is not even so! Must not poor man's Activity (like this poor Prince) wander from Natural to Supernatural, and back again, disconsolate enough; unable to *do* anything, except merely wring its hands, and, whimpering and blubbering, lamentably inquire: *What* shall I do?

"But Courage! Courage! The Temple is built (though underground); the Bridge shall arch itself, the divided Two shall clasp each other as flames do, rushing into one; and all that ends well shall be well! Mark only how, in this inimitable Poem, worthy an Olympic crown, or prize of the Literary Society, it is represented as proceeding!"

So far D.T.;  commentator who at least does not want confidence in him-

self; whom we shall only caution not to be too confident; to remember always that, as he once says, 'Phantasmagory is not Allegory;' that much exists, under our very noses, which has no 'name,' and can get none; that the 'River of Time' and so forth may be one thing, or more than one, or none; that, in short, there is risk of the too valiant D. T.'s bamboozling himself in this matter; being led from puddle to pool; and so left standing at last, like a foolish mystified nose-of-wax, wondering where the devil he is.

To the simpler sort of readers we shall also extend an advice; or be it rather, proffer a petition. It is to fancy themselves, for the time being, delivered altogether from D. T.'s company; and to read this *Mahrchen*, as if it were there only for its own sake, and those tag-rag Notes of his were so much blank paper. Let the simpler sort of readers say now how they like it! If unhappily, on looking back, some spasm of "the malady of thought" begin afflicting them, let such Notes be then inquired of, but not till then, and then also with distrust. Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve; hast thou not two eyes of thy own?

The Commentator himself cannot, it is to be hoped, imagine that he has exhausted the matter. To decipher and represent the *genesis* of this extraordinary Production, and what was the Author's state of mind in producing it; to *see*, with dim, common eyes, what the great Goethe, with inspired poetic eyes, then saw; and paint to one's-self the thick-coming shapes and many-coloured splendours of his "Prospero's Grotto," at that hour: this were what we could call complete criticism and commentary; what D. T. is far from having done, and ought to fall on his face, and confess that he can never do.

We shall conclude with remarking two things. First, that D. T. does not appear to have set eye on any of those German Commentaries on this Tale of Tales; or even to have heard, credently, that such exist: an omission, in a professed Translator, which he himself may answer for. Secondly, that with all his boundless prelude, he has forgotten to insert the Author's own prelude; the passage, namely, by which this *Mahrchen* is specially ushered in, and the keynote of it struck by the Composer himself, and the tone of the whole prescribed! This latter altogether glaring omission we now charitably supply; and then let D. T., and his illustrious Original, and the Readers of this Magazine take it among them. Turn to the latter part of the *Deutschen Ausgewanderten* (page 208, Volume XV. of the last Edition of *Goethe's Werke*); it is written there, as we render it:

"The Imagination," said Karl, 'is a fine faculty; yet I like not when she works on what has actually happened: the airy forms she creates are welcome as things of their own kind; but uniting with Truth she produces oftenest nothing but monsters; and seems to me, in such cases, to fly into direct variance with Reason and Common Sense. She ought, you might say, to hang upon no object, to force no object on us; she must, if she is to produce Works of Art, play like a sort of music upon us; move us within ourselves, and this in such a way that we forget there is anything without us producing the movement.'

"Proceed no farther," said the old man, 'with your conditionings! To enjoy a product of Imagination this also is a condition, that we enjoy it unconditionally; for Imagination herself cannot condition and bargain; she must wait what shall be given her. She forms no plans, prescribes for herself no path; but is borne and guided by her own pinions; and hovering hither and thither, marks out the strangest courses; which in their direction are ever altering. Let me but, on my evening walk, call up again to life within me, some wondrous figures I was wont to play with in earlier years. This night I promise you a Tale, which shall remind you of Nothing and of All.'

And now for it!

O. Y.

THE TALE.

In his little Hut, by the great River, which a heavy rain had swoln to overflowing, lay the ancient Ferryman, asleep, wearied by the toil of the day.

In the middle of the night,* loud voices awoke him; he heard that it was travellers wishing to be carried over.

Stepping out, he saw two large Will-

* In the middle of the night truly! In the middle of the Dark Ages, when what with Mahomedan Conquests, what with Christian Crusadings, Destructions of Con-

o-wisps, hovering to and fro on his boat, which lay moored: they said, they were in violent haste, and should have been already on the other side. The old Ferryman made no loitering; pushed off, and steered with his usual skill obliquely through the stream; while the two strangers whiffled and hissed together, in an unknown very rapid tongue, and every now and then broke out in loud laughter, hopping about, at one time on the gunwale and the seats, at another on the bottom of the boat.

"The boat is heeling!" cried the old man; "if you don't be quiet, it will overset; be seated, gentlemen of the wisp!"

At this advice they burst into a fit of laughter, mocked the old man, and were more unquiet than ever. He bore their mischief with patience, and soon reached the farther shore.

"Here is for your labour!" cried the travellers, and as they shook themselves, a heap of glittering gold pieces jingled down into the wet boat. "For Heaven's sake, what are you about?" cried the old man; "you will ruin me for ever! Had a single piece of gold got into the water, the stream, which cannot suffer gold, would have risen in horrid waves, and swallowed both my skiff and me; and who knows how it might have fared with you in that case: here, take back your gold."

"We can take nothing back, which we have once shaken from us," said the Lights.

"Then you give me the trouble," said the old man, stooping down, and gathering the pieces into his cap, "of raking them together, and carrying them ashore, and burying them."

The Lights had leaped from the boat, but the old man cried: "Stay, where is my fare?"

"If you take no gold, you may work for nothing," cried the Will-o-wisps.—"You must know that I am only to be paid with fruits of the earth."—"Fruits of the earth? we despise them, and

have never tasted them."—"And yet I cannot let you go till you have promised that you will deliver me three Cabbages, three Artichokes, and three large Onions."

The Lights were making off with jests; but they felt themselves, in some inexplicable manner, fastened to the ground: it was the unpleasantest feeling they had ever had. They engaged to pay him his demand as soon as possible; he let them go, and pushed away. He was gone a good distance, when they called to him: "(Old man! Holla, old man! the main point is forgotten!)" He was off, however, and did not hear them. He had fallen quietly down that side of the River, where, in a rocky spot, which the water never reached, he meant to bury the pernicious gold. Here, between two high crags, he found a monstrous chasm; shook the metal into it, and steered back to his cottage.

Now, in this chasm, lay the fair green Snake, who was roused from her sleep by the gold coming chinking down.† No sooner did she fix her eye on the glittering coins than she ate them all up, with the greatest relish, on the spot; and carefully picked out such pieces as were scattered in the chinks of the rock.

Scarcely had she swallowed them, when, with extreme delight, she began to feel the metal melting in her inwards, and spreading all over her body; and soon, to her lively joy, she observed that she was grown transparent and luminous. Long ago she had been told that this was possible; but now being doubtful whether such a light could last, her curiosity and the desire to be secure against the future, drove her from her cell, that she might see who it was that had shaken in this precious metal. She found no one. The more delightful was it to admire her own appearance, and her graceful brightness, as she crawled along through roots and bushes, and spread out her light among the grass. Every leaf seemed of emerald, every flower was

stantinople, Discoveries of America, the TIME-River was indeed swollen to overflowing; and the *Ignes Fatui* (of Elegant Culture, of Literature,) must needs feel in haste to get ever into Existence, being much wanted; and apply to the Priesthood (respectable old Ferryman, roused out of sleep thereby!) who willingly introduced them, mischievous ungrateful imps as they were.—D. T.

* What could this be? To ask whither their next road lay? It was useless to ask there: the respectable old Priesthood "did not hear them."—D. T.

† THOUGHT, Understanding, roused from her long sleep by the first produce of modern Belles Lettres; which she eagerly devours.—D. T.

dyed with new glory. It was in vain that she crossed the solitary thickets; but her hopes rose high, when on reaching the open country she perceived from afar a brilliancy resembling her own. "Shall I find my like at last, then?" cried she, and hastened to the spot. The toil of crawling through bog and reeds gave her little thought; for though she liked best to live in dry grassy spots of the mountains, among the clefts of rocks, and for most part fed on spicy herbs, and slaked her thirst with mild dew and fresh spring water, yet for the sake of this dear gold, and in the hope of this glorious light, she would have undertaken any thing you could propose to her.

At last, with much fatigue, she reached a wet rushy spot in the swamp, where our two Will-o-wisps were frisking to and fro. She shoved herself along to them; saluted them, was happy to meet such pleasant gentlemen related to her family. The Lights glided towards her, skipped up over her, and laughed in their fashion. "Lady Cousin," said they, "you are of the horizontal line, yet what of that? It is true we are related only by the look; for observe you," here both the Flames, compressing their whole breadth, made themselves as high and peaked as possible, "how prettily this taper length befits us gentlemen of the vertical line! Take it not amiss of us, good Lady; what family can boast of such a thing? Since there ever was a Jack-o-lantern in the world, no one of them has either sat or lain."

The Snake felt exceedingly uncomfortable in the company of these relations; for let her hold her head as high as possible, she found that she must bend it to the earth again, would she stir from the spot;* and if in the dark thicket she had been extremely satisfied with her appearance, her splendour in the presence of these cousins seemed to lessen every moment, nay she was afraid that at last it would go out entirely.

In this embarrassment she hastily asked: if the gentlemen could not inform her, whence the glittering gold came, that had fallen a short while ago

into the cleft of the rock; her own opinion was that it had been a golden shower, and had trickled down direct from the sky. The Will-o-wisps laughed, and shook themselves, and a multitude of gold-pieces came clinking down about them. The Snake pushed nimbly forwards to eat the coin. "Much good may it do you, Mistress," said the dapper gentlemen: "we can help you to a little more." They shook themselves again several times with great quickness, so that the Snake could scarcely gulp the precious victuals fast enough. Her splendour visibly began increasing; she was really shining beautifully, while the Lights had in the meantime grown rather lean and short of stature, without however in the smallest losing their good humour.

"I am obliged to you for ever," said the Snake, having got her wind again after the répast, "ask of me what you will; all that I can I will do."

"Very good!" cried the Lights. "Then tell us where the fair Lily dwells? Lead us to the fair Lily's palace and garden; and do not lose a moment, we are dying of impatience to fall down at her feet."

"This service," said the Snake with a deep sigh, "I cannot now do for you. The fair Lily dwells, alas, on the other side of the water."—"Other side of the water? And we have come across it, this stormy night! How cruel is the River to divide us! Would it not be possible to call the old man back?"

"It would be useless," said the Snake; "for if you found him ready on the bank, he would not take you in; he can carry any one to this side, none to yonder."

"Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" cried the Lights: "are there no other means of getting through the water?"—"There are other means, but not at this moment. I myself could take you over, gentlemen, but not till noon."—"That is an hour we do not like to travel in."—"Then you may go across in the evening, on the great Giant's shadow."—"How is that?"—"The great Giant lives not far from this; with his body he has no power; his

* True enough: Thought cannot fly and dance, as your wildfire of Belles Lettres may; she proceeds in the systole-diastole, up-and-down method; and must ever "bend her head to the earth again" (in the way of Baconian Experiment), or she will not stir from the spot.—D. T.

hands cannot lift a straw, his shoulders could not bear a faggot of twigs; but with his shadow he has power over much, nay all.* At sunrise and sunset therefore he is strongest; so at evening you merely put yourself upon the back of his shadow, the Giant walks softly to the bank, and the shadow carries you across the water. But if you please, about the hour of noon, to be in waiting at that corner of the wood, where the bushes overhang the bank, I myself will take you over and present you to the fair Lily: or on the other hand, if you dislike the noontide, you have just to go at nightfall to that bend of the rock, and pay a visit to the Giant; he will certainly receive you like a gentleman."

With a slight bow, the Flames went off; and the Snake at bottom was not discontented to get rid of them; partly that she might enjoy the brightness of her own light, partly satisfy a curiosity with which, for a long time, she had been agitated in a singular way.

In the chasm, where she often crawled hither and thither, she had made a strange discovery. For although in creeping up and down this abyss, she had never had a ray of light, she could well enough discriminate the objects in it, by her sense of touch. Generally she met with nothing but irregular productions of nature; at one time she would wind between the teeth of large crystals, at another she would feel the barbs and hairs of native silver, and now and then carry out with her to the light some straggling jewels.† But to her no small wonder, in a rock which was closed on every side, she had come on certain objects which betrayed the shaping hand of man. Smooth walls on which she could not climb, sharp regular corners, well-formed pillars; and what seemed strangest of all, human figures which she had entwined more than once, and which appeared to her to be of brass, or of the finest polished marble. All these experiences she now wished to combine by the sense of sight, thereby to confirm what as yet she only guessed. She believed she could illu-

minate the whole of that subterranean vault by her own light; and hoped to get acquainted with these curious things at once. She hastened back; and soon found, by the usual way, the cleft by which she used to penetrate the Sanctuary.

On reaching the place, she gazed around with eager curiosity; and though her shining could not enlighten every object in the rotunda, yet those nearest her were plain enough. With astonishment and reverence she looked up into a glancing niche, where the image of an august King stood formed of pure Gold. In size the figure was beyond the stature of man, but by its shape it seemed the likeness of a little rather than a tall person. His handsome body was encircled with an unadorned mantle; and a garland of oak bound his hair together.

No sooner had the Snake beheld this reverent figure, than the King began to speak, and asked: "Whence comest thou?"—"From the chasms where the gold dwells?" said the Snake.—"What is grander than gold?" inquired the King.—"Light," replied the Snake.—"What is more refreshing than light?" said he.—"Speech," answered she.

During this conversation, she had squinted to a side, and in the nearest niche perceived another glorious image. It was a Silver King in a sitting posture; his shape was long and rather languid; he was covered with a decorated robe; crown, girdle, and sceptre were adorned with precious stones: the cheerfulness of pride was in his countenance; he seemed about to speak, when a vein which ran dimly-coloured over the marble wall, on a sudden became bright, and diffused a cheerful light throughout the whole Temple. By this brilliancy the Snake perceived a third King, made of Brass, and sitting mighty in shape, leaning on his club, adorned with a laurel garland, and more like a rock than a man. She was looking for the fourth, which was standing at the greatest distance from her; but the wall opened, while the glittering vein started and split, as lightning does, and disappeared.

* Is not SUPERSTITION strongest when the sun is low? with body, powerless; with shadow, omnipotent?—D. T.

† Primitive employments, and attainments, of Thought, in this dark den whither it is sent to dwell. For many long ages, it discerns "nothing but irregular productions of Nature;" having indeed to pick material bed and board out of Nature and her irregular productions.—D. T.

A Man of middle stature, entering through the cleft, attracted the attention of the Snake. He was dressed like a peasant, and carried in his hand a little Lamp, on whose still flame you liked to look, and which in a strange manner, without casting any shadow, enlightened the whole dome.*

"Why comest thou, since we have light?" said the golden King.—"You know that I may not enlighten what is dark."†—"Will my Kingdom end?" said the silver King.—"Late or never," said the old Man.

With a stronger voice the brazen King began to ask: "When shall I arise?"—"Soon," replied the Man.—"With whom shall I combine?" said the King.—"With thy elder brothers," said the Man.—"What will the youngest do?" inquired the King.—"He will sit down," replied the Man.

"I am not tired," cried the fourth King, with a rough faltering voice.‡

While this speech was going on, the Snake had glided softly round the temple, viewing every thing; she was now looking at the fourth King close by him. He stood leaning on a pillar; his considerable form was heavy rather than beautiful. But what metal it was made of could not be determined. Closely inspected, it seemed a mixture of the three metals which its brothers had been formed of. But in the founding, these materials did not seem to have combined together fully; gold and silver veins ran irregularly through a brazen mass, and gave the figure an unpleasant aspect.

Meanwhile the gold King was asking of the Man, "How many secrets knowest thou?"—"Three," replied the Man.—"Which is the most important?" said the silver King.—"The open one," replied the other.§—"Wilt thou open it to us also?" said the brass King.—

"When I know the fourth," replied the Man.—"What care I!" grumbled the composite King, in an under tone.

"I know the fourth," said the Snake; approached the old Man, and hissed somewhat in his ear. "The time is at hand!" cried the old Man, with a strong voice. The temple re-echoed, the metal statues sounded; and that instant the old Man sank away to the westward, and the Snake to the eastward; and both of them passed through the clefts of the rock, with the greatest speed.

All the passages, through which the old Man travelled, filled themselves, immediately behind him with gold; for his Lamp had the strange property of changing stone into gold, wood into silver, dead animals into precious stones, and of annihilating all metals. But to display this power, it must shine alone. If another light were beside it, the Lamp only cast from it a pure clear brightness, and all living things were refreshed by it.||

The old Man entered his cottage, which was built on the slope of the hill. He found his Wife in extreme distress. She was sitting at the fire weeping, and refusing to be consoled. "How unhappy am I!" cried she: "Did not I entreat thee not to go away to-night?"—"What is the matter, then?" inquired the husband, quite composed.

"Scarcely wert thou gone," said she, sobbing, "when there came two noisy Travellers to the door: unthinkingly I let them in; they seemed to be a couple of genteel, very honourable people; they were dressed in flames, you would have taken them for Will-o'-wisps. But no sooner were they in the house, than they began, like impudent varlets, to compliment me,¶ and grew so forward that I feel ashamed to think of it."

"No doubt," said the husband with

* Poetic Light; celestial Reason!—D. T.

Let the reader, in one word, attend well to these four Kings: much annotation from D. T. is here necessarily swept out.—O. Y.

† What is wholly dark. Understanding precedes Reason: modern Science is come; modern Poesy is still but coming.—in Goethe (and whom else?).—J. T.

‡ Consider these Kings as Eras of the World's History; no, not as Eras, but as Principles which jointly or severally rule Eras. Alas, poor we, in this chaotic soft-soldered "transitory age," are so unfortunate as to live under the Fourth King.—D. T.

§ Reader, hast thou any glimpse of the "open secret?" I fear, not.—D. T.—Writer, art thou a goose? I fear, yes.—O. Y.

|| In Illuminated Ages, the Age of Miracles is said to cease; but it is only we that cease to see it, for we are still "refreshed by it."—D. T.

¶ Poor old Practical Endeavour! Listen to many an *Encyclopædia*-Diderot, humanised *Philosophes*, didactic singer, march-of-intellect man, and other "impudent varlets" (that would never put their own finger to the work); and hear what "compliments" they uttered.—D. T.

a smile, "the gentlemen were jesting: considering thy age, they might have held by general politeness."

"Age! what age?" cried the Wife: "wilt thou always be talking of my age? How old am I then?—General politeness! But I know what I know. Look round there what a face the walls have; look at the old stones, which I have not seen these hundred years; every film of gold have they licked away, thou couldst not think how fast; and still they kept assuring me that it tasted far beyond common gold. Once they had swept the walls, the fellows seemed to be in high spirits, and truly in that little while they had grown much broader and brighter. They now begun to be impertinent again, they patted me, and called me their queen, they shook themselves, and a shower of gold pieces sprang from them; see how they are shining there under the bench! But ah! what misery! Poor Mops ate a coin or two; and look, he is lying in the chimney, dead. Poor Pug! O well-a-day! I did not see it till they were gone; else I had never promised to pay the Ferryman the debt they owe him!"—"What do they owe him?" said the Man.—"Three Cabbages," replied the Wife, "three Artichokes, and three Onions: I engaged to go when it was day, and take them to the River."

"Thou mayest do them that civility," said the old Man; "they may chance to be of use to us again."

"Whether they will be of use to us I know not; but they promised and vowed that they would."

Meantime the fire on the hearth had burnt low; the old Man covered up the embers with a heap of ashes, and put the glittering gold pieces aside; so that his little Lamp now gleamed alone, in the fairest brightness. The walls again coated themselves with gold, and Mops changed into the prettiest onyx that could be imagined. The alternation of the brown and black in this precious stone made it the most curious piece of workmanship.

"Take thy basket," said the Man, "and put the onyx into it; then take the three Cabbages, the three Artichokes,

and the three Onions; place them round little Mops, and carry them to the River. At noon the Snake will take thee over; visit the fair Lily, give her the onyx, she will make it alive by her touch, as by her touch she kills whatever is alive already. She will have a true companion in the little dog. Tell her not to mourn; her deliverance is near; the greatest misfortune she may look upon as the greatest happiness; for the time is at hand."

The old Woman filled her basket, and set out as soon as it was day. The rising sun shone clear from the other side of the River, which was glittering in the distance: the old woman walked with slow steps, for the basket pressed upon her head, and it was not the onyx that so burdened her. Whatever lifeless thing she might be carrying, she did not feel the weight of it; on the other hand, in those cases the basket rose aloft, and hovered along above her head. But to carry any fresh herbage, or any little living animal, she found exceedingly laborious.* She had travelled on for some time, in a sullen humour, when she halted suddenly in fright, for she had almost trod upon the Giant's shadow, which was stretching towards her across the plain. And now, lifting up her eyes, she saw the monster of a Giant himself, who had been bathing in the River, and was just come out,† and she knew not how she should avoid him. The moment he perceived her, he began saluting her in sport, and the hands of his shadow soon caught hold of the basket. With dexterous ease they picked away from it a Cabbage, an Artichoke, and an Onion, and brought them to the Giant's mouth, who then went his way up the River, and let the Woman go in peace.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply from her garden the pieces she had lost; and amid these doubts, she still kept walking on, so that in a little while she was at the bank of the River. She sat long waiting for the Ferryman, whom she perceived at last, steering over with a very singular traveller. A young, noble-looking, handsome man,

* Why so? Is it because with "lifeless things" (with inanimate machinery) all goes like clock-work, which it is, and "the basket hovers aloft," while with living things (were it but the culture of forest-trees) poor Endeavour has more difficulty?—D. T.—Or, is it chiefly because a Tale must be a Tale?—O. Y.

† Very proper in the huge Loggerhead Superstition, to bathe himself in the old of Life and get refreshment thereby.—D. T.

whom she could not gaze upon enough, stepped out of the boat.

"What is it you bring?" cried the old man. "The greens which those two Will-o-wisps owe you," said the Woman, pointing to her ware. As the Ferryman found only two of each sort he grew angry, and declared he would have none of them. The Woman earnestly entreated him to take them; told him that she could not now go home, and that her burden for the way which still remained was very heavy. He stood by his refusal, and assured her that it did not rest with him. "What belongs to me," said he, "I must leave lying nine hours in a heap, touching none of it, till I have given the River its third." After much higgling, the old man at last replied: "There is still another way. If you like to pledge yourself to the River, and declare yourself its debtor, I will take the six pieces; but there's some risk in it."—"If I keep my word, I shall run no risk?"—"Not the smallest. Put your hand into the stream," continued he, "and promise that within four-and-twenty hours you will pay the debt."

The old Woman did so; but what was her affright, when on drawing out her hand, she found it black as coal! She loudly scolded the old Ferryman; declared that her hands had always been the fairest part of her; that in spite of her hard work, she had all along contrived to keep these noble members white and dainty. She looked at the hand with indignation, and exclaimed in a despairing tone: "Worse and worse! Look, it is vanishing entirely; it is grown far smaller than the other."⁶

"For the present it but seems so," said the old man; "if you do not keep your word, however, it may prove so in earnest. The hand will gradually diminish, and at length disappear altogether, though you have the use of it as formerly. Every thing as usual you will be able to perform with it, only nobody will see it."—"I had rather that I could not use it, and no one could observe the want," cried she; "but what of that, I will keep my word, and rid myself of this black skin, and all anxieties about it." Thereupon she

hastily took up her basket, which mounted of itself over her head, and hovered free above her in the air, as she hurried after the Youth, who was walking softly and thoughtfully down the bank. His noble form and strange dress had made a deep impression on her.

His breast was covered with a glittering coat of mail; in whose wavings might be traced every motion of his fair body. From his shoulders hung a purple cloak; around his uncovered head flowed abundant brown hair in beautiful locks: his graceful face, and his well-formed feet were exposed to the scorching of the sun. With bare soles, he walked composedly over the hot sand; and a deep inward sorrow seemed to blunt him against all external things.

The garrulous old Woman tried to lead him into conversation; but with his short answers he gave her small encouragement or information; so that in the end, notwithstanding the beauty of his eyes, she grew tired of speaking with him to no purpose, and took leave of him with these words: "You walk too slow for me, worthy sir; I must not lose a moment, for I have to pass the River on the green Snake, and carry this fine present from my husband to the fair Lily." So saying she stepped faster forward; but the fair Youth pushed on with equal speed, and hastened to keep up with her. "You are going to the fair Lily!" cried he; "then our roads are the same. But what present is this you are bringing her?"

"Sir," said the Woman, "it is hardly fair, after so briefly dismissing the questions I put you, to inquire with such vivacity about my secrets. But if you like to barter, and tell me your adventures, I will not conceal from you how it stands with me and my presents." They soon made a bargain; the dame disclosed her circumstances to him; told the history of the Pug, and let him see the singular gift.

He lifted this natural curiosity from the basket, and took Mops who seemed as if sleeping softly, into his arms. "Happy beast!" cried he; "thou wilt be touched by her hands, thou

* A dangerous thing to pledge yourself to the Time-River;—as many a National Debt, and the like, blackening, bewitching the "beautiful hand" of Endeavour, can witness.—D. T.—Heavens!—O. Y.

wilt be made alive by her; while the living are obliged to fly from her presence to escape a mournful doom. Yet why say I mournful! Is it not far sadder and more frightful to be injured by her look, than it would be to die by her hand? Behold me," said he to the Woman; "at my years, what a miserable fate have I to undergo. This mail which I have honourably borne in war, this purple which I sought to merit by a wise reign, Destiny has left me; the one as a useless burden, the other as an empty ornament. Crown, and sceptre, and sword are gone; and I am as bare and needy as any other son of earth; for so unblest are her bright eyes, that they take from every living creature they look on all its force, and those whom the touch of her hand does not kill are changed to the state of shadows wandering alive."

Thus did he continue to bewail, nowise contenting the old Woman's curiosity, who wished for information not so much of his internal as of his external situation. She learned neither the name of his father, nor of his kingdom. He stroked the hard Mops, whom the sunbeams and the bosom of the youth had warmed as if he had been living. He inquired narrowly about the man with the Lamp, about the influences of the sacred light, appearing to expect much good from it in his melancholy case.

Amid such conversation, they descended from afar the majestic arch of the Bridge, which extended from the one bank to the other, glittering with the strangest colours in the splendours of the sun. Both were astonished; for until now they had never seen this edifice so grand. "How!" cried the Prince! "was it not beautiful enough, as it stood before our eyes, piled out of jasper and agate? Shall we not fear to tread it, now that it appears combined, in graceful complexity, of emerald and chrysopras and chrysolite?" Neither of them knew the alteration that had taken place upon the Snake: for it was indeed the Snake, who every day at noon curved herself over the River, and stood forth in the form of a bold-swelling bridge.* The travellers stepped upon it with a reverential feeling, and passed over it in silence. †

No sooner had they reached the other shore, than the bridge began to heave and stir; in a little while, it touched the surface of the water, and the green Snake in her proper form came gliding after the wanderers. They had scarcely thanked her for the privilege of crossing on her back, when they found that, besides them three, there must be other persons in the company, whom their eyes could not discern. They heard a hissing, which the Snake also answered with a hissing; they listened, and at length caught what follows: "We shall first look about us in the fair Lily's Park," said a pair of alternating voices; "and then request you at nightfall, so soon as we are anywise presentable, to introduce us to this paragon of beauty. At the shore of the great Lake, you will find us."—"Be it so," replied the Snake; and a hissing sound died away in the air.

Our three travellers now consulted in what order they should introduce themselves to the fair Lady; for however many people might be in her company, they were obliged to enter and depart singly, under pain of suffering very hard severities.

The Woman with the metamorphosed Pug in the basket first approached the garden, looking round for her Patroness; who was not difficult to find, being just engaged in singing to her harp. The finest tones proceeded from her, first like circles on the surface of the still lake, then like a light breath they set the grass and the bushes in motion. In a green enclosure, under the shadow of a stately group of many diverse trees, was she seated; and again did she enchant the eyes, the ear, and the heart of the woman, who approached with rapture, and swore within herself that since she saw her last, the fair one had grown fairer than ever. With eager gladness from a distance she expressed her reverence and admiration for the lovely maiden. "What a happiness to see you, what a Heaven does your presence spread around you! How charmingly the harp is leaning on your bosom, how softly your arms surround it, how it seems as if longing to be near you, and how it sounds so meekly under the touch of your slim fingers! Thrice

* If aught can *overspan* the Time-River, then what but Understanding, but Thought, in its moment of plenitude, in its favourable noon-moment?—D. T.

happy youth, to whom it were permitted to be there!"

So speaking she approached; the fair Lily raised her eyes; let her hands drop from the harp, and answered: "Trouble me not with untimely praise; I feel my misery but the more deeply. Look here, at my feet lies the poor Canary-bird, which used so beautifully to accompany my singing; it would sit upon my harp, and was trained not to touch me; but to-day, while I, refreshed by sleep, was raising a peaceful morning hymn, and my little singer was pouring forth his harmonious tones more gaily than ever, a Hawk darts over my head; the poor little creature, in affright, takes refuge in my bosom, and I feel the last palpitations of its departing life. The plundering Hawk indeed was caught by my look, and fluttered fainting down into the water; but what can his punishment avail me? my darling is dead, and his grave will but increase the mournful bushes of my garden."

"Take courage, fairest Lily!" cried the Woman, wiping off a tear, which the story of the hapless maiden had called into her eyes; "compose yourself; my old man bids me tell you to moderate your lamenting, to look upon the greatest misfortune as a forerunner of the greatest happiness, for the time is at hand; and truly," continued she, "the world is going strangely on of late. Do but look at my hand, how black it is! As I live and breathe, it is grown far smaller: I must hasten, before it vanish altogether! Why did I engage to do the Will-o-wisps a service, why did I meet the Giant's shadow, and dip my hand in the River? Could you not afford me a single cabbage, an artichoke and an onion? I would give them to the River, and my hand were white as ever, so that I could almost shew it with one of yours."

"Cabbages and onions thou may'st still find; but artichokes thou wilt search for in vain. No plant in my garden bears either flowers or fruit; but every twig that I break, and plant upon the grave of a favourite, grows green straightway, and shoots up in fair boughs. All these groups, these bushes, these groves my hard destiny

has so raised around me. These pines stretching out like parasols, these obelisks of cypresses, these colossal oaks and beeches, were all little twigs planted by my hand, as mournful memorials in a soil that otherwise is barren."*

To this speech the old Woman had paid little heed; she was looking at her hand, which, in presence of the fair Lily, seemed every moment growing blacker and smaller. She was about to snatch her basket and hasten off, when she noticed that the best part of her errand had been forgotten. She lifted out the onyx Pug, and set him down, not far from the fair one, in the grass. "My husband," said she, "sends you this memorial; you know that you can make a jewel live by touching it. This pretty faithful dog will certainly afford you much enjoyment; and my grief at losing him is brightened only by the thought that he will be in your possession."

The fair Lily viewed the dainty creature with a pleased, and as it seemed, with an astonished look. "Many signs combine," said she, "that breathe some hope into me: but ah! is it not a natural deception which makes us fancy, when misfortunes crowd upon us, that a better day is near?"

"What can these many signs avail me?"

My Singer's Death, thy coal-black Hand;

This Dog of Onyx, that can never fail me?

And coming at the Lamp's command!

"From human joys removed for ever,
With sorrows compassed round I sit:
Is there a Temple at the River?

Is there a Bridge? Alas, not yet!"

The good old dame had listened with impatience to this singing, which the fair Lily accompanied with her harp, in a way that would have charmed any other. She was on the point of taking leave, when the arrival of the green Snake again detained her. The Snake had caught the last lines of the song, and on this matter forthwith began to speak comfort to the fair Lily.

"The Prophecy of the Bridge is fulfilled!" cried the Snake: "you may ask this worthy dame how royally the arch looks now. What formerly was

* In SUPERNATURALISM, truly, what is there either of flower or of fruit? Nothing that will (altogether) content the greedy Time-River. Stupendous, funereal sacred-groves, "in a soil that otherwise is barren!"—D. T.

untransparent jasper, or agate, allowing but a gleam of light to pass about its edges, is now become transparent precious stone. No beryl is so clear, no emerald so beautiful of hue."

"I wish you joy of it," said Lily; "but you will pardon me if I regard the prophecy as yet unaccomplished. The lofty arch of your bridge can still but admit foot-passengers; and it is promised us that horses and carriages and travellers of every sort shall, at the same moment, cross this bridge in both directions. Is there not something said, too, about pillars, which are to arise of themselves from the waters of the River?"

The old Woman still kept her eyes fixed on her hand; she here interrupted their dialogue, and was taking leave. "Wait a moment," said the fair Lily, "and carry my little bird with you. Bid the Lamp change it into topaz; I will enliven it by my touch; with your good Mops it shall form my dearest pastime: but hasten, hasten; for, at sunset, intolerable putrefaction will fasten on the hapless bird, and tear asunder the fair combination of its form for ever."

The old Woman laid the little corpse, wrapped in soft leaves, into her basket, and hastened away.

"However it may be," said the Snake, recommencing their interrupted dialogue, "the Temple is built."

"But it is not at the River," said the fair one.

"It is yet resting in the depths of the Earth," said the Snake; "I have seen the Kings and conversed with them."

"But when will they arise?" inquired Lily.

The Snake replied: "I heard resounding in the Temple these deep words, *The time is at hand.*"

A pleasing cheerfulness spread over the fair Lily's face: "Tis the second time," said she, "that I have heard these happy words to-day; when will the day come for me to hear them thrice?"

She rose, and immediately there came a lovely maiden from the grove, and took away her harp. Another followed her, and folded up the fine carved ivory stool, on which the fair one had been sitting, and put the silvery cushion

under her arm. A third then made her appearance, with a large parasol worked with pearls; and looked whether Lily would require her in walking. These three maidens were beyond expression beautiful; and yet their beauty but exalted that of Lily, for it was plain to every one that they could never be compared to her.*

Meanwhile the fair one had been looking, with a satisfied aspect, at the strange onyx Mops. She bent down, and touched him, and that instant he started up. Gaily he looked around, ran hither and thither, and at last, in his kindest manner, hastened to salute his benefactress. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her. "Cold as thou art," cried she, "and though but a half-life works in thee, thou art welcome to me; tenderly will I love thee, prettily will I play with thee, softly caress thee, and firmly press thee to my bosom." She then let him go, chased him from her, called him back, and played so daintily with him, and ran about so gaily and so innocently with him on the grass, that with new rapture you viewed and participated in her joy, as a little while ago her sorrow had attuned every heart to sympathy.

This cheerfulness, these graceful sports were interrupted by the entrance of the woful Youth. He stepped forward, in his former guise and aspect; save that the heat of the day appeared to have fatigued him still more, and in the presence of his mistress he grew paler every moment. He bore upon his hand a Hawk, which was sitting quiet as a dove, with its body shrunk and its wings drooping.

"It is not kind in thee," cried Lily to him, "to bring that hateful thing before my eyes, the monster, which to-day has killed my little singer."

"Blame not the unhappy bird!" replied the Youth; "rather blame thyself and thy destiny; and leave me to keep beside me the companion of my woe."

Meanwhile Mops ceased not teasing the fair Lily; and she replied to her transparent favourite, with friendly gestures. She clapped her hands to scare him off; then ran, to entice him after her. She tried to get him when he fled, and she chased him away when he attempted to press near her. The Youth looked on in silence, with in-

* Who are these three? Faith, Hope, and Charity, or others of that kin?—
D. T.—Faith, Hope, and Fiddlestick!—O. Y.

creasing anger; but at last, when she took the odious beast, which seemed to him unutterably ugly, on her arm, pressed it to her white bosom, and kissed its black snout with her heavenly lips, his patience altogether failed him, and full of desperation he exclaimed: "Must I, who by a baleful fate exist beside thee, perhaps to the end, in an absent presence, who by thee have lost my all, my very self, must I see before my eyes, that so unnatural a monster can charm thee into gladness, can awaken thy attachment, and enjoy thy embrace? Shall I any longer keep wandering to and fro, measuring my dreary course to that side of the River and to this? No, there is still a spark of the old heroic spirit sleeping in my bosom; let it start this instant into its expiring flame! If stones may rest in thy bosom, let me be changed to stone; if thy touch kills, I will die by thy hands."

So saying he made a violent movement; the Hawk flew from his finger, but he himself rushed towards the fair one; she held out her hands to keep him off, and touched him only the sooner. Consciousness forsook him; and she felt with horror the beloved burden lying on her bosom. With a shriek she started back, and the gentle youth sank lifeless from her arms upon the ground.

The misery had happened! The sweet Lily stood motionless, gazing on the corpse. Her heart seemed to pause in her bosom; and her eyes were without tears. In vain did Mops try to gain from her any kindly gesture; with her friend, the world for her was all dead as the grave. Her silent despair did not look round for help; she knew not of any help.

On the other hand, the Snake bestirred herself the more actively; she seemed to meditate deliverance; and in fact her strange movements served at least to keep away, for a little, the immediate consequences of the mischief. With her limber body, she formed a wide circle round the corpse, and seizing the end of her tail between her teeth, she lay quite still.

Ere long one of Lily's fair waiting-maids appeared; brought the ivory folding-stool, and with friendly beckoning constrained her mistress to sit down on it. Soon afterwards there came a second; she had in her hand a fire-coloured veil, with which she rather decorated than concealed the fair Lily's head. The third handed her the harp, and scarcely had she drawn the gorgeous instrument towards her, and struck some tones from its strings, when the first maid returned with a clear round mirror; took her station opposite the fair one; caught her looks in the glass, and threw back to her the loveliest image that was to be found in nature.* Sorrow heightened her beauty, the veil her charms, the harp her grace; and deeply as you wished to see her mournful situation altered, not less deeply did you wish to keep her image, as she now looked, for ever present with you.

With a still look at the mirror, she touched the harp; now melting tones proceeded from the strings, now her pain seemed to mount, and the music in strong notes responded to her woe; sometimes she opened her lips to sing, but her voice failed her; and ere long her sorrow melted into tears, two maidens caught her helpfully in their arms, the harp sank from her bosom, scarcely could the quick servant snatch the instrument and carry it aside.

"Who gets us the Man with the Lamp, before the sun set?" hissed the Snake, faintly but audibly: the maids looked at one another, and Lily's tears fell faster. At this moment came the Woman with the Basket, panting and altogether breathless. "I am lost, and maimed for life!" cried she; "see how my hand is almost vanished; neither Ferryman nor Giant would take me over, because I am the River's debtor; in vain did I promise hundreds of Cabbages and hundreds of Onions; they will take no more than three; and no Artichoke is now to be found in all this quarter."

"Forget your own care," said the Snake, "and try to bring help here; perhaps it may come to yourself also.

* Does not man's soul rest by Faith, and look in the mirror of Faith? Does not Hope "decorate rather than conceal"? Is not Charity (Love) the beginning of music?—Behold too how the Serpent, in this great hour, has made herself a Serpent-of-Eternity; and (even as genuine THOUGHT, in our age, has to do for so much) preserves the seeming-dead within her folds, that suspended animation issue not in noisome, horrible, irrevocable dissolution!—D. T.

Haste with your utmost speed to seek the Will-o-wisps ; it is too light for you to see them, but perhaps you will hear them laughing and hopping to and fro. If they be speedy, they may cross upon the Giant's shadow, and seek the Man with the Lamp and send him to us."

The Woman hurried off at her quickest pace, and the Snake seemed expecting as impatiently as Lily the return of the Flames. Alas ! the beam of the sinking Sun was already gilding only the highest summits of the trees in the thicket, and long shadows were stretching over lake and meadow ; the Snake hitched up and down impatiently, and Lily dissolved in tears.

In this extreme need, the Snake kept looking round on all sides ; for she was afraid every moment that the Sun would set, and corruption penetrate the magic circle, and the fair youth immediately moulder away. At last she noticed sailing high in the air, with purple-red feathers, the Prince's Hawk, whose breast was catching the last beams of the Sun. She shook herself for joy at this good omen ; nor was she deceived ; for shortly afterwards the Man with the Lamp was seen gliding towards them across the Lake, fast and smoothly, as if he had been travelling on skates.

The Snake did not change her posture ; but Lily rose and called to him : "What good spirit sends thee, at the moment when we were desiring thee, and needing thee, so much ?"

"The spirit of my Lamp," replied the Man, "has impelled me, and the Hawk has conducted me. My Lamp sparkles when I am needed, and I just look about me in the sky for a signal ; some bird or meteor points to the quarter towards which I am to turn. Be calm, fairest Maiden ! whether I can help I know not ; an individual helps not, but he who combines himself with many at the proper hour. We will postpone the evil, and keep hoping. Hold thy circle fast," continued he, turning to the Snake ; then set himself upon a hillock beside her, and illuminated the dead body. "Bring the little

Bird* hither too, and lay it in the circle!" The maidens took the little corpse from the basket, which the old Woman had left standing, and did as he directed.

Meanwhile the Sun had set, and as the darkness increased, not only the Snake and the old Man's Lamp began shining in their fashion, but also Lily's veil gave out a soft light, which gracefully tinged, as with a meek dawning red, her pale cheeks, and her white robe. The party looked at one another, silently reflecting ; care and sorrow were mitigated by a sure hope.

It was no unpleasing entrance, therefore, that the Woman made, attended by the two gay Flames, which in truth appeared to have been very lavish in the interim, for they had again become extremely meagre ; yet they only bore themselves the more prettily for that, towards Lily and the other ladies. With great tact, and expressiveness, they said a multitude of rather common things to these fair persons ; and declared themselves particularly ravished by the charm which the gleaming veil† spread over Lily and her attendant. The ladies modestly cast down their eyes, and the praise of their beauty made them really beautiful. All were peaceful and calm, except the old Woman. In spite of the assurance of her husband, that her hand could diminish no farther, while the Lamp shone on it, she asserted more than once, that if things went on thus, before midnight this noble member would have utterly vanished.

The Man with the Lamp had listened attentively to the conversation of the Lights ; and was gratified that Lily had been cheered, in some measure, and amused by it. And, in truth, midnight had arrived they knew not how. The old Man looked to the stars, and then began speaking : "We are assembled at the propitious hour ; let each perform his task, let each do his duty ; and a universal happiness will swallow up our individual sorrows, as a universal grief consumes individual joys."

At these words arose a wondrous hubbub ;‡ for all the persons in the

* What are the Hawk and this Canary-bird, which here prove so destructive to one another ? Ministering servants, implements, of these two divided Halves of the Human Soul ; name them I will not ; more is not written.—D. T.

† Have not your march-of-intellect Literators always expressed themselves particularly ravished with any glitter from a veil of *Hope* ; with "progress of the species," and the like ?—D. T.

‡ Too true : dost thou not hear it, Reader ? In this our Revolutionary "twelfth

party spoke aloud, each for himself, declaring what they had to do; only the three maids were silent; one of them had fallen asleep beside the harp, another near the parasol, the third by the stool; and you could not blame them much, for it was late. The Fiery youths, after some passing compliments which they devoted to the waiting-maids, had turned their sole attention to the Princess, as alone worthy of exclusive homage.

"Take the mirror," said the Man to the Hawk; "and with the first sun-beam illuminate the three sleepers, and awake them, with light reflected from above."

The Snake now began to move; she loosened her circle, and rolled slowly, in large rings, forward to the River. The two Will-o-wisps followed with a solemn air; you would have taken them for the most serious Flames in nature. The old Woman and her husband seized the Basket, whose mild light they had scarcely observed till now; they lifted it at both sides, and it grew still larger and more luminous; they lifted the body of the Youth into it, laying the Canary-bird upon his breast; the Basket rose into the air and hovered above the old Woman's head, and she followed the Will-o-wisps on foot. The fair Lily took Mops on her arm, and followed the Woman; the man with the Lamp concluded the procession, and the scene was curiously illuminated by these many lights.

But it was with no small wonder that the party saw, when they approached the River, a glorious arch mount over it, by which the helpful Snake was affording them a glittering path. If by day they had admired the beautiful transparent precious stones, of which the Bridge seemed formed; by night they were astonished at its gleaming brilliancy. On the upper side the clear circle marked itself sharp against the dark sky, but below, vivid beams were darting to the centre, and exhibiting the airy firmness of the

edifice. The procession slowly moved across it; and the Ferryman who saw it from his hut afar off, considered with astonishment the gleaming circle, and the strange lights which were passing over it.*

No sooner had they reached the other shore, than the arch began, in its usual way, to sway up and down, and with a wavy motion to approach the water. The Snake then came on land, the Basket placed itself upon the ground, and the Snake again drew her circle round it. The old Man stooped towards her, and said: "What hast thou resolved on?"

"To sacrifice myself rather than be sacrificed," replied the Snake; "promise me that thou wilt leave no stone on shore."

The old Man promised; then addressing Lily: "Touch the Snake," said he, "with thy left hand, and thy lover with thy right." Lily knelt, and touched the Snake, and the Prince's body. The latter in the instant seemed to come to life; he moved in the basket, nay he raised himself into a sitting posture; Lily was about to clasp him; but the old Man held her back, and himself assisted the youth to rise, and led him forth from the Basket and the circle.

The Prince was standing; the Canary-bird was fluttering on his shoulder; there was life again in both of them, but the spirit had not yet returned; the fair youth's eyes were open, yet he did not see, at least he seemed to look on all without participation. Scarcely had their admiration of this incident a little calmed, when they observed how strangely it had fared in the meanwhile with the Snake. Her fair taper body had crumbled into thousands and thousands of shining jewels: the old Woman reaching at her Basket had chanced to come against the circle; and of the shape or structure of the Snake there was now nothing to be seen, only a bright ring of luminous jewels was lying in the grass.†

The old Man forthwith set himself

hour of the night," all persons speak aloud (some of them by cannon and drums!) "declaring what they have to do;" and Faith, Hope, and Charity (after a few passing compliments from the Belles-Lettres Department), thou seest, have fallen asleep!—D. T.

* Well he might, worthy old man; as Pope Pius, for example, did, when he lived in Fontainebleau!—D. T.—As our Bishops when voting for the Reform Bill?—O. Y.

† So! Your Logics, mechanical Philosophies, Politics, Sciences, your whole modern System of THOUGHT, is to decess; and old ENDEAVOUR, "grasping at her

to gather the stones into the basket ; a task in which his wife assisted him. They next carried the Basket to an elevated point on the bank ; and here the man threw its whole lading, not without contradiction from the fair one and his wife, who would gladly have retained some part of it, down into the River. Like gleaming twinkling stars the stones floated down with the waves ; and you could not say whether they lost themselves in the distance, or sank to the bottom.

"Gentlemen," said he with the Lamp, in a respectful tone to the Lights, "I will now shew you the way, and open you the passage ; but you will do us an essential service, if you please to unbolt the door, by which the Sanctuary must be entered at present, and which none but you can unfasten."

The Lights "made a stately bow of assent, and kept their place. The old man of the Lamp went foremost into the rock, which opened at his presence ; the Youth followed him, as if mechanically ; silent and uncertain, Lily kept at some distance from him ; the old Woman would not be left, and stretched out her hand that the light of her husband's Lamp might still fall upon it. The rear was closed by the two Will-o-wisps, who bent the peaks of their flames towards one another, and appeared to be engaged in conversation.

They had not gone far till the procession halted in front of a large brazen door, the leaves of which were bolted with a golden lock. The Man now called upon the Lights to advance ; who required small entreaty, and with their pointed flames soon ate both bar and lock.

The brass gave a loud clang, as the doors sprang suddenly asunder ; and the stately figures of the Kings appeared within the Sanctuary, illuminated by the entering Lights. All bowed before these dread sovereigns, especially the Flames made a profusion of the daintiest reverences.

After a pause, the gold King asked : "Whence come ye ?"—"From the world," said the old Man.—"Whither go ye ?" said the silver King.—"Into the world ;" replied the Man.—"What would ye with us ?" cried the brazen

King.—"Accompany you," replied the Man.

The composite King was about to speak, when the gold one addressed the Lights, who had got too near him : "Take yourselves away from me, my metal was not made for you." Thereupon they turned to the silver King, and clasped themselves about him ; and his robe glittered beautifully in their yellow brightness. "You are welcome," said he, "but I cannot feed you ; satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and bring me your light." They removed ; and gliding past the brazen King who did not seem to notice them, they fixed on the compounded King. "Who will govern the world ?" cried he with a broken voice.—"He who stands upon his feet," replied the old Man.—"I am he," said the mixed King.—"We shall see," replied the Man ; "for the time is at hand."

The fair Lily fell upon the old Man's neck, and kissed him cordially. "Holy Sage !" cried she, "a thousand times I thank thee ; for I hear that fateful word the third time." She had scarcely spoken, when she clasped the old Man still faster ; for the ground began to move beneath them ; the Youth and the old Woman also held by one another ; the Lights alone did not regard it.

You could feel plainly that the whole Temple was in motion ; as a ship that softly glides away from the harbour, when her anchors are lifted ; the depths of the Earth seemed to open for the Building as it went along. It struck on nothing ; no rock came in its way.

For a few instants, a small rain seemed to drizzle from the opening of the dome ; the old Man held the fair Lily fast, and said to her : "We are now beneath the River ; we shall soon be at the mark." Ere long they thought the Temple made a halt ; but they were in an error ; it was mounting upwards.

And now a strange uproar rose above their heads. Planks and beams in disordered combination now came pressing and crashing in, at the opening of the dome. Lily and the Woman started to a side ; the Man with the Lamp laid hold of the Youth and kept standing still. The little cottage of the

basket," shall "come against" the inanimate remains, and "only a bright ring of luminous jewels" shall be left there ! Mark well, however, what next becomes of it.—D. T.

Ferryman, for it was this which the Temple in ascending had severed from the ground and carried up with it, sank gradually down, and covered the old Man and the Youth.

The women screamed aloud, and the Temple shook, like a ship running unexpectedly aground. In sorrowful perplexity, the Princess and her old attendant wandered round the cottage in the dawn; the door was bolted, and to their knocking, no one answered. They knocked more loudly, and were not a little struck, when at length the wood began to ring. By virtue of the Lamp locked up in it, the hut had been converted from the inside to the outside into solid silver. Ere long too its form changed; for the noble metal shook aside the accidental shapes of planks, posts, and beams, and stretched itself out into a noble case of beaten ornamented workmanship. Thus a fair little temple stood erected in the middle of the large one; or if you will, an Altar worthy of the Temple.*

By a star which ascended from within, the noble Youth now mounted aloft, lighted by the old man with the Lamp; and as it seemed supported by another, who advanced in a white short robe, with a silver riddler in his hand; and was soon recognised as the Ferryman, the former possessor of the cottage.

The fair Lily mounted the outer steps, which led from the floor of the Temple to the Altar; but she was still obliged to keep herself apart from her Lover. The old Woman, whose hand in the absence of the Lamp had grown still smaller, cried: "Am I then to be unhappy after all? Among so many miracles, can there be nothing done to save my hand!" Her husband pointed to the open door, and said to her: "See, the day is breaking; haste, bathe thyself in the River."—"What

an advice!" cried she; "it will make me all black; it will make me vanish altogether; for my debt is not yet paid." "Go," said the man, "and do as I advise thee; all debts are now paid."

The old Woman hastened away; and at that moment appeared the rising sun, upon the rim of the dome. The old man stepped between the Virgin and the Youth, and cried with a loud voice: "There are three which have rule on Earth; Wisdom, Appearance, and Strength." At the first word, the gold King rose, at the second the silver one; and at the third the brass King slowly rose, while the mixed King on a sudden very awkwardly plumped down.†

Whoever noticed him could scarcely keep from laughing, solemn as the moment was; for he was not sitting, he was not lying, he was not leaning, but shapelessly sunk together.‡

The Lights,§ who till now had been employed upon him, drew to a side; they appeared, although pale in the morning radiance, yet once more well-fed, and in good burning condition; with their peaked tongues, they had dexterously licked out the gold veins of the colossal figure to its very heart. The irregular vacuities which this occasioned had continued empty for a time, and the figure had maintained its standing posture. But when at last the very tenderest filaments were eaten out, the image crashed suddenly together; and that, alas, in the very parts which continue unaltered when one sits down; whereas the limbs, which should have bent, sprawled themselves out unbowed and stiff. Whoever *could* not laugh was obliged to turn away his eyes; this miserable shape and no-shape was offensive to behold.

The man with the Lamp now led the handsome Youth, who still kept gazing vacantly before him, down from the altar, and straight to the brazen

* Good! The old Church, shaven down "in disordered combination," is admitted, in this way, into the new perennial Temple of the Future; and, clarified into enduring silver, by the Lamp, becomes an Altar worthy to stand there. The Ferryman too is not forgotten.—D. T.

† Dost thou note this, O Reader; and look back with new clearness on former things? A gold King, a silver, and a brazen King: WISDOM, dignified APPEARANCE, STRENGTH; these three harmoniously united bear rule: disharmoniously cobbled together in sham-union (as in the foolish composite King of our foolish "transition-era"), they, once the Gold (or wisdom) is all out of them, "very awkwardly plump down."—D. T.

‡ As, for example, does not Charles X. (one of the poor fractional composite Realities emblemized herein) rest, even now, "shapelessly enough sunk together," at Holyrood, in the city of Edinburgh!—D. T.

§ March-of-intellect Lights were well capable of such a thing.—D. T.

King. At the feet of this mighty Potentate, lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The young man girt it round him. "The sword on the left, the right free!" cried the brazen voice. They next proceeded to the silver King; he bent his sceptre to the youth; the latter seized it with his left hand, and the King in a pleasing voice said: "Feed the sheep!" On turning to the golden King, he stooped with gestures of paternal blessing, and pressing his oaken garland on the young man's head, said: "Understand what is highest!"

During this progress, the old Man had carefully observed the Prince. After girding on the sword, his breast swelled, his arms waved, and his feet trod firmer; when he took the sceptre in his hand, his strength appeared to soften, and by an unspeakable charm to become still more subduing; but as the oaken garland came to deck his hair, his features kindled, his eyes gleamed with inexpressible spirit, and the first word of his mouth was "Lily!"

"Dearest Lily!" cried he, hastening up the silver stairs to her, for she had viewed his progress from the pinnacle of the altar; "Dearest Lily! what more precious can a man, equipt with all, desire for himself than innocence and the still affection which thy bosom brings me? O my friend!" continued he, turning to the old Man, and looking at the three statues; "glorious and secure is the kingdom of our fathers; but thou hast forgotten the fourth power, which rules the world, earlier, more universally, more certainly, the power of Love." With these words, he fell upon the lovely maiden's neck; she had cast away her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with the fairest most imperishable red.

Here the old man said with a smile: "Love does not rule; but it trains,* and that is more."

Amid this solemnity, this happiness and rapture, no one had observed that it was now broad day; and all at once, on looking through the open portal, a crowd of altogether unexpected objects met the eye. A large space surrounded with pillars formed the fore-court, at

the end of which was seen a broad and stately Bridge stretching with many arches across the River. It was furnished, on both sides, with commodious and magnificent colonnades for foot-travellers, many thousands of whom were already there, busily passing this way or that. The broad pavement in the centre was thronged with herds and mules, with horsemen and carriages, flowing like two streams, on their several sides, and neither interrupting the other. All admired the splendour and convenience of the structure; and the new King and his Spouse were delighted with the motion and activity of this great people, as they were already happy in their own mutual love.

"Remember the Snake in honour," said the man with the Lamp; "thou owest her thy life, thy people owe her the Bridge, by which these neighbouring banks are now animated and combined into one land. Those swimming and shining jewels, the remains of her sacrificed body, are the piers of this royal bridge; upon these she has built and will maintain herself."†

The party were about to ask some explanation of this strange mystery, when there entered four lovely maidens at the portal of the Temple. By the Harp, the Parasol, and the folding Stool, it was not difficult to recognise the waiting-maids of Lily; but the fourth, more beautiful than any of the rest, was an unknown fair one, and in sisterly sportfulness she hastened with them through the Temple, and mounted the steps of the Altar;.

"Wilt thou have better trust in me another time, good wife?" said the man with the Lamp to the fair one: "Well for thee, and every living thing that bathes this morning in the River!"

The renewed and beautified old Woman, of whose former shape no trace remained, embraced with young eager arms the man with the Lamp, who kindly received her caresses. "If I am too old for thee," said he smiling, "thou mayest chuse another husband to-day; from this hour no marriage is of force, which is not contracted anew."

"Dost thou not know, then," an-

* It fashions (*bildet*), or educates.—O. Y.

† Honour to her indeed! The Mechanical Philosophy, tho' dead, has not died and lived in vain; but her works are there: "upon these *she*" (THOUGHT, newborn, in glorified shape) "has built herself and will maintain herself;" and the Natural and Supernatural shall henceforth, thereby, be one.—D. T.

‡ Mark what comes of bathing in the TAME-River, at the entrance of a New Era! —D. T.

swered she, "that thou too art grown younger?"—"It delights me if to thy young eyes I seem a handsome youth: I take thy hand anew, and am well content to live with thee another thousand years."*

The Queen welcomed her new friend, and went down with her into the interior of the altar, while the King stood between his two men, looking towards the bridge, and attentively contemplating the busy tumult of the people.

But his satisfaction did not last; for ere long he saw an object which excited his displeasure. The great Giant, who appeared not yet to have awoke completely from his morning sleep, came stumbling along the Bridge, producing great confusion all around him. As usual, he had risen stupefied with sleep, and had meant to bathe in the well-known bay of the River; instead of which he found firm land, and plunged upon the broad pavement of the Bridge. Yet although he tumbled into the midst of men and cattle in the clumsiest way, his presence, wondered at by all, was felt by none; but as the sunshine came into his eyes, and he raised his hands to rub them, the shadows of his monstrous fists moved to and fro behind him with such force and awkwardness, that men and beasts were heaped together in great masses, were hurt by such rude contact, and in danger of being pitched into the River.†

The King, as he saw this mischief, grasped with an involuntary movement at his sword; but he bethought himself, and looked calmly at his sceptre, then at the Lamp and the Rudder of his attendants. "I guess thy thoughts," said the man with the Lamp; "but we and our gifts are powerless against this powerless monster. Be calm! He is doing hurt for the last time, and happily his shadow is not turned to us."

Meanwhile the Giant was approaching nearer; in astonishment at what he saw with open eyes, he had dropt his hands; he was now doing no injury,

and came staring and agape into the fore-court.

He was walking straight to the door of the Temple, when all at once in the middle of the court, he halted, and was fixed to the ground. He stood there like a strong colossal statue, of reddish glittering stoffe, and his shadow pointed out the hours,‡ which were marked in a circle on the floor around him, not in numbers, but in noble and expressive emblems.

Much delighted was the King to see the monster's shadow turned to some useful purpose; much astonished was the Queen; who, on mounting from within the Altar, decked in royal pomp with her virgins, first noticed the huge figure, which almost closed the prospect from the Temple to the Bridge.

Meanwhile the people had crowded after the Giant, as he ceased to move; they were walking round him, wondering at his metamorphosis. From him they turned to the Temple, which they now first appeared to notice,§ and pressed towards the door.

At this instant the Hawk with the mirror soared aloft above the dome; caught the light of the sun, and reflected it upon the group, which was standing on the altar. The King, the Queen, and their attendants, in the dusky concave of the Temple, seemed illuminated by a heavenly splendour, and the people fell upon their faces. When the crowd had recovered and risen, the King with his followers had descended into the Altar, to proceed by secret passages into his palace; and the multitude dispersed about the Temple to content their curiosity. The three Kings that were standing erect they viewed with astonishment and reverence; but the more eager were they to discover what mass it could be that was hid behind the hangings, in the fourth niche; for by some hand or another, charitable decency had spread over the resting-place of the Fallen King a gorgeous curtain, which no eye can penetrate, and no hand may dare to draw aside.

* And ~~the~~ REASON and ENDEAVOUR, being once more married, and in the honeymoon, need we wish them joy?—D. T.

† Thou rememberest the *Catholic Relief Bill*, witnessest the *Irish Education Bill*? Hast heard, five hundred times, that the "Church" was "in Danger," and now at length believest it!—D. T.—Is D. T. of the Fourth Estate, and Popish-Infidel, then?—O. Y.

‡ Bravo!—D. T.

§ Now first; when the beast of a SUPERSTITION-Giant has got his quietus. Right!—D. T.

The people would have found no end to their gazing and their admiration, and the crowding multitude would have even suffocated one another in the Temple, had not their attention been again attracted to the open space.

Unexpectedly some gold-pieces, as if falling from the air, came tinkling down upon the marble flags; the nearest passers-by rushed thither to pick them up; the wonder was repeated several times, now here now there. It is easy to conceive that the shower proceeded from our two retiring

Flames, who wished to have a little sport here once more, and were thus gaily spending, ere they went away, the gold which they had licked from the members of the sunken King. The people still ran eagerly about, pressing and pulling one another, even when the gold had ceased to fall. At length they gradually dispersed, and went their way; and to the present hour the Bridge is swarming with travellers, and the Temple is the most frequented on the whole Earth.*

DISCOVERIES OF MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

No. III.

THE preceding numbers having been devoted to the *organic* world, in its chronological relations to the *inorganic* structures of our globe, a general account of the present prevailing principles of geology will tend to shew how much advancement has been made of late years in this interesting science, and afford those who travel many gratifying objects of contemplation constantly around them.

It has been shewn that the present state of the earth has arisen from a series of changes upon its surface, which are marked as so many geological epochs, ever since the first consolidation of the planet, originally supposed to have been a mass of vapour; and that such changes are now going on from causes of perpetual operation. Since the order of things in nature has not always been what it now is, no more than the political affairs of mankind, to shut our eyes against the evidences of the earth's progress would be to deprive ourselves of vast stores of interesting and useful information. To those who delight to contemplate the establishment of nations in their different geographical positions, the physical influences by which our species is governed, and indeed all animated nature is actuated, the principles of geological science are their best resource. The whole economy of human life is intimately connected with this science, which opens to us facilities

of procuring our greatest comforts and sources of wealth,—two of the best examples of which are *coal* and *water*. But for the changes which the earth's surface has undergone, these essentials of human existence would not be so general and abundant, and the land wanting them would be unfit for the abode of man. Hence a practical knowledge of the mineral substances of the earth is necessary to national prosperity; and geology renders such knowledge available to the most useful purposes. History informs us upon the moral state of man, while geology illustrates all the phenomena of the physical sciences, with which he is inseparably connected. The ancients knew but little of geology; and although they sometimes veiled truth in mythological language, their knowledge was limited and uncertain. The most ancient historical records all ascribe the origin of the earth to a Supreme Being, of eternal existence, omnipotent in power, and occasionally destroying and reproducing the globe and its inhabitants. Such was the doctrine of the Hindoos 880 years prior to the birth of Christ.

Some of our present stock of geological knowledge appears to have been in possession of the ancients, as their records frequently refer to the productions of fertility from floods and other catastrophes, and to the existence of marine shells embedded in terrestrial

* It is the Temple of the whole civilised earth. Finally, may I take leave to consider this *Mährchen* as the deepest Poem of its sort in existence; as the only true Prophecy emitted for who knows how many centuries!—D. T.—Certainly: England is a free country.—O. Y.

strata. Those who are conversant with classical learning are aware that some beautiful legends arose out of the passing changes on the earth's surface, as they arrested the attention of nations given to illustrations of natural events by the pleasing aids of fable and imagery; whence many traditions of physical occurrences are handed down to us in an imperfect manner.

The Greek cycles arose from this eastern mode of description, by reference chiefly to the imagination. There were supposed periods of the revolutions of the sun, moon, and planets, dated from very remote epochs, and divided by a return to that celestial sign from which they started. So that certain revolutions in the structure of the earth were referred to such and such a cycle, whereby some great catastrophes became chronologically arranged in the physical history of the earth.

At the periods of termination, mankind was supposed to undergo regeneration, the gods being incensed against the nations of the earth for their wickedness and degeneracy, and existing races were doomed by them to periodical destruction. Such an imperfect idea is not, however, entirely without foundation, and was no doubt suggested by some facts regarding the revolutions of the earth and heavenly bodies in general. But of the *organic* creation they appear to have been altogether ignorant, imagining that living creatures sprung spontaneously from the putrefaction of earthy substances.

The Arabian philosophy of the tenth century is barren in the history of the earth. The Koran says little about it. The *authored* doctrine was, that the earth was created in two days, when the mountains were formed — two days being occupied in creating the animated world, and two more for the seven heavens. The deluge was personified by the allegory of an old woman pouring water out of an oven, and drowning all the families of the globe but one, when God commanded the earth to swallow up its waters, and the heavens to withhold their rain.

So recently as the sixteenth century did the Christian world first begin to reason from geological facts before them; and warm disputes arose upon the real nature of petrifications, &c. Italy was the hot-bed of these disputes; and as heretical doctrines arose, the

power of the church was exerted to suppress them, when they invaded the testimony of revelation; and thus theology and geology became united. And the theologians throughout Europe declared, "That all marine organic remains were proofs of the Mosaic deluge;" and they farther enacted, that whoever doubted this disbelieved the *whole* of the sacred writings. Thus theological geology confounded all the groups of strata together indiscriminately, by this generalising doctrine of the old diluvialists, referring all the phenomena to one cause and one insulated epoch, instead of many and successive causes in constant operation. In this manner geology became retarded and advanced till the seventeenth century, during which period old doctrines were sometimes revived, and a protracted controversy ensued, which gave birth to the system of *gognosy* of the celebrated Werner, regarding the grouping of rocks, the natural position of minerals, &c. Werner was at the head of a large school, as professor of geology at the mines of Freybourg, in Saxony; and thus the science was admitted as a part of education in the German colleges, from the great practical utility apparent in its principles. All parts of the continent imbibed the growing enthusiasm of Werner's pupils, and the mining school rose to be a popular university. Werner, however, seems to have erred, in applying what he observed within the sphere of his home researches generally to the earth; although it is well known that his district is not even a type of Europe, much less of the globe itself.

It appears that the prevailing doctrines as to the trap rocks were quite banished by Werner's denying their *igneous* origin, the authority of his name being sufficient to overturn one doctrine and establish another. The Wernerians were, for the sake of distinction, called *Neptunists*, as they referred *obsidian*, and other palpably igneous productions, to an aquatic origin. Accordingly, the *Neptunists* were soon opposed by the *Plutonists*, at the head of whom was Hutton, who referred the various phenomena in question to the action of fire. Thus a scientific warfare was established between "the modern Athens" and the school of Freybourg, which England was not long becoming en-

gaged in. The Plutonists affirmed that the ancient trap rocks, such as basalt, &c., were injected in a melted state into the fissures of the older strata. They considered that the firmest submarine rocks became, subsequent to their deposition, altered and consolidated by volcanic heat, and then uplifted in a fractured and contorted state. And whatever difference they assumed from the looser texture of ordinary lava was referred to the pressure of the sea. *Granite*, not being a stratified rock, was considered as produced by fusion. The Huttonian theory gained ground; and the primitive rocks were admitted to be parts of the original nucleus of the earth previous to the appearance of organisation. The high degree of antiquity of the globe became daily more apparent; so that Hutton declared he found *no evidence of a beginning or an end*. All causes which could not be recognised as in present operation were excluded from Hutton's system—one which prevails in the present day.

Amidst all the improvements of this period, however, no account was taken of the organic creation, any farther than as affording, among the *exuvia* of animals, proofs of the marine origin of certain strata and deposits. Consequently, Hutton's theory wanted that series of incontrovertible proofs, which we now admit into geological systems, derived from the embedded remains of animals and plants. Therefore, when attacked by the over-zealous for heterodox doctrines, he could not appeal, as we now can, to the organic world, in order to ascertain, beyond doubt, the fallacy of all traditions of the history of the earth beyond a certain period. The book of nature is intelligibly written, if we can comprehend her language, and far better authority than the testimony of man as to the works of her creation. But it was the misfortune of science not only to be exposed to the furious zeal of men who despised truth, unless it was borne out to the very letter by every thing mentioned in the book of Moses, but also to be encumbered with the equally indiscreet advocates of modern discovery, who took advantage of the palpable errors in the Mosaic history of the deluge to scoff at the whole of the Scriptures, and deny the authority throughout, because a portion (purely historical, and of human invention) did not exactly coincide in every particular

with the data discovered by industrious and scientific geologists. Voltaire, Spinoza, &c., it must be remembered, employed their great, but misdirected, talents, in casting doubts and suspicions upon the veracity of the Bible altogether, without regard to those higher objects for which it was written than an exact account of the physical history of the globe. Hence a degree of opprobrium has always rested upon our science, which ignorant and prejudiced minds alone endeavour to perpetuate in the present age, but which geology does not deserve. Theories have thus been formed to suit the ideas of those ancient authors, whose imperfect resources caused them to err unconsciously, and to be admitted among the sacred writings, as constituting the only true account of events known merely by vague traditions. While, therefore, the Huttonians were bitterly assailed, the Wernerians were supported from a similar motive; and the advancement of geology was consequently retarded. 1815 was an important era in geology. Mr. Smith completed his celebrated and valuable map of the geology of Great Britain; having for many years been employed on foot throughout the country in laying up stores for this important work, his *Tabular View of the British Strata* being published in 1790, which shewed the entire system of British rocks in regular and natural divisions. In 1807, the Geological Society of London was established, the zeal and energy of which tended to annihilate the then declining rage for systems of geology, and to offer in their place the better method of seeking for *facts* rather than *causes*. Paris followed this example; and geological societies are now flourishing upon the same principle in several parts of England, &c.

The inquiries of the immortal Cuvier into the remains of the organic creations of past successive ages have been of the greatest use to geology; and the science is indebted to him for first drawing attention to this essential study. A train of physical events has been made out, included in many myriads of ages, whence we have obtained a better notion of the antiquity of the earth than before, as well as of the immensity of time, beyond what figures are capable of affording, whereby we trace back events far beyond the periods of written history.

Such has been the progress of a science, which, among other practical benefits, has improved the system of agriculture, draining, and mining. It has also tended to consign to oblivion false theories, especially that which went to suppose the universality of the primæval ocean; for the remains of terrestrial vegetation shew that land plants have ever been contemporary with the successive races of marine animals. We have also ascertained that the present temperature of our tropics resembles that which once pervaded the whole earth, from the most early plants in creation being, similar to those now growing within the tropics. By which we perceive that the northern latitudes have gradually undergone a great change of temperature. Moreover, European strata contain the remains of tortoises, turtles, and large saurian animals, indicating that great and successive changes have occurred upon the continent in the crust of the earth. Our lists of extinct animals and plants are now very copious, and we thus derive additional proofs of the great alterations time has effected. The bones of the mammoth are frequently found in the arctic regions, which also indicate a change in the climate since their habitual residence; for animals so large and numerous could not find vegetation sufficient in the present cold and barren state of the countries round the North Pole, as the modern elephant is sustained in the jungles. The temperate zone has likewise undergone a change; and we have evidence to shew that the temperatures of the globe commenced with the epochs of the tertiary formations, the previous temperature being more equable. Thermal changes are not perceptible to our senses; for many thousand years are required to effect any great alteration from slowly operating causes. Man, as well as physical phenomena, assists in changing the temperature of the globe; and no doubt can exist that hereafter temperatures, now permanent, will become greatly altered.

It is supposed, that as the refrigeration of the earth has been long going on, the interior contains much latent heat; and such is the fact, no doubt, from the circumstance that, among other indications, the deeper we examine, the higher is the temperature. All the great changes of the globe depend

on two great causes—the aqueous and the igneous. Thus, rivers, torrents, springs, currents, and tides, as well as volcanic earthquakes, operate (and pretty equally) as agents both of decay and reproduction, like antagonist forces. The first level the inequalities of the earth's surface, and these levelings become restored by upliftings from heat.

The highest elevations receive accumulations of water by the absorption always going on from lakes and seas in the heated air around, by which valleys below become irrigated; and in the descent of streams great quantities of soil are displaced, the running waters traversing vast distances before they reach the sea. Rocks also are rent asunder from congealed water in their fissures, in consequence of the expansion it undergoes while cooling down; besides which, water has great power in dissolving rocks of lime and alkaline elements; and the exposed surfaces of rocks are always mouldering away by the constant absorption of oxygen—a process which renders the hardest stone capable of fertilisation.

The mechanical force of running streams is much increased by the soils which they bear along; by which means rocks upon which they act are more easily separated than otherwise. Thus, in the course of ages, great changes are effected by the transportation of alluvial matter from one region to another. In the British islands the mountain-streams are comparatively small; and it is among the Alps, the Pyrenees, &c., where we must look for marked and striking traces of a water-worn character.

The movements of glaciers are accompanied by vast accumulations of sand and mountain-débris, brought down into the valleys below, where, the congealed snow melting, the entire mass passes on in an impetuous torrent. Rocks in the way of this moving mass are, in time, penetrated, and chasms formed of various magnitude. In volcanic regions streams of melted lava have been known to block up the passage of rivers, and in time the consolidated materials have been forced by the constant action of the water.

At the falls of Niagara a solid rock has been excavated, and portions occasionally giving way produce a shock felt at a considerable distance, and accompanied by a loud noise. At the

verge of the cataract an island divides the falls into two portions, one of which (the horse-shoe) is 100 yards wide and 164 feet high, horizontal strata of limestone lying beneath the enormous sheet of water flowing the distance of thirty-two miles from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. After falling into the abyss, the river has forced a channel for itself, bordered by almost perpendicular cliffs on each side, and contracted to about 160 yards in width. Such is the momentum of the fall into the pool below, that the destruction of rocks during the last forty years has prolonged the ravine nearly fifty yards. At this rate, it has been calculated, the falls have gradually receded from Queenstown, now seven miles off. From such examples we need not be at any loss to account for great changes upon the crust of the earth; and we may easily anticipate extensive future revolutions. Italy, Switzerland, &c., abound in such examples, where valleys have been converted into lakes from the damming up of rivers by avalanches, &c.; the streams bursting through such impediments in time, and carrying with them various loose and disjointed bodies. Such are the effects of atmospheric waters upon the surface of the globe. Springs below act differently, causing movements upwards, as well as removing many heterogeneous matters from above downwards, as rivers act. Spring-water holds a large quantity and variety of matter in solution, which imparts different degrees of gravity and kinds of flavour to it, of which rain-water does not partake. Various substances are transported and deposited by the action of rain-water, so that spring-water bears a relation to the substrata from which it flows, carrying with it lime, iron, magnesia, silica, alumina, soda, and the carbonic and sulphuric acids. Those springs which possess the greatest geological interest are such as contain calcareous matter. Calcareous rocks are more soluble by spring than rain water, from the carbonic acid contained in it. The atmosphere absorbs the acid, and thus the mineral substance becomes deposited in the form of tufa or travertin. The calcareous streams penetrate all rocks, even the primitive. In Tuscany, immense tracts of land are covered with travertin. We see this process in the springs of Matlock &c., where wigs, nests, and va-

rious other grotesque objects, are placed so as to attract the lime and become coated with it. In Italy, a coating of travertin has been seen of six feet in thickness; and among the thermal baths of the Campagna di Roma, the travertin assumes the texture of the hardest marble. These deposits are great sources of vegetation: reeds, lichens, confervæ, and many aquatic vegetables, grow upon them; while the calcareous matter is constantly being crystallised as the carbonic acid is absorbed by the air. The most spacious and ancient buildings, the Colosseum, &c. of Rome, are built of this substance, furnished by calcareous springs, one of the most beautiful of which is the Cascade of Tivoli, where the waters of the Anio incrust the reeds growing upon its banks, the froth of the cataract forming numerous glittering stalactites, while horizontal beds of tufa are formed at the sides of the basin 500 feet thick in some places. The Anio, flowing through a deep, irregular fissure of the Appennine limestone, has obliterated several lakes in succession. The formation of these calcareous rocks, from which the thermal springs issue, is referable to volcanic causes originally. The Pacific affords stupendous examples among its numerous islands and coral reefs, various mineral substances in solution, together with the evolution of heat, promoting the development of organisation, whence corals, sponges, and testaceous mollusca, swarm most abundantly. Gypseous, as well as calcareous precipitates occasionally appear, and some of the hottest springs contain silica in solution, depositing siliceous sinter, as in Iceland, Ischia, &c. The Geysers are the most famous of these springs, from their magnitude, precipitating themselves into basins full of opal and sinter, as described by travellers in Iceland.

Nearly all springs contain iron, in different proportions, and the rocks and herbage over which the water passes indicate a ferruginous tint. The carbonate of iron prevails in our chalybeate springs.

Brine springs give out salt immensely, being loaded with muriate of soda, together with carbonate and sulphate of lime. The carbonated springs abound in volcanic regions, and dissolve the hardest rocks, especially feldspar, the presence of which gives rise to that boiling and bubbling

appearance seen in many springs, the acid escaping in such vast quantities as to completely disoxygenate the air around, as in the Grotto Delle Cane, extinguishing a lighted taper and suspending animal respiration.

Subterranean fire gives rise to the deposition of petroleum, bitumen, naphtha, asphaltum, and pitch, with which springs become impregnated.

Within the historical period, immense accumulations have occurred at the mouths of rivers, from earthy matters borne by the stream being deposited there, forming bars, &c. The mouth of the Rhone, in the Lake of Geneva, is remarkable for the thickness of the beds of alluvial matter. Port Vallais was once at the edge of the lake, and is now one mile and a half off, in consequence of this accumulation. Similar examples, on a larger scale, are well known in the Baltic, the Canadian lakes, &c. Running water, therefore, while it removes, also reproduces land. Islands are thus formed, and some formerly close to the sea are now at very remote distances. Far inland, we find parallel beds of rotted shells and stones, evidently of marine origin.

The Adriatic abounds in deltas so produced, and gulfs extending far inland, seas without tides or strong currents, with numerous minor streams, by which a current is drained on one side, as in the case of the Po and the Adige, and of the Appennine ridges of the other. The transformation of land into water, and water into dry land, are innumerable, even within the historical period. The shores of the Adriatic have gradually increased in many places; and that sea, once of great depth, is now very shallow, in consequence. The ancient priests imagined that the Nile gave birth to Egypt; and it is certain that, on the other hand, several towns have been washed away. The annual accumulations of alluvium at the mouths of rivers emptied into the ocean, and opposed by the tides, form immense oceanic deltas; as in the Ganges, where the delta extends 220 miles from the sea.

Many fertile islands are so produced, as in the gulf formed by the union of the Ganges and the Bunhampora, while the river islands are being washed away. These new oriental islands are covered with weeds, long grass, and wild, rank shrubs of different kinds;

among which tigers, buffaloes, deer, &c. are found. These, of course, form great accumulations of organic exuvizæ in the mud.

During the flood season, the Rhine is calculated to hold in suspension one part in a hundred of mud, and the Yellow River one in two, two million feet of earth being brought down every hour; requiring, thus, 24,000 years to convert the whole of the sea into dry land, supposing it to be 125,000 square miles in extent, according to the calculation of Sir George Staunton.

The shores of the Mediterranean exhibit towns and villages where the sea once rolled over at a great depth, and the human race now flourishes where no terrestrial being formerly could exist: such are the constant changes going on upon the surface of the earth. Where, also, none but wild animals existed, the earth has been rendered habitable by gradual changes, and man has colonised it.

Taking the probable amount of igneous and aqueous causes, we may say with Aristotle, that "the sea and the land have changed places." We may also add, that they are still doing so, and will continue to do so as long as the globe lasts.

The winds exert great influence over water, in raising and driving it. They raise common tides from three to five feet, and even in canals the surface at one end is often four inches higher than at the other. An extensive sheet of water, three feet deep, has been known to be laid bare on one side, making six on the other, during a strong wind. In such cases, water finds a high level; but when no opposition occurs, a current is formed; and wood, fruit, plants from America, &c. are thus carried to immense distances — to Ireland, the Hebrides, Spitzbergen, &c. — at the rate of two or four miles an hour.

Within the historical period, currents have produced great revolutions on the British shores, from the Shetlands to the Land's End. The Shetlands are composed of granite, gneiss, mica-slate, serpentine, greenstone, &c., primitive and trap rocks, with some secondary, such as sandstone and conglomerate, against which the force of the Atlantic is directed all the way, uninterruptedly, from America, — the westerly wind, with a current from the north, uniting to augment the momentum of the

mighty surges that dissolve these rocks with their spray, and penetrate them so as to form ravines and passages, and divide and multiply what was once united.

The hardest granite and blocks of porphyry, in time, yield a passage to this overpowering force; and masses of rocks become dislodged and transported many hundred feet inland, and effecting havoc and disorder in all directions. Similar devastations are seen on our coasts. The old maps of Yorkshire exhibit a very different appearance, on the coast-side, to what our present maps present. Towns, villages, and ports have vanished, and in their places stand barren sand-banks. Norfolk and Suffolk exhibit similar appearances. Where Cromer anciently stood is now the German Ocean. Norwich, during the thirteenth or fourteenth century, stood on the banks of an arm of the sea. In 1008, Yarmouth first became habitable; since when, sand-hills have gradually accumulated, preventing the encroachments of the sea, the tide advancing only by the mouth of the river, and rising there no more than three or four feet. Similar examples are to be seen along the coast of Suffolk. The estuary of the Thames, on each side, exhibits extensive indications of gains and losses. This country and France were evidently once united. On the opposite coast the cliffs resemble ours. A submarine chain extends to Folkstone, not many feet under low water; and certain noxious animals are common to both countries, which could neither have swam across nor have been introduced by human agency. Shakespeare's cliff is continually wasting, and so are all the chalk cliffs on this coast. The south coast bears similar marks. Where the chain pier of Brighton now projects, the town stood in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On the shores of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight not less interchange has been going on, as also in Dorsetshire. Devonshire and Cornwall, being guarded by harder rocks, have offered more resistance.

Holland has had to contend with two opposing forces (the one destructive and the other protective), the sea and the Rhine each exerting its influence pretty equally. The energies of man have been employed, for two thousand years, in keeping out the ocean, which perpetually tries to form an

estuary, while the Rhine has been employed in constructing a delta. The physical history of the Rhine exhibits a remarkable example of the influence of man's policy and industry, which have been directed to this river's course so constantly as to change it completely several times. Antiquaries are often, indeed, at fault in tracing its ancient direction.

From the Texel to the mouths of the lower Elbe there was once an immense cluster of islands, many of which have disappeared since the time of Pliny, the remainder being the only existing representatives of an extensive tract of land. The coasts of France, Holland, and Denmark, shew that the Rhine formerly accumulated a great delta, which the inroads of the ocean have since unceasingly tended to circumscribe, destroying islands and promontories, the former protections of Holland.

On the eastern coast of North America, where the tides are very high, the undermining of the ocean has been very active and extensive. In many places we see what is termed "the bore," where the embouchure of a river is proportionately large to the size of its channel, a terrific wave rising suddenly, and causing an abrupt influx into a narrow river; as in the Bristol Channel, the Ganges, the Megna, and the Hoogley. In the latter it travels at the rate of seventy miles in four hours, rising five feet at Calcutta, and in the Megna twelve. Thus, cliffs are undermined by sudden inundations, and trees, cattle, &c. are borne away and deposited in submarine mud and sand.

There is an immense influx into the Mediterranean, which is disposed of by evaporation of the fresh water brought with it. A question, therefore, arises, how the salt is got rid of. Some say by an under-current; for the sea, at the depth of 670 fathoms, is four times saltier than above; which, by increasing the specific gravity, prevents this supersaturated water from flowing out of the Mediterranean. There must, therefore, be a constant accumulation of salt to be otherwise disposed of. But the fathomable parts of this sea have been found to reach 950 fathoms between Ceuta and Gibraltar, with a bottom of loose gravel and shells. We may therefore suppose abysses far deeper, into which the heavier strata

of salt water sink, and there deposit their saline matter.

Marine currents are known to drive rock, and soil, and icebergs, great distances. Captain Scoresby counted, loaded with strata of earth and stones, from fifty to a hundred thousand, several tons weight each.

The general results of investigations into the destructive and reproductive influence of water certainly lead to the conviction that the permanency of existing continents, so strongly maintained by some, is a perfect fallacy; and that those who speak "of an era of repose," considering the whole train of recent causes of no weight in the scale, derive their arguments from superficial observation of phenomena, or a misconception of their indications. Those, on the contrary, who possess courage to throw off old prejudices, and candour enough to imbibe true impressions without regard to their results, find and acknowledge that the discoveries of modern geologists, since Cuvier gave a new direction to their inquiries, have placed the science upon surer ground, and deduced facts wholly

inconsistent with many popular notions. Such persons may rest assured that "those geologists who are not averse to presume that the course of nature has been uniform from the earliest ages, and that causes now in action have produced the former changes of the earth's surface, will consult the ancient strata for instruction in regard to the reproductive effects of tides and currents. It will be enough for them to perceive clearly that great effects now annually result from the operations of these agents, in the inaccessible depths of lakes, seas, and the ocean; and they will then search the ancient lacustrine and marine strata for manifestations of analogous effects in times past. Nor will it be necessary for them to resort to very ancient monuments; for in certain regions where there are active volcanoes, and where violent earthquakes prevail, we may examine submarine formations, many thousand feet in thickness, belonging to our own era, or, at least, to the era of contemporary races of organ icebergs."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

THE PARDON POWLER.

IF a court of appeal were open, to which all injured parties might apply for redress, there would be but little occasion for the exercise of this branch of the royal prerogative, which, at best, is but a very uncertain and insufficient mode of obtaining relief. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive any thing much worse than the *modus operandi* of the office in which this power is wielded; and there is too much reason to suspect that great abuse has crept into this department. Were, however, the members in this office endowed with infallibility, its very construction is opposed to a right decision, and of a nature to render it inapplicable to the end proposed, viz. a reversion of erroneous convictions. For the better understanding of any strictures which may be made on this subject, I will describe the office. It is a branch of the "Home Secretary's Office," in Downing Street, Westminster, and is usually denominated "Mr. Capper's Office," that

gentleman being the superintendent of the convicts, and at the head of the department which orders the removal of them, after conviction, from the different prisons throughout the kingdom, and the shifting them from hulk to hulk, as occasion may require; also, the drafting and sending them on board the transport ships, to be conveyed to the colonies. This office is a depository of the books, in which a register of all these transactions is kept. Here petitions addressed to his majesty, or the principal secretary of state for the home department, must be delivered, if the matter regard convicts or prisoners under a sentence of a court of law. Personal application, also, may be made here on behalf of any prisoner, confined in London or the country; but beyond this boundary none can pass, unless persons of some consequence, and having an introduction, when an interview may be obtained with Mr. Phillips, the under secretary,

who stands immediately as a barrier between Mr. Capper and the chief secretary. Access may be had to Mr. Capper, every day when he is in town, at this office, from ten to four, and every information obtained relating to convicts—particularly the course to be adopted in any views one may have in assisting a prisoner, whether it is for staying him in this country, or urging his speedy embarkation for the colonies. Full one moiety of the petitions sent into this office relate merely to these points. Mr. Phillips is a barrister; and it is his peculiar duty to read the petitions, and report to the principal secretary thereon. A man needs not multocular powers to penetrate far enough into this *sanctum sanctorum*, to see that the principal secretary knows nothing at all of nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand of the petitions presented, or of the decisions connected with them. Mr. Phillips, in a few solitary cases possessing extraordinary features of interest, may name them to the principal secretary; otherwise, unless some titled man, or ministerial member of parliament, take the petition in his pocket, there is no possible chance for the chief secretary ever hearing any thing of the matter contained in a petition; and the party must, in this case, solicit an interview with the secretary, without naming his object until he is introduced—thus giving the office the go-by altogether. Having accomplished this, if it be a striking and real case of injury, the secretary will probably give the necessary orders for relieving the prisoner; or if it be not a very flagrant case of enormity, and the soliciting party have interest with the secretary, and ask it as a personal favour, a pardon is generally granted. I have a letter from an honourable, the brother of an earl, now in my possession, who had been solicited to do an act of justice, by laying before the secretary a case of gross injury under a sentence, in which he (the honourable) says, "I commiserate the situation of the prisoner, and regret that I cannot be of any use to him, as I have no interest with the present administration." This request was made at the time the Reform question was before the House of Commons, and the family of the honourable were vehemently opposing the measure. The reply shews the impression on the

writer's mind was, that under the present pardon power, not merits, but interest only, could avail the applicant; and he concluded by saying, "that perhaps an application from him might injure the prisoner's cause." This was good discretion and sound judgment on his part; but is it not monstrous to see so great a want of that virtue called justice in this renowned land, where nothing is more boasted of than her love of this virtue?

That this opinion of the pardon power is not peculiar to the honourable (who, by the by, had excellent opportunities of forming a correct judgment in these matters), I know well, it being the impression of all persons in any way connected with the working of the present system. Although seven out of ten cases of pardons and commutations of punishment are obtained per favour, *sub rosa*, yet we cannot, in the present state of things, view the secretary's office in any other light than that of a court of appeal for all cases of injustice, it being the only quarter through which any relief can now be obtained, however palpable and acute the case of suffering may be. As a proof that it is so considered by the authorities, it is a *sine qua non* with the under secretary that he shall be a barrister-at-law. But the incompetence of the secretary of state, or any of his officers, to summon witnesses, and take evidence on oath, or to examine minutely into the facts of each particular case coming before them, renders it absolutely impossible for them to arrive even at an approximation to any thing like an accurate notion of the merits of any one case. Besides which, the office is at times crammed with such a multitudinous number of petitions, that no one man can go through them; especially as the majority of them are so very similarly mendacious, that were he placed under a guard, and on pain of punishment constrained to go through them for twelve months together, a revulsion of stomach must take place. No man could undergo it: he must give it up, maugre all consequences, however gifted with longanimity. It cannot, therefore, be expected that a gentleman of education and intellect will impose on himself so wearisome a duty, when there is no one to call him to account, or to accuse him of neglect. My opinion is, none are read by the

under secretary, if we except a few marked by Mr. Capper; who, being in the habit of visiting Newgate, and conferring with Mr. Wontner, becomes acquainted with a few cases of striking interest, which have been noticed by some of the city gentlemen, and thus forced on his attention; or he may read, if marked for him, some few petitions from prisoners in country custody, when they are presented *respectfully*, and by persons deemed worthy of attention, and whom they may feel unwilling to disoblige. Some notion may be formed of the vast importance of the duties of the secretary's office, now so slovenly done, when it is stated that, in the last two years, no fewer than 172,159 persons, including those committed on summary convictions, but exclusive of debtors, have passed through the different gaols in England and Wales. If one in a hundred petitioned (almost all in London and Middlesex do petition), only conceive, when the omniogenous matter is considered, what an operose work it would be for one person to read them all, with the documents attached, together with the trials, which must be done in order to form any tolerable opinion of the cases. All this is, however, inservient, were it done. The court of appeal wanted is one which should be open to every person, without reference to interest, patronage, or favour. When such a court is established, I repeat, many cases of peculiar hardship in real life will be developed, which have hitherto been withheld from the public for want of a second opportunity to make an exposure of facts, which, in several cases within my own knowledge, would excite much interest and astonishment if they could be made known. To justice every man is entitled, let his manners be what they may; and for obtaining which there should be no condition that his claim must be urged with gentlemanly address, and with respect towards those whose business it is to help him to it. I have known cases taken up by benevolent persons, and laid before the present appeal power (the secretary's office), who, after great trouble and much waste of time, have been constrained in disgust to give them up, from the contumelious treatment they have received in endeavouring to do what they considered a duty. The gentlemen to whom I allude are spoken of as possessing great

urbanity and suavity of manners, and I am ready to bear testimony as to their personal capabilities of so conducting themselves in their offices, and in their general intercourse with mankind; but, like other men, they have their aberrations. There are occasions of assumption of great *hauteur*, and of their treating respectable parties with ineffable contempt. No man, whatever may be his case of injury, has now the slightest chance of being fairly heard, without having a friend, possessed not only of humanity and perseverance, but of powerful influence, if redress is sought through the secretary's office in the form of a petition, however palpable and clear his case may be. The difficulty is to get a reconsideration of it. In many cases I have written four and five petitions, each time referring to the former; and when at length, through the perseverance, and perhaps a little violence, of an individual, some kind of answer was obtained, it was found they had never heard of the case, and all the papers were lost. This is sometimes a serious matter to the petitioner, as the same affidavits are not always again to be obtained. I drew up one not long since of a most important nature to a prisoner, which was attached to his petition, and sent into the office. After making a second and a third application, it was discovered the document was mislaid or lost. On referring back to the party who made it, I was informed he was dead, and the prisoner left without hope of ever again being able to establish his case. The gentlemen by whom the business of this office is conducted, and those with whom they hold communication at the prisons on these subjects, all appear to entertain a notion they are in every case conferring a favour on the applicant, by condescending to bear with tolerable patience the hearing of any matter he or his friends may have to urge in support of the prayer of a petition. Did they, however, conduct themselves otherwise, it would not remove the radical evil. All is wrong in the present system. The guilty should be deprived of the power to annoy any person after conviction, and of even the hope of pardon from any one but his God; and he should further be taught to feel there was no hope in this world for his offence but by expiation; at the same time impressing on his mind, that a

sincere repentance, and real reformation, would not only improve his condition here on earth, but would ensure him a pardon of far more importance than any in the power of man to grant, and on which his happiness hereafter depended. The innocent, on the contrary, should have no favours to ask. If, by any reasonable statement, they could shew there was a probability of their proving their innocence, and that they had been condemned erroneously, then a rehearing of their case should be a right, and an opportunity afforded as speedily as possible for them to appear before a competent tribunal; and if found to have been condemned in error, they should be restored to society with a character untainted by the conviction. It is an absurdity and a monstrosity to talk of favour and humanity in the latter cases. No one, however, can now approach these pets of office without a long-drawn and fulsome compliment on their far-famed benevolence and extraordinary humanity. Faugh! I will not blink the question. They always shuffle off from every case they can, and take credit for humanity in those which have been forced on them by the nature of circumstances, and the moral courage and perseverance of particular individuals. Men in office will always be more or less lauded by their immediate friends, were it only to entitle themselves to a similar *coup d'ami*. A man once convicted, however unjustly, is generally abandoned by all his former acquaintances—

“ Let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,”

—and soon learns, that those he before accounted sincere were but pseudo-friends. In this situation, if innocent, he may be likened to a shipwrecked mariner on a barren rock, without a hand being held out to assist him. What can a man so situated do, under the present system, towards obtaining justice through the means of the secretary? and where there naturally enough exists so strong a prejudice against him, and with a power so incompetent to the end proposed, and where justice, I regret to add, is very rarely administered with strict impartiality, and whose acts are wholly under the influence of patronage? This opinion of the power is general. Apply to any of the gentlemen connected with the Old Bailey, and inquire what steps

they would recommend to be adopted for the liberation of a prisoner, supposed to be innocent? Have you any interest with the principal secretary of state? will be the first question put to the inquirer. Secondly, any man of title, or any member of parliament, possessed of ministerial influence, which you can call in to your aid? So impressed are the gentlemen belonging to Newgate with this notion, that if the inquiring party reply in the negative, he will at once be told, there is no hope of obtaining either a pardon or commutation; and if a particular individual is mentioned as likely to assist, they will sometimes add, “Don’t employ him, he is not liked at headquarters.”

Colloquies of this nature are of every-day occurrence, and at once prove what are the opinions of those who are in the most favourable situation to form an accurate judgment on the subject. If a court of appeal should be instituted, it is of importance that there should be no limited time after trial for making the application for a rehearing; as it often happens, that years pass away before the proofs of innocence are brought to light. Last year, two men were brought up from the hulks to Newgate, and discharged, with a woman, who had been detained in the prison; all under sentence of transportation. Not having the calendar before me, I cannot say precisely how long they had been convicted; but, I believe, upwards of two years. They had all three been found guilty of stealing from the person of a man in Westminster a sovereign, and they were convicted solely on the prosecutor’s evidence. This man was afterwards prosecuted and found guilty of perjury, for evidence he had given on another trial—no doubt for the purpose of obtaining money. This circumstance coming to the ears of the convicts’ friends, they made inquiry regarding the man in the neighbourhood where he had resided, and, most fortunately, met with a person who informed them, that about an hour before he (the prosecutor) had sworn to having been robbed of the sovereign by the two men and the woman, he had applied to him for the loan of a shilling, saying he had no money. Affidavit being made of this fact, coupled with the conviction for perjury, obtained

them their liberty, after much exertion, and two years' servitude on board the hulks.

In another instance, a man, who had been employed by an architect to watch a large building, which was being pulled down, and to see that none of the materials were stolen by the men engaged in the work, caused one of the mechanics to be taken up for stealing some lead, value a few pence. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation, solely on the evidence of this one man. About two years and a half subsequently the witness himself came into Newgate, and received a sentence of fourteen years' transportation. Previously to his going to the hulks, I examined him touching the affair of the lead, and he confessed, in the most unequivocal manner, that he had put the lead into the man's dinner-bundle, consisting of some bread and meat, tied up in a handkerchief, himself, as he owed him a grudge; and at the same time thought it would enhance the value of his services with his employer, he never having had an opportunity of detecting any pilferers, which made him think his master would turn him away. He was a secret agent in this employment. The mechanic was liberated after three years and a half of servitude; not, however, without the intervention of a gentleman of powerful influence, and who was several times on the point of abandoning the case, in consequence of the trouble it occasioned him.

I cannot allow this last statement to pass, without calling the reader's attention to the sentence of seven years' transportation for a few pence; and that for a first offence, supposing the man to have been guilty: the court, indeed, was bound to consider him so, on the evidence. The building from whence the lead was supposed to have been stolen belonged to the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests; consequently, the commissioners and the king were prosecutors. Now, it is a remarkable fact, and the sessions papers of the Old Bailey will bear me out in the statement, that in every case wherein only one penny is abstracted from a public body—and, in most cases, from rich individuals—no regard to the character of the prisoners, or to the circumstances of the case, avails them: transportation follows to a cer-

tainly. There is no greater crime in the eyes of the judges at the Old Bailey than being poor. The thief that robs a poor man of his all, is virtuous compared with the man who takes sixpence from the rich; and should the rich prosecutor come and take his seat on the bench with the judge (which is a very common practice), he may have the miserable wretch at the bar disposed of just as he pleases, from hanging down to judgment reprieved and discharged.

Some time since a man, in the employment of the East India Company, received a sentence of seven years' transportation, for having on his person three pennyworth of tea, which was found on him as he came from the docks at the dinner-hour. The man stated that he picked it up on the wharf, and shewed the officer where more was lying. The chests full of tea are always put out on the wharf to be examined, and, if needful, to be repaired after the voyage. In hampering, it often happens that the smaller particles of the tea shake through the crevices of the joints of the wood, and this is never picked up if it be only a small quantity. The man had no business with the tea, and he must be considered guilty. But can any one believe, if the prosecutor had been a private person his sentence would have been so heavy, particularly as he brought a thirty-five years' excellent character into court? Several men, without the advantage of such a character, had been for the same offence, frequently before, punished with three and six months' imprisonment. On this occasion some gentleman from the India House came and sat on the bench, and told the judge that they had lost a great deal of tea lately; so the judge, being of Lord Ellenborough's opinion, as avowed in the House of Lords three years since, viz.,—that it was of little consequence whether they had the innocent or the guilty, the object being to deter by example,—paid all the losses of the company off upon this poor devil.

In 1827, when four troops of the 10th and 12th regiments went out to Portugal, under Colonel Clinton, there was a man named Robert Lee discharged upon 6d. per diem. As the officers were breaking up their establishments, much interchange of household property took place, and many

things were given away by the officers to the servants in the barracks. On this occasion, Lee purchased a small portable writing-desk of one of the servants, which, he says, the man told him was given him by his master. For this offence Lee was apprehended, and committed to Newgate to take his trial. Lee prepared for his defence, and his trial was fixed; when Major D—— came to the Old Bailey court-house, took his seat on the bench, and spoke to the judge, who inquired, w^h Robert Lee's trial came on, and told the next morning. "Let him brought up now," said his lordship. In vain did the man state, that his trial being fixed for the next day, his attorney and witnesses were absent. He was tried on the spot, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He was afterwards retained in Newgate, where his conduct, as it had been all through his life, was most exemplary, and he was pardoned after about four years' imprisonment. Sir Robert Ponsonby, who was in England a short time since from Malta, having known the man as a good soldier for many years, and particularly admired his conduct at the battle of Waterloo, took up his case, and endeavoured to recover his pension of 6*d.* per day, which had been forfeited by the conviction, but failed in his attempt. Another military gentleman, of great philanthropy, has recently been more successful, Sir John C. Hobhouse having replaced him on the pension-list; and thus, as it were, revoked the conviction.

And I remember the case of a boy being brought in one day for picking the pocket of a Marlborough Street magistrate, who came early the next morning and took his seat on the bench, and caused the prisoner to be tried and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, even before the messenger could acquaint the prisoner's father that his son was in custody, although he lived at no farther distance than Monmouth Street. In this case it was of no consequence; the boy was a notorious thief, and had been twice in Newgate before. It only shews how the judges, for the accommodation of gentlemen, depart from the rules laid down, *such as they are*. This boy said, when he came back, "I think myself lucky, as I robbed a magistrate, that they did not hang me

in the dock-yard before breakfast." He went away afterwards to the Euryalus, at Chatham, saying he had not had a fair trial. It would be wise to shew no favours, and treat them all alike, both prosecutors and prisoners.

Reverting to the pardon power, if we waive all other considerations, and take the number of pardons granted by the secretary, as cases really deserving a reversion of the sentences passed, no severer censure need be pronounced on the Old Bailey court:—either the secretary is right, or the court is wrong; they cannot both claim correctness. But I am prepared to shew, before any competent authority, that they are both in error, in a great number of cases. This statement may probably be met with a sneer from a certain city *coterie*. But I defy sarcasm. My knowledge is obtained from facts, which are stubborn things to combat. I have not sat down to write *ad captandum*, but solely for the purpose of exposing abuses, which cry loudly for reform; to shew, that under cover of a privilege to remedy wrongs, that influence often sets at liberty the most atrocious delinquents, whilst an innocent man, or a first and trifling offender, who has in the uncertainty of the acts of the Old Bailey court fallen under a heavy sentence, is passed over unheeded by the present pardon power. I know, if inquiry be made of any one in the office from whence the pardons are issued, or at the Old Bailey, this will be denied by him, and *ex uno disce omnes*; but even in the council, where we might expect the most deliberate consideration would be given, in selecting objects for suffering the severest penalties of the law, viz. death, much uncertainty and misdirected judgment is observable. It is a common remark among the city authorities, that a large majority of the malefactors selected by the council for execution have been in opposition to those which, in their judgment, derived from a knowledge of the facts of the cases, they considered most likely from their crimes to have suffered; and it is this, perhaps, which occasions so much exertion on the part of these gentlemen, in every case, to save the malefactor when ordered for execution.

I will instance some cases of the hap-hazard way men have been selected for suffering the punishment of death. Last year, in February session, in one

batch of men under sentence of death there were an unusual number of old and known desperate offenders, particularly one man named Allen, cognomenised "Jack the Painter." He had rendered himself famous for the number of burglaries he had been known to commit. The recorder, when he passed sentence of death on him, in a most emphatic manner exhorted him to prepare for death, telling him he had no hopes of mercy. There were also two other burglars, from the neighbourhood of Southgate, who were also known to have been guilty of a number of atrocious robberies; yet, when the recorder brought down the report from the council to the prison, on Wednesday, the 13th of April, it appeared that all the old and desperate men had been passed over and respited, except a young man, aged 22, of the name of Ellis, who was left to suffer the following Tuesday morning. This young man, although convicted of stealing a quantity of woollen goods, was, notwithstanding, known to the court to have been only the receiver of them, having a guilty knowledge of their being stolen; but as he refused to impeach the parties who had committed the robbery, or those of whom he bought them, he was, under Sir Robert Peel's act, tried and convicted for the burglary, a part of the goods having been found in his possession. He did not deny his guilt as a receiver. He proved in court, that he had borne a good character for honesty and industry, up to twelve months before the commission of the crime for which he was placed under sentence of death; consequently could not be considered an old offender. Every one in the prison, and those immediately connected with it, besides the sheriffs and aldermen, were petrified with astonishment when the order for his execution was made known: they all, *unâ voce*, declaratively or optatively, condemned the conduct of the council. The consternation and interest this affair excited are inconceivable. Letters and statements were immediately forwarded to Lord Melbourne (the secretary of state), Lord Brougham, the attorney-general, &c. &c., from all who knew any thing of the case. The robber himself sent in a written acknowledgment of his own guilt, detailing all the facts connected with the robbery, and shewing that Ellis was only the buyer

of the goods; the extreme penalty of the law for which offence is but fourteen years' transportation. He was in consequence of these applications respited, and transported for life. It subsequently turned out that Lord Brougham, whose peculiar province it is in the council to examine the legality in each of the proceedings, before a malefactor is consigned over to the executioner, was, by some unusual occurrence, absent from the council when selection of this young man was made for death. Ellis is now in Hobart Town, a teacher in a school; and it would be but justice to send out a mitigation of his sentence, knowing, as they do now at the secretary's office, that he did not commit the robbery for which he was tried, and sentenced to death. I should have said, one of the actual robbers was condemned with him, but respited with all the others in the same batch. A very melancholy circumstance arose out of this case. The sister of Ellis, who was a remarkably fine young woman, had been recently married to a respectable tradesman at the west end of the town, and received so intense a shock of the nerves, on hearing of her brother being ordered for execution, that she never recovered, and shortly afterwards fell a sacrifice to the error of the council, in so unnecessarily and thoughtlessly punishing the innocent relatives of this young man. Ellis himself was well educated, and had been generally admired for his filial and all other duties; but an unfortunate liaison with a female all at once led him into expense and bad company. Sixteen affidavits of these facts were prepared and presented to Alderman Copeland for the parties to be sworn; but he refused to take them;—furnishing us with another instance of the many obstacles thrown in the way, even in a case of life and death, of the prisoner's friends to prevent their proving any statement or fact in his favour after conviction. Let us compare this case with Ikey Solomon's—a most notorious buyer of stolen goods, and an open encourager of depredators for upwards of thirty years—who was tried and convicted under precisely the same circumstances; that is, for a burglary, although they knew in his case, as in Ellis's, that he was but the receiver. Solomon was found guilty on two indictments—one for committing a burglary in the neigh-

bourhood of Cheapside, and the other for receiving goods, knowing them to have been stolen. Solomon felt assured in his own mind that if he was once convicted capitally it was the intention of government to hang him; and, in consequence, his counsel took an objection on a point of law in the conviction of the burglary, which was reserved for the decision of the judges. The question was this: whether Sir Robert Peel's act, making the robbery to lie with the party where the goods were found, unless accounted for, could apply to Solomon, the law having been made subsequently to the commission of the offence for which he was tried. After ten months' stay in Newgate, I wrote a letter to the judges, begging them to adjudicate on his case. They decided against him, and he expected nothing less than death when he went up for sentence. But for both offences he was only sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, with permission to join his wife and family at Hobart Town. Well may the thieves exclaim, "The biggest rogues get off the best!" If, in answer to this, the authorities should say they know best what they are about, and affect (as they too often do when an inconsistency is pointed out) to have had information from Solomon which induced them to favour him and mitigate his sentence, I reply, that during his confinement I wrote a letter making an offer of this nature for him, which was rejected, and very properly so, as I key Solomon had nothing of any utility to disclose which could be available in competing with crime. He had been three years out of England, and at most could only have communicated the names of some men who were in the habit of committing crime in London, which names are already known to hundreds in the metropolis. Here, then, is a young man, of former good habits, aged twenty-two, having fallen into bad company within twelve months only, ordered for execution on a first offence; whilst another old and known offender, who had been thirty-five years in the commission of crime, is let off with seven years' transportation for each offence; and this, too, after having been put on his trial on seven other charges, from which he only escaped for want of evidence, arising out of the lapse of time before he could be brought to trial, occasioned by his breaking prison and flying his country.

I have before said the thieves think all is a lottery at the Old Bailey. Every one, however, knows, from the judges to the thief, that all is a lottery with the council in selecting the objects to suffer death; and it would seem that the recorder himself is not consulted on these occasions — or how is it that Allen, *alias* "Jack the Painter," escaped, when he was the only one he had desired, out of all the capitals that session, to prepare for death? Did the recorder communicate to the council what he had said on passing sentence, or did he recommend that Ellis should be executed without any such warning? Mr. Wakefield says, "There is gross injustice in every decision of the privy council;" and the reason is, the selection is made in the absence of any proofs of the matter in connexion with the cases they meet to decide on; — a meeting, too, called for other purposes, of a diplomatic and political nature, and not specially for the grave and serious business the subject demands. Nothing appertaining to the question of life and death is more unfair than the mode they have of performing their responsible duties. We must presume the secretary is expected to be prepared with some particulars of the several cases they meet to take into their consideration. Let us inquire what he knows more than any other member of the council. His only sources of information are through the senior clerks of his office, who are in daily communication with the officers of Newgate, where all kinds of exaggerated reports, in every case, both for and against the prisoners, are always in circulation. These reports are picked up, and form memoranda to go into the secretary's hands, for his guidance and advice to the council. They hear no evidence, and, from what has been before said, do not even consult the judge who passes the sentences on the prisoners.

In June session 1831, John Cronie was sentenced to death for "feloniously and unlawfully stabbing, with intent to kill and murder, Thomas Fuller, a policeman." This man Cronie was one of the most ferocious of beings; he had dogged the policeman a whole day, until he found an opportunity to attempt the perpetration of his deadly purpose. During his confinement in the cells of Newgate, although in his own mind assured he should suffer, he threatened to stab one of the keepers,

and actually made preparations to do so. When the report came down, on seeing the reverend ordinary of Newgate and the recorder's clerk enter his cell, he said, "Well! I am prepared; I suppose I am to die?" This man was respited, and sent to the house of correction for six months. It was the opinion of all persons acquainted with criminals in Newgate, that they never saw a case more deserving of death. It was a contemplated and deliberate attempt of murder, of which there is not a stronger case in the Old Bailey calendar. It was said that a popular Irish member of parliament obtained this favour for him; but upon what grounds this report was founded I know not. Again, in December session 1831, Samuel Connix was sentenced to death for stealing plate, the goods of his master, Capt. Paulett, in his dwelling-house, in Hertford Street, May Fair. This man was butler to Capt. Paulett, and stole the plate which it was his duty to protect. He received a free pardon, without one mitigating circumstance coming out in his favour, before or after condemnation. I have an inkling that this favour was obtained through the good, but mistaken feelings, of his master. The case carries internal evidence in itself, that interest and influence must have been engaged in liberating him; and I cannot help thinking the man was conscious throughout that he had a friend behind the screen to protect him, from his very great nonchalance whilst in the condemned pew before the other inmates of the prison. John Harris, last January session, was sentenced to death for a highway robbery, attended with violence, and sent to the house of correction for one year. Alphonsie Reppien, "for stealing six gold rings, value 18*l.*, the goods of Christopher Rowlands, in his dwelling-house in Coventry Street," was, in June session 1831, sentenced to death, and afterwards sent to the house of correction for six months. In the same session, James Evans was under sentence of death for stealing a calf near Barnet, the property of Christopher Holman: this man was confined in the house of correction for one year. If in any of these cases it had been shewn there were circumstances which developed themselves subsequently to the conviction, nothing could be said in the way of complaint. On the contrary, every voice would be raised in

praise of those who were the means of saving them from severe punishment. It is quite impossible for me or any one to divine the motives which influence the acts of those who determine on these cases, all being conducted in secret. A general and tolerably correct inference may however be deduced, when we become acquainted with the merits of a large number of cases on which they have adjudicated, if I may be allowed the term in speaking of such a power. In the few instances I have given above, (and I should have added many more, but for the fear of being accused of pleonasm,) I have been careful to select those in which no doubt ever arose in any person's mind as to the prisoners' guilt, and in which, in almost every case, I had the acknowledgment of guilt from the condemned themselves, either to myself or through a friend on whom I can rely; and in these cases the malefactors themselves were in many instances equally surprised with myself, and others who are observers of these matters, at the unexpected turn in their favour. I say a tolerable inference may be drawn, when we see, ~~in the~~ ^{in the} revivition of one year, scores of cases occurring, in which good and thinking men, on diligent inquiry, are induced to believe certain prisoners innocent, and that these cases are rarely or never attended to, unless through the agency of powerful influence; while, on the other hand, we see pardons daily granted for the commission of the most atrocious crimes, wherein the offenders themselves did not attempt to deny their guilt. After such a view of the home secretary's office, is it too much for a man to predicate that any alteration cannot make things much worse? All their proceedings are conducted in the dark, and should forthwith be brought out into the open daylight, by instituting the court I have spoken of, and leaving the whole business of altering the sentences of criminals to the judges, who would hear evidence, comment, and decide, in the face of the world, on each particular case. Such an amendment of the system is

"What the happy to the unhappy owe."

As it is now conducted, the members of the council may as well adopt the plan the condemned criminals say they do, viz. as soon as they see the list of

names, determine on how many out of the number will suffice for example (and, latterly, how many the public will patiently see executed), then write the whole of the names on slips of paper, and putting them into a bag, call the recorder into the council chamber, and desire him to dip in for the names, as many as may be wanted.

No one for a moment can entertain any idea that influence or interest has insinuated themselves into the council: it is their total want of correct information. There can be no corruption there on a subject of this kind; no deficiency in percipient powers, had they the means before them of coming to a right judgment. It is in the secretary's office where the influence is discernible. Were there an entire absence of all other proof of undue influence, the cases I have cited would be sufficient to convince any sensible man that the pardon power is most grossly abused. These are, however, but a very small number out of those I have noted within these last four years. The instances wherein culprits are discharged through the pardon office, by means of influence, regardless of merits, are of continual occurrence. The manner in which noblemen and others of aristocratical interest are induced to interfere in these cases, is not unfrequently at the solicitation of a favourite servant; a butler, a valet, or lady's-maid, who are rendered unhappy by a brother or cousin being under a heavy sentence of the law, and naturally enough avail themselves of their proximity to power, and entreat their masters and mistresses so importunately to interpose with their good offices, that even for their own sakes they interfere;—for what man can be happy, if the people immediately attendant on his person are miserable? Not a few have escaped through electioneering interest. When the condemned party has a father or brothers possessed of votes for a borough, the member is speedily given to understand, that a pardon for their relation would bind the whole family for ever to his interest in the borough: but these instances will of course be now less rare, as the mode of returning members under the reformed system will place them above the pernicious

arguments of a family of voters. So sensible is Mr. Capper of the use which has been made of this species of interest, that, whenever he hears of an application made by a member of parliament on behalf of a prisoner under a sentence, he is sure to inquire the birthplace of the culprit, and thus, by connecting the place with the one from whence the applicant is returned to parliament, is enabled to draw his inference of the motives which have induced him to interpose; although it makes very little difference in the result. It will be seen, from what has been said, that the gentlemen in the secretary's office are themselves surrounded and encumbered with insurmountable difficulties, in their endeavours to ascertain the truth, in almost every case now brought before them; the obstacles, indeed, are so many against a right decision, that they can scarcely ever come to an accurate judgment. In many cases there are two opposite parties petitioning for contrary objects. I have myself often written out petitions for prisoners, stating mitigating circumstances, and praying for them to be allowed to stay in this country, and the next day have been applied to by another person to prepare a petition entreating the same parties' speedy embarkation for the colonies. Many persons, feeling themselves injured, trust their causes entirely to those who have a latent interest in deceiving and misrepresenting them and their cases. And I have very good reason to believe, that in many instances petitions and documents have been forged, and sent into the secretary's office with prisoners' names affixed to them, for the accomplishment of purposes most diabolical.* These gentlemen have a practice, also, of holding communication with the prosecutors, both at their office and through the governors of the prisons; the latter of whom are almost hourly doing thus, after convictions; whilst the prisoners' friends are making statements, and sending in proofs of innocence, or mitigating facts on their behalf, the truth or falsehood of which should be sought for in other channels of a disinterested character. Now, nothing is more calculated to perplex them than this course, which is, moreover,

* Mr. Wakefield, in his work, alludes to a case of great enormity, in which the death of a person was supposed to have been accelerated by a deception of this kind being played off at the secretary's office.

very unfair towards the prisoner, as they generally impart all the matter got from the prisoner and his friends to the prosecutor, without affording the same advantage on the other side ; thus depriving them of the opportunity of disabusing the mind of any impression made from interested parties by fictitious tales. Although the prisoner under conviction must be considered to labour under great prejudice, still the prosecutor who comes forward voluntarily to counteract any good contemplated towards the prisoner, cannot but be himself suspected of having sinister motives.

“ Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.”

There have been instances wherein prosecutors have been so extremely uneasy when their prisoner has been detained in Newgate, that for years they have never ceased to importune the secretary's office for their removal. One of this kind occurred some time since. A chief clerk of Messrs. —, attorneys, was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for embezzlement. He was detained in Newgate for nearly two years, and, as a matter of course, was led to expect a commutation. At length he was sent to Sydney, through the entreaties of his prosecutors, who, no doubt, did not fail to urge cogent reasons why it should be so ordered. Their motives we of course cannot reach ; but we may presume, from their perseverance and anxiety on the subject, that they had powerful and interested inducement to wish themselves rid of their former confidant, after having made an enemy of him by the prosecution. They are not to blame for having instituted proceedings against the man who robbed them ; but they cannot be excused of rancour and revengeful feelings in forcing a man, with a young and interesting wife and large family, out of the country, after he had served them for many years previously with fidelity ; and by which his wife was brought to a premature grave. About two years after this man left his country, his eldest son, a youth aged fifteen years, committed an offence for the avowed purpose of being sent out to his father. This fact was stated to the court, and he was accommodated with a sentence of seven years' transportation, with permission to go out immediately to his parent. The history of this family,

together with the father's case, is very interesting, and shews, in a strong point of view, the advantage prosecutors having vindictive feelings will take, backed by influence, and the way in which the mitigating office suffers itself to be controlled ; to prove which is the main object I have in alluding to it.

When a convict is detained in Newgate, it is always presumed there are mitigating features in his case, and that he is in some measure an object of commiseration ; and a commutation of one half his time is generally calculated on. It is of no consequence by whose influence he may have been retained. He is never on any occasion removed, as long as the governor feels satisfied with his conduct, barring any interference at the secretary's office, which occurred in this unhappy man's case. The governor of Newgate was not only satisfied with his conduct, and found him an acquisition in managing one of the yards of the prison, and assisting his clerk in writing, but was, it is thought, from benevolent feelings towards him and his family, much averse to his being sent away. There was, however, no registering the secretary's order.

Another case occurred a few months since. A man was sent to Woolwich, under a promise of detention in England, solely on account of a widowed woman, whose only son he was. The prosecutor, whose confidant he (the convict) had been, heard of the circumstance, and went to the secretary's office on a Saturday, and made some statement : the following Thursday the man was drafted off to join a transport ship, about to sail for Hobart Town. The prosecutor inflicted this misery on the poor widow purely on account of the fear he was in of the convict's making known a secret in the manufactory of an article he dealt in. It may be said, at the secretary's office they never make a promise of this nature, as they always avoid any thing in the shape of a pledge to all applicants. So indeed they do to the friends of the petitioner ; but it sometimes happens that one of their own particular acquaintances undertakes the office of mediator, when they are less ceremonious in making a promise in confidence. Such was the case in this instance ; but it was afterwards broken for the accommodation of a prosecutor.

It may with propriety be thought, that the public are only concerned in knowing that strict justice is done, and that in both these cases the men had no more than their deserts, which is admitted; but the statement shews, at least, that all is not fair and above-board, and that the conduct of the pardon power is partial. If, however, all the cases had attention which are represented to the secretary as deserving, full one half must either be pardoned or mitigated, which would place the Old Bailey court in the curious predicament of only being right in its judgment once out of twice. Some misgivings of the Old Bailey court, and its liability to err, I cannot but think has possessed the secretary and his officers. This I infer from their too great readiness, on some occasions, to be led and turned from their purposes, without any, or at least sufficient, reasons being shewn for their relaxation in punishment.

Last January, a man named Henry Wells was ordered for execution, with another malefactor who had committed forgery. Wells had been convicted of horse and cattle-stealing, and was said to be an old offender. However, on the application of some of the city authorities, after they had in council determined on his death, he was respited, without one new fact coming out in his favour; at least none was ever given, and they are seldom or ever withheld when known. I believe him to be a very old and astute rogue. The forger suffered. All must feel pleased when a fellow-creature is snatched from a violent death; but these instances of irresolution cannot but be considered as indicative of a great want of consideration in the first instance. It would seem as if they said, when in doubt over a case, "O, order him to be hung, and see if any body will come forward to tell us we are wrong!"—thus playing with justice. It has often been asked, by what right we take life at all—the life we cannot give? If the nature and construction of man, as combined in society, seem on occasions to demand the sacrifice of a man's life to keep it in order, we should at least treat the subject with the solemnity and consideration its importance claims;—not order a man for execution one hour, and, on an after-thought, or at the request of an individual, whether a lady

or gentleman, recall the order, affording the world examples of vacillation on a subject the most awful for man's deliberation—one that demands the most sacred attention from all on whom is imposed the painful task of voting on this question. The character of the British laws demands that less levity should be evinced in a matter of life and death. Would it not be a good improvement of the present system, if a man placed under sentence of death were given to understand that another tribunal was open to him, in which, if he had anything to urge in stay of execution, his witnesses and counsel would be heard? The court of appeal, when established, would very usefully perform this duty; after which, if a reservation of the man's fate were still thought advisable for the king and council, the last judge's notes might be laid before them as a guide for their decision. I cannot imagine any more efficient measure for the authorities to adopt, for the satisfaction of the public in questions of life and death. No dissatisfaction could, under such a plan, ever occur, as to the proper objects for punishment, in inflicting the extreme penalty of the law. This measure is rendered less troublesome and more practicable by the recent amendment of the laws regarding the offences which are to be visited with the punishment of death. Whatever differences of opinion might still remain as to what crimes should and what should not be deemed worthy of death, the world would, under my proposed alteration, have the assurance of the laws being fairly administered, and that every means were adopted for the prevention of errors.

I know a case in which a man suffered from the mistake of a person writing a word, and which mistake was afterwards discovered. A gentleman who had given his evidence against a prisoner on a capital charge, and who was subsequently sentenced to death, having reason (from an after-conversation with the attorneys for the prosecution and defence) to think his evidence had been misunderstood, felt anxious, after the culprit was ordered for execution, to say something in the way of explanation, and, by desire, committed to writing what he had to say—it being the only mode then open to him for correction of his evidence; but, probably, not being a good philo-

logist, he used a word in explanation of a certain point, and this was the pivot on which the man's fate turned. The paper was not considered sufficiently explanatory to justify the authorities in reversing the order for execution, and the man was executed. The gentleman who wrote the paper, conceiving the document ought to have saved the man, expressed some surprise at the result, when he was told, if he had used another word instead of the one he inserted (and which word, in a measure, may be considered synonymous with the one used), the man would have been saved; it then occurred to the gentleman that the word wanted was precisely the one he had intended to write. After the occurrence of such cases, it surely will not be said by any good Christian that in a case of life and death the second hearing will be too troublesome.

The council and secretary now affect to take every pains in coming to a right decision; but what they do is of an occult nature, and unsatisfactory. How much better would be the business done in open court, reserving to themselves the prerogative of merely pardoning the culprit: having the comfortable assurance of knowing, in every case of capital example, that the documentary information was founded on data on which they could with confidence rely. It is now all left to chance, and what is called benevolence of individuals. I ask, what has benevolence to do with these cases? Use all the benevolence you can command in making the penal laws; spread your nets far and wide to catch the guilty, taking care to leave holes large enough for the innocent to escape through; after which, let the current of justice go on uninterruptedly—place no dependence or reliance on the exertions of individual feelings of humanity, which are as often exercised in a wrong as in a right cause. The course I have pointed out, if adopted, would at once sweep away all the applicants at the secretary's office, on the question of life and death, and place all other cases of a criminal nature on a proper basis.

Mr. Wakefield says, page 130, second edition:—

"Almost every Old Bailey session subjects the secretary of state to the pain of denying, absolutely or for a time, the prayer of some heart-broken

wretch, who, face to face with the judge, half choked with grief, and perhaps kneeling at his feet, pleads for the life of a father, a husband, or child. To undergo this pain, not less, probably, on the average, than once a month, must, one would think, injure the health so as to shorten the life of him who suffers the pain; yet the late secretary, who had suffered it for a great many years, was, at the end of his career, and in his legislative capacity, adverse to abolishing the punishment of death."

This consideration affords another strong argument in favour of the alteration proposed. The secretary of state being the last appeal—that is, after the order for execution from the council has been given, he is placed in a most agonising situation; so much so, that no man ought to be subject to the pain of undergoing it. There he stands, like Atropos, scissors in hand, ready to cut the thread on which the life of men hangs! If he consents to an interview with the relatives and friends of the malefactor, and "be made of penetrable stuff," what can he do but enter into their feelings? And, should he refuse, it may be said the parties had new facts for his ear, and that it was not just to send them away unheard. Lord Lansdowne was so acutely alive to these distressing scenes, that not one occurred during the period he held the office which did not draw showers of tears from his sensitive nature. Sir Robert Peel's longer practice or tougher fibre enabled him to go through this abrasion of the nerves with more tranquillity, and apparent indifference. One case of application for pardon, in Sir Robert Peel's time, is much dwelt on by Mr. Wakefield—viz., Montgomery's, for passing forged notes. It forcibly shews how totally incompetent the secretary is to the duties assigned him, in judging of cases for pardon. Rumour, with his many tongues, had lodged false tales in the secretary's office, about a forged check, &c., even before the man was tried for the charge on which he was committed. The judges charge the juries to banish all reports from their minds, and to give their verdicts according to the evidence only they shall hear in court. This is right; but is it not anomalous to see the power above the judges listening, in every case, to all the tales picked up and brought into his office by the clerks about his person? In almost all cases of robberies and embezzlements on

tradesmen, false reports are circulated as to the extent of their losses, in a hundred fold—frequently appealing to their creditors for a compromise or postponement of their demands: thus availing themselves of a trifling misfortune to get out of more heavy difficulties. Cases of this kind are known to every cosmopolite. I have known of many, and suffered in some instances of this nature. Others, again, magnify their losses merely to justify themselves in the prosecution. There is another feature in Montgomery's case, which is so applicable to what I have mooted—viz., that all applications for staying the execution of death should be made openly before a court competent to hear evidence on oath—that I cannot but allude to it.

Mr. Wakefield says, page 108,

"The first step taken by his attorney, after his committal to Newgate, was to call on Mr. Freshfield, the attorney of the Bank of England, and to offer that, in case the Bank would forego the capital charge, the prisoner should plead guilty to the minor offence, of having the notes in his possession, and furnish to the Bank the fullest information as to the persons from whom he had received the notes.

The proposal was favourably received by the Bank attorney, but with this qualification,—that as the government had lately taken offence at the proceedings of the Bank, in dispensing of life and death by such compromises with utterers of forged notes, it was necessary that he should be prosecuted on the capital charge; but that, if the prisoner should put the Bank to no trouble in proving the charge, and should give all the information in his power, the Bank would make every effort to save his life. Upon this assurance, the prisoner's attorney, who considered it quite satisfactory, delivered to the Bank attorney a statement in the hand-writing of the prisoner, which minutely described the means by which he had obtained the notes. It was of course determined that the prisoner should plead guilty."

As this case is stated at great length, it will be sufficient for my purpose to add, that, a short time after this understanding, the city marshal was publicly reprimanded by the lord mayor, for having made a similar promise, which made the Bank solicitor anxious, if possible, to retract the engagement he had entered into with the prisoner's attorney. But it was too late, as the

confession in writing had been delivered to him. The prisoner therefore pleaded "guilty," relying on the previous promise, and the faith of the Bank's agent. He was, however, ordered for execution, when his friends caused affidavits to be laid before Mr. Peel, the then secretary of state, fully explaining the understanding with Mr. Freshfield prior to the trial. Mr. Wakefield concludes:

"Whether it were met by any counter-affidavit from Mr. Freshfield, none interested for the prisoner could ever learn, though Mr. Peel was vehemently urged to confront the two attorneys, and to ascertain the truth of the prisoner's statement. My own belief is, that Mr. Peel supposed the statement of the treaty with the Bank to be a pure invention: yet, if the secretary of state had been the presiding judge of an open court, nothing would have been more easy than to prove to his satisfaction every circumstance of the treaty."

Now, the opinion of all persons with whom I have conversed, including Mr. Wakefield himself, on this subject, is, that Mr. Peel sent for Mr. Freshfield, and, being angry at the arrangement made by him, instead of temperately inquiring whether such a bargain had or had not been made by him, probably said, on his entrance into the office: "How dare you, sir, to take on yourself the power of dispensing with life and death; by what authority do you act thus?" It may be imagined such a salutation would not render Mr. Freshfield, or any other gentleman, very communicative on a subject calculated to call down further censure from an imperative secretary of state. It of course never came out what was Mr. Freshfield's reply; but I know it is the belief of several likely to know the truth, that he was addressed something after the manner above described, and which was certainly not the mode of arriving at the truth,—at least, it would have a tendency to make the interrogated party very circumspect in his replies, bearing in mind, all the while, the recent public censure of the city marshal's conduct on the same subject. Here, then, is a case of life and death, in which a dispute between the parties on the opposite sides of the question arises; and yet the supreme judge settles the point (or rather suffers it to remain where it was), without bringing them face to face. The

court I have proposed would have decided the question to the entire satisfaction of the world, and with one hundredth part of the trouble this affair occasioned to all the parties concerned in it.

Extremes, it is said, meet. Sir Robert Peel piqued himself excessively on possessing great impartiality, combined with firmness, and in never allowing himself to be influenced by applications from titled men. Certain it is, that fewer pardons were granted in his time than in that of any other secretary; and it is the opinion of those conversant in these affairs, that many cases of merited commiseration were passed over by him, from the high sense he appeared to have of not interfering with the course of justice; whilst other secretaries have been too easily suable, and, being less obdurate, have granted pardons too frequently. The errors on both sides, then, tend to the same end, proving the office inefficient as a court of appeal. Another evil arising out of the exercise of this pardon power is, the monstrous acts of perjury it generates. The writer I have before quoted says (alluding to capital punishments): "In such cases, the mass of people in London appear to think that the crime of perjury is less than refusing to commit perjury for the prevention of death." But it is not only in cases of death perjuries are committed. In almost every case of guilt, affidavits are to be had, in any number, for the purpose of laying before the secretary. The prisoners' acquaintances are, like themselves, disencumbered of their pure principles; and, freed from any remorseful monitions of conscience, are ready to swear to any thing in favour of a prisoner, when they know it is to go into the secretary's office, thinking if it does their friend no good it can do no harm. Their readiness to make false affidavits is promoted by the certainty they have of doing so with impunity, there being no instance known of the office into which they are sent ever having made any inquiry as to the truth or falsehood of the matter sworn to; and consequently no proceedings are ever instituted for the punishment of perjurers through this office, however gross and flagrant the perjury may be. A knowledge of this fact makes the magistrates refuse, in all cases, to take the affidavits of the parties, when they

know it is to rebut evidence already taken before a court, on oath, unless the affair is taken up by some of the city gentlemen, and inquiries made therein. On the other hand, the innocent have great trouble, and encounter many difficulties, in inducing a party to come forward who may be able to depose to facts necessary for the elucidation of his case. And even when they are persuaded to make the affidavits, the magistrates' refusal to take them operates most cruelly against the prisoner. Thus, the system on one side facilitates and promotes the commission of one of the most heinous and mischievous of crimes, whilst on the other it throws every obstacle in the way of the innocent for the developement of truth. Should this state of things be endured any longer, when an open court would remove these causes of crime and injustice? In a court where man would be opposed to man, face to face, sworn and cross-examined in public, before a tribunal which would cause the false-swearer and suborner to be punished, there would be some probability of an approximation to the truth. Even in the Court of Chancery, where the deponents are altogether of another character, more conflicting documentary evidence transpires than is observable in any of our other courts of law, where oral testimony is taken on oath in open court. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that, amongst those who are familiar with every species of crime, men should readily be found to perjure themselves, when they feel assured that no punishment will follow. Who shall say, that these facilities given to the commission of perjury may not have vitiated principles in many individuals, and thus have rendered them more predisposed to the perpetration of other crimes. It is certain that it cannot have a moralising effect; and is it creditable to any governing power to continue a system they know to be demoralising, and which promotes crime?

The practice of granting pardons at all is a very bad one, and should be discontinued, as soon as the amended state of our laws will admit of its being done without injury to innocent persons. It has been one of the most fatal errors connected with our system of jurisprudence; their frequency, together with commutations, have destroyed, or rendered inoperative, all our

laws of punishment, as enforced for example, and holding out a dread to deter others from the commission of crime. The thief's constitution and character is of an extraordinary sanguine turn : he grasps at every shadow to allay his fears of punishment. If they had not this tact of affording themselves consolation by delusions of mind, how is it possible they could endure existence ? not to mention their general cheerfulness and boisterous merriment, in the intervals between their acts of plunder. I have before spoken of the chances they calculate on in escaping punishment altogether ; but the custom of granting pardons in the way they have hitherto been done, either through influence, or for want of sufficient data to direct their judgment in each particular case, takes off the edge of the punishment, even when it is awarded by the judge. The prisoners may, every day after the sessions, be heard to hold conversations on this head. One will say,—“Well, I have got a friend, who will, I know, do something for me ; I shan't serve long, I know !” Even those who have no hopes of such assistance do not despair, placing their reliance on being able “to gammon good behaviour ;” and, being lucky in pleasing the captain, doctor, or clergyman, who they all know have a privilege of recommendation for pardons at the hulks ; and, when there, these hopes do not fail them, seeing and hearing of so many every week being discharged before their time of servitude is expired.

In the minutes of evidence taken before the select committee on secondary punishments, pp. 76, 992, Colonel Sir J. T. Jones is asked, “Is there any mischief, as far as you are aware, arising from the practice of convicts being recommended for remission of sentence ?” To this question a very indefinite answer is given. I am, however, glad to see that the subject has been mooted ; and I hope some member will move for a return, at an early period, of all the pardons and remissions granted within these last ten years. If the question had been asked me, I should have answered : Now, gentlemen, you have touched the very root of the evil, and I adjure you to recommend, in the strongest manner, in your report, that pardons be forthwith done away ; adding it as my thorough conviction, that through all the rami-

fications of crime, and the punishments annexed for each offence, pardons and mitigations have totally neutralised the effects of all that the legislature has ever enacted against crime. The sentence of transportation is a heavy one, and should not be passed inconsiderately. Instead of making inquiry regarding the prisoners *after* sentence, I say, alter your plan, and be diligent in acquiring all that regards the prisoners before you award the sentences. Learn their history and previous character—and such a report might easily be obtained through proper officers to make inquiry, and a bench or committee to superintend and confirm the same, for the judge's guidance. One half the severity would be efficient in repressing crime, and much diminution of expense would be effected, were it only exercised on a principle of certain execution. So unconscious of the effects which pardons have on the hardened offender are the city gentlemen connected with Newgate, that when they are granted, there is no greater exhibition of their industry on prison points, than is shewn in their desire to persuade the pardoned, and the other prisoners, that it is a great boon, granted him, not for any proofs of his innocence, but in consequence of particular circumstances. This course is adopted only to avoid impugning the court before which the man was tried ; so unwilling are those to pardon who have done the wrong. If they could philosophise on the effect this is calculated to produce on the minds of the prisoners in general, they would pursue a diametrically opposite course, and invariably make it out to their fellow-prisoners that innocence only brought the pardons, and that nothing else could ever avail a man under sentence. This would remove the last prop of the thief's hope, and at once annihilate all future formation of chimerical notions of escape from punishment. Abrogate the whole of the present system, especially that part which places so much of the business in the hands of a party of tradesmen—the corporation of the city ; a body among which there are but few philosophers, humanists, or metaphysicians : most of them are jobbers in goods and the funds, for base lucre, which petrifies the soul. Whilst it is under their management, no man of judgment will hope for improvement. Should

there be a few gentlemen of good sense sprinkled among them, they are borne down, and their powers rendered inert, by the mercenary views of the others, who congregate together one day and hear evidence, which they forget the next, and which they never understood, having no knowledge of the mind of man beyond what relates to traffic, and by obtaining money.

The parliamentary committee on secondary punishments have recommended some very important alterations, and it is to be lamented that this branch of the subject has not yet attracted their notice. The prison discipline in America appears to have engaged much of their attention, and they recommend the adoption of a similar plan of solitary confinement here. I am decidedly impressed with an opinion, that partial solitary confinement will, in this country, not only do much towards deterring men from crime, but something towards reformation, which I believe has never yet, in the smallest degree, been accomplished. The convicts on going to rest ever talk of their pardons soon coming down, and fall to sleep offering each other bets regarding which of them will first obtain his liberty.

It appears, from the testimony of Captain Basil Hall, R.N., that perfect as he describes the American prison discipline to be, yet "there is a gradually increasing culprit population growing up in America, of which the legislation cannot rid the country. These men, who may almost be called the penitentiary population, run the round just as I have observed with respect to the bridewell at Edinburgh: the same men come and go, round and round again." Well, then, nothing is accomplished in the way of reform, even under this lauded plan, which aims at the twofold object of efficient punishment and reformation, by enforcing reflection. Their error, and consequent failure in producing the good they expected, I conceive arises from their having neglected to adopt any plan for the improvement of the prisoners when they have separated them. They work, it seems, every day for years in silence, without intermission, except the time allowed for meals, which are always taken in solitude.

The Bible is the only book allowed them — no paper nor pens: and this is called giving them habits of industry. I should say nothing can be more calculated to disgust them with every description of work all the rest of their days. If you can beget habits of industry, with a proportionate improvement of the mind, and an increased sense of the moral duties, which will bring right notions of *meum* and *tuum*, then habits of industry are of the utmost importance to the prisoner; as through these habits only can he obtain his bread, when brought to that state of mind which makes him prefer honesty to roguery. This can only be brought about by reflection, it is true; but I am afraid the term reflection, as here applied, is used in a very abstract sense. If it is meant the culprit should reflect on his having done wrong, I answer this he always does, under any punishment, however slight: he cannot but be aware of the cause which places him under coercion, and regret it. This kind of reflection only makes him more sorry for having been detected in his crime, than for having committed it. To reflect with advantage in solitude, there must be some materials stored in the mind; or books must be read to furnish these materials: if these be supplied, however unwilling a being may be to reflect, no mind will be long able to resist the temptation of mental employment, if in continual solitude. But if a mind, totally void of sources of reflection, be shut up in a cell for years, or even for months, what can be expected but that every day will stultify its powers, and at last render it callous and unimpressible; or in the end imbecile, and so weak as to be irresponsible for its own acts! The Americans do, it seems, in their solitary penitentiaries, teach those to read who cannot under twenty-five years of age; and then they leave them. This is a most important subject, and in order to aid in calling the attention of Government more particularly to it, when the report of the select committee shall come before the house, I will in my next add some further observations on this head; until which paper, "the practice of London thieves" must be deferred, for want of room.

THE FIRST FOOT : A TALE.

WELL, my dear Anna, do I, your grandfather, remember the winter of 17—, and well I may. The frost had completely sheeted every loch in the neighbourhood with strong ice ; and the 31st of December was the day on which a *bonspiel* was played by two adjoining parishes for twenty stones of oatmeal, to be given to the poor, and be paid by the losing party. I was rather too young to take an active part, particularly as the best players were selected on either side : I was present, however, and catching the spirit of that best of games, resolved to make myself master of it with all possible despatch. Our party were defeated, but their good humour not interrupted ; and after spending the evening together in a very agreeable manner, the greater part of them resolved to continue at the village inn, to “drink out the auld year and in the new,” according to their own avowal. My mind was bent on other matters. No sooner were all completely engaged, than I returned alone to the loch, and availing myself of the clear moonlight, selected half-a-dozen curling-stones, and commenced a self-contested game with great spirit. Long I plied my task with unabated energy, growing more and more skilful as I played, till I longed for an opportunity of displaying my abilities in combating the lately victorious party. Midnight had been past some hours, when I began to feel fatigued, and to think of returning home. I had not crossed more than a field or two, when it came into my head that I might as well avail myself of being early out, as it was then new year’s morning, and be First Foot at Muiredge, which was at that time occupied by my first of friends. To resolve and to execute were scarcely two things with me in those days ; and away I bounded across the crisp pasture-fields with light foot and lighter heart.

When I arrived, I carefully explored every door and window, lest some one might have anticipated me ; but all was silent. Being sufficiently familiar with the whole place, I hastened to the barn-yard, procured a sheaf of wheat for a first-footing present, returned, and availing myself again of the local knowledge which my intimacy with the family had given me, with a hooked stick I “shot the bolt,” and gave my-

self admittance. I sought my way to the bed of the gudeman. Thrusting the door gently open—it never was barred—I slipped in, and in the same instant wished him a happy new year, and tossed into the bed above him the ample and well-omened wheat-sheaf. His hand was immediately held forth, and his cheerful voice answered my hail in that full, warm, heart-breathing tone peculiar to him, the very remembrance of which causes my old heart even now to glow and swell within my bosom. The gudewife joined her welcome and her blessing, mixed with a kindly censure for my wandering and house-breaking propensities ; and concluded by hinting, that she believed none in the house were yet stirring. She knew my heart, and her own unstained and single mind thought of no evil ; nor in my case did she judge amiss. I turned my steps again to awake my beloved Mary ; but made no great haste, and caused noise sufficient to let my approach be heard. Her door was slightly withheld, but soon gave way ; and I found her up and hastily dressed. I enveloped her in a shepherd’s plaid, which I had hastily picked up in the passage, and pressed the new year’s salutation on the softest, sweetest, and most innocent cheek that ever blushed beneath the warm kiss of love.

A light was speedily procured ; and rapidly did servant after servant appear, each bearing some rough and therefore *sousy* offering, till the worthy couple were in no small hazard, of being smothered beneath the abundance of their accumulating luck. The table, meanwhile, had been bountifully furnished by the ready hand of the kindly and active Mary, who had been for some time privileged to discharge the duties of gudewife. Each and all were pressed—nay, compelled—to partake, and that in no scanty measure. Cakes expressly prepared for the occasion, and mountain-dew of superior flavour and strength, freely given and gratefully received, warmed the hearts and loosened the tongues of all, from the old tried servant to the wee herd-callant ; while the good couple remained in bed, according to established custom, there to receive the offerings and hear the kind wishes of every visitant.

concealed in her tattered apron. My eye followed it, and I could dimly see that it was a strange assortment of wild and noxious plants; amongst which were conspicuous the hemlock, rank nettles such as grow in churchyards, and the long stems of withered foxgloves, better known among country people by the name of dead men's fingers. "An' ye hac slighted my puir Winnie, silly thing!—an' a' for the sake o' that strae-faced creature, Mary o' Muiredge! Bide a wee, my canty chiel, till a' comes to a', an' we'll maybe see wha has maist reason to craw crouse. An' ye hae been First Fit at Muiredge? I trow I'm *your* First Fit; an' ye'll nae forget wha ye met this morning, the langest day ye hae to live, or I'm sair mista'en!" I attempted to mitigate her rising rage, by asking what harm I had done. "What harm?" exclaimed she; "what harm, indeed! Yonder's my puir lassie lying pining awa afore my face, an' a' for you. Ye hae stown her heart an' her happiness, an' ca' ye that nae harm? Ye hae fed her hopes wi' love-blinks, an' now ta'en away their sunshine an' their life: ca' ye that nae harm? Her days maun now be joyless, an' her nights ken nought o' sleep; an' ca' ye that nae harm? An' think ye auld Luckie will see a' that without gieing you ye're new year's blessing? May I fry among the red aizles o' the brimstane pit, gin I dinna be about wi' you an' mair! Twa or three neibours may jeer at her; but ye shall be a world's wonder to the frere an' the fremit!" And with the rapidity of lightning she pulled off her shoe and stocking from her left foot, threw them over her left shoulder, knelt upon her bared left knee, and in a tone between a scream and a howl, poured forth a torrent of imprecations too horrible to be repeated; at the bare recollection of which my ears yet tingle, and my blood runs cold. Then starting up, she dashed against me her bundle of poisonous weeds, skimmed *witershins* around me, and hurried away, uttering, as she went, a wild yell of mingled curses, laughter, and derision.

How long I remained upon the spot in a bewildered stupor I know not, nor how I reached home; but when I recovered some degree of self-possession, I found myself surrounded by my mother, brother, and sisters, all deeply alarmed, and filled with wonder at my

altered looks and manner. To their inquiries I found myself equally unable and unwilling to give other than vague unsatisfactory replies. In truth, I then began to perceive myself a changed man—changed in look, thought, feeling, action, and purpose. Yet still I could perceive the change, and could even confusedly reason upon my own strange transformation. My bosom was torn with a jarring anarchy of contending natures. When I thought of my Mary it was with abhorrence; detestation blackened in my heart, and curses mustered on my lips, yet they were repressed, while both the rise and the repression seemed to be effected without my will; only, that their rise was accompanied with a feeling of uneasiness and violence, while their departure produced a sensation of calmness and pleasure. The image of Winifred N— rose equally unbidden; and when it came, my whole frame felt feverish and restless; till it was with difficulty that I forbore hastening away to visit her whom I formerly never thought of without sentiments of aversion. But old Luckie herself!—often her haggard form floated upon my mental eye; and ever when it came, I could not refrain from casting myself on my left knee, and laughing aloud with convulsive energy. Her horrid imprecations also howled in my heart, rattled in my throat, and seemed to be stifled there, and beaten back by some guardian power, which had not quite forsaken its most miserable charge. There were, indeed, intervals when these wild workings sunk into silence; but still the whole of my existence had experienced a most woful transformation, the permanent effects of which were dislike to my plighted Mary, an unaccountable longing for the company of Winnie N—, and a moody melancholy, which rendered me incapable of enduring mirth, or even the society of my fellow-creatures. Though no kind of occupation or amusement gave me any pleasure, yet I went about my ordinary business, for a time, quite as usual, only that I continued silent, and wearing a bewildered air, like one walking in a dream. And when my friends attempted to keep me in the house, I would break away with indignation, and betake myself to my employment. But these were only the beginnings of my sorrows: ill luck began to dog my steps. Whatsoever I tried to do, either mis-

gave, or, by its success, occasioned more trouble and vexation than if it had misgiven. One day I had saddled my favourite horse, with the intention of riding to a short distance upon some business; and no sooner had I laid my hand on his mane to mount him, than he snorted, reared, wrenched the bridle out of my grasp, sprang away, galloped right against a barred fence, leaped it, and, alighting in a ditch on the other side, fairly broke his back. Another time, my brother got me enticed to accompany him on a fowling excursion, with the view of trying if my melancholy would yield to the attractions of a once favourite amusement. How it chanced I know not; but while we were crossing an open stubble-field my gun went off; part of the shot passed through the breast of my brother's coat, as it flew loose in the wind, and killed my faithful Carlo. The poor animal gave one long howl, and turning his dying looks on his bewildered master, seemed to regard me with pity. I threw away the murderous weapon, and fled to the hills like a hunted deer.

From that time forward I regarded myself as under the malignant influence of some fatal spell; and dreaded to be near any thing which I regarded, lest I should occasion its destruction: for there was still so much of my former self left, as to make me fully aware of my own horrible situation, and anxious to do no injury, since incapable of doing any good. During all this time I had never once visited Muredge; but, as I afterwards learned, the tidings of my strange malady had reached my friends there, and awakened in more hearts than one deep commiseration, though none of them had visited me, having been told that at the mention of their place or name my paroxysms became more dreadfully violent. And could my tongue but utter what were my feelings upon such times, it were, indeed, a tale to congeal the blood with horror. I was conscious of the presence of two contending powers within my breast; I felt the strife between good and evil, light and darkness, angels and fiends; knowing that I was the object for which they strove — that my everlasting weal or woe depended on which should gain the mastery; yet feeling the while such utter prostration of all active energy,

that I could not make even the slightest effort to aid either party in the terribly-eventful conflict. My heart was plucked away and restored, my soul lost and won, a thousand times in a day. One only consolation was mine — every struggle terminated in the supremacy of my angelic guardian. Night — sleepless night — that was the very carnival time of agony and horror.

At length, after a night of unutterable torture, the dawn of a lovely spring-tide Sabbath appeared to have calmed my wild bosom. I suffered myself to be dressed, and led to church by the soft hands of my careful sisters. Strong shudderings passed over my whole frame as I trod the sacred path which wound among the memorials of the dead; when my foot touched the porch I shook like an aspen-leaf, and when I entered into the holy pile I started, and scarcely forbore screaming aloud at the sudden passing away of bodily pain and mental darkness, and the rushing entrance of fresh life, and love, and peace. The spell that had bound me was broken, my own nature was restored, and I felt and knew all that I had been, was, and dreaded that I might again become. Let us never ~~forget~~ ^{forget} the ways of Providence. He who has never known sorrow, is incapable of knowing joy. The sudden change of blackest midnight to brightest noon, would be faint to what I then experienced from agony to rapture. The sight of many fair and many venerable faces, all stilled into a holy Sabbath calmness and attention — the suppressed and regulated breathings, which feared to interrupt the words of admonition or of prayer — the fervent piety of our loved and venerated pastor — and, above all, the melodious voice of sacred psalm and hymn, sounding to me like the song of saints and angels over the returning wanderer, poured upon my soul a bliss too mighty for human utterance, and my whole frame thrilled and trembled with transport uncontrollable. I bent me over the back of the seat, and gave free vent to the tears and prayers that gushed copiously from my liberated heart. I then clearly understood my dreary destiny, and formed resolutions how it should be met. When the service was over, and while the people were moving away with slow and reverent solemnity, I succeeded in reaching my Mary.

"Pray for me, dear Mary," whispered I, "if you regard my welfare here and hereafter. I met Luckie N—— on new year's morning; her curse is on me: the powers of evil have obtained permission to torture me—I trust but for a time. Oh, pray for my deliverance!" By the time I had uttered these whisperings, the progress of the moving congregation had borne me over the threshold of the church; and before I could reply, the dire spell had clutched my soul again in its dragon talons. I rushed headlong away, forgetful for a time of the blessed release which I had just enjoyed from that dire thralldom. Ever after that happy day, though my trials and agonies became more violent, my hopes of deliverance increased, for duly at morn and even were they entirely removed; and oh! well I knew that at these precious moments my beloved Mary was breathing fervent supplications in my behalf, before the throne of Him who is mighty to save. Still, however, the influence of the evil eye was around me, and still was my presence of evil omen to every thing which I should have loved and aided. Pursuing, therefore, the resolution which I had formed when in church, I watched an opportunity to escape from my friends, and fled away like a Cain—a vagabond and a fugitive upon the earth.

For three years was I a wanderer by sea and shore—three years of unutterable misery; but never shall my tongue reveal what I endured: no, though it were the last effort of my parting breath, I might not pollute the blessed air by the hideous narration. At length, in the midst of a wild whirl of unparalleled torment, my anguish ceased abruptly with a thrilling pang, and I awoke as from a frightful dream. For some time I continued in terrible expectation of its immediate return; but a day, and what I more dreaded, a night, passed untroubled away. Nor merely untroubled; my dreams were blessed with visions which can be equalled only by the joys of Paradise: bright eyes smiled, and sweet faces bent over me, singing songs of consolation and thanksgiving, so ravishingly melodious, that I longed to enjoy such sleep and such dreams for ever. Being

now assured of my complete deliverance, I hid me home as speedily as my wasted frame would permit; and upon my arrival was informed, that Luckie N—— had died the very day and hour when I felt released from my unearthly sufferings. Wild tales were told about the horrors of her death-bed: as, how she expired amid storm and tempest, muttering curses with her gasping breath; how shrieks and voices were heard all around her cottage, which quivered in the blast; how, after she had been some time dead, and even laid out, she sat up in the bed, all sheeted and swathed as she was, gazed on the trembling women with her ghastly eyes, and, howling out a long wild groan, began to speak, adjuring them to listen to her confession of some terrible secret: but just at that instant her words gurgled in her throat, as if strangled by some invisible hand, and she was dashed violently back upon the bed, where she remained dead and motionless. At the same time the storm subsided, and a sense of gladness pervaded every bosom, as if the earth and its inhabitants felt released from the presence of an unhallowed burden.

I need scarcely say, that my return home, and restoration to health of body and sanity of mind, was hailed by my dear Mary with unfeigned delight. It was more. She was well aware that I had borne the burden meant for her—had *dreaded the weird* that must have been her lot, had the maledictions of Luckie N—— fallen where they were originally intended. Our fates had been already blended in wo and suffering; and with a gentle, gentle blush she consented that they should be once more united, and by a holy bond to share whatsoever of joy and happiness might yet be reserved for us in the course of benignant Providence. We were made one—one wholly—one entirely—one more intimately and indivisibly than perhaps were ever a mortal pair since that first pair whose union began in Paradise. To taste of the same joys is a strong bond; but to be plunged in the same gulf of misery is one inconceivably more strong. She was my guardian angel in all things; she ever went before, and led me on to virtue and felicity.

M.

THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AND THE LAW MAGAZINE.

"SAVE me from my friends" is a common prayer, the wisdom of which never struck us more forcibly than while reading an article in the last number of the *Law Magazine*,* entitled "Recollections of Sir James Mackintosh," which, the editor assures us, are communicated to him by an old pupil and friend of the deceased.

It commences thus :

"The name of Mackintosh was, in my younger days, mentally identified with that of Parr, who was then his friend in the most enlarged sense of the word, and predicted his future celebrity. I have been present at many colloquial conflicts between the divine and the philosopher, and always thought them in conversation '*magis pares quam similes*.'"

• Perhaps this is intended for a pun : but let that pass.

The names of Parr and Mackintosh are, it seems, necessarily connected in the mind of this biographer; and, of course, we may feel somewhat curious to know why. There are but two anecdotes connected with Parr's name in these reminiscences, and here is the first :

"In a conversation, at which several persons were present, Mackintosh, who had strongly reprobated the conduct of Quigley, an Irish Catholic priest, who was convicted and executed, was several times interrupted by Parr's saying, emphatically, in the intervals of smoking, 'He might have been worse.' At length he called on the doctor to explain how Quigley *could* have been worse. This was exactly what Parr wanted. Accordingly, having laid down his pipe with deliberate composure, he replied, 'I'll tell you, Jemmy : Quigley *was* an Irishman; he *might* have been a Scotchman. He *was* a priest, he *might* have been a lawyer. He *was* a traitor, he *might* have been an apostate.' The doctor then exultingly resumed his pipe, amidst a roar of applause at this unexpected sally."

We have often heard this story before, but we never could see where the wit lay; it always appeared to us to be sheer impertinence, and nothing else. The fact is, that Parr was one of the most witless old brutes that

ever cackled; he thought that he could imitate Johnson, by adopting his coarseness, and succeeded admirably, so far as the brutality went; but in all other respects he had only "the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." Without, however, entering into the taste or good manners of the thing, we have it here, as Parr's recorded opinion, that Mackintosh was an "apostate Scotch lawyer."

In the second reminiscence, we have it as Parr's further opinion that Mackintosh was something else; and that the word lawyer might be changed with truth for a much shorter word.

"Parr did not confine himself to repartee, and a piece of scandal, originally circulated by him, long cast a shade over Sir James Mackintosh's character, and has never yet been publicly cleared up. To put all future insinuations to rest, we will briefly relate the incident to which we allude. Amongst the victims of the political prosecutions instituted by the English government during the first years of the French revolution, was one whose case excited particular commiseration at the time, and a subscription was raised for his daughter by the leading members of the liberal party. Sir James Mackintosh had collected 20*l.* for this purpose, which Mr. Perry, who acted as treasurer, requested him to keep, it not being wanted immediately, and the sum was carried to his account in Mr. Perry's books. On his accepting the recordership [of Bombay], Mr. Perry wrote for the money. Three weeks having elapsed without his hearing about it from Sir James, he wrote a second time, and in rather peremptory terms. Immediately on the receipt of the second letter the money was paid, and the inattention accounted for by the hurry and bustle of an approaching departure for India. Parr, however, availed himself of the circumstance to insinuate that his quondam friend wished to pocket the money, and this calumny was seriously revived, about eight or ten years ago, by the *John Bull* newspaper. On this occasion a meeting of Sir J. Mackintosh's most eminent professional friends took place, to consider the expediency of a prosecution. Lord Brougham, Sir N. C. Tyndal, Sir James Scarlett, and Sir Thomas Denman, were present, when all

* The *Law Magazine*, or Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence. No. XVII. July, 1832. Saunders and Benning. Art. vii., "Recollections of Sir James Mackintosh," pp. 163-173.

the circumstances of the transaction were detailed, and Mr. Perry's book produced; but, principally by Sir James Scarlett's advice, it was resolved to permit the matter to drop. It is almost unnecessary to add, that none of Sir J. Mackintosh's acquaintances ever entertained the slightest doubt of the groundlessness and absurdity of the accusation. If, situated as he then was, he was seeking to evade the payment of a paltry debt so evidenced, he must have been not simply dishonest, but mad."

This is not exactly the way in which we heard the story. The person in whose behalf the subscription was raised was Joseph Gerald, Parr's "ill-fated and highly-gifted pupil," as the writer of the paper we are noticing styles him (p. 165); who was transported, about forty years ago, by sentence of the Court of Session, for treason. We shall not go over his case. It was necessary, or, at least, thought necessary, by the government of the time, to be very strict against any thing that could be construed into Jacobinism; and the Scotch courts, in following out the spirit of the ministry of the day, did not shew themselves less on the alert than usual. Now, in the present times of comparative peace, and when we have had the advantage of seeing what is the practical effect of triumphant Jacobinism; when, in short, we know what Gerald—or wiser men than Gerald—could not have known in 1794, that massacre and anarchy, and its consequence, despotism, may lurk under the fairest pretences of philanthropy and free government, the doctrines which procured for him the punishment of transportation might pass by unheeded. But in those days the case was widely different, and the courts of law might feel themselves justified in inflicting punishments *then*, which would naturally appear excessive *now*. To the friends of Gerald's politics, and still more to the friends of Gerald himself, his case appeared particularly severe; and they were determined to mitigate it as much as possible. After some unsuccessful attempts to mollify the government (see the first vol. of *Johnson's Life of Parr*, where the doctor's correspondence with Windham is given), a subscription was entered into, not, as we believe, for Gerald's daughter, but for Gerald himself, of which Mackintosh was made treasurer. The money collected was sent—or, at

least, part of it—to Gerald, in New South Wales; and in due course of time a letter came back from him, thanking all his friends for their kind contributions, but lamenting that he did not see in the list the name of his oldest friend Doctor Parr. We forgot to whom we heard the letter was addressed. It came to the doctor's ears, and he was very angry. He said, that out of his very small income he had contributed 20*l.*, which was surely as much as could be expected; and began to make a great noise about the unreasonableness of Gerald. The result was, that on investigation it was *proved* that Dr. Parr's 20*l.* had not been sent; and it was *suspected* that a similar mistake had been committed in other cases. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* busied himself very much in the matter, threatened exposure, &c. &c., and the thing was hushed up; but Parr and Mackintosh were not friends for more than twenty years afterwards, and Perry went to his grave in the full conviction that Mackintosh had not acted honestly in the transaction.

Such is the version of the story which has always come to our ears. It was furnished to the *John Bull*, we believe, from Edinburgh—at least we heard so at the time—and it was traced to Jeffrey, the present lord advocate, who, *entre deux vins*, had blabbed the story (never before much circulated in any society, except a small coterie of Whigs, and then almost forgotten) to some Tory boon-companion, who circulated it in the great mart of Edinburgh scandal, the Outer House of Parliament, among that knot of briefless barristers who, on account of their not having any better employment than lounging about the hall, and hanging round the stove, were nicknamed the Stove School. *John Bull* published it with little ceremony, and we do not doubt that the leading Whigs of the day were consulted as to the propriety of prosecuting the Tory paper, which at that very time was persecuted with the utmost fury by Henry Grey Bennett, Sir John Wrottesley, Alderman Wauthman, Mr. Denman, and other liberty-loving Whigs of high class; but we must be permitted to doubt that Sir James Scarlett was the individual by whom a prosecution for libel was checked. To be sure, he had not at that time imbibed that vehement hatred of the press which has charac-

terised him ever since the unfortunate hour when the announcement of his death in the north of England drew forth those biographical sketches from the pens of all the newspapers which were so little flattering to his *amour propre*—and which he never has forgotten nor forgiven.

Be the transaction as it may, the editor of the *Law Magazine* has shewn himself a judicious friend, in the manner in which he has attempted "to put all insinuations to rest." Who can believe that the sum of 20*l.* was not, under such circumstances, wanted immediately, or who does not know that charitable subscriptions are always accounted for at once? Why should Mr. Perry have requested Sir James to keep 20*l.* in his hands? or why should the business have been suffered to rest for eight or nine years—and then be forgotten, on application, for the space of three weeks? A poor advocate our author would make. It would be extremely easy to shake, by a cross-examination, such testimony as that which we have extracted. If he were at the Old Bailey, he could not stand five minutes before Phillips or Adolphus, with a story so ill concocted.

Now our opinion is, that Mackintosh never had any fraudulent intention respecting the money, but that he was tempted to make use of a portion of it, under the pressure of some instant demand, with the fixed determination of replacing it when necessary. The demand came upon him at a time when he was not prepared for it (long, we should think, before his appointment to the recordership of Bombay), and thence arose the scandal. Parr, Perry, &c., stung by the ratting of their associate, made the most of it. We have heard a friend of Mackintosh's—one whose name, if we were to publish it,* would be recognised as that of one of the greatest men who ever lived—characterise it as an unfortunate spot on the fame of a man who never had dishonourable intentions, and deplore the precipitate harshness of the Whigs in exposing the venial fraud. He who made this remark was a Tory, and he made it in reference to the allusion to the circum-

stance in the *John Bull*. Mackintosh himself could not endure any allusion to the affair, of which we could offer some queer proofs; but it would take us away too far from our *Law Magazine*. Such is the second pleasant reminiscence, which links together the names of Parr and Mackintosh. In the first, the doctor holds up his friend as an apostate; in the second, he endeavours to convict him of being a thief.

On looking more carefully at the article, we find a third reminiscence also, which is almost as flattering to the memory of the deceased as the first two.

"Sir James's first wife (*queru*, was she his first?) was then living. She was the sister of Peter and Daniel Stuart, the respective proprietors of the *Oracle* and *Morning Post*, the former a Pittite, the latter a Foxite paper. Mackintosh, as Parr told me, wrote leading articles for each of those journals, suited to their respective politics. * * * Before, and for many years after the publication of his *Unacced Gallies*, his practice as a barrister being inconsiderable, his chief reliance, for the support of himself and his family, was on his literary exertions, which were almost exclusively confined to the reviews ~~and the~~ ^{in the} two before-mentioned newspapers. He then resided in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, in a house afterwards occupied by Mr. Horace Twiss."†

Parr, we believe, was right. The *Oracle* was a paper which vehemently advocated the principles of Mr. Pitt, and Mackintosh wrote for it; the *Morning Post*—not then, as now, the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," the truest of Tories and the most consummate of Conservatives, but the not only Foxite but absolutely Jacobin *Morning Post*—that of which Frere or Canning sung in the *Anti-Jacobin*, as being conspicuous among

"Sedition's morning host—
The *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*:"

even that *Morning Post* was supplied with "leaders" by Sir James Mackintosh. This is, indeed, an honourable reminiscence! What would be said of any literary man now, of the slightest reputation, who could be a contributor at once to the political department of

* We may now (Sept. 24), alas! publish it—it was Sir Walter Scott.

† And now occupied by a far better fellow than either—namely, James Wilson, the barrister.

the *Times* and the *Standard*; or of these very papers conjoined in the *Anti-Jacobin* verse, the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*, as they are at present conducted? Would he not be called a most unprincipled hireling? The newspaper press is certainly improved in this respect, by the loss of such men as Sir James, strange as it may sound to say so.

So far for Parr: the reminiscences of the author himself are scarcely more flattering. He represents his hero, on his most famous appearance at the bar, in the case of Peltier, as being a bad advocate.

"Of that stupendous event, the first French revolution, [which had nothing to do with the case,] Mackintosh drew a masterly picture, in which Napoleon was the leading figure. Nevertheless, although it was allowed by all to be a brilliant display of historical knowledge and philosophical acumen [''], it was thought by many, and among others by Peltier himself, to be injudicious as a defence."

The editor clenches this in a note:

"The orator thought fit to pass several high encomiums on the talents of the first consul; and Peltier complained every where, in his broken English, that the fellow, as he called Mackintosh, had sacrificed him to shew off in praise of Napoleon. The fee on this occasion was five guineas."

Noble remuneration! but quite enough for destroying a man's case—as, we agree with the *Law Magazine*, Mackintosh undoubtedly did.

Of his lectures, his recordership, &c., we have but few anecdotes; and yet some curious ones might be told. His kind reminiscent takes care, however, to inform us, that he was no great use in the House of Commons:—

"He was not what is called 'a ready-money man,' like Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Brougham, Canning, and Plunkett."

That, as a scholar, he was not to be ranked with Porson, Parr, or Burney (or any scholar at all); that—

"In English law Sir James was not very profoundly versed; nor did he in Westminster Hall acquire the reputation of a skilful advocate."

Of which we have this pleasant corroboration in the note:

"The following story is told in illustration of his inefficiency as an advocate.

Whilst he was once addressing a jury, Henry Blackstone, the brother of the judge, was engaged in taking notes of the speech for the senior counsel who was to reply, till at length, wearied out by the irrelevancy of the oration, he wrote down: 'Here Mr. Mackintosh talked so much nonsense, that it was quite useless, and indeed impossible, to follow him.'

That, as a writer, he did nothing worth talking about:

"As a writer, the fame of Mackintosh would have stood higher [no doubt] if he had devoted his splendid talents to the completion of some great work, instead of displaying them chiefly in the periodical journals; for which, however, his professional, judicial, and senatorial occupations, successively furnished a valid excuse. The extent of his high intellectual faculties could not have been guessed from his physiognomy, as is strikingly the case in that of Godwin, so admirably portrayed by the pencil of Northcote. But, what is rarely the case with authors, his conversation (like that of Johnson) enhanced, instead of diminishing the reputation he had acquired by his writings."

Coupling this with the pithy remark of Henry Blackstone, above quoted, that Mr. Mackintosh spoke so much nonsense that it was useless to copy what he said, this is a very equivocal compliment to his writing; and, if we may believe his favourable biographer, his conversational talent must have been a most especial bore.

"His memory was a storehouse, in which the choicest products of the human intellect in every age and country were carefully preserved, so as to be always ready for immediate use. No one excelled him in skilfully embodying and amplifying what he had thus acquired. In that respect he is, perhaps, more remarkable than for originality of thought or fertility of invention."

Could a prosier be more happily described?

This favourable reminiscent, who, as we have seen, acknowledges that Mackintosh was only mighty in magazine and redoubtable in review, and of no particular principle in newspaper, selects, as his *magnum opus*, a book which is, unfortunately, not yet written, the new *History of England*—a sort of sample of which, published by our friend Dionysius Lardner, is all that is extant to shew how Sir James would have

treated his subject. We confess, that of this sample we remember nothing, except that its absurdity of style was most amusingly quizzed in the *Traminer*. The actual specimen of Sir James's style given in the *Law Magazine*, although described as the finest "specimen of chaste and simple eloquence," seems to us very poor stuff indeed. We shall take it as it is quoted:

'Of all men nearly perfect, Sir Thomas More had perhaps the clearest marks of individual character. His peculiarities, though distinct, distinguish him from all others [of what kind? *peculiarities* which do not distinguish him from other individuals?] were yet withheld from growing into moral faults. It is not enough to say that he was unaffected; that was said of all that he was simple; the *laureate* of truly great men had been. But there is something *mesquin* in More, which is common to him with scarcely any other, and which gives to all his faculties and qualities the appearance of being the native growth of the soil. The homeliness of his plain country parish is at first shown. He walks on the scaffold clad only in his *luteal* tunic. The unrefined familiarity with which he rules his perjured dwellers at Chelsea enabled him to talk on the eve without being disturbed by technical details of the tyrant. His quality bound together his genius and learning, his eloquence and plainness, with his *luteal* and daily duties, bestowing a *genus* as *all* is a *quality* [what good qualities are not common?] a dignity on the most ordinary offices of life, and an accessible familiarity on the virtues of a hero and a martyr, which silences every suspicion that his excellencies were mingled &c &c &c

We shall not enter into any controversy as to the character of Sir Thomas More. But what shall we say of this chaste and simple style? Here we have "*peculiarities* existing, though they distinguish themselves," home-spun, plain sentences, "homely," goodness of household, duties "homely," genuineness of good qualities. It is but a cuckoo-cry of the one set of ideas or no idea is repeated over and over in a style which would have disgraced the *Oracle*, in the days of Peter Stuart. The remainder of the passage is just as needless, thoughtless, and absurd. Of course, the reminiscency man, after having situated himself by exhibiting

poor Mackintosh in the worst light as a writer, praises this jejune trash as something fine. No wonder that Madame de Staël, as we are carefully told by his *friend* here (p. 171), thought that the author of such rubbish "wanted genius." If she judged by his writings, her opinion cannot be controverted, but if, as is probable, she formed her judgment from his conversation, it strongly confirms the assertion of his reminiscency, that it lacked "originality of thought, or fertility of invention," or, as we have ventured to describe it, that it was extremely prosy.

The editor helps his contributor in giving a final touch to Sir James. According to him

Never perhaps was man less fitted for the bustling scenes of political life, of which a singular evidence was given on the introduction of his last bill for the amendment of the criminal law. An altercation having been proposed and assented to, Sir J. Mackintosh took up a pen to make it, but *lik' this on a somber tint with a cease* [Oh! oh! oh!] found himself unable to proceed, and was giving up the tick in despair when Mr Spring Rice took the pen from his hand and scolded off what was necessary.

To be inferior to Mr Spring Rice in any thing is, we suppose, so near to the *in plus ultra* of humankind, that we may stop our extracts here.

On the whole, Sir James Mackintosh, as exhibited by his friend who writes the recollections for the *Law Magazine*, was, according to the person with whom his memory in the eyes of the author is most intimately connected—Dr Parr—a convicted apostate—a suspected swindler—an avowed writer for him on the most opposite sides of the most inveterately opposed political questions—a literary hack—a clumsy or faithless advocate—a wordy prater in Parliament, of no real use in debate—a meddling scholar—a paltry lawyer—a nonsensical pleader—a petty writer—a prosy talker,—and, finally, so stupid in the shabby details of legislation, in the shabby amendments of that criminal law, about which he had been spouting or scribbling all his life, as to be unable to write some shabby alterations, which were nevertheless advanced by the shabby talents of Spring Rice! Save us from our friends!

Our readers will perceive that we

have cautiously abstained, throughout, from saying any thing from ourselves about Sir James Mackintosh. We have merely followed the *Law Magazine*. We have many things to tell of Sir James, but certainly nothing which

will display him in such an unkindly light as the paper written by "an old pupil and friend."

It is highly probable that we may hereafter weave into a paper some reminiscences of our own.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

It is not for friends I am leaving,
Nor is it for luxury flown;
'Tis not for my home I am grieving,
Since that is a desolate one:
The wind and the wave of the ocean
Shall find me a harbour more fair,
And treacherous hope be a potion
To lull every thought of despair.

A welcome some new friend may give me
As cordial as here I can find;
E'en cruelty cannot deprive me
Of thoughts ever near to my mind:
At evening, when slumber comes o'er me,
When lapp'd on the breast of the deep,
The forms of the dead rise before me,
And people the visions of sleep:

The grave will surrender its treasures,
The present the past will unfold;
Again I participate pleasures,
Though fancied, as bright as of old;
Again I am caught to the bosom,—
I feel the warm lip on my brow;
Again is revived every blossom
That flourish'd and wither'd but now!

The hand of a father I'm pressing,—
How thrilleth a mother's fond kiss!—
My sisters are round me caressing,—
O, mockery cannot be this!
The days of my childhood are beaming
With tints that renew every joy,
The mind of my manhood is teeming
With the gay happy thoughts of a boy

But daylight must break on my slumber,
My dream too must vanish at morn;
Ah, slowly those hours I number,
Till sleep shall, in mercy, return,
With power to cheat even sorrow,
To summon thoughts beauteous as brief;
From the book of the past I may borrow
One holy and comforting leaf.

The dolphin's asleep on the billow,
The sea-bird hath flown to its nest,
The mariner bends to his pillow,
The blue boundless wave is at rest;
The shadows in quiet are stealing
To bury the far western light;
Now man to his Maker is kneeling,—
O, welcome the dream of to-night!

No. XXIX.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

"There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,"

—as the poet of *Peter Bell* says; and we may add, there's something in an easy chair—for in one, as our readers will observe by casting their eyes on the opposite picture, sits that poet aforesaid, namely William Wordsworth himself, *in propria persona*.

No man of his generation has been so much praised and abused. He truly prophesied, in his preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, that these poems would be enthusiastically admired, or consigned to the uttermost contempt. Not long after their publication, the cackling brood of the Edinburgh reviewers came into existence, and they were determined to crow down Wordsworth. Some local Westmoreland spite actuated Brougham; and Jeffery was from the beginning, as he will be to the end, a mean and petty creature. Accordingly, the *Lyrical Ballads*, and all that ever fell from Wordsworth's muse, were decried as the most unmeaning nonsense that ever emanated from the brain of a driveller; and though they fought their way gallantly up in the world, in the teeth of this adverse criticism, and much more founded upon it (for of back critics it is true, as of dogs, that the filth of one acts as an incentive to the filth of another), yet, to the very last of Jeffery's career, Wordsworth was set down as an ass, great as that belaboured by Peter Bell. A criticism even on the *Excursion*, the greatest didactic poem in our language, commenced with "This will never do."

He may now despise the Edinburgh reviewers, and all that to them appertains; but they had their effect in their day. Even Lord Byron, when attacking the crew in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, fell into their slang; and the strictures which he poured forth so unsparingly on Wordsworth—simple Wordsworth—were taken from the *Edinburgh Review*. It will be seen, by the edition of his works now editing for Murray, that his lordship repented afterwards of his injustice, and described his sarcasms as unfair and illiberal. Without this testimony, we might have inferred the fact from the circumstance of his having imitated the great Lakee in some half dozen of his poems, and transferred some of the most striking passages of him whom, in *Don Juan*, he stigmatised as "mad beyond all hope," into the most celebrated of his own productions.

The reaction which took place in Lord Byron's mind, has taken place in the mind of the reading populace in general, and people are now good enough to admit that the author of the Sonnets to Liberty, Laodamia, Dion, the Song in Brougham Castle, the Old Cumberland Beggar, the "Sweet Highland Girl," Yarrow Unvisited, the White Doe of Rylstone, and fifty other things, any of which would immortalise an ordinary writer, is something of a poet, to be named in the days which have produced an Alaric Watts or a Robert Montgomery. His fame will increase, and the more steadily the more such productions as the *Idiot Boy*, and *Alice Fell*, and all the rest of that tribe of compositions, are forgotten.

This he will not believe. Talk to Wordsworth of the *Idiot Boy*, at which all mankind have laughed, and he will tell you, with a most solemn intonation of voice, and great magniloquence of style, that Charles Fox was most particularly struck with admiration of that very poem, and caution you against committing the rash act of censuring a production written by such a poet as Wordsworth, and panegyrised by such a critic as Fox. The various other pieces of nonsense which he has published are furnished with sponsors equally famous; and as parents are generally strenuous in defence or patronage of their rickety children, so does the *stagn* of our poet shine most conspicuously in favour of those compositions which, to eyes not parental, appear the most deformed and unsightly. Any man of common sense in half an hour would, by blotting a couple of dozen pages from Wordsworth's works, render them secure from criticism; but these very couple of dozen are the pages which he would most strenuously insist on retaining, stunning you with oratory to prove them the most superb things ever composed.

For the rest, he is a good sturdy Tory, a most exemplary man in all the relations of life, and a stamp-master void of reproach.

"MY CONTEMPORARIES."

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

(Continued from p. 230.)

MR. JUSTICE GROSE.

THE death of Mr. Justice Willes, which took place in January 1787, left a vacancy in the Court of King's Bench, which was filled by the appointment of Mr. Justice Grose to succeed him. He took his seat on the bench in the following month. He had been in the first practice in the Court of Common Pleas: was a king's sergeant, and brought with him a high character and great promise. He, however, fell far short of what the King's Bench bar were led to expect from him, and, as a lawyer, he lost in credit what he gained in rank. He was a man of moderate talents, and of information far from extensive; but of what he did possess, he made an unassuming use. Of his defects little could be discovered, as he rarely differed from the rest of the court, and when he did, did not command much weight; nor, in the cases in which he stood alone, were his opinions confirmed by subsequent decisions.*

Mr. Justice Grose was mean in person, his features hard, and his countenance of a sour cast; yet there could not be found a man of better feelings, or of a kinder heart. His complexion was extremely sallow; and at the back of his seat on the bench, in the old Court of King's Bench, in the tapestry in which the royal arms was woven, was a yellow lion, one of the supporters. Erskine, whose mind was always alive to any thing whimsical, discovered, or affected to discover, a striking likeness between the countenances of the judge and of the yellow lion. At the commencement of Michaelmas term, he used to dilate on the healthfulness of the retirement of the long vacation, by pointing out the unchanged complexion of Judge Grose and the yellow lion since the end of Trinity term.

That there was some justice in the ludicrous comparison, and that it came to the ears of the learned judge, who received it with his usual good nature, leaves some room for conjecture from

the following anecdote:—While I was on the home-circuit, Mr. Justice Grose went as one of the judges, and sat on the crown side at Guildford. The court was held in the town-hall, at the top of which, and at the back of the seat for the judge, the king's arms were emblazoned in the same appropriate colours as those in the old Court of King's Bench, and the tapestry exhibited a lion of the same colour. Vaillant, then a member of the circuit, having no other employment, amused himself with taking a sketch of the arms in the tapestry at the judge's back. From the frequent direction of his eyes towards the yellow lion, the learned judge conceived that he was the object of Vaillant's pencil: "Mr. Vaillant," said he, "when you wish to caricature me, don't do it so publicly."

Though the legal attainments of Mr. Justice Grose were not rated as entitling him to a high rank as a lawyer, he possessed a description of information highly contributory to the better administration of justice,—a perfect and accurate acquaintance with the practice of the court. To excel in that useful part of professional knowledge requires no great compass of mind or extent of legal learning. It was, for that reason, not the less suited to the taste or talents of the learned judge. It is in the *practice* of the court that perjury flourishes, and the disgraceful trade of pettifoggery feeds by it its needy professors. He was fully aware of the extent of these evils, and used every effort to detect and punish them. He assumed great credit, on many occasions, for sagacity, in seeing through the disguise of perjury, and pulling off the mask from fraud. He therefore shone with particular lustre in the Bail Court, and in the discharge of insolvents, they afforded him a fruitful field for the employment of his ingenuity, and a reward to his acuteness.

The practice of the Bail Court, in his time, was a system of the grossest fraud

* Those only which I recollect are Parsley v. Freeman, 3 Term Rep. 51, and the King v. Horneett, } Term Rep. 96. The first of these cases, decided against his opinion, was a new and important one, and is now established law.

and most abandoned perjury, as well in the justification as in the opposition to bail. The first of these practices Mr. Justice Grose endeavoured to reform, by the inflexible rejection of persons who made a trade of letting themselves to hire for the purpose of justifying as bail. But he undertook a task to which he was unequal. He wanted discrimination to distinguish them from persons of credit and solvency, and firmness to give effect to his good intentions. The finished perversity of the confirmed miscreant staggered and confounded him. He was prone to adopt prejudices, and hasty in indulging them. He conceived a peculiar antipathy against every man of whom it was stated that he was in arrear for his taxes; the punctual payment of which, with him, was the test of property, and the touchstone of credit. Attention to the general property of the bail was lost in the solution of the important question, of whether he had paid all his taxes or not.

This he carried so far, as often to reject persons of the most ample property, who appeared to justify as bail. It was soon discovered to be the quarter on which the judge was assailable, and counsel were indiscriminately instructed to oppose bail on that suggestion. If, when the question was put to a person who was called up as bail, he promptly or indignantly replied, that he *had*, that satisfied all the learned judge's doubts as to his solvency, and he was suffered to justify; but an equivocal, hesitating, or doubtful answer, was sure to be attended with his rejection. If, as I have often heard he bail answer to that question, put on groundless suggestion of an unprincipled attorney, why he had not paid his taxes, "I don't know that I owe any," which was the frequent reply, meaning that he did not know what taxes were then become due, or had been uncalled for; the learned judge would break out,—"What, sir, not know whether you owe for your taxes or not? Does not every body know that they are to pay taxes? Go about your business," and he was rejected.

In the discharge of insolvents, brought up to take the benefit of the act, he was full of exaggerated inveteracy against those, whose conduct on their examination exhibited any ap-

pearance of fraud, or disclosed any concealment of their property. But where there was no ground for suspicion of either, and their poverty was found to proceed from misfortune, he was mild, merciful, and humane, to a great degree. The mode of discharging insolvents was then only under the Lords' Act. Under that act, a merciless creditor might keep his debtor in gaol during his life, by the payment to him weekly of the miserable pittance of three shillings and sixpence. It was a hard law, against which the humane feelings of Mr. Justice Grose revolted. He seemed always anxious to mitigate its rigour, and defeat its effect. He received with indulgence every application made by the insolvent's counsel, and gave him the full benefit of any objection in his favour.

On one occasion, I had instructions to oppose the discharge of a French emigrant, who had come up to take the benefit of the act. He had been one of the *noblesse* of France, whom the revolution had driven from his country. His appearance exhibited the deepest poverty and destitution; but, under the meanest garments, the ruins of what was once noble, or of no ordinary rank, still might be discovered. He could not be viewed without feeling the strongest emotions of pity. I shrunk from the hateful task imposed on me, and was about to confine myself to the common questions,—his name, and whether he had any property. The appearance of this wretched man had made a similar appearance on the judge. I had only asked the insolvent the first question,—his name,—when he addressed me from the bench,—“Mr. F——, I hope you have looked at this poor man's schedule, and seen what he is now, and what different days he has known.” The hint was unnecessary; I had read it, and felt as he did. I ceased to offer any further question, and suffered the poor emigrant to pass, to the great discontent of the plaintiff, who was the opposing creditor, and then in court. He started up, and, with exulting malignity, put the usual note for the payment of three shillings and sixpence a week, and that sum, into his hand. The wretched man looked sorrowfully down on them, with the despairing look of departed hope, as he knew the effect of the note was to con-

sign him back to his prison. At last, he stretched out his hand with them to me: "Be so good, sir, to see if these be right." I took them, and, on looking at them, I discovered, that what was given to him as a sixpence was a foreign coin of that value. I knew that that was a decisive objection to the note, and entitled him to his discharge; but it was an objection which I could not with propriety make, being counsel for the plaintiff. I was determined, however, that he should have the benefit of it. I returned the note and money to him, saying, "Sir, my situation prevents me from advising you—you must apply to the judge. Ask his lordship, if the whole of the three shillings and sixpence should not be in English money: hand both up to him on the bench." This was suffi-

cient. Mr. Justice Grose took them, and, looking at them,—“Why, here,” says he, “is a French sixpence; that won't do: the man must be discharged.” A gleam of comfort shot across his face, and brightened up his withered countenance; his eyes filled with tears: he turned towards the judge, and bowed to him with the most lowly and affecting humility: but it was done in such a way as evidently shewed that he had not assumed, without pretensions, the title of a gentleman. He was discharged.

Mr. Justice Grose sat as a judge in the Court of King's Bench for twenty-six years, and resigned his situation in the Easter vacation, 1813; held, during that long period, by the bar in the highest estimation and regard.

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

The retirement of Mr. Justice Buller from the Court of King's Bench, by an exchange of seats with Mr. Justice Lawrence, then a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, took place in June 1794, when the latter was appointed a judge of the Court of King's Bench. Before his elevation to the bench, he was little known. His talents had not been appreciated as they deserved, and his rank of business bore no proportion to his merits. He was a judge of considerable ability and learning. He afforded a striking proof, of how little practice at the bar is required to constitute an able judge when called to the bench, or is a test of necessary fitness for that situation. When at the bar, he sat in the front row of the King's Bench, at the back of T. Cowper, the king's counsel. That afforded me a full opportunity of daily hearing the pleasant flights of his lively imagination, and of being acquainted with the extent of his business, from the place where I have before mentioned I sat as a student. This continued to Hilary term, 1787, when he took the coif. From that period, until the year 1794, he practised in the Court of Common Pleas, at which time he was made a judge of that court. During the whole of the time that he remained in the King's Bench, with the exception of business connected with his circuit (the western), he had none, and of that from his circuit a very moderate share. By obtaining rank as a serjeant, he necessarily became a leader;

but to what extent I had no means of being acquainted with, having then taken my seat at the King's Bench bar.

Mr. Justice Lawrence possessed the advantage of a very handsome person, accompanied with a great share of dignity of manner. His deportment was haughty; but it was one of pride unmarked with insolence. He knew what was due to the station which he filled, and he exacted the respect to which it was entitled. He crushed assumption and forward impudence by a look, and brought them down to the level of their own insignificance. I recollect an instance of this on one occasion, when I attended him as counsel on a summons. The attorney on the opposite side was a Mr. Tomlinson, a man then in extensive practice, but forward assuming, and self-sufficient. He made some observation which offended the learned judge. He rose haughtily from his chair, and, without uttering a word, fixed his eyes on Tomlinson, and waved his hand towards the door. Contempt could not have been conveyed half so expressively by any words which he could have used. Tomlinson understood his meaning, and instantly retired.

He was partial to those to whom birth or education gave a claim to the title of *gentleman*. To those who derived no pretension to it from either of those sources, he never shewed a want of attention, unless they exhibited any traits of vulgar assurance, or upstart

insolence: to those he unsparingly dealt the full measure of contemptuous observance. To the incorrect in morals or professional conduct, he was irreconcilably supercilious and invariably severe.

Among those whom he so distinguished, were those members of the bar who were connected with the newspapers, and who were employed by the proprietors to furnish matter to fill up their columns, by reports of cases decided in the courts at Westminster, or which took place in the public offices. Towards those engaged in the latter of these employments, he was pointedly defective in attention and courtesy; and to those who reported cases only for the public papers, his displeasure was not directed against them for doing so, but for the purposes to which it was turned. With high notions of professional correctness and of professional dignity, he thought both sacrificed by reporting cases from the public offices. But he has been known to pronounce the strongest censure on the advantage taken by those who employed themselves in reporting for the newspapers the cases which passed in court, of introducing their own names on every the most trifling matter in which they happened to be employed. This he held to be a base and unworthy course to resort to, for the purpose of procuring a false character, and a dishonourable mode of obtaining credit for talents which they did not possess, and rank in business to which they had no title. As far as this goes, every honourable member of the profession would applaud the conduct of that learned judge; beyond, it is illiberal. It was a traffic in which I never engaged, but to the general proscription of which I never did nor can subscribe. It was once agitated, at the bench of that inn of court of which I am a bench, to refuse a call to the bar to those students who so employed themselves. I strongly opposed the adoption of any such resolution. It was, and is my opinion, that to report what passes in court, if resorted to as a means to add to a slender income, and it is done unpartially and fairly, merits praise rather than censure. How many 'candidates to become members of the bar whose incomes afford them a most scanty support? How many whose means fall far short of their merit, and who feel the bitter truth of Juvenal's lines,—

"Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi?" *Juv. 3 sat. l. 164.*

Is it to be deemed a malappropriation of talents, to give to the world a faithful report of the opinions of the judges upon matters of law, in which every one feels an interest? far otherwise; it is attended with great utility. Is profit drawn by needy merit from such a source to be deemed dishonourable? It can bear no such imputation. But to report, in the front of a newspaper, a trifling motion of course, for the purpose of introducing to notice a counsel's name, who perhaps wrote the paragraph himself for publication, and by such means seeks for a spurious fame, by deceiving the world into a belief of the extent of his business by the frequent appearance of his name in the newspapers,—who can refuse to bestow on such conduct the title of most unprofessional? Who, when to that is added the unworthy course of suppressing the names of other counsel, who were actually engaged, can withhold from it the title of most dishonourable? No one ever carried his ideas of professional honour higher than Mr. Justice Lawrence: he was, therefore, unsparing of censure on those practices which tended to degrade it, and of marking his unbending dislike to those who had adopted or had in any way recourse to them.

The inereticious course of puffing in the newspapers had become systematic among some members of the bar, and was disgraceful to the profession. It was seriously reprehended by the correct and honourable part of it, and with well-merited ridicule by others. The following squib, which appeared in a newspaper of the day—I think it was called *The World*—was of the latter description, and was one of the attacks which ridicule pointed against the disgraceful practice. It will be found to contain more truth than poetry; but to the former it has a most decisive claim. It is in the form of a letter, supposed to be written by one of those gentlemen who had obtained the situation of barrister from the humbler occupation of being on a newspaper, and for whose diurnal contributions to it he received the splendid remuneration of a penny a line. It is addressed to his father, on his professional prospects, of which he is supposed to have formed the most brilliant expectations, from the promised aid of his brother-

reporters, and from the fame which he him in the newspapers. It was expected to derive from their puffing headed,

"The Modern Way to Get on at the Bar."

My commons all eat, and my terms all past,
To the bar I'm now call'd, my dear father, at last;
To its profits I look, to its honours aspire,
The first of our name ever titled *esquire*.
That I'm proud of the title I'm free to confess,
No longer plain gentleman now of the press :—
By a penny a line I was scurvily paid,—
I was starving, but think now my fortune is made.
I've struck out such a line as you'll say is by far
The best of all ways to get on at the bar.
Some try to get on as great black-letter readers,
But all now aspire to be thought special pleaders,
The title all claim,—it belongs but to few,
Though first ask'd when you're call'd, 'Pray whose pupil were you ?'
I said I was Tidd's, though you know what the fact is,—
He taught me 'tis true, by twice reading his Practice.
Some to book-making take, but that's starving employment ;
I never could read, or in books find enjoyment.
I laugh at translators, call editors ganders,
Who were paid, as was Williams, for editing Saunders.
Bepraised, but left briefless, and at last find, how hard '
Poor probity's meed is their only reward.*

What were Vaillant's great gains by 's translation of Dyer ?
He was made city pleader, but never got higher.
Had that place been a gift, some reward I'd have thought it.
But, no,—with his own proper money he bought it.

But the way to get on I've struck out is much shorter,—
I never draw pleadings, I read no reporter.
Those courses don't suit me,—the way which I choose
To get on—by paragraph puffs in the *News*.

For example, when call'd, there appeared in the *Star*,—
'Mr. Lignum, last Wednesday, was call'd to the bar.'
And it then lets the world obligingly know,—
'The home circuit, we hear, Mr. L. means to go.'
In the front of the paper this holds a first place,
And my name in large print stares you full in the face.
Then, soon after,—'We hear, and we hope it is true,
Mr. Lignum at Clerkenwell made his *début*,
At th' Old Bailey, the public, as well as his friends,
With pleasure will hear he in future attends,
And the night of his call five retainers were sent,
In five parish appeals for the sessions in Kent.'
This, half news and half puff, I take care sha'n't be lost,
But appear in the *Chronicle*, *Herald*, and *Post*,
And in all other papers ; all which, you may guess,
I owe to my gentlemen friends of the press,—
Those who crowd up the court, every day, taking notes,
With greasy black heads, and more greasy black coats.
These are all my dear friends, and they gave me the hint
Of th' advantage I'd find from appearing in print.
Your name seen so often, folks naturally say,
'Why Lignum's the most rising man of the day.'
You'll find business bring business, and we shall not fail,
Though you move for a nonsuit, or justify bail,
That your name shall appear,—and you'll seem to have all,
Or, at least, half, the business of Westminster Hall.'

Thus you see, my dear father, it answers my ends
To make all these black-headed gentry my friends ;
And think, just as I, that I've hit to a title
The way to get on, and it costs me but little ;
At chambers I now and then give them a lunch,
Or at night a regale of hog's puddings and punch."

* "Probitas laudatur et alget,"—*Jur.* 1 sat. l. 71.

I recollect but one anecdote of any pleasantry which occurred before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in which he had any part, and at which he enjoyed a hearty laugh. An Irish milkman was brought up to take the benefit of the Lords' Act. He was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at a not very distant period to have possessed some. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property, which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The devil a bit of property," says he, "have I at all at all." "Why, what's become of your furniture and your cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "Yes, I had," says he; "but I have none now." "Why, what have you done with them?" "I have sign'd away every thing I had." "How have you assigned them?" "I *have made my will*, and given them *all away*." "What, are you dead, man?"

MR. JUSTICE

The resignation of Mr. Justice Ashurst was followed by the appointment of Mr. Justice Leblanc to succeed him. This took place in June 1799. He had been called sergeant in Hilary Term of the year 1787, at the same time with Baron (afterwards Lord Chief Baron) Thompson and Mr. Justice Lawrence. While at the King's Bench bar, he had a very limited share of practice; but he had argued some cases from his circuit (the Norfolk), with an ability sufficient to shew that he had read much, arranged it well, and was accurately informed in his profession.

His business increased with his assumption of the coat; and, for some years after he had taken it, he held a considerable share of the lead in the Common Pleas and on his circuit. He stated his case with accuracy and precision; his observations and comments were ingenious and well applied, but evidently studied, and delivered without feeling. In speaking, he was tone and unimpressive; his delivery was feeble, and totally destitute of that earnestness and seeming self-conviction of the truth of what he wished to impress upon the minds of others. No varied cadence ever relieved the ear—no quotation ever interrupted the sameness of a shrill monotony—nor classical allusion ever embellished his address to a

said the judge. "No, please your honour," says Pat; "but I soon *will*, if you take away every thing I have to live on from me." He refused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

After his death, the following anecdote was circulated of Mr. Justice Lawrence. A cause had been tried before him at York, in which he had summed up to the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, which they accordingly did. On further consideration, it appeared to him that he had mistaken the law. A verdict having been recorded against the plaintiff, he had no redress; but it was said, that Mr. Justice Lawrence left him by his will a sum sufficient to indemnify him for his loss. Thus I give merely as a report, and give it willingly, as honourable to the memory of one of the most able, most independent, and most dignified of the judges who filled a judicial seat in my day.

jury. He was tamely correct, tedious, and unconvincing.

The gift of a fluent delivery and the talent of persuasion, displayed in brilliant and well chosen language, however valuable to an advocate, are not required to be found in a judge. To possess extensive learning, correct knowledge, and firmness of decision, the result of well formed opinions, are amply sufficient to constitute an able judge. With these Mr. Justice Leblanc was eminently gifted. The correctness with which he decided was worthy of the first judicial character on the bench, and his opinion carried great weight with the rest of the court.

With the bar he was not popular; but, in his conduct to them, they could find little to blame, less to praise, and nothing to admire. He was always the judge. His high respect for himself seemed to make him dread to unbend into familiarity, and to alarm him, lest, by so doing, he descended from the dignity of his station. He chafed with distant civility; and, while he never offended, never obliged. He affected occasionally to be affable, at the same time that his deportment was cold, distant, and reserved: it conveyed the idea of restrained courtesy, and of manners assumed, not natural. The same dignified feelings seemed to for-

bid him, when on the bench, to countenance any kind of pleasantry: he neither indulged in it himself, nor encouraged it in others.

He was of but moderate stature, but carried himself with great erectness, and seemed to consider that dignity consisted in a stiff neck and perpendicular spine. His countenance was not unpleasant, but bore evident marks of self-satisfaction, and full persuasion of the high importance which he considered his situation conferred. To dignity he possessed not a shadow of pretensions; but to the accomplishment of spruceness no man had higher pretensions. He was scrupulously at-

tentive to his dress, and appeared to study the advantage to be derived from personal appearance. As a judge on the bench, his conduct to the bar was void of all offence: he rejected applications often with pettishness, but was never wanting in good manners. In private life he was said to be an amiable man.

In this short sketch, I am anxious to do ample justice to the public as well as private character of Mr. Justice Leblanc. He was an able and upright judge; and in private, a worthy and honourable man. I mean only to say, that out of his own circle he was not a pleasant one.

SERGEANT BOND.

The contemporary, the opponent, and rival in business of Mr. Justice Leblanc in the Common Pleas, was Sergeant Bond. He had taken the coif a year before that judge, with the modest motto on his ring of "*Hereditas à legibus*;" to which he gave the personal application in allusion to his own fortune, that it depended on himself. Frank, manly, and good-tempered, no member of the bar ever possessed more popularity than he. He succeeded to the lead on the home-circuit on the retirement of Erskine from it, but who, like Alexander, had left no worthier successor; his talents for a leader fell far short of his to whom he had succeeded.

The *nisi prius* court, at the sittings in and after term, was the arena in which the learned sergeants encountered. There the formal and unbending carriage of Leblanc was borne down by the good-humoured and impracticable violence of Bond, and the tame and feeble address of the former overpowered by the ponderous verbiage and unstudied language of the latter. Every sentence and expression which fell from Leblanc bore the stamp of caution, and his guarded sententiousness raised a suspicion of his sincerity. Bond's mode of address to a jury was of a very different character. It was a manly display of candour, delivered in language divested of all claim to classical ornament, and deriving all its merit and power of persuasion from the absence of any appearance of insincerity or disguise. This often gained him a verdict to which his case gave him no pretensions.

He possessed the talent of winning

over a jury by a sort of happy, but natural finesse, beyond any advocate of his day. He was a native of Surrey, had attended the quarter sessions for that county, and in that court had been highly popular. When he became a leader on the circuit, he turned that circumstance to admirable account. In every case of doubt, he never failed to remind the jury that he, like themselves, was born in Surrey, which he always designated by the title of his native county; his *native county* never failed to make a conspicuous figure in every speech which he made. The jury forgot the cause, and the merits of the case, in the claims of the advocate to a common birth-place with themselves, and found a verdict for the party who had been fortunate enough to have retained him. Often, at the assizes for Surrey, I have heard, when the associate has asked the jury whether they found for the plaintiff or the defendant, the foreman answer, "We find for Sergeant Bond."

His delivery was thick and indistinct, and his language without fluency or selection of expression. He was often at a loss for a word, and obliged, in consequence of it, to stop in the middle of a sentence when speaking. When in that difficulty, he adopted the first that presented itself, and it was not always the most happy or best chosen. I was counsel with him in a *crim. con.* cause, in which the conduct of the defendant had been atrocious. The learned sergeant entered warmly into the merits of the plaintiff's case: seemed to identify himself with his feelings, and dwelt on the defendant's conduct at great length and with

peculiar asperity. It happened, however, unfortunately, that he had exhausted his vocabulary of vituperative expressions, and stating to the jury, with his usual vehemence, "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm sure that you will agree with me, that the conduct of this defendant has been most base;" and, wishing for a term more reproachful, or a climax above *buse*, he came to a full stop—no happy word presented itself—the sergeant paused, repeated the sentence again and again, when inspiration or memory came to his aid, and supplied him with another adjective, which, if not the best selected, bore some analogy to the cause. "The defendant's conduct, I say, gentlemen, has been most base and *backsliding*." A laugh followed this allusive expletive, in which the sergeant cordially joined.

He was sensible that he was not gifted with a *copia verborum*, and when at a loss for a word would gladly receive the whispered suggestion of any one who happened to sit near him. A ludicrous circumstance, however, which occurred at that time, made him more cautious of adopting those gratuitous communications. Sergeant Hill was a man far advanced in years, but having the character of being the best black-letter lawyer of his day, preserved a share of business to a very late period of his life. He was at all times absent and abstracted in his manners. In one of these moods he had forgotten to button up the fore part of his breeches. Thus, while he was engaged in an argument, was observed by one of the counsel who sat near him, and it not being a very decorous exhibition, he whispered to

him, "Your breeches are unbuttoned." The learned sergeant, thinking it a hint connected with the cause, adopted it without consideration, and proceeded with his speech in an unaltered tone of voice, in which the friendly communication was not only not forgotten, but made a part of his argument. "My lords," said the sergeant, "the plaintiff's breeches were unbuttoned." The judges stared at this inappropriate introduction into a learned argument, until it was explained by him who had prompted the learned sergeant, that the hint was intended for himself, and not as applying to his client, or as meant to convey any information in the cause.*

The temper of Sergeant Bond was of the kindest cast: his manners the most conciliatory, and his habits highly social and eminently convivial. At the head of the circuit-table, no one filled the chair with more natural pleasantry and unvarying good humour. A splenetic, a cross, or an ill-natured remark on any man, I never heard fall from his lips; and in professional differences of opinion, which often lead to asperity, never lost his temper.

The following anecdote I think I have seen in print, but without the name of the person to whom it happened. I have heard Sergeant Bond relate it with great humour of himself, and he is to be relied on as the unquestionable original. "I once," said he, "bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had any fault. I therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed ;

* An incident similarly ludicrous, and analogous to this of Sergeant Hill, occurred in my time in college, at one of the examinations. The class was put on in the 7th satire of *Juvenal*, and the book placed in the hands of the head of it. He proceeded to construe, till he came to the line (1066)—

"*Magna mentis opus, nec de lodice paranda.*"

The English of *lodice* is a blanket, which he had forgotten, and he came to a full stop. The next man in the division helped him to the English, by prompting him with the word "blanket—blanket!" It is well known that there are many phrases and words in *Juvenal* not of the chastest interpretation; and, for that reason, generally passed over unconstrued. The prompt given to him impressed him with the idea that this was one of those exceptionable words, not fit to be rendered into English, and which he was to pass over. He therefore remained silent, when the examiner desired him to go on. "Oh, sir! I beg you'll excuse me." "If you don't construe it, sir," said the examiner, "I'll punish you: I desire that you will go on." "I can't, indeed, sir; decency forbids me." "Decency!" repeated the examiner. "Yes, sir; I'm sure you would not wish me to use obscene words." A loud laugh led to the discovery of the mistake, in which the examiner took a full share.

but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault which he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears: 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'if that is all, I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to, Uxbridge.'

"It however so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups," at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. "Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long left in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him and tapping him on the shoulder: 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again;

I thought I had lost you.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information," rejoined the sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered: I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord." What they were he kept to himself.

"The zealous Sergeant Bond for his client knew no bounds, when he thought his cause was an honest one; and to that he owed his death. He was counsel for a poor German, in a trial at Guildhall, on a question as to the title to a patent for making silk hats, called Fell Bell hats. His zeal and anxiety to obtain the verdict were strained to the highest pitch of exertion. The court was crowded, intensely hot, and the sergeant was not a tame advocate. His manner was vehement, which brought on a profuse perspiration. In that state he went inadvertently into the open air, without taking any precaution against cold, or giving himself time to cool. This brought on a fever, to which the excellent sergeant, after a few days' illness, fell a victim.

FIELDING.

Fielding was a contemporary member of the home-circuit with Sergeant Bond and myself. In the performance of the duties of conviviality, over which the learned sergeant, as head of the circuit, presided, he found in Fielding a powerful auxiliary. He was the son of the author of *Tom Jones*, and inherited to a great degree the wit and talents of his father. Pretensions to the title of a lawyer, or man of business, he had none. He was more addicted to the study of Shakespeare than of Lord Coke, and poetry had many more charms for him than black-letter prose. The extent of his legal knowledge and information was therefore extremely limited, the natural consequence of the turn of his mind and the direction of his studies. From him alone of my contemporaries, with the exception of Erskine, do I recollect to have heard a classical quotation introduced into his speeches. Exten-

sively master of every English author of character, Shakespeare seemed to engross almost his whole attention; his quotations from him were frequent, happily timed, and admirably applied. The following anecdote will afford some proof of the justice of the observation.*

At Braintree, in Essex, an attorney of the name of Grant had got into considerable business. He was a tall raw-boned Scotchman, singular in his dress, and in figure realised the description of Lismahago in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*. He was a Presbyterian, and inherited the inveterate antipathy to psalmody and church music which distinguishes the sect to which he belonged. At a parish meeting, it was proposed to have an organ erected in the church. This met with the concurrence of all the parishioners except Grant: he opposed the measure with violence, and denounced it as profane. This gave offence, which

ended in a riot in the vestry-room ; from which Grant was expelled without any ceremony, and with some degree of violence. This indignity raised his wrath to a high pitch ; and to obtain redress, as well for the assault, as damages for the dishonour, and profit from the costs, he brought an action against those who had assisted in his expulsion from the vestry-room. It came on to be tried at the assizes at Chelmsford : Fielding led for the defendants. There was no pretence for damages, and the case was only to be met with ridicule. It fell into the hands of one capable of giving it with the highest effect, and of putting burlesque in the most ludicrous dress. Fielding treated it in a strain of irony, to which the figure and dress of Grant gave additional effect. " Gentlemen," said he to the jury, " it has been said that ' music has charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak ' . Whatever opinion as to his pretensions to the title of savage you may be inclined to form from Mr. Grant's appearance, his opposition to the erection of the organ must convince you they are groundless. Had he really been a savage, the music of the organ must have had charms to soothe him ; and what would bend the knotted oak would possibly have had the same effect on Mr. Grant. But you find, on the contrary, that he is inflexible, unsoothed, and unbent ; and my clients are selected to feel the full measure of his distaste to harmony and antipathy to music.

" I may, perhaps," continued Fielding, " be going too far, in imputing to Mr. Grant an undistinguishing dislike to music. He may have a national attachment to the harmony of the bagpipe, which, though improperly termed ' snuffing and broken-winded,' may sound more sweetly in the ears of Mr. Grant than the sublime and solemn notes of the organ. There is no disputing about tastes. I must give Mr. Grant credit for some taste for music, though it may be confined to his national instrument. I would not wish to denounce him with Shakespeare's malediction—

' The man who hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted !'

Far be it from me to impute to Mr.

Grant any aptitude for treasons, or stratagems, or spoils—except the legitimate ones of his own profession. Nor will I say of him, ' let no such man be trusted ; ' I confine the advice conveyed by those words as applying to Mr. Grant no further than to let him not be trusted—with the subscriptions for building the organ."

Mr. Grant's wounded feelings were consoled by a penny damages.

As a companion, Fielding was invariably pleasant and imitatively entertaining. His conversation abounded with anecdotes, of which he had an inexhaustible fund : his great stock was of Irish stories, which he gave with great truth and humour.

I have repeatedly heard him say, that the lowest class of the Irish had more native humour than any other body of people in the same rank in life. He would then relate, in proof of it, the event of a bet which was made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's Street, which then was crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question. It was, " If you were put naked on the top of St. Paul's, what would you be like ? " The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran sulky, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him : " What should I be like ? " says he ; " why, like to get could, to be sure, your honours."

" This," says he, " they call mother wit ; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question by an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding giving an instance of this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow Street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. ' Why, were you ever in Chester ? ' says he. ' To be sure, I was,' said Pat ; ' *wasn't I born there ?* ' ' How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, ' with that brogue, which shews that you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester.' ' I didn't say I was born there,' says he ;

"I only asked your honour whether I was or not."

When Fielding got into the strain of Irish narrative, the Irish bar furnished him with many anecdotes. "National humour," he would observe, "flourishes greatly there; and the judges indulge in it as well as the counsel. The sallies of wit attributed to Lord Clonmel, to Lord Norbury, and to others, were retailed by him with never-failing gratification; but as most of the *facetiae* of those eminent persons have appeared in print, it would be unworthy of the present sketches to reiterate the witticisms of the newspaper, the magazine, or the jest-book.

Fielding was the author of many songs; they were full of point, and remarkable for the excellency of their legal allusions. Chastity of conception did not always enter into their merits: they were, in fact, only calculated for the bar-room, where their allusions could be understood and their humour be felt. One of his songs, called the *Profligate Barrister*, he bequeathed to the home-circuit, where it remains a record of his wit and conviviality.

In business, he was on the circuit singularly kind and attentive to his juniors; and equally solicitous when they were engaged in a cause to prevent them from falling into error, and to afford them every opportunity of shewing their talents to advantage, whenever it happened to occur. Out of court, he had another mode of shewing his attention to them, neither very laudable in him nor profitable to them. This was the drawing them into excess after dinner. He never rose from the table but with reluctance, and hated to see a chair left empty which had been occupied during dinner. If any one rose to leave the room, saying that he had briefs to read, "That's the very reason, my boy," he would say, "why you should stay;" and then we had the "*fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum*" to support the jovial doctrine.

None are born exempt from faults, none without failings. Of both he had his share, but in him they were truly venial; they injured no one but himself; they were confined to an unrestrained addiction to pleasurable pursuits, to which he sacrificed every other. These are wholly inconsistent with the undivided attention, the sober habits, and persevering seclusion, required in our profession. The neglect of these

essentials to obtain and keep business at the bar, Fielding heavily felt in the decline of life. Though born to no patrimony, he never saved money at a time when his professional gains would have enabled him to do so; and his improvidence threatened his latter years, not only with being cheerless, but distressed. He then found the value of public esteem, and the consolation of private friendship. Mr. Spencer Percival, then prime minister, gave him a small sinecure in the duchy court of Lancaster; and a young barrister, of the name of Ayscough, was said to have left him a not inconsiderable legacy. These gifts of fortune, with the appointment to the place of police magistrate, dissipated the gloom which hung over his declining life, and secured to his latter years the comforts of independence.

He was latterly, when he went the circuit, by the falling off of his business, bitterly admonished that he had lost the confidence of those clients who had been in the habit of trusting it to him. He could not conceal from himself, that it was wholly attributable to his slavish pursuit of pleasure, and the adoption of habits wholly irreconcilable with the regularity of professional life. While straitened circumstances, which were the consequence of it, reminded him daily of his improvidence, he would moralise, and advise his juniors to follow their profession steadily, undiverted from it by other pursuits. There is no man, he would repeat with an emphasis, whatever may be his talents, who can sport with business; and then recite, with much feeling, those lines from Shakespeare:

"For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost."
Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Sc. 3.

These lines came home to Fielding. He had at one period of his life been in considerable business, but had lost it all by his own misconduct and folly, and too late found, in deserted chambers,

"Wisdom, before beneath his care,
Pay her upbraiding visits there."

He at last was briefless, and left the circuit

[To be continued.]

HINTS TO ELECTORS.

THAT ministry which radically changed the constitution of England by, not the reform of the House of Commons, but the virtual suppression of the House of Peers and deposition of the sovereign, is still in existence. That Earl Grey, who, with all the solemnity and sanctity of the finished Jesuit, pledged himself that the Lords should be suffered to make any alteration in the Reform-bill not inconsistent with its principle, and then shamelessly prohibited them from making the most trifling, by the traitorous use of the king's influence and usurpation of their functions, is yet the prime minister. The country has not yet passed that sentence of everlasting infamy on the Grey cabinet which it must receive from impartial history.

The Reform-bill is on the eve of obtaining operation, and of course a general election must soon determine whether this ministry must fall or be confirmed in its power. How will the means of determining this be used by the community? The hour is come for every man to make his decision touching the exercise of his vote and influence.

Let him who professes friendship for the constitution and laws, remember that the existing ministry has placed its despotic will above both—has destroyed one of the most effective limitations on the executive and ministerial responsibility. What it has done proves it to be capable of doing any thing; and as it openly acts on the doctrine that the popular will ought to be implicitly obeyed and invested with supremacy, no other expectation can be entertained than that it will continually abuse its power to make destructive changes in the constitution and laws. Nay, it is certain that this will be the case; for it is pledged to make such changes, and depends for being on the redemption of its promises.

IF THIS MAN GIVE HIS VOTE IN ITS FAVOUR, HE IS THE REVERSE OF WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF.

It is for him who names himself the friend of representative government and freedom to remark, that this ministry has struck at the essence of representative government, by depriving one division of the legislature of independence, and merging the other in the

executive—that it has filched from the minority all representation, and destroyed the means through which the representatives of the people were kept from abuse of trust and neglect of duty. It has annihilated the balance and bond of connexion between class and interest, swept away the protection enjoyed by one division of society against another, and placed the minority under the despotism of the majority. In this it has smitten freedom and its elements. Its dogmas touching subserviency to the popular will, practically insist on the bondage of the better part of the community, and its projected measures promise that this bondage shall yield the most bitter fruits.

IF THIS MAN SUPPORT IT, HE IS THE FRIEND OF A HOUSE OF COMMONS NOMINALLY DOMINEERING OVER, BUT REALLY THE SLAVE OF, THE CABINET; HE IS THE FRIEND OF THE WORST KIND OF TYRANNY.

He who calls for peace, foreign and domestic, must observe, that this ministry stands as the great parent and patron of a civil war in Portugal, which is exactly calculated to light up general war. The contest in Portugal is not merely, as is falsely stated, one between two brothers for the crown: it is also one between two hostile forms of government, and confessedly puts in jeopardy the domestic peace and government of Spain. It not only embroils the latter to the creation of extensive national quarrels, but, by the conflict which it every where causes between principles and parties, it embroils all Europe. By the principles on which it is waged, it stimulates the spirit of revolution in all quarters, and thus directly and otherwise serves it in this country. The ministry appears also, by its own words or through its organs, as the friend of the general revolutionary party of Europe. It openly marches, at the head of the democracy, in its aggressions on the aristocracy—of the convulsed, disaffected part of society, in its attacks on the other part. The objects through which the multitude is maddened into commotion and a thirst for revolution, it promotes.

IF THIS MAN GIVE HIS INFLUENCE, HE IS THE ENEMY OF PEACE.

He who professes anxiety that the foreign interests of the empire may be

properly managed, must see that this ministry has done its utmost to sacrifice our ancient alliance with Portugal and its valuable products, merely from a wretched personal antipathy to the king—has converted the friendship of Holland into enmity—has procured us the hatred of Spain—and has caused us to be regarded by nearly all our continental allies with distrust and animosity. It has thus cast from us the friends which were essential for giving us the necessary continental influence, and more seriously deranged the balance of power than great changes of territory would have done. It has imposed on us a pitiful, degrading subserviency to France, which is incapable of yielding any thing save grievous evils. The ruling party in France, or that through which it rules, hates us, is fanatically attached to doctrines in the highest degree inimical to our institutions, and would gladly assist in demolishing the latter and dividing the United Kingdom. This monstrous subserviency of England to anti-aristocratic, anti-church, anti-religious France, causes us to be still more disliked and impotent abroad, and gives prodigious strength to our revolutionary party at home. Its disgusting character is heightened by the grounds on which it is defended. It is essential for keeping the Liberals in power in France, and it is equally so for keeping the Whigs in office in England. Thus, national interests are sacrificed to the base cupidity of parties and individuals.

IF THIS MAN SUPPORT IT, HE DEALS IN FALSE PROJECTIONS.

He who craves good government for the colonies, must notice, that this ministry is so far from attending to their interests and needs, that it is fiercely assailing nearly all. It attacks the West India one on the three vital points, civil rights, slavery, and foreign sugar. One of the two staples possessed by the American ones it threatens, and the other it suffers to sink into extinction. It has passed sentence against almost the only staple of the Cape of Good Hope. Its principles of colonial government involve the destruction of the capital and trade of every colony, and every protest made against the application of them is disregarded.

IF THIS MAN BESTOW ON IT HIS VOTE, LET HIM BE CONSISTENT, AND

DEMAND RUINOUS GOVERNMENT FOR THE COLONIES.

He who solicits paternal and wise rule touching domestic affairs must observe, that this ministry promises no remedy for the suffering which is so widely prevalent. It is even silent on that contained in a reduction of taxes, on which it dilated so factiously before it gained office. While the capital of various mighty interests is vanishing—manufactures and trade are become a source of beggary and hunger—and the resources of the empire are sustaining portentous declension, all this ministry can do is to aggravate the evils. To the prayers and proofs of those who suffer, it is deaf and blind; its clumsy measures are intended to enlarge distress where it exists, or to cast it where it is unknown. Nothing can be hoped from it; its creed and projects bind it not only from administering remedy, but to assail what distress has spared. It is under pledge to smite the remaining capital of agriculture, the colonies, and various trading interests, and, of course, to inflict in this the most grave injuries on the community at large.

THIS MAN CANNOT DO OTHER THAN USE HIS VOTE AND INFLUENCE AGAINST IT.

He who is the friend of the lower classes, must remark, that this ministry makes no attempt to remove the grinding penury which has so long sat on the people of Ireland, and that it exhibits the same conduct respecting the appalling distress of the labouring population in England. Its creed and pledges are of a nature to carry both to the greatest possible height. In its free-trade fanaticism it intentionally takes away, wherever practicable, the wages, employment, and food of the labourer. What it meditates against the corn-law and certain other protections must give the last touch to Irish wretchedness, and heap additional misery on a vast portion of the British working classes. While all it does and is pledged to do is of a nature to sink the lower classes to the most miserable and degraded standard of living, it is the friend of cheap liquor and other things calculated to demoralise them; it gives them no protection against the blasphemous and traitor, and its conduct tends to array them against their betters, and give them the worst feelings.

THIS MAN MUST SURELY BE ITS DETERMINED OPPONENT.

The landholder, farmer, shipowner, silk manufacturer, and various other capitalists, must see in this ministry the party which was the great means of plunging them into their fearful losses, and the government which refuses them relief, and threatens the remnants of their property with destruction. The fundholders must see in it the men who sought to tax them, and who have so long given shock upon shock to public credit. The bankers must see in it their bitter enemy. Monied men generally must see in it a foe which, by its principles and proceedings, puts all kinds of property in peril.

THESE MEN CANNOT SUPPORT IT WITHOUT SEEKING THEIR OWN RUIN.

The working classes must remember, that this ministry originated and keeps in being that fatal policy which has had such calamitous effect in destroying employment and reducing wages. Its leading principle is to extend the master's trade by reducing the workman's remuneration, and to involve these classes in a competition with those of other countries, to determine which can perform the most work with the least quantity of subsistence—which can combine the greatest portion of toil with the greatest degree of famine and misery.

THEY MUST BE ITS ENEMY, OR THEIR OWN.

The Roman Catholic cannot be ignorant that the ministerial party, on its own proclamation, forms a portion of the great European party of Liberals, that the latter is zealously labouring to despoil and suppress his religion in its strongholds abroad, and that it is assisted in this by the ministerial one. He must be aware that nothing would be more likely to weaken and extinguish this religion in the United Kingdom than its fall in southern Europe. If the Liberals enjoy power abroad, they must triumph in their war for the overthrow of Catholicism; and it is avowed that the existence of this ministry is necessary for enabling them to enjoy it.

HE CANNOT SUPPORT IT WITHOUT ASSISTING IN THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS RELIGION.

The Protestant Dissenter must know, that the great European party of Liberals, of which this ministry and its

supporters form a portion, consists largely of infidels; and while it is the deadly enemy of one division of Christians, it is friendly to none. Its labours to put down the Catholic religion are not intended to exalt a better; they regard all religions as equal, and tend to injure and extinguish all; they militate as strongly against the severe practice, and what are called the spiritual feelings and opinions of the Protestant Dissenters, as against any thing whatever contained in Catholicism. If this party do not attempt to suppress Christianity by fire and sword, it uses the more effectual means of teaching and nurturing whatever can cause it to be despised and renounced.

This Dissenter must know, also, that the ministry and its party have never professed to seek the spread of religion, or appeared as the guardians of morals; but, on the contrary, those who have sought to benefit either have commonly found in them opponents. They insist that religion ought to have no legal protection, the worst system ought to stand on a level with the best, and the law ought to favour the infidel as much as the Christian. Morals they likewise place without the pale of the law. Looking at the great Liberal party as a whole, it constitutes, in what it attempts and has accomplished in this country and foreign ones, the most deadly enemy religion ever met with; no despot, no law, no persecution, ever injured the latter as it has done, by its sapping and mining, instruction, ridicule, and inroads on protection.

If the Holy Scriptures be not pure fable, Christianity binds every man, without regard to sect—the Calvinist and Arminian equally—the Independent, Methodist, and Catholic, as well as the Churchman—to endeavour to exclude from parliament all but its friends in both faith and practice. So far as human means are concerned, it very clearly can neither flourish nor stand if legislators and rulers be against it—if the parents of policy and law, opinion and example, be its enemies. When it is avowed that the ascendancy of the Liberal party abroad depends on the existence of this ministry, and is manifest that such ascendancy must operate in the most baleful manner against religion here, as well as elsewhere, it is above question, that he who may support the ministry will contribute to undermine and extinguish

Christianity in both foreign Europe and his majesty's dominions.

THE PROTESTANT DISSENTER MUST THEREFORE EMPLOY HIS VOTE AND INFLUENCE AGAINST IT: IF HE DO DIFFERENTLY, HE WILL FIGHT THE BATTLE OF INFIDELITY AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

The friend of the Church of England cannot but see in this ministry the men who have broken down her bulwarks and blotted her fair fame;—who, by assailing her possessions, slandering her reputation, and strengthening her implacable enemies, have placed her in her present tottering condition. He must be aware, that if he support it he will league himself with those who seek her overthrow, and assist in rendering her defenceless.

HE CANNOT BE OTHER THAN ITS DETERMINED OPPONENT: HE MUST FEEL THAT HE MUST BE THIS, OR A TRAITOR TO HIS RELIGION.

But is there no man who can consistently bestow his vote and influence on this ministry? Yes, infinitely too many.

The pretended Whig, who, in contempt of the essence of Whiggism, is willing for his faction to violate any constitutional principle, trample on any law, and perpetrate any tyranny, for its aggrandisement; and who wishes it to conquer the Tories by the darkest iniquity, if it cannot prevail against them by legitimate and honourable warfare—this pitiful wretch is bound to support it.

The peer who is capable of selling his birthright for the polluted wages of party; who can strip both his brethren and himself of sacred rights; who can voluntarily exhibit himself as the minion of tyranny, embracing slavery, and plunging his brethren into it, in order that this tyranny may consist of the heads of his faction;—this foul disgrace to England and her nobility is bound to support it, and compel his herds of tenants and other dependents to vote for it to their own ruin.

The man who wishes the crown to lose its just powers, the house of peers to be virtually suppressed, the better classes generally to be stripped of influence, and the government to be rendered in practice a democratic despotism of the most unlimited and pernicious kind, is bound to support it.

He who is anxious for this country to be hated and despised by foreign

ones, the seeds of national and civil war to be scattered in every direction, and the infatuated multitude to be rendered irresistible in its lawless war against the rights and property of its superiors, cannot do other than give it his vote and influence.

He who desires to see the colonies ruined and rendered worthless, will feel it highly deserving of his favour.

He who desires that public suffering may continue and increase—that profits and capital may sustain farther destructive inroads—that the condition of the lower orders may be made still more deplorable—and that Irish turbulence and disaffection may be increased by additional privation, must needs heartily support it.

And he who wishes Europe to be governed by infidel democrats, scoffers at religion, and despisers of morals, and religion and morals to endure all that such a state of things would bring upon them, must of course be its determined friend.

Nevertheless, its opponents will triumph? No. This declaimer in favour of law, liberty, and right, must support it to his own bondage, no matter what it may do, because he calls himself Whig. This landholder professes liberal opinions, therefore he must support it in robbing himself of his estate. This shipowner, or banker, or farmer, or silk manufacturer, must support it in putting himself into insolvency, from no other reason than that he belongs to its party or hates the Tories. The working classes are reformers, and of course they must support it in reducing themselves to starvation. This sanctified professor of religion, who meekly intimates that his every word and deed flow from the pure fountain of the Scriptures, must support it against general religion and his own, because he is the friend of civil and religious liberty. How, then, can its opponents triumph?

The manifesto has been duly circulated; its organs have proclaimed what the reformed house of commons is to accomplish. Ignorance is out of the question; therefore let every elector who desires the ruin of himself and his country—who is anxious to sacrifice his own rights, liberties, property, and religion, bestir himself, take his life in his hands, and rally round the colours of the Grey ministry.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD.*

THE name of Sharon Turner is one of the least exceptionable in the literature of England. His career has been one of utility; his track is marked with a wake of light. His work has been to rescue from obscurity, to bring to day. The task to which he was appointed had a peculiar sublimity; for it was like Time's, to discover truth. This errand he performed faithfully for the history of his country, from the earliest period to the death of Queen Elizabeth, though with various success; but the name of the historian of the Anglo-Saxons shall never perish. This were, it might have been thought, sufficient for the ambition of any individual; but our author, however, is desirous of "fresh fields and pastures new," while a to-morrow may be anticipated for their commencing cultivation. The character which he now wishes to assume is that of a sacred historian. Like the great Hebrew shepherd, he is solicitous to record—

"In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;"

"to exhibit the Divine Mind in connexion with the production and preservation, and with the laws and agencies, of visible nature; and to lead the youthful inquirer to perceive the clear and universal distinction which prevails between the material and immaterial substances in our world, both in their phenomena and in their principles." If sufficient strength and opportunity should still accompany his remaining life, the author states that he "desires to pursue this important subject, in that series of events and operations which, after the renewal of mankind, became more immediately connected with their economy, condition, politics, and destinies, under the present laws and state of their existence." The volume now published of his *Sacred History* is confined to that of the world as displayed in the creation and subsequent events to the deluge.

The traditions of most nations trace

the origin of things to Night, "ancient mother," older than Day, the first principle of nature, and the source of gods and men. The thoughts of early antiquity, climbing up the steps of wisdom in a regressive series, penetrated to that mysterious age, or era, or state or whatever it may be termed, when "darkness was upon the face of the deep;" but there they stopped—they could aspire no further. But revelation begins from a point of being, out of and before the limits of their inquiry, even before the period when the earth was without form and void—even with that beginning when "*Elohim* created the heavens and the earth." This was a truth which heathen philosophers failed to see clearly, and some altogether. "The greatest minds of antiquity were in doubt and darkness, and in opposition to each other, on this subject, as we should still be, if the book of Genesis had not descended to us. Instead of deriving the world from God, it was more common among the classical nations to derive their gods from the world. Hesiod, as well as Epicurus, makes his divinities to be an order of beings springing out of the material universe. Several pagan nations, even in our own times, thus account for their existence. Few have thought the Deity to be the creator of the earth or of the heavens; and the mind had become so confused on this point, that it was more generally supposed that either these were eternally what they are, or that they were united into what we see them to be by a fortuitous concourse of self-moving atoms." The theory, however, that "the component atoms or particles of things could have moved themselves into the beautiful forms and scientific arrangements and motions of visible nature, was felt to be incredible by some of the finest minds of antiquity, and finds no patronage now from the true philosopher. Design, contriving thought, the adaptation of things to each other, and the skilful production of important ends by the application and co-operation of

* The *Sacred History of the World*, as displayed in the Creation and subsequent Events to the Deluge, attempted to be philosophically considered: in a Series of Letters to a Son. Second Edition. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. London, 1832. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

the fittest means, are so manifest in the structure of the earth, in the formations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in all the astronomical phenomena, that no judicious inquirer will attempt to support the Lucretian reveries. The more favoured opinion of some, who desire to remove the Creator from the material universe, is the arbitrary assumption that the system and course of things which we admire has had no origin at all, but has been eternally what we see it to be."

This last conception Mr. S. Turner endeavours to shew is impossible, from the fact that nothing is uncompounded in the universe, and lays down the dogma, that composition and eternity are as incompatible as to be and not to be. The mighty world we live on, he exclaims, the rocks, the mountains, the minerals — so every substance around us, animate and inanimate — cannot have been eternal, because every one is a combination of numerous particles, usually very heterogeneous, and the primary elements of each must have been in their elementary state, and in some other position, before they moved and joined into their compound one.

It is obvious that it might here be inquired,—Are, then, those primary elements in themselves eternal, and, Deity being allowed, coeval with Deity? Mr. S. Turner's philosophy, therefore, is not here sufficiently profound. He seems to have forgotten, or not to have learned, that both the thesis and antithesis are of the pure reason, the proofs of which are both defective. Such dispute, says Kant, is about nothing, since the positions are not really though apparently contradictorily opposed, and may both be false. Let us consider this matter a little.

These cosmological ideas it requires no argument to prove are of a transcendental character, such as cannot be submitted to experiment, or discovered in experience. They dwell in a supersensuous region; but it is the endeavour, nevertheless, of reason to refer them to objects, and to conceive of them as such. In the two quantities of time and space, the requisites for these ideas are sought and found. Present time, being conditioned by the preceding, may only be thought by the conception of quantity, and, as the condition of the given

instant, the whole elapsed time is thought absolutely complete. Future time is, on the contrary, always incomplete—it is not regressive, but progressive. In like manner, every given space supposes a greater one. The regressive synthesis seeks, but cannot find, the absolute unconditioned; for the objective unity is only arbitrarily *thought*, no object at all being in reality *given*. Meantime, the unconditioned consists either in the whole series, or in a member of the series. In the former case the series is considered as infinite, yet as entirely *given*, though the regress be never *thought* as completed. In the latter case, the first number in the series is, with regard to time elapsed, the beginning of the world; with regard to space, the boundary; with regard to the parts of a whole, given in its limits, *simple*; with regard to the causes, the absolute *self-activity* (freedom); with regard to the existence of changeable things, the absolute necessity of nature. These cosmological ideas are either mathematical or dynamical. So much for Kant's antinomy of pure reason, and his system of cosmological ideas; so much, but not enough: to pursue the subject further, however, would require a paper by itself, and that an unreadable one. In such ware we deal not.

By the antithetic of pure reason, says the sage of Königsberg, he understands not a whole of dogmatical assertions opposed to, and in refutation of, others, but the conflicts which reason experiences about certain positions, of which the truth and falsehood cannot be detected by experience; such, for instance, as those concerning the creation of the world, which, says Sharon Turner, very rightly, is a fact only to be known from revelation, as no human eye could have witnessed the event; or, as St. Paul expresses it more finely, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." In this conflict, the refutation of one set of positions always seems to prove the opposite set as true; yet that by no means follows in reality. For the fact is, that of those the one is always too great for the unity of understanding, the other for the unity of reason, and each addresses different regions of thought. Hence the unavoidable antinomy of pure reason, which arises

from confounding objects of reason with objects of sense.

In this antinomy, Mr. S. Turner's dogma, that nothing is uncompounded, would form a portion of the Atheist's positions, which run thus; to wit: "The world has no beginning—nothing in nature consists of simple parts—there is no freedom—every thing in nature is necessity—there is no God." The opposite thesis, on the contrary, asserts that the world has a beginning—that every thing in nature consists of simple parts—that freedom is required as a cause of nature—and that there is a God. But the Atheist's argument has to do with the objects of sense, while the Theist deals only with those of reason; and between these two must exist an eternal disparity. In the objects of sense man may look in vain for a God; it is only in the union of faith and reason—in that faith which has a reason to give—in that reason which is never ashamed to believe—that the idea of deity is apprehensible. WERE THERE NO HUMAN REASON, THERE COULD BE NO BELIEF OF A GOD!

The Atheist supposes the beginning of the world as an existence preceded by a time—an empty time, which, as the lapse of time is only possible by means of changes in reference to something permanent that changes, is not to be conceived; and therefore he asserts that the world can have no beginning. And so of space. If the world is bounded, as bounds separate one space from another, the world must be

bounded by empty space. But an empty space is impossible, for there can only be relation between spaces in so far as they are filled; and therefore he asserts that the world is infinite. The Theist, on the other hand, argues that if the world has no beginning, at every given instant an infinite time is elapsed; but the determination of time, as an elapsed time, is to represent it as completed, and so deprive it of infinity; and so of space. If the world in respect to space is infinite, then at any present time it is wholly in that time; which is to determine the synthesis of its quantity, so that no more parts can be successively added; and as no quantity can be infinite, the Theist irrefutably concludes the world is not infinite. Irrefutably! both he and his antagonist are equally irrefutable, and their conclusions, though seemingly adverse, both equally logical, or illogical—which you will. This is, in fact, the argument of H. Richter's two logicians—a capital picture. The artist himself is a disciple of the German philosopher, and in that exquisite gem has illustrated the argument which we are now treating. The reader may see it in the *Forget-Me-Not* of 1828, prettily engraved by Goodyear and Shenton. At such logicians the painter and philosopher laughed, and Thomas Hood laughed too, in a punning poem, in the same volume, illustrative of the illustration. O ye logicians! painter and philosopher and poet alike laugh at ye—and yet,

Look how ye sit together!
Two bitter, desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand like that upon Belshazzar's wall
Lest fall
A written paper through the open casement.
"O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment, as this verdant earth.
Go, eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth!
For vainly ye contend:
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!"

And now for the famous dogma of object can occur that is absolutely compounded parts. In experience, no simple, nor can any compound sub-

stance in the world be reduced to parts absolutely simple; of their composition we may be indeed unconscious, but it by no means follows that they are not compounded. *Experience and experiment*, therefore, present no substance as consisting of simple parts; and the Atheist may argue, that if we suppose a compound substance so consisting of such parts, such substance must occupy space, and so must the parts. But as each space consists of spaces, and that which fills space consists of as many parts as space itself, the simplest particle is consequently something composed of parts. Therefore there are no simple parts. Now, then, O Sharon Turner! seest thou not how the Atheist has poached upon thy manor, and what becomes of your "eternal compound being a natural impossibility?" What you mean by a natural impossibility in such a connexion, we, OLIVER YORKE, cannot divine, seeing eternity and nature are no yokefellows—but sagaciously guess, that

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"It is true," you say, "that the composing particles may, or may not, have been eternal; that is a question of fact, but never the composition. The separate letters of the alphabet may or may not have eternally subsisted, but never one single word, never any sentence; never, *a fortiori*, either Homer's *Iliad* or Newton's *Principia*. Never, therefore, our earth, and its finely gravitating and geometrised system." Vastly pretty writing this! Sentences and words, it seems, cannot by any possibility be eternal, but letters may. If Mr. Sharon Turner is right, St. John was wrong. The evangelist should not have written, "in the beginning was the word," but in the beginning was the letter. Truly, herein is Mr. Sharon Turner's Daniel come to judgment! We hope he will forgive us for our apparent levity—for we mean no real trifling, and have now no disposition thereto. Never were we in a graver mood—never in a more serious temper, a more religious spirit. But Mr. Sharon Turner has gone beyond his depth, and here written nonsense.

What, then, do we say that substances are not compounded of simple parts? Not we; for the apparently

opposite thesis is equally maintainable. Though the elementary substances may never be presented by any physical separation in an insulated state, reason will still apprehend the first subjects of all composition as simple. It is reason which affirms, and reason only, that all the substances in the world consist of simple parts, and that there is nothing existing but these simple parts, and that which is composed of them. And what is the proof? Even this: Suppose that compound substances consist not of simple parts, the composition is either an accidental relation of substance, or is essential. If essential, our conception is of a simple substance, not of a compound. If the composition be an accidental relation, then in thought the composition may be separated from the substance, which nothing composed would remain. In such case, if no simple parts are to remain, nothing at all would remain—in fact, no substance would have been given. Both dilemmas contradict the assumption, that compound substances consist not of simple parts; whence it follows that every one such substance must consist of such parts.

We can pursue this antinomy no further, but must refer Mr. S. Turner to the *Critical Philosophy* for its full development. Our task is with its results.

Reason takes great interest in this conflict with itself, in the solution of these questions. It is therefore the duty of philosophy to search for the grounds by which it can be removed. The question concerns not any object of experience, but belongs to the sciences that originate solely in reason, which, as their source, must be capable of solving them. Pure mathematics and pure morals, says Kant, are not in the least derived from experience, and must necessarily find the solution of their problems in the very same source from which they, as sciences, sprung themselves. The integration of many differential formularies is not yet discovered, but no one is authorised to say that they never can be discovered. This is precisely the case with regard to questions which concern what is conformable, or what is contrary, to duty. There can be no single action imagined, with regard to which reason is not able to decide whether it be right or wrong, although it may perhaps not

always be immediately ready with its decision the instant the question is proposed.

The question concerns not, we have said, any object of experience. The time previous to the beginning of the world, or the space beyond its bounds, or the beginning itself, or the bounds themselves, can never be experienced; as little can infinite time or infinite space; neither may the simple, which is not at all composed; nor the complete division *ad infinitum* of any substance. What the conflict is, attention to the procedure of reason, by which it attributes objective reality to an idea, will enable us to discover.

The object of such an idea is, what in German philosophy is denominated transcendental; that is, though the mind is capable of conceiving it, yet it is incapable of having it presented to it. No object is seen by the mind; only an idea is conceived. The object itself would be either too great or too little even for conception. Do we maintain that the world has no beginning? Then, what faculty of the mind is large enough to represent the infinitely elapsed time? Do we say that the world has a beginning? What faculty of the mind is there that surpasses not the limits of its duration, and conceives of some preceding state, and thus,

"At one high bound, high overleaps all bound?"

This is a very curious argument; let Mr. Sharon Turner consider it well; he will be all the wiser for it. It holds good also of the simple parts of which substances are or are not supposed to be compounded. Do we hold that every object in space consists of parts which are again composed? What intelligence is there extensive enough to pursue the division *ad infinitum*? Do we maintain that every substance in space is composed of simple parts? What mind is there that in the simplest perceivable atom apprehends not a simpler? and truly, because, as an object in space, it again presupposes parts.

The object of the cosmological idea, therefore, neither on the one hand nor the other can be presented as an object of sense. What then? The very objects of sense are only phenomena, and not *the things in themselves*. Time and space likewise are no objects,

and exist only by reference to the objects by which they are occupied. These objects can only be represented under the conditions of time and space. But we distinguish the objects of intuition from the intuition itself, which is a fact of consciousness. Still, we are prepared to admit that we live in a real and not in an imaginary world of things around us. But in conceiving any preceding time—or a time very remote from the present moment—or a place in space which is far from any certain place—or a small part of matter numerically expressed—or a cause between which and a certain event we adopt a great number of intermediate causes—or an existence as the condition of another condition and existence, which lies far from its condition,—we think of all these objects as belonging to the sphere of sensible experience, (though we never can sensibly experience them), because we conceive them conformably to the laws of sensible experience. Nevertheless, we must not forget that they are not objects of sensible experience. What do we, then? We endeavour to consider them no longer as objects of sensible experience, as phenomena; but would contemplate the totality of them, composing the world, as a thing in itself. But what we call the world, and all that we can understand of it, is a collection of phenomena.

We feel that we are doing a great good by pursuing this subject, though not without considerable difficulty and diffidence; for we cannot be unaware that, to ordinary minds, we shall be discoursing pleasant music in an alien language: but at the same time we feel assured, that we shall be doing good to such minds as Mr. Sharon Turner's—the instructors of the human race—and well know, that it is precisely for such minds that discipline of the sort to which we are now endeavouring to subject the reason of our modern sacred historian, is expressly fitted. When we mean by objects not phenomena, but things in themselves, surely we mean not objects as they are conceived by the mere understanding. But the process of mind on which we are animadverting identifies both—that is, the things in themselves with what we think them to be; and decides the question at once, whether realities correspond with appearances and conceptions. It gives rise to certain de-

ceptions—which are, however, not artificial, and indeed are only removable by art (metaphysical)—whereof the chief is a *sophisma figure dictionis*. The argument, therefore, both of the Theist and Atheist, as above set down, is defective, since they both refer to a dialectical conclusion; in which, though the *major* is correct, the *minor* is perfectly gratuitous.

Is it not then certain, that one of the two assertions, the world either has a beginning, or it has not, must be either true or false? This question may be met with another. Of a body may it not be said, not only that it has a good or a bad smell, but that it has no smell at all? A *third* case then is possible. What is the third case? The world, as a given whole of things in themselves, may be considered indeed as finite or infinite; but the predicates, finite and infinite, would be but *void* conceptions, neither of them being presented in any sensible intuition: and it is for that reason that the one is the contradictory opposite of the other. But the world is not a given whole, or but of phenomena; and these, as given in Time and Space (in which only they can be given), compose an empirical synthesis only, and not an absolute totality. And of the things in themselves it may be asserted, that that which is not simple is the contradictory opposite of the simple; both which conceptions, however, would be *void*, because they would have no reference to a sensible object—a sensible object, consisting neither of simple nor of infinitely many parts. Take the world as a whole of phenomena, and both assertions are equally groundless—both are found to be a conflict of appearances.

It is, then, by no appeals of sense, such as Mr. Sharon Turner suggests, that the solution is practicable. It is in vain to say, that “the particles of which compounds consist must have been in some state *before* they were compounded together.” This proves not the “incompatibility of composition and eternity;” for what has *Eternity* to do with *BEFORE* and *AFTER*? What the historian states regards *Time* only. His next sentence, therefore, is *flat nonsense*; i. e. “The single condition of the elements must have preceded their union in the composition: and thus it is *physically* impossible that a compound can have been *ETER-*

NAL.” Physically impossible! What have *physical* considerations to do with any thing *eternal*? They are *metaphysical* considerations only which apply to such inquiries. What follows is a pretty illustration:—“The schoolboy perceives at once that *HIS PLUM-CAKE* cannot have been *ETERNAL!!!* The plums, the flour, the butter, the eggs, and the sugar, of which it is composed, must have been in some other places and state, before they were brought together to make the substance which gratifies him.” O for an eternal plum-cake! might be a very natural wish for any schoolboy; but in wishing for such a thing, he would only make the same blunder that Mr. S. Turner has made, namely, that of confounding eternity with infinite time; *said* infinite time being, meanwhile, a contradiction in terms.

Moses avoided the dispute altogether, by sublimely and concisely announcing, that “*IN THE BEGINNING* God made the heavens and the earth.” *THE beginning!*—therefore not in time, because the beginning of time; and it is remarkable that, throughout the Old Testament, the phrase is used to denote an eternal relation. It is a figure of speech for eternity; nay, it is more than a figure of speech, for *THE BEGINNING* must be *ETERNITY*. Is a mathematical point in space? Is it not rather space itself? or, still more, the constituent of space? “The moment,” says Coleridge, “we assume an origin in nature, a true *beginning*, an actual first, that moment we rise *above* nature, and are compelled to assume a *supernatural* power.” The old man, then, in his own sublime way, goes on to add, by way of note—or, rather, in such manner takes care to say it meanwhile—“These are truths which can scarcely be too frequently impressed on the mind that is in earnest in the wish to *reflect* aright. Nature is a line in constant and continuous evolution: its *beginning* is lost in the supernatural; and for our *understanding*, therefore, it must appear as a continuous line, without beginning or end. But where there is no discontinuity there can be no origination, and *EVERY APPEARANCE OF ORIGINATION IN NATURE IS BUT A SHADOW OF OUR OWN CASTING*. It is a reflection from our own *will* or *spirit*. Herein, indeed, the will consists. This is the essential character by which *WILL* is

opposed to nature, as *spirit*, and raised above nature as *self-determining spirit*—this, namely, that it is a power of originating an act or state." Mr. S. Turner will suffer us to recommend to his attention the whole of this profound writer's aphorisms on original sin, from which these passages have been taken; they will initiate him into much about which it is clear that he is at present in a serious state of imperfect acquaintance.

Our remarks are at present confined to a less elevated region of thought. We would point merely the principle by which reason may regulate itself in these self-originated conflicts, about matters transcending all experience and experiment which the senses are capable of producing. Let it be recollected, that if the mathematician speaks of a progression *ad infinitum*, the philosopher must content himself with the phrase *in indefinitum*. There may also be objects corresponding with our conceptions in their extension to the infinite, but certain it is that our experience cannot realise those conceptions of the infinite; for, according to the nature of the empirical regression, it can only proceed from one phenomenon to another. When, consequently, we said that we cannot therefore affirm that such ideas are correlated to any realities, or constitute any, we would admit they are useful for the regulation of experience, teaching it never to be satisfied, and urging on and on to more extensive conquests. The world is never perceived as a whole, either with regard to time or space; its extent and duration, therefore, are more safely described as indefinite, than as either finite or infinite. To the universe itself, says the wise man of Königsberg, there is no beginning, there are no bounds; all beginning and all bounds being only in the world. The objects in the world are only limited conditionally; but the world itself neither conditionally nor unconditionally. It can therefore never be comprehended or determined by the human understanding, however she may engage herself in determining its nature and limits. But in determining the simplicity of the parts, she goes beyond the indefinite, even to the infinite; nevertheless, it is only assumed that a quantity may be divided into members *ad infinitum*—it does not follow that it is really membered to infinity. From all

which considerations Kant concludes, that "no object can correspond with our *ideas*, in so far as they are cosmological and transcendental." To the conception of the beginning of the world, or of the bounds of the universe, or of the conception of the absolutely simple, there is no sensible corresponding object; but in all her efforts of this kind, reason conceives an object problematically, which, so long as it is known to be problematical only, will not lead her into any contradictions. The great purpose of the German sage was to prevent any man from confining, as Mr. Sharon Turner has unconsciously done, the reality of things within the limits either of his own conceptions, or those of all men.

But when will man learn humility? when will he cease to think of eternity as of time? Presumptuous mortal, to intrude his notions of succession into dateless possibility of being! Wise above what is written, he would presume to *understand* the mystery of that Beginning in which God created the heavens and the earth! Yet may he realise the mystery in himself—continually does he realise it: but it still remains a mystery. How many repetitions of the creative act is it granted to us to accomplish, yet how unconscious of the prerogative are the herd of mankind!

Unconscious of it as the herd was the sage of Königsberg, from whom we have quoted. We are *not* Kantists. What Kant did, he did well; his appointed work it was, and God was well pleased with his good and faithful servant: but he did not all. The Aristotelian method, which he loved, permitted him to do no more; but more might have been done—more has been done by later Platonists. Therefore we are not Kantists, but we despise the man who despises Kant; or, it may be, we esteem him—but it is as a fool. Nevertheless, not Kantists are we, though we have thought it fit to set forth what he has performed on this high argument; and for good reasons: because his labours in this way have brought us to the consideration of the most important question in philosophy, whether the ideas of which we have been discoursing most eloquent music, are indeed only, as Kant affirms, regulative; or as some even wiser than he contend, were constitutive of realities in themselves.

Truly, man is an image of God, and we ought to be grateful that we may learn something of God from attentive study of his human creature—from a knowledge of ourselves. Every act of ours constituting a beginning, is an echo of the creative fiat. It is possible for a finite will to originate an act or state of being, albeit only *in* and *for* the agent himself; and it constitutes thus a true beginning, though with regard to the series of motions and changes by which the free act is manifested and made effectual, the finite will gives a beginning only by coincidence with that *absolute will*, which is at the same time *infinite power*. In a word, a finite will, or the will of a finite free agent, acts outwardly by confluence with the laws of nature. Whenever we will, we constitute such an actual beginning:—we appear to do so, and we really do so. It is no illusion arising from our ignorance of the antecedent causes; it comes not within the range of cause and effect, the relation of which is, in fact, no law to which the will or spirit of man is subject, but merely a form or mode of thinking inherent in the understanding itself, to which the understanding subjects whatever it perceives or meditates upon, but from which the will of man, whereto his understanding is subject, is free, so long as it wills to be free. Hence, in the Scripture we are told of man being renewed in the spirit of his will; and of the spiritual man being set free from and above all law. It is nature only that is subject to law, not spirit. It is in virtue of this originary power of his will that man was and is capable of original sin, which is not a thing circumstantially derived, but an act or state begun in every individual by whom it is committed; relative to which *every* man is the adequate representative of *all* men, even as was the first man. The individual Adam, as first in time, was very naturally taken and exhibited as the diagram; the sacred historian, however, who primarily held him up as such example, being careful

to distinguish the word Adam from a proper name, by prefixing an article, "*the* Adam," as expressive of the *genus* as well as of the individual; for which reason, also, St. Paul universally uses the symbolical phrase, "*the* old man."

These considerations will assist the reader, if he thinks sufficiently, in forming some idea of the Divine act, when in the beginning God created. By an act of His all-originating will was that beginning decreed—that beginning, when the heavens and earth were affiliated* by and to the universal parent—who then, in the language of the epistle-writer to the Hebrews, "by his son constituted the ages."† Some, doubtless, will be found, who will dispute this liberty of volition. To such may be replied, in the words of Coleridge, "What but absurdity can follow, if you decide on spirit by the laws of matter? if you judge that which, if it be at all, must be *supersensual*, by that *faculty* of your mind, the very definition of which is 'the faculty judging according to sense!'" These, then, are unworthy the name of *reasons*: they are only pretexts. But without reason to contradict your own consciousness, in defiance of your own conscience, is *contrary* to reason. Such and such writers, you say, have made a great *sensation*: if so, I am sorry for it; but the fact I take to be this. From a variety of causes the more austere sciences have fallen into discredit, and impostors have taken advantage of the general ignorance to give a sort of mysterious and terrific importance to a parcel of trashy sophistry; the authors of which would not have employed themselves more irrationally in submitting the works of Raphael or Titian to canons of criticism deduced from the sense of smell. Nay, less so. For here the objects and the organs are only disparate; while, in the other case, they are absolutely diverse."

To such reply Mr. Sharon Turner is not obvious. It is with great pleasure that we can extract what he has written upon the Freedom of Will, with unmingled approbation.

* "As the word *bara* (created) has an obvious affinity with *bar* (a son), and probably was derived from it, the pleasing idea of filiation is connected with creation, in the natural etymology of the term used by the sacred historian to express it. This is in gratifying unison with the repeated intimations of Divine revelation, that the Creator deigns to consider himself as the father of his earthly creatures."—SHARON TURNER.

† Such is the proper translation of the words "by whom also he made the worlds." Heb. i. 2.

"With this principle of self-formation, the soul seems also to possess an original and indestructible property of self-will. This seems to be a natural quality of all intelligence. It cannot but will, as it cannot but perceive, think, and feel; and it cannot but will like itself, because every being can only act like itself, and not like another. It must be that being before it could do so. The soul must therefore will for itself, as it thinks for itself. This is self-will, as the other action is self-thought. No man thinks in all respects like another, and no man wills in all things like another. Each thinks for himself and wills for himself, and he sees and hears for himself; and, as we have observed, also forms himself. Self-will, or the willing according to his own nature—to his individual personality—to his separate and interior self, is therefore the inseparable property of every one. None can divest themselves of their will, more than of their thought. They must will while they exist, as they must so long breathe and live. This self-will always wills according to its own nature, upon its own sensations and inclinations, and as it chooses. Self must not be itself before it could do otherwise. This self-will is that which, under another denomination, we call free-will: it is always free to will, and always wills according to its own choice. In this respect it has no master, and no overruling necessity; and can have none, because it is an essential property of intelligence to will, of which only annihilation can deprive it. The compulsion which we feel comes not upon our will, but upon our acting on our volitions. We have a natural and unavoidable freedom of will, but we have not as free a power of acting upon our will. All external things act more or less on our free agency, but not on our free-will. The prisoner, blinded, beaten, and chained in a dungeon, can yet will as he pleases, and has repeatedly shewn that he does so. Even under the severest tortures, inflicted on purpose to compel him to will as his tormentors require, the human spirit has on numerous occasions proved that it is not only still exerting its free-will in opposition to the agencies which make it suffer for doing so, but that it can even avow that it will continue to exercise its liberty. Even where it seems to yield to violence, it is rather an extorted verbal submission than an actual surrender of its freedom. It only forms a new self-will in the apparent acquiescence. It wills to comply with the injunctions of the cruel power, in its words and conduct, but I cannot doubt that it also, in its secret movements, wills to hate the persecutor and

his requisition, and the conformity to which in this violence it assents. Its hostile will remains as it was, and keeps its freedom as strongly as ever; though it wills, for the sake of ending the inflicted pain, to submit to speak and act as the oppressor has enjoined. It seems to me that it cannot but do so. The will cannot destroy its own essential freedom by any act of its volition, as the mind cannot divest itself of its power to think. It may, by new resolutions of its will, alter its expressions of it, and its acting upon it. But that, under the pressure of disagreeable necessities, the human action and the will are continually at variance, though no external sign of the difference is suffered to appear, we may perceive every day in society, and not unfrequently feel in our own personal experience. The will never seems to change but by its own choice, and then it makes the alteration only because it wills to do so. It exerts its freedom in adopting the mutation, because it does not alter until it pleases to change. For these reasons, I infer that this self-will, or free-will, always willing as it chooses, though not often able to act as it wishes, is an essential property of the human soul, of which it cannot divest itself nor be divested."

Thus it is that the will of man, in virtue of its freedom, holds a state independent of circumstances, and this may help to shew how the creative will, previous and superior to all circumstances, by a Divine act constituted the ages in a filial beginning,—the first and last of all time. So far, and in such measure, according to its degree, may the finite will realise the mysterious doings of the infinite; so far, and in such measure, may it give a reason for the faith that is in us,—namely, that the ages were constituted by the word of God. But is it in the power of reason to affirm on such evidence, that the Divine act was the archetype of such human volition? Not it! To a faculty above reason this high argument appeals,—even to faith itself. For reason, even as understanding, fails in solving this important question;—no dogma, whether of simple or compounded parts,—no consciousness, whether of spiritual freedom or self-determining will,—can avail to demonstrate the creation of the world or the being of a God. Of all truths, these are the most difficult to demonstrate; but of all truths, these are the least in need of demonstration. Though, says an author already quoted, "there

may be no conclusive demonstrations of a good, wise, living, and personal God, there are so many convincing reasons for it, within and without,—a grain of sand, sufficing, and a whole universe at hand to echo the decision!—that for every mind not devoid of all reason, and desperately conscience-proof, the truth which it is the least possible to prove, it is little less than impossible not to believe.”

Archbishop Leighton has remarked right well, that “Faith elevates the soul not only above sense and sensible things, but above reason itself. As reason corrects the errors which sense might occasion, so supernatural faith corrects the errors of natural reason, judging according to sense.” Subjects both beyond sense and reason are the proper objects of faith. No other evidence have they but what faith gives them; what reason fails to shew, faith fears not to substantiate, becoming itself “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” Faith is its own evidence, its own substance, and the evidence and substance of all other things; for even of things visible, faith it is which translates appearances into realities. Faith it is which from phenomena infers the existence of noumena and decides that for every sensation that we experience there must exist a cause, or occasion in correspondence with the effect produced in the sensuous receptibility.

From what has been written, our readers and Mr. Sharon Turner will readily gather why he, in this very excellent book, has failed in his endeavour to prove, by reference to objects of sense, and logical inference, certain cosmological ideas which lay in his way at the outset of his work. But failure extends no further; unpractised as a metaphysician, imperfect as a philosopher, as an historian of the six days’ work of God Mr. Sharon Turner has been exceedingly successful. We had intended to have given the pith of his work, but have been led so far in our reflections, that we must content ourselves with a severe abridgement of our analysis,—no great fault, if it induce our readers to purchase the *Sacred History of the World*, and peruse it for themselves; it will richly repay the trouble and expense.

The venerable and invaluable outline of the primordia of our globe, contained in the Mosaic account, begins with a

general declaration, that the earth originated from the creation of God.

“Its first unformed, dark, and void state,” says Mr. Sharon Turner, “is noticed with the waters upon it, upon which the Spirit of ELOHIM is represented to have been in active operation. The results of His agency are not detailed, nor is any chronology affixed to this period of our terrestrial formation, nor is any account given of the geological constructions that ensued. Our science is therefore left at full liberty to investigate and delineate what it may discover to have been the actual process by which the construction of our planet was accomplished.

“The Mosaic chronology begins with the formation of Adam, and with the six preceding days or periods, which commenced with the production of light. What interval occurred between the first creation of the material substance of our globe and the mandate for light to descend upon it—whether months, years, or ages—is not in the slightest degree noticed. Geology may shorten or extend its duration, as it may find proper; there is no restriction on this part of the subject. In this portion of time, or eternity, we may place the formation of our elementary matter—the composition and arrangement of the vast central and interior contents, whatever they may be—and the construction, circumambieny, and consolidation of all the primordial rocks; and, indeed, the production of all things to which light was not essentially necessary.”

In the above extract, we take objection, of course, to the phrase, “portion of eternity,” and smile at the permission given to the geologist to extend or shorten its duration. The mysterious interval, however, we have seen dated higher, even as occurring between the creation of the heavens and the earth in the beginning, and the period (so to speak) when the earth became without form, and void,—a state by the way not predicated of the heavens. Some mystics have occupied the interval with the fall of Lucifer, and have supposed chaos to be the result of his ruin; and Milton appears to have adopted the notion, by the date which he assigns to the war of the angels,—a notion, indeed, not without much significance, if taken as indicating rather a mythos than a mere fact. In that sense something may be made of it. But we pass on to the splendid panorama of creation which our author has made to move in review before us with so truly picturesque an assemblage of effects.

Light, he thinks, is most probably an ethereal fluid, now universally diffused, and pervading all things, and not an emanation from the sun, which, however, has a direct and additional agency thereon. It was a distinct production anterior to the sun. Light came to the earth in the state in which we now almost universally find it, as both light and heat; and that, from the moment of its presence, the phenomena and agency of light, heat, and fire, began wherever it spread, and within the earth as well as upon it. The interior of the earth, as far as it is yet known, exhibits everywhere the agency of light and heat, either in their combined operation of fire, or in their separate states, or other modifications. Submarine volcanoes are still occasionally bursting up, as indications of the fiery agencies that are yet acting beneath our surface. Thus the Mosaic record expresses the true principles of our geological formations. These have proceeded from the action of the watery or of the fiery element, or are the alternate effects of each. We learn, from the book of Genesis, that both these were active agents in the creation, from its very commencement. Water preceded, and began its operations as the Spirit of the Creator directed them. Light descended immediately afterwards, when ordered; and, with its modifications, or attendants, heat and fire, exerted their powerful agencies. Thus the great scientific truth so recently ascertained, after many contending systems had been upheld and thrown down, that both the watery and fiery elements were actively concerned in the geological construction of our earth, is implied or indicated by the Mosaic narration, instead of being inconsistent with it.

The creative day our cosmogonist understands as being our natural one of twenty-four hours,—a position which it is not worth while here to dispute. To the second day was wisely given the generation of the atmosphere and clouds; for, “unless the ascending vapours from both earth and sea had been duly balanced with the descending rain, and unless the fitted means were kept constantly in action, to occasion a constant evaporation, of sufficient amount to rise into the skies, and other effective causation, as unceasingly operating to make the elevated vapour descend in the needed showers, the

vegetable and animal kingdoms would want that essential element, without which they could not subsist.” No detail is given of the causes or movements by which the separation of land and sea was effected. The geologist, therefore, is free to form his most scientific speculations. “If the globular surface was an uniform level, with an equal diffusion of the waters upon its whole circumference, some parts must have been raised up, in order to produce adequate concavities, into which the aqueous masses could subside and collect. The exterior form of the earth is manifestly of this kind. Vast ranges of mountains and rocks are now seen standing in various regions, as high above the common ground as the depths of the ocean seem to be below it, in which the seas are permanently assembled. The surface of the earth arises, in some parts, into high table-land; but the general level of both land and sea is now nearly the same. The ocean is, therefore, obviously occupying cavities equal to its bulk of fluid; and the supposition seems to be not unreasonable, that, in order to form these hollow spaces, the mountain masses were raised up. The state and phenomena of these stupendous elevations in many applicable points favour the idea, and recommend it to our consideration.”

The formation and arrangement of our planetary system is too large an argument for us to venture upon, and would better make the subject of a separate paper. The Creating Mind is so visible in the vegetable kingdom, that we regret our inability to set it forth, for mere want of space. Thus much, however, we must quote:

“THE CREATION OF VEGETABLES is placed by Moses subsequent to the production of light and of the atmosphere, immediately after the waters had receded from the land, and just before the creation and arrangement of the solar system.

“This position of vegetables in the series of creation exactly answers the demands of our present knowledge. Instead of requiring the sun’s light to germinate, seeds and plants, in order to do so, must be sowed and placed in darkness before they begin to vegetate. A small heat and moisture first cause their living principle to begin its operations, but they cannot flower or fruit until they receive the solar beams; nor could they grow without light, air, and moisture. A portion of oxygen air is essential to

vegetation: hence the previous atmosphere, which contains in it more than that portion, was indispensable, as was also some water on the soil where they were to grow. This exact placing of the vegetable formation and first germination is another test of the authenticity of the Hebrew cosmogony, which random fiction could not have stood."

Mr. Sharon Turner well exemplifies the Divine kindness in the flowers and fruits, shews that there is no spontaneous production of plants, illustrates the reproductive system, and briefly reviews their uses in the scheme of creation. What he says of the actions and phenomena of their living principle deserves careful perusal. He thinks, also, that they were locally created and gradually diffused; and, from the fossil traces and remains of ancient plants in the subterranean strata, derives some interesting indications of the primeval state and vegetation of the earth. He then ascends to the creation of the fish and whales, the general principles of their formation and peculiar nature, their forms and colours, their general character,—voices of some—their serenity and habitual comfort; and winds up the subject with some excellent reflections on the nature and phenomena of the mental principle which they manifest. Next occurs a brief review of the mollusca, testacea, zoophyte, and infusoria orders, and of their indications of feeling and mind. The bird creation, with their plumage and song, their power of flight and their migrations, their numbers and classes, their general character and mental faculties, are pleasingly treated. Of the sixth day's creation, quadrupeds, insects, and reptiles, an animated account is given. We select, as a specimen, what our author says of the manifestation of will in the insect tribes:

"We equally see the full and free exercises of individual choice and will. Try with any walking insect: it will move, not as you choose, but as it likes. Check it in one path, and, unless through fear it pauses, it will take another; it will not go in the course or to the point you wish, if left to itself, or without a positive compulsion. I have often tried and watched them, and have been satisfied, that as far as concerns themselves, and all constraining force withheld, they have as much free-agency, spontaneous motion, and freedom of will, as I have; and use these qualities as independently,

and with as much self-choice and determination, as I do so. There is nothing like overruling, confining, and automatic agency or compulsion about them. Their motions exhibit continual changes of will and self-choosing action.

"They shew me that they have as clear and just a perception of things as I have. The fly knows the treacle—the wasp the sugar—the bee his hive and honey—the caterpillar the herb he likes, as well as we do. If driven away, they return to the thing they desire. The bee does not go to a leaf instead of the flower, nor to a stone instead of a tree. They perceive what they want to be the thing they want or like, and they move towards it accordingly. In this conduct they judge as rightly about it as we should do, and act as consciously towards it. The more we study the actions of insects, with reference to their nature and purposes, we shall find that they habitually act with as much proper judgment concerning them, as our mind in their bodies would do. As far as I have observed and can anticipate, they act as I should act if I were in their frames, and had their wants and wishes, and were under the same circumstances and situation. If we were ants or bees, what could we do better than what they do? The instances of wasps and others reducing the weight or shape of their prey, to enable them to carry it, are instances of both reasoning and judgment; so is that of the beetles' undermining the stake to get at the toad, which it held above their reach; so is that of the humble bees' piercing the side of the calyx to get at the honey, when they cannot reach the nectarium by going within it. No human parent could exert more reasoning and affectionate foresight for the benefit of the child that was about to be born, than another species of bee uniformly displays. The earwig appears to hatch her eggs with the maternal assiduity of the hen, and to allow no opposing interposition to frustrate her intention. To assist a fellow-creature with the co-operation of our labour, when it is needed, is an act both of an observing and meaning mind, and of a benevolent feeling; and such an operation is performed by the pillbugs. It is a curious instance of the analogy which the Creator has spread through all his races of animal being, as if to manifest that our Maker's mind and agency have fabricated all things, that some insects appear to have the faculty and habit of the nutritive rumination. Their discernment of the best place to be in for their transformation from their caterpillar state, and intuitive motion on purpose to put themselves in it, has all the semblance

of perceiving and judging mind. It is not resolvable into mere external impulse: it seems to arise from the animal's own will and determination on its sensations and necessities."

Man now appears upon the scene. From what our author has written on this part of his subject we have already extracted. Of the temptation and fall, and the universal deluge, he says little, reserving the full consideration for a second part, to be united with a *Sacred History of the World Restored*.

We look upon this book particularly as one of the signs of the times,—as an evidence that the present is peculiarly the age of understanding. The work is, in fact, an exercitation on natural philosophy; but in all the higher departments,—in the purely rational and simply metaphysical,—it is wonderfully at fault. The peculiar tendency of the age thus indicated has filled some contemplative minds with alarm,

in which we cannot say that we are disposed to share. It has ever been the way of Providence to cultivate the human mind in one branch at one time and place, and another in another. When the province which it is now engaged about shall have been perfectly explored, doubtless it will ascend to higher regions of thought and feeling. For what says the judicious Hooker? "Man doth seek a triple perfection; first, a sensual, consisting in those things which very life itself requirerth either as necessary supplements, or as beauties and ornaments thereof; then an intellectual, consisting in those things which none underneath man is either capable of or acquainted with; lastly, a spiritual and divine, consisting in those things whereunto we tend by supernatural means, but cannot here attain unto them."

ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S FIRST BATTLE.

"Come list, ye nymphs, in sober sadness,
Whilst a tender tale I tell.

Hark! It racks my brain with madness,
Sighing softly, Fare thee well!"

C. O'D.

SWEETEST of perusers! did you ever hear of a place called Vinegar Hill? Were you ever in the county of Wexford? Were you ever in Ireland at all? If not, go there by all means; and on your return from the greenest isle of the ocean, should not your pugnacious propensities be sharpened, your poetical breathings more soul-searching, and your capacity for strong drink increased, why, then, sweetest of readers, your heart was not originally stouter than that reposing in the breast of a dunghill hen, your genius for poetry but prosy, whisky punch has been wofully misapplied, and I shall doubt that you were ever in love during the whole course of your miserable existence. Be that as it may, in the Irish Rebellion, which is usually spoken of as "the time of the hurry," a famous battle was fought at Vinegar Hill, in the county of Wexford, and, if I recollect rightly, the troops of good old King George the Third (blessed be his memory)! were piked and battered at an awful discount. But of this affair I cannot give you a particularly accu-

rate description, seeing that I had not the luck to be there, being otherwise engaged in shooting sparrows, and studying the picturesque from the windows of Clare Castle, whither I had been sent by my commanding officer, Colonel Gauntlet, as I once before had the pleasure of telling you, in the 19th No. of *Fraser's Magazine*, in consequence of being desperately in love with Miss Juliana Hennessy, my "First Love."

When the news came to Limerick—the then head-quarters of my regiment, the Royal Irish—of the discomfiture of the troops, the massacre of the Protestants, and the occupation of Enniscorthy by the rebels, a panic seized those who had any thing to lose, and a corresponding delight pervaded the breasts of the numerous senseless patriots who had every thing to gain in the expected topsy-turvy state of affairs. General Eustace, or Useless, as he was called for shortness, conferred with General Needless.* Military preparation was made with great speed and little effect; for, in a crisis, haste is

* Need—m.

every thing. Aides-de-camp and orderlies were to be encountered on every road, galloping horses impressed for the service, as if the fate of the country depended upon the use they made of their spurs. The mayor of Limerick stuck a sword-cane into the flap of his breeches pocket—the corporation dug up two culverins, once belonging to Cromwell's army, and a long, thin, curiously-shaped gun, like Queen Anne's pocket-piece in miniature, which had been in the Spanish Armada, from the mud under the court-house; and mounting these relics of antiquity on cars, pronounced them to be serviceable, and placed them under the command of Major Convolvulus of the Irish Artillery. Colonel Gauntlet was ordered to bring in his detachments from outpost duty, and I left Clare Castle.

Adieu, then, to that citadel of citadels—farewell to the Fergus and its banks, its wild ducks and ever-brown furze bushes, its water scenery below the bridge, and its mud scenery above the bridge! Pigs, priest, and *potheen*, good bye! and, barring the last, I don't care if I never encounter ye again. The pleasures of Limerick society were tasted in my imagination as I trudged on towards that city, over my ancles in gutter, and wet as an unsqueezed sponge from the continued pour of an up-and-down straight rain, no where to be met with so drenching as in the south-west of Ireland—yet scarce heeding these inconveniences, in the contemplation of oceans of claret and generations of pretty women.

But, alas! how were these blissful anticipations to be realised?—even as Ireland was to be quieted by the all-healing measure of Catholic Emancipation. Not a word, however, of any such political botheration! I reported the arrival of my party to Colonel Gauntlet.

"Glad you are come, sir," said the colonel, a grim old codger, thin as a lath, straight and stiff as the ramrod he used to poke down the backs of the recruits, between jacket and skin, to give them a soldier-like carriage—"Glad to see you, Mr. O'Donoghue—very. Not distressed after your long march? quite fresh—eh?"

"Fresh as a daisy, colonel," said I, looking mighty sprightly, as if a march of eighteen Irish miles was a mere trifle.

"Glad—very glad; the knot of your sash a thought too near your right hip. Country in a sad state, sir—very. Not tired—eh?"

"Not the least, colonel."

"Glad—very; always up to your duty."

"Up to any thing, colonel."

"Good—very good! In that case you will proceed to-night to Kilhalsters-town, with a fresh party, to reinforce Captain Butler's company, who informs me that he expects an attack to-night from the rebels, and place yourself under the orders of Major Convolvulus, of the Irish Artillery."

"To-night, colonel?"

"Yes, in an hour. Good morning, sir;—glad you are not tired—very: good morning." And so he bowed me out of the room as great men do little ones.

Now Kilhalsters-town was a good step, as I was given to understand, beyond Bruff, and Bruff is full ten miles—Irish miles, mind you—from Limerick. Behold me, then, once more "padding the hoof" for my king and country, through a dismal district, rendered still more dreary by approaching nightfall, and the patter-patter of the pitiless pour, that descended in drops bigger than sixpences. I thought of the deluge, apostrophised the rain, and wished Gauntlet at the bottom of the Shannon. In addition to other misfortunes, my boots were every moment becoming more like Dutchmen's skates, and less like boots; for, floundering through these most un-macadamised of roads, the leather about the ancles had sunk down to my heels, the heels wobbled about under the centre of the foot, and the toes of the boots, quitting their legitimate places, cocked up and twisted like rams' horns. On I went, however, wishing myself in heaven, and at last came in sight of Bruff. At the sign of the "Broken Bottle," I inquired how far it was to Sir Lawrence Fagan's mansion of Kilhalsters-town.

"Better than three miles, sir," said a little bandy-legged, squinting, red-haired, pock-marked waiter, who was also boots, hostler, and chambermaid, as occasion required.

"Tisn't, then, nor half," exclaimed a fellow at the door—one of a group of freeze-coated loungers, who had been drawn by curiosity from the smith's forge to look at my party.

"Hould your tongue, you ruffin of

the world!" returned the waiter, in reply to this volunteered contradiction; "what call have the likes of ye to be spakin' at all at all?" Then turning to me—"An' is it to Sir Lawrence's ye're goin', sir—'tis a lonesome way, no ways convanient for night travellin'. 'Deed, then, if ye'd be said by me, captain, ye'd just stay fair an' aisey where ye are."

I was by no means in an amiable mood, so told the ugly fellow to hold his tongue and get me a guide.

"A guide is it? Why, then, there's not a boy in the place can shew your honour the road betther than meself. Didn't I live with Sir Larrance as whipper-in? an' don't I know every step of the road hedder an' thidder? I'll engage I'm not a stranger here, nor in Limbrick, nor any other part of the world. I wish to go to. Just say, 'Tim, here's the price of a glass,' for I'm mighty drouthy, an' I'll be afther steppin' before ye, captain, at oncet."

I was angry, and the waiter looked like an impudent rogue. "None of your chatter, Mr. Tim, as that is your name," said I.

"Whisha, thin I'm content to hould my whisht, sir, if ye likes, only I thought may be pleasant conversation 'ud be refreshin' afther the road; for, sir, whin ye quits the town, not a hap'orth iv a Christhen sowl ye'll see till ye gets to Sir Larrance's." Here the rascal grinned. "Thin, sir, whin ye get down the road, may be thisty perches, ye'll turn to your right, an' thin look out for James Murphy's bog-hole; an' thin, sir, take care an' mind the quarry just beyant—long Jack Twosmy cracked his neck in it last St. John's day; and thin, sir, ye'll take the borreen* on your right agin—God be good to us all!—amin!—'twas there the boys pounded the tithe-proctor last week; thin, sir, when ye pass the common, ye'll come to Kilcock river, where, if 'tisn't dark, ye'll see the steppin' stones—but mind an' don't tumble in, for I'll engage they'll be shlippery, in regard iv the shream bein' bigger nor usual."

"You impudent scoundrel," said I, who heard the loungers at the door chuckle at the waiter's exaggerated account of the difficulties I had to contend with, "if you don't vanish on the instant, and procure me a guide, I'll break every bone in your body."

"Is it afther I'm tellin' ye yer road that ye'd be batin' a poor boy; an' if ye did that same, I'd be bate by a jintleman any way;—I've been bate by lords before now, an' 'tis more agree'ble than to be bate by a cobbogue."

"Ma-hurp-an-dioul!" exclaimed the man who had before corrected the waiter—"Tim, *ma bouchal*, the jintleman is a jintleman, an' will give ye a batin' before ye'll say paas—so quiet now, Tim. I'll shew your honour the road as I'm goin' home, handy by to Kilhalterstown."

I liked the tone of this fellow's voice, his off-hand hardihood of manner, and his extremely intelligent and handsome countenance. I accepted his offer willingly, got the men once more in order, and was moving off, when the ugly waiter called out, "God speed ye, sir! ye're in fine hands now, any way; an', if ye've luck, may be ye'll get to Kilhalterstown to-night. Well, boys, give us all our own way, an' we'll live the longer. 'Tis a great army entirely. Captain, mind the bog-hole, an' the quarry, an' the steppin' stones. Kilhalterstown is a fine place, boys; bigger than the Limbrick poor-house—God keep us out of it!—an' illegant place, boys—an' that the army will find out by an' by."

His speech was curtailed by my sergeant, who tripped up his heels, and, as he was falling, gave him a kick where, as Hudibras says,

"A kick hurts honour more
Than deeper wounds received before,"

which sent him head foremost into a pigstye; and there we left him.

It appeared, from my guide's story, that Sir Lawrence Fagan of Kilhalterstown was an old gentleman, who kept a sort of Castle Rackrent establishment; was very hospitable, very bigoted, fond of hunting foxes and rebels, of large parties and good living, hated the Papists, and was oftener behind hand with his tithes than any man in the parish; prided himself upon his ancestry, cut down the old timber on his estate, generally got drunk like a gentleman each night of his life, and was, moreover, a magistrate and captain of a troop of yeomanry. I learnt these particulars on the road,—the details fortunately uninterrupted by any of those difficulties mentioned by the

* Little cross-road.

waiter at the Broken Bottle. Tim's account, too, of the distance between Bruff and Kilhalterstown had been as little veracious; and we arrived at a dilapidated entrance, with an iron gate standing invitingly open, which my friend informed me led to Sir Lawrence Fagan's residence, before I thought half our march was over. During our peregrination, however, it seemed that I had made a step in the good graces of my informant, and half-a-crown, which I chucked to him at parting, won my way to his heart; for when my men had filed through the gateway, and I was about to follow them, he came close up to me, laid his hand on my arm, and whispered in my ear, "If you are in trouble, call out for Bill Rooney;" then gathered his frieze-coat under his arm, flourished his black-thorn round his ears, crossed the bank by the road-side at a bound, and his figure disappeared in the darkness, which for some time had been our companion.

All was silent as a dead herring, and dark as a wolf's mouth, when we were groping our way towards the house through the deeply shaded avenue. Within twenty yards of the hall-door we came on the lawn, which stretched far away to the right; while, close on our left, we could distinguish—now that we had emerged from the avenue—a shed, where several fully accoutred cavalry horses were champing their bits—probably the poor brutes had nothing else between their jaws—and close to them were two small field-guns, directed towards the principal gate through which we had passed; but nothing in human form had we yet encountered. We approached the hall-door; still not a sentry—not a soul to be seen. Pretty discipline this, thought I—and the garrison expecting an attack, too! But if watch was neglected without, vigils were kept within; for, as we reached the door, our ears were saluted by the roar of twenty or thirty voices joining in thundering chorus to an old hunting song, and this was taken up by such a yell from beneath our feet, as it seemed, that we might have easily fancied all the imps of Satan were enjoying a jubilee. A few cracks of a hunting-whip, nearly as loud as a pistol-shot, accompanied by a voice that sounded high above the din, of "How now, Ringwood! Ha, ha, Relish!—Quiet there, good dogs!" checked the

noise and explained the mystery. The kennel was in the area story, and the hounds below were sympathising with the jolly dogs above.

As the rain continued with undiminished vigour, I made no scruple of bringing my men into the large marble-flagged hall, particularly as the hall door was open, and then proceeded towards the room whence the sounds of merry-making issued. I would have had my arrival announced, but no servant was to be found; nor was either knocker or bell an appendage considered necessary in the unsophisticated state of society at Kilhalterstown.

• So full was every one, in the room which I entered, of his own particular topic of conversation—for each was talking independently of his neighbour, now that the song was over—that I was for a minute unnoticed, and enabled to take a rapid sketch of the apartment and its inmates. The walls of this spacious dining-room were hung round with trophies and implements of the chase and war. Whips, sabres, jockey-caps, yeomanry helmets, tails of foxes and antlers of deer, in pleasing irregularity, denoted the tastes and habits of the baronet and his guests. A long table of black oak, at which some five-and-twenty or thirty people were seated, extended the whole length of the room, and supported, in addition to some heads and many elbows, numerous wine glasses, and tumblers of varied size and shape, half emptied decanters, large blue jugs of steaming water, and bowls of sugar, interspersed with slops of spilt liquor, broken glass, cut lemons, and other evidences of the evening having been as wet within doors as without. At the head of the table, and a little raised above the rest of his goodly company, sat a fine venerable old gentleman, dressed in a broad-flapped and laced scarlet hunting-coat, with ruffles, and a once richly embroidered, though now somewhat faded, silk waistcoat of the same colour, from which projected a frill as large as a moderate sized cauliflower. His hair, white through time or powder, was collected behind, and tied in a pigtail with much nicety; and his jolly red nose blazed in front. Altogether he was the cut of a hearty old toper and a gentleman. On the right of the baronet—for I at once guessed him to be Sir Lawrence Fagan—sat Major Convolvulus of the Irish Artillery, a

little hump-backed fellow, between two thumping epaulettes; and on his left, my own immediate commanding officer, Captain Butler, of the Royal Irish—as good a fellow, drunk or sober, as ever cracked a head or a bottle—now tolerably tipsy, but still endeavouring to become more so. Lower down at this hospitable board were several persons in yeomanry jackets, others in hunting coats; a lieutenant of Irish artillery, of about fifteen; a second lieutenant of the same corps, past fifty by his bald head; and a brawny parson, with a fist sufficiently large to floor an ox. All these were more or less in the same state as my friend Butler.

The baronet's eye first caught mine. He rose from his chair, made me a bow that might have been studied forty years before at the court of Versailles, and bade me welcome in courteous phrase. "Delighted to see you, sir—or any gentleman in your dress, who will honour my poor mansion with his presence. Pray, sir, be seated. Vaudeville, clean glasses—where be those knaves of servants—Vaudeville, I say!"

"Here, sar," issued in a foreign accent from the treble pipes of an old man on his knees before a hogshead of claret in a corner of the room, with a silver jug in one hand and a spigot in the other. I declined the proffered beverage, pleading the necessary attention required by my party, and the empty state of my stomach. The last was deemed a cogent reason, the first an untenable one—particularly when Butler told me not to bother myself about the fellows, as they would have plenty of whisky from the baronet's cellar, and could very well take care of themselves. "As for an attack to-night, who was the bold fellow that would attempt it?—he would settle his hash in a twinkling, blow him to Jericho, and afterwards hang him to a lamp-post higher than Haman's," so saying, my gallant captain brewed another stiffer of whisky-punch for himself.

I returned to my men in the hall. "Where is sergeant O'Gorman?" I asked. "Here, sir!" returned the sergeant, issuing from a side-door; "I have been all over the house; and every living soul in it—man, woman, and child—is as drunk as a piper, except an old Frenchman; and he never could have been good for much, drunk or sober. In almost every room there are

Irish artillerymen, lying cheek-by-jowl with our own lads who came here with the captain in the morning—all on the broad of their backs, flopping about like flukes out of water."

For the first time in my life, I found myself in a situation of responsibility, and I seriously looked at the posture of our military affairs. I was warranted to suppose that an attack would be made on Kilhalterstown, both from the lawless state of the country, and the positive declaration of Gauntlet's to that effect; and if an attack were made, a pretty state our garrison was in to repel it! I, a lad of eighteen, was the only person competent to take the command; and the small party I had just brought from Limerick alone, of our comparatively-speaking large force, fit for duty. I took every possible precaution to prevent a surprise, and determined to be on the alert during the night. I gave strict injunctions to my sergeant to keep whisky from the men, and then proceeded to attack the remains of a venison pasty and a bottle of claret, which had been laid out for me by Vaudeville in a small room adjoining the dining-hall.

Strange to say, I, that loved a jollification as much as any of my countrymen, felt no wish to join the happy fellows who were "keeping it up" so merrily, until high words and squabbling induced me to open gently the door between the rooms, in order to see what was the matter. However, I was too late for the fun, as the strong arms of the parson and bald-headed second lieutenant, the eloquence of the baronet, and, more effectual still, the extreme drunkenness of the two contending parties, prevented the row continuing. By this time most of the guests were under, few on, the table: among the former, was Butler; among the latter, the young first lieutenant. Major Convolvulus still retained an upright position on his chair, and the use of his tongue, and was deep in a genealogical discussion with the baronet, who, as the dispute had been finished for the present between the two worthies whose noise had drawn my attention, turned with some asperity on the little field-officer. The major would have swallowed so much of his host's good wine to but little purpose if it had not roused the mettle of his nature, however it might have bothered his logic. He had no notion

of pruning his own family tree, that it might be out-topped by any baronet's in the country; and when Sir Lawrence affected to hold his pedigree rather cheap, the little man grew testy, tucked his feet well up on the upper wrung of his chair, and struck his fist on the table with sufficient emphasis to make the glasses dance again.

"Let me tell you, sir," roared he—"let me tell you that the *Convolvulus*es have flourished for ages—ay, for ages, Sir Lawrence—bloomed for centuries in Ireland, as well as elsewhere—hiccup!—ay, and will bloom for ever—ay, for ever and after—o!"

"Pooh, sir!—tut, sir!" returned the baronet; "the *Convolvulus*es, sir!—mere mushrooms, major, my dear major, my very dear sir, upon my word!—my dear sir, you're a mushroom—depend upon it, you're a mushroom!"

"Mushroom!" screamed the little fellow—"no, sir, I am no mushroom, but a *Convolvulus*—a pure—an—an unadulterated *Convolvulus*!"

"No, no," returned our host—"nothing of the sort! Why, sir, I can prove to the understanding of any man that Ireland was our country long before Milesius came here—yes, Milesius! At the time of the flood, sir—before the flood, sir,—my dear sir,—we hunted elks as you might foxes, shot mammoths instead of snipes, and potted our own whales for breakfast! Think of that, my little *Convolvulus* major!"

"Fables, fables—a fabulus, fabulorum!—nonsense—whales, indeed!—very like a whale!—stuff!" ejaculated the major.

"Stuff, sir!" returned Sir Lawrence—"what do you mean by stuff, sir? I will drown you in the punch-bowl—yes, my dear sir, here in this!"—seizing a huge silver bowl. "Here, sir, you will bob up and down like a piece of lemon-peel;—stuff, indeed!"

"Threats—mere threats!" cried the other, snapping his fingers; "ay, Fagan, my old boy, you are drunk and talking nonsense—indeed you are."

"I will have satisfaction forthwith," said the baronet, and, suiting the word to the deed, snatched a yeomanry sabre from the wall, and drew it. The major fumbled for the handle of his blade, and found it with difficulty; but in endeavouring to release it from the scabbard, which had awkwardly got between his legs, he lost

his balance, and toppled over on the floor,—fortunately so; for at the instant, Sir Lawrence, who was too drunk to perceive accurately the movements of his opponent, lunged fully out, and drove his point through one of *Convolvulus*'s epaulettes. Had the latter been on his legs, he never again would have talked of his pedigree.

"I rather think I have killed the little gentleman," said the baronet, with perfect composure. "Vaudeville, examine his body, and bring me a chamber-candle; let him be buried decently in the morning, Vaudeville; but recollect, Vaudeville, don't put him in the family-vault: my ancestors would be annoyed by the smell of a dead *Convolvulus*. Good night, gentlemen;—your arm, Vaudeville."

Three or four who still retained some use of their legs reeled off after Sir Lawrence. Vaudeville returned, blew out the lights in the dining-room, gave me a fresh bottle of claret, made me a low bow, and retired.

Fond as I was of claret—and (God help me!) still am—I had too much on my shoulders to give way to the thirst that tormented me from morning till night, and night till morning; besides, I was rather disgusted with the scene in the adjoining room; for, however gloriously it may glimmer in the eyes of him who has sat out the bout from the beginning, the close of a jollification has but little beauty for the unfortunate sober. Having, therefore, but half emptied my second bottle, I prepared to go my rounds of the sentries, and keep them on the alert. I could not resist the temptation, however, of making some little alterations in the appearance of those sacrificed to Bacchus: I thatched the bald head of the Irish artillery second lieutenant with the parson's wig—replaced the wig with the silver punch-bowl—adorned his reverence's fat chops with a pair of enormous burnt-cork-sketches of moustaches—buckled my captain's right leg firmly to the table with a sword-belt, and tweaked *Convolvulus*'s nose till he roared again, though he did not awake. Having played these boyish tricks, I found Sergeant O'Gorman, and visited my posts.

The rain had ceased, and a three-quarter moon was occasionally visible, as openings in the rapidly passing clouds permitted us a glimpse at her fair face. One moment we could see

a good distance round us, and then Madame Luna would dive behind a bank of clouds, leaving us completely in the dark.

We first came to the two guns which I have mentioned were posted to rake the avenue. The men attached to these guns had probably voted keeping guard in the rain was a bore; for they had all retreated into a summer-house close by, and applied sufficient whisky inwardly to correct the outward moisture. The bottle was empty, and the guard was snoring. A ray of moonlight shewed me the chevrons on the corporal's arm. "Get up, sir!" said I, giving him a sound kick in the ribs. He only snored the louder. I gave him another.

"The devil's in them flays!" murmured he, rubbing the injured part—"the devil's in them flays, that never laves off aitin' me!"

"Get up, you drunken brute!" said I, shoving him still more vigorously.

"Katty, Katty—'tisn't I—'tis the childer!"

I once more excited his energies.

"Katty, darlin', don't be kicking me!"

Another punch in the ribs made him open his eyes. "Bad manners to you, whoever you are, to be goin' about kickin' the people!" said he, sitting up; "what call have ye to be makin' fut-balls of people's carcasses when they're sleepin' peaceably?"

"Don't you see that an officer is speaking to you?" said the sergeant; "you will be brought to a court-martial for sleeping on your post."

"O, be aisy now!" said the corporal, "and adhere to me now; an' if I don't break your eye to-morrow mornin', may I never sin—that's the chat!"—and so he settled himself for another snooze.

"Do you know if your guns are loaded?" I asked.

"Do I know, is it?" he said; "I'll engage I do; but what a *gom* I'd be to tell!—wouldn't I now? Maybe ye'd fire 'em off for sport!—that's the chat!"

There was no making any thing of this fellow, "so we left him alone in his glory."

The ground in front of the house sloped away in an even lawn for some hundred yards, where it was broken by a sunken fence, rivetted towards the house with brickwork, and scarfed

off towards the country. Beyond this fence the land appeared to be divided into potatoes and corn-fields, bounded by furze-capped banks, but quite devoid of plantation. The garden and out-offices at the back of the house were enclosed with a high brick wall; so, with a single sentry there, I felt myself quite secure. The front was the most accessible part, and required greatest attention. I posted a couple of sentries about two hundred yards from the house, with strict orders to look sharply over the fields beyond the fence, and carefully to watch the fence itself. If any thing was seen moving, one was to come and tell me; but if several persons came suddenly on them, they were both to fire and immediately fall back. I brought one of the two field-guns to the front of the house, to bear upon the lawn, having ascertained that they were loaded by pushing a stick into the muzzles; and then contrived to close the iron gates at the end of the avenue, and rolled some large stones (of which there were abundance at hand) against them. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, I had not the least inclination to go to sleep; on the contrary, the excitement was delightful, and I began to wish that my precautions might be put to the test.

Moonlight after claret invariably makes me sentimental; and in those days it was my wont to indulge my Muse whenever she was in the humour. She was all agog just now about war and glory, fire and fury, thunder and lightning. Perhaps there was a certain sympathy between her Museship and the gun I was leaning against. She inspired me with the following words, which, most ruby-lipped and taper-fingered paruser! you may sing to the pianoforte or guitar, to the tune of "Cease, rude Boreas," if you like—and know how.

Ode to War and the Tempest.

Rumbling thunder rolling o'er us,
Braying trump and rattling drum,
Join in hideous crashing chorus—
Hark!—the foe! They come!—they come!

Bounding bomb-shells burst in air,
Blustering Boreas blows his blast,
As if to make the natives stare—
Furious fiends are fighting fast.

Vivid lightnings round us flashing,
Glance and gleam along the sky—
Sabres clashing, smashing, slashing,
Funking now is all my eye!

Nimble light-bobs lightly leaping,
 Loudly shout and shoot along—
 Generals through hedge-rows peeping,
 View from far the fighting throng.
 Fierce Bellona's whip is shaking,
 Martial Mars has marr'd the fray,
 Therapies-like are cornets quaking,
 And wish themselves (in vain) away.
 Grenadiers grenades are throwing,
 Grimly gunners work their guns,
 Ghastly gasches 'mongst us going,
 Glory onwards cheers her sons!
 Lengthy lines are formed for charging,
 Th' hostile ranks won't budge a peg;
 My fears, ye gods! are much enlarging—
 Would I were at Ballybeg!
 The sun shines forth—the foe is flying—
 Dread in triumph now is lost;
 Fearlessly we strip the dying,
 And send despatches by the post.

I was hammering out a rhyme to conclude this little poetical effusion, when I fancied I saw something moving across a potatoe-field beyond the sunken fence; but as several small though dark clouds were passing over the moon's fair face in quick succession, I was not sure whether or not I might have been deceived by their shadow. The sentries in front said they had seen nothing, but I fancy the rogues had not kept so bright a lookout as they ought; for, some moments after, I was positive that something was moving over the ground more substantial than a shadow. The moon, however, shone out again quite bright, and we could see nothing but the fields and hedges as before. Taking one of the men's muskets, I crawled on my hands and knees towards the fence, under the shade of the first cloud that hid the light, and waited till it had passed away. Something white appeared. "Who goes there?" cried I. No reply. "Answer, or I shoot!" There was none, so I pulled the trigger. At once arose a most infernal noise—a very odd noise: I thought it was the devil. One of my sentries dropped his firelock through fear, though in daylight he would have faced a battery as soon as his dinner; the other burst out laughing. "What the devil is it?" I asked.

"Plase your honour, 'tis a jackass," answered the sentry. And so it was.

I returned to lean against the gun, and remembered that an officer of ours had once said something about the sublime and the ridiculous.

About two hours passed without any

incident worthy of record, when I was again certain that I saw something moving in front. Not wishing to have another laugh raised at my expense, I looked long and steadily; and what confirmed me in my opinion was, that what I saw took a contrary direction to the course of the shadows which were still caused by the scud. I called O'Gorman to my assistance, and we both agreed in seeing something. Presently one of the sentries came to me, according to his orders, to state that he was sure he heard voices near him, though he had seen no one. I ordered him back to his post, and directed the sergeant to get the men under arms immediately. They had scarcely left me, when the moon, suddenly appearing, enabled me to discover two fellows running across the field; but an instant after the light had revealed them, they were down in a potatoe-trench. I was now convinced that what I had seen at various times were men, who had passed by twos and threes when the light was obscured, and were now collected in a large body under a bank which ran directly from us, probably meditating an attack. My men were soon out, and I brought the second field-gun from the head of the avenue, where it was not likely to be wanted, to bear upon the lawn, withdrew my sentries from the neighbourhood of the sunken fence, and waited events in silence. A few minutes after, a pistol was discharged from under the bank, which I then thought was a signal, but since believe it was by accident; for it was full ten minutes more before our enemies appeared. However, the instant the shot was fired, I directed my sergeant to return to the house and awake every one he could, and told the sentry who had laughed when I fired at the jackass, to bring me a live turf sod from the kitchen.

The last order was soonest obeyed. I put some fresh powder on the touch-holes of the guns, and had the burning turf ready to discharge them when required.

The parson was the first who answered O'Gorman's summons to the field: out he rushed, ready for battle, with the silver punch-bowl glittering on his head, and a yeomanry sabre flourishing rapidly about it. He was a capital specimen of the church militant, and the moustaches I had drawn on his face had a wonderfully fine

effect. After him came the old second lieutenant of Irish artillery—no longer bald-headed, but having his skull protected by a marvellously clerical-looking bob-wig—brandishing a poker, and dooming the body and bones of every rebelly mother's son to the infernal gods. After him bundled out a heterogeneous group, in hunting-coats, no coats, and yeomanry-jackets—some half-dressed, others scarcely dressed at all—one fellow with a gown about his shoulders, and another with nothing on but a short jacket and a pair of top-boots, only half awake, three parts drunk, and wholly unmanageable—all sufficiently eager for battle, though but few comprehending who or where the foe might be.

Just as I received this reinforcement, a hundred and fifty or two hundred fellows popped up from the sunken fence, and advanced towards us in the most determined manner. "For the love of mercy, captain!" cried the parson—for in Ireland every officer of the line who is not a field-officer is a captain by courtesy—"for the love of heaven, shoot them—shoot them, sir, or we'll all be ruined—horse, foot, and dragons!"

This clerical advice, however, I did not choose to follow, having laid my plans differently. I rather think that our opponents had not expected so warm a reception as they were now likely to experience; for the house had thrown a broad shade over its front, and concealed my manœuvres. However, it appeared that they had made up their minds for the onset; for they set up one wild screech, fired a few shots, and then rushed forward. By my orders, half my men met them with a well-directed volley, which sent their front ranks staggering back on their rear. The parson wanted me to charge them, but I knew better: they had thrice our numbers, and in confused pell-mell fighting bludgeons and scythes were as good weapons as fire-locks and bayonets. I therefore would not permit our ranks to be broken, on any account; indeed, I threatened to cut the first man down who interfered with my men. This was taken up by the second lieutenant of Irish artillery. "That's personal, I believe," said he,

"and, with the blessing of God, will have satisfaction for it!"

There was no time to name the hour and place, even had we wished to carve out a little amusement for ourselves in perspective, as the enemy again came to the charge. My reserve threw in their fire with steadiness and effect, though not with the same success that our first volley had; for, though many fell, the remainder almost closed with us. I gave the word to fire the field-guns. Bang—bang! off they went as merrily as if the turf had been port-fire; but notwithstanding their muzzles were only a few yards from the enemy, not a man dropped.

"The devil fly hunting with them that gave us shot too big for the guns!"* cried the second lieutenant.

Though the field-pieces had been loaded with powder only, the noise they made frightened the rebels, and they wavered for an instant.

Our only chance was to make a push with the bayonet. "Charge!" cried I; and on we rushed, stoutly assisted by our irregular skirmishers, the yeomanry and huntsmen. The parson was amongst us, if not quite the foremost. He dealt his blows with such dexterity and hearty good-will, that every thing seemed to go down before his powerful arm and sabre. He pushed "*carte*" and "*tierce*," cut right and left, never bothered himself with feints, but hacked, slashed, and slivered, as if fighting had been his trade—preaching only his profession. The helmet I had placed on his brows did him infinite service: blows from sheelaghs fell thereon thick as hail-stones, and with as little effect, but were returned with usurious interest. "Musha! thin, 'tis the devil himself!" cried out a voice from the enemy, whose tones I fancied I remembered having heard at no distant period.

"Never mind, boy—let me at him!" responded another, whose voice was also familiar to me; but my own affairs just then gave me quite enough to attend to, without following the parson through his career of glory.

I had pushed myself right into the thick of the business, working away with my sword, killing and wounding as many as I could—taking a blow

* Fact. Nine-pound shot were served out in Limerick to an officer in command of two six-pounders; and the mistake was not discovered until two days after, when the officer was leaving the town.

here, giving one there—*now dodging* aside to avoid the stroke of a scythe, and then opening the striker's mouth as if it had been a Catlingford oyster, hallooing and screeching—for your young soldier always makes a noise—your old hand does his work (as did the parson) without a row, and more effectually—and giving up my heart and soul to the delightful excitement.

Delightful it was then—I have had enough of it since. I should have been expended more than once, but for the timely assistance of my friends. O'Gorman drove his halberd into the stomach of a fellow who was shoving his pike at my face, and the second lieutenant split the skull of another with his poker who was about to do me the same good office with a flail. It is a special mercy that I am here to tell it! On we pounded, till we *wal-lopped* them clean across the lawn, and over and into the sunken fence that I have had occasion so often to mention—ay, and reason to recollect too; for I had the ill luck to tumble or be dragged into it, head foremost, and lay at the bottom stunned. When I recovered my senses, my party had retired, and so had the moon, leaving me without light or friends, which at this moment would have been very acceptable, as I had so sprained my ankle that I could scarcely move, and was exceedingly interested in knowing what had become of the rebels.

With much pain I contrived to crawl out of the ditch, and found that, in addition to my sprain, I had contrived to get a rap on the head, from which the blood was flowing more freely than I liked. The moon again shone out, and some one stooped over me. He turned his face towards the light, and I recognised the squint, the marks of small-pox, and red hair, belonging to the waiter of the "Broken Bottle." Tim recollected me at the same instant, and his ugly features assumed a most diabolical expression. "Ho, ho!" cried he, "is it yourself, captin, in earnest?"

"Even as you see," I replied.

"You don't tell me so? Well, that's fifty quare! Ho, ho! you'll be batin people, will you? The devil bate me if I don't!"—

He lifted a musket, to the muzzle of which a bayonet was fixed, over my head;—another moment, and my first battle would have been my last, had I not remembered the parting words of my guide from Bruff. I shouted for Bill Rooney at the top of my lungs. The bright bayonet-blade reflected back one moonbeam, and then down it came—up to its handle in the turf, thanks to the blackthorn stick of Bill Rooney, which had turned it aside! My blessings on you, Bill Rooney! Swish! came a parcel of bullets just over me, the cracks of a dozen firelocks rattled after, and the ugly carcass of Tim the waiter was stretched across my shins, dead as a door-nail.

The rebels now scampered off, and I was carried to the house. Thanks to my youth and a good constitution, I was soon able to do justice to Sir Lawrence's best Bordeaux, and make inquiries after my friend Bill Rooney—unhappily without success, whether from the name having been assumed for the occasion, or his being obliged to fly the country, as many a fine fellow found it convenient to do in the autumn of that same year 98. I never afterwards heard of Bill Rooney.

Now, my beautiful reader! what do you imagine was the upshot of all this?—Surely, that the parson was made an archdeacon, the bald-headed second lieutenant got a step, and your humble and broken-pated servant—thanks, at least. How soft you are! *Convolvulus* wrote the despatch, and, naturally enough, praised himself, though he was snoring all the time of the fun—thanked Butler for his able co-operation in all his measures for repelling the enemy—and put in twenty lines, at least, about the prompt and gallant assistance he received from his chivalrous friend, Sir Lawrence Fagan, of Kilhalterstown, and that fine corps the Kilhalterstown yeomanry under his command.

When I remonstrated with the little major, all I got in reply was, "You had better hold your tongue about it, my fine fellow, and think yourself fortunate in not being broke for buckling your captain's leg to the table!"

PORTRAITS OF EMINENT PHILOSOPHERS.

No. I.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THERE is no species of reading so delightful as that of biography, and none for which there is a deeper and more universal passion. Every man feels an intense interest in the personal history of his own kind; and he reads a lesson of instruction, as well as amusement, in the adventures of profligate genius, in the privations of neglected talent, in the drunken frolics of poets and romancers, in the reverses of statesmen, or in the more staid and measured career of philosophers. The appetite, however, for personal biography has been irregularly and coarsely fed. Our intellectual purveyors have administered but to the most craving digestions—they have supplied only the most rancid viands. The biographical literature of the day has been confined principally to the natural history of players, the duplicities of unprincipled politicians, the ravings of German maniacs, and the visions of men who drink alcohol, eat opium, and swallow corrosive sublimate. To the mental epidemic which has thus been generated, it is time to offer, at least, a more wholesome diet; and though it may at first be received with indifference, if not with loathing, we have no doubt that it will soon be justly appreciated, if not eagerly demanded. Let not the reader suppose that we are about to deal out to him either wisdom or science: these are not commodities for the present day; and there are no condiments even by which they can be rendered palatable in their usual form. We intend merely to present to him the personal history of truly great men, and to refer only occasionally and briefly to those important discoveries or works by which their names have been immortalized.

We have begun our series with Sir Isaac Newton and the Marquis de la Place, two men who have, by universal consent, been placed above all other philosophers—whose discoveries relate to the grandest and most permanent objects which the human mind can contemplate—who have each been the idol of the two greatest nations of modern Europe—who were honoured and rewarded in their day by a grateful

country—and whose names have in all lands been emblazoned in the lists of immortality.

Although Sir Isaac Newton entered a traditional pedigree at the Herald's office, by which his descent was derived from an English race, yet before his death he seems to have discovered its inaccuracy, and to have cherished the belief that he was descended from a Scotch family of the name of Newton, in the county of East Lothian. He was prematurely born on the 25th Dec. 1642, at the manor-house of Woolthorpe, a little picturesque hamlet to the west of Colsterworth, and visible from the great North road to London. His father had died some months before the birth of his only child; and such was the diminutive size of the infant, that "he could have been put into a quart mug." Providence, however, preserved this frail and helpless being, and gave it a vigorous manhood and a happy old age. After receiving the elements of reading at two day-schools at Skillington and Stoke, he was sent to the public school at Grantham, and was boarded in the house of one Mr. Clark, an apothecary. The ordinary studies of the school did not engage his attention; but during the hours of play his mind was occupied, and his hands engaged, with mechanical contrivances, which, by means of a number of tools that he had collected, he constructed with singular ingenuity. Models of wind-mills, water-clocks, and self-moving carriages, were thus executed in succession; and he even contrived to amuse his schoolfellows with paper kites and paper lanterns, which he raised to great heights in the atmosphere, and made the people believe that they were comets.

In the house of the apothecary where he was boarded there resided some young ladies, for one of whom, Miss Storey, our young philosopher seems to have conceived a strong attachment. The society of his female companions was always preferred to that of his schoolfellows, and his hands found abundant occupation in supplying them with little tables and chairs, and cupboards for holding their trinkets,

and furnishing the boudoirs of their dolls. A residence of six years under the same roof with Miss Storey had ripened their early friendship into something approaching to love. But this passion does not seem to have at any time taken a deep hold of Newton's mind; and, in the present instance, the want of pecuniary means checked its growth, and converted it into a gentle affection.

Among Newton's early accomplishments was a turn for drawing and for writing verse. The following verses were written beneath a picture of Charles I. :—

“ A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguish'd here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view :
Earth's crown thus at my feet I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and of the best but vain;
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,—
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet;
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.”

From the playthings of his boyhood, young Newton soon passed to amusements of a higher order. He began to study the varying phenomena of the sun, and to trace his movements upon the walls and roofs of the buildings at Woolthorpe, marking out by pins and lines the hours and half hours of his rude dials. His mother, unconscious of the mighty gifts which Providence had conferred upon her child, had taken him from school to superintend the affairs of her little farm, and he was alternately employed in tending the cattle and in marketing at Grantham; but his mind could not be chained down to such vulgar pursuits. The young philosopher was often found absorbed in his studies, when the cattle were treading down the corn; in place of buying and selling in the market-place at Grantham, he was found in the turret of Mr. Clark the apothecary, cleaning from old books the scattered fragments of science; and when he should have been otherwise occupied, his uncle, the Rev. W. Ayscough, found him seated under a hedge, in the active solution of a mathematical problem.

This last adventure satisfied his family that he was not destined for a farmer; and he was remitted to the school at Grantham, to prepare himself for the university.

On the 5th of June, 1660, Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge; and it is said that a fondness for judicial astrology first turned his attention to the study of mathematics. His affections, however, were soon drawn from that fascinating but foolish pursuit, to the great truths of abstract science which he found in the *Elements of Euclid*, and in the writings of Wallis and Descartes; and such was the rapidity, as well as the extent of his acquirements, that he is said to have been more than a match for his tutor.

In the year 1664, when he had been studying the optical writings of Descartes and Kepler, he purchased a prism, and was, no doubt, delighted, as well as surprised, with the spectrum, or seven-coloured image of the sun, which is produced by the piece of triangular glass which has received the name of a *prism*. He does not seem, however, to have then occupied himself much with this subject; for we find him in 1666 busy in grinding and polishing lenses having figures different from spherical ones. Descartes had shewn that common spherical lenses did not form distinct images of objects, as the central parts of the lens formed the image at a different distance from the lens than the outer parts of it did; and he pointed out different shapes by which this defect could be remedied. Newton had been trying to execute some of these; but having begun to work with his prism, he discovered another defect in lenses far greater than that which he had been endeavouring to remedy. He found that differently coloured rays were refracted in different degrees, and that differently coloured images were formed by these rays at different distances behind the lens. Seeing no way of remedying this imperfection, he despaired of improving the refracting telescope, and began to construct with his own hands those reflecting telescopes which now bear his name. His first instrument was made in 1668. It was sent to the Royal Society in Dec. 1671, and in Jan. 1672 it was exhibited as a curiosity to the king.

In the same year, Newton commu-

nicated to the Royal Society his great discovery of the different refrangibility of the rays of light, and he was immediately admitted a member of that learned body. About the same time our author discovered the composition of light; and he shewed that white light is composed of seven different colours, viz. *red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet*. These discoveries were not thankfully received by his contemporaries. They were violently attacked by various individuals, and Newton was involved in controversies which embittered the happiness of his life. Though even Hoche and Huygens were among his antagonists, yet the satisfaction of humbling them did not compensate for the interruption of his tranquillity. "I was so persecuted," says he, in a letter to Leibnitz, "with discussions arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." In pursuing his optical experiments, Newton made many important discoveries respecting the colours of the soap-bubble on thin plates, the colours of thick plates, and the inflexion of light; but these are too abstruse to be explained in a popular article. We shall proceed, therefore, to notice his grand discovery of universal gravitation.

Driven by the plague from Cambridge in 1666, Newton was sitting beneath an apple-tree in his garden at Woolsthorpe, when the accidental fall of an apple turned his mind to the consideration of that power by which heavy bodies descend to the earth. He thought it probable that this power might extend to great distances from the earth, and even to the moon; and he conceived the idea of computing the space through which the moon falls, as it were, in a second towards the earth in her monthly orbit, with the space described in the same time by a falling body on the earth's surface. Having made the calculation, he found that the last space was one-sixth greater than the first; and owing to this discrepancy he abandoned his speculations on gravity. He discovered, however, about this time, that the power which held the planets in their orbits must vary with the square of the distance; and in 1677, he discovered that a

planet guided by such a force must move in an elliptical orbit, in one of whose foci is the attractive force. In June 1682, when he was attending the Royal Society, Picard's new measurement of the earth's diameter became the subject of conversation. Newton immediately resumed his former calculations with this new measure; and observing that the result which he so anxiously wished was likely to be produced, he became so nervous that he could not complete the calculation. It was immediately intrusted to a friend; and he had the satisfaction of finding that the force by which bodies fall to the earth is the very same as that which guides the moon in her orbit.

"The influence of such a result," says Dr. Brewster,* "upon such a mind may be more easily conceived than described. The whole material universe was spread out before him;—the sun, with all his attendant planets,—the planets, with all their satellites,—the comets, wheeling in every direction in their eccentric orbits,—and the systems of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space,—till the varied and complicated movements of the heavens, in short, must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established in reference to the earth and the moon."

Having been thus led to the discovery of the doctrine of universal gravitation, viz. *that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances*, Newton lost no time in applying it to the motions of the heavenly bodies; and he published an account of his discoveries in his *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, which appeared in May 1687—a work which, to use the words of his biographer, "is memorable not only in the annals of one science or one country, but which will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason."

The *Principia*, the name by which this great work is and ever will be known, was circulated quickly through all Europe; and though the discoveries which it contained were at first opposed by the prejudices and jealousies of

individuals, yet the Newtonian philosophy made great progress, and finally supplanted all the other systems of the schools. The discovery of the doctrine of fluxions by Newton extended his reputation still wider; and he was soon acknowledged by all nations as the father of science.

From 1669, when Newton was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, till 1688, he led a secluded life within the walls of his college; but events now occurred which drew him from his retirement, and placed him on the stage of public life. James II. having ordered an ignorant Benedictine monk to be admitted a master of arts at Cambridge without taking the oaths, the university resisted this illegal act, and chose nine delegates to defend their independence. Newton, who was one of the number, acquired much popularity from the zeal and success with which this arbitrary act of the king was resisted; and he was elected member for the university, along with Sir Robert Sawyer, in 1688. On this occasion he was opposed by Mr. Finch, who had 117 votes, while Newton had 122. This honour, however, he did not long enjoy. He took his seat in the Convention Parliament in January 1689, and it was dissolved in February 1690.

During his attendance in parliament, Newton had doubtless experienced for the first time the insufficiency of his income. The wants of his relations, and the generosity of his disposition, had exhausted his scanty treasury; and had induced the Royal Society to excuse him from its weekly payments. The services which he had performed to his country, and the glory which he had brought her, had led himself and his friends to look for some act of liberality on the part of the government; and there is the amplest evidence that application for this purpose had failed of success. The vexation and disappointment which such ingratitude produced, combined with other causes, seem to have thrown him into a state of ill health, which powerfully affected his nervous system, and threatened even the subversion of his mighty intellect. It is not easy to connect the chain of events which checkered this period of his life, but they seem to have begun in 1691 or 1692. During his attendance on divine service he had left in his study his favourite dog Diamond.

On returning from chapel, he found that it had overturned a lighted taper among his manuscripts, and had thus destroyed the labours of many years. Upon seeing the extent of his loss, the resigned philosopher exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond! little do you know the mischief you have done me."

The influence of this and other events upon Newton's health was scarcely, if at all, known to his countrymen, till a notice of it appeared in Biot's *Life of Newton*, in the following memorandum, which was communicated by the late M. Van Swinden.

"There is, among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, a small journal, in folio, in which he used to note down different occurrences. It is side Z, No. 8, p. 112, in the catalogue of the library of Leyden. The following extract is written by Huygens himself, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, having had occasion to peruse several of his manuscripts and autograph letters. 'On the 29th of May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotsman, informed me that, eighteen months ago, the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost, by fire, his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge, he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house, and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health, that he began to understand the *Principia*.'"

From this passage it was rashly concluded that Newton had been deranged; and by means of this gratuitous hypothesis, M. Biot and other French philosophers accounted for the fact that he had ceased to make any more scientific discoveries, and endeavoured to explain the erroneous notion that he had begun at that time to devote his attention to the study of the Scriptures. These views, however, were as erroneous as the hypothesis on which they were founded. Newton never experienced any real derangement in his intellect; and it may be proved, by the most incontestable evidence, that his attention had been early directed to the study of theology, and that all his theological works had been composed before that very event in

which they are supposed to have originated.

Upon this part of our author's history, the following extract from the MS. journal of Mr. Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, and the ancestor of Professor Pryme of that university, throws some information.

"Feb. 3, 1692.—What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton (whom I have very often seen), fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been fellow of the Royal Society these many years; and amongst other very learned books and tracts, he has written one upon the mathematical principles of philosophy, which has got him a mighty name, he having received, especially from Scotland, abundance of congratulatory letters for the same. But of all the books that he ever wrote, there was one of colours and light, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundreds of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish, and he utterly lost, just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion at the same, after this manner. In a winter's morning, leaving it among his other papers on his study-table, whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he unfortunately left burning there too, caught hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings; and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after. A long account of this his system of light and colours you may find in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, which he had sent up to them long before this sad mischance happened unto him."

While the preceding extract shews that Newton had only been much annoyed at the loss of his MSS., it proves that the accident by which this loss was occasioned took place before the 3d January, 1692. Now, if we believe the statement in Huygens' MSS., Newton's supposed malady must have continued from the 3d Jan. 1692, till May 1694, and yet we know that during that time he actually composed his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley

on the existence of a deity,—letters which evince the full possession of the highest intellectual powers.

A great deal of light has been thrown on this part of Newton's life by several letters which have been rescued from oblivion by Lord Braybrooke and Lord King. These letters were written by Mr. Pepys, Mr. Millington, Newton, and Locke; and as they have never yet been published together, we shall make no apology for inserting them here.

Newton had, from some cause or other, lost his flesh and his appetite, some time in 1692. About the middle of Sept. 1693, he had been kept awake for five nights by a nervous affection; and in this irritable state of mind he wrote the following letter to Mr. Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty:—

"Sept. 13, 1693.

"SIR,—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but, upon his pressing, consented, before I considered what I did; for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get any thing by your interest, nor by King James's favour; but I am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and most obedient servant, IS. NEWTON."

The moment Mr. Pepys received this letter, he wrote to Mr. Millington of Magdalen College, to inquire after Newton's health; but his inquiries were made in such a vague manner, that he received from his correspondent an answer equally vague. He therefore wrote to him the following more explicit letter:—

"Sept. 26, 1693.

"SIR,—After acknowledging your many old favours, give me leave to do it a little more particularly upon occasion of the new one conveyed to me by my nephew Jackson. Though, at the same time, I must acknowledge myself not at the ease I would be glad to be at in reference to the excellent Mr. Newton, concerning whom (methinks) your answer labours under the same kind of restraint which (to tell you the truth) my asking did. For I was loth at first dash to tell you that I had lately re-

ceived a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him; lest it should arise from that, which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for,—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both. Let me therefore beg you, sir, having now told you the true ground of the trouble I lately gave you, to let me know the very truth of the matter, as far at least as it comes within your knowledge. For I own too great an esteem for Mr. Newton, as a public good, to be able to let any doubt in me of this kind concerning him lie a moment uncleared, when I can have any hopes of helping it. I am, with great truth and respect, dear sir, your most humble and most affectionate servant,
S. PEPIS."

To these inquiries Mr. Millington returned the following very satisfactory answer:—

"*Coll. Magd. Camb. Sept. 30, 1693.*

"HONOURED SIR,—Coming here from a journey on the 28th instant, at night, I met with your letter, which you were pleased to honour me with, of the 26th. I am much troubled I was not at home in time for the post, that I might, as soon as possible, put you out of your generous payne that you are in for the worthy Mr. Newton. I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you; for I was very sure I never either received from you, or delivered to him, any such; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till upon the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writt to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; added, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well; and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will; and so I am sure all ought to wish that love learning or the honour of our nation, which it is a sign how much it is looked after, when such a person as Mr. Newton

lies so neglected by those in power. And thus, honoured sir, I have made you acquainted with all I know of the cause of such inconsistencies in the letter of so excellent a person; and I hope it will remove the doubts and fears you are, with so much compassion and publickness of spirit, pleased to entertain about Mr. Newton; but if I should have been wanting in any thing tending to the more full satisfaction, I shall, upon the least notice, endeavour to amend it. With all gratitude and truth, honoured sir, your most faithful and most obedient servant,
"JOH. MILLINGTON."

While the preceding letters shew us the true nature of Newton's illness, they at the same time prove that both he and his friends had been expecting some suitable appointment for him from the government. This appears also from his correspondence with Locke during the preceding year. Newton had rested his hopes of some appointment on the friendship of Mr. Montague and Lord Monmouth; but being disappointed in these expectations, he complained to Mr. Locke that Mr. Montague had been false to him, and he stated his resolution to make no further exertions unless Lord Monmouth were still his friend. In his reply to this letter, Locke assured him of the continued friendship of this nobleman; but, after expressing his happiness at receiving this intelligence, Newton remarked that he did not intend to give his lordship and Mr. Locke any farther trouble; and in a letter written to Locke about a year afterwards, he refers to some plan that had been agitated of selling him an office.

It is impossible to peruse the preceding statement, without drawing the conclusion that Newton had felt deeply the neglect and ingratitude of his country. He had now entered his 53d year; and while his early companions had risen to wealth and eminence in their respective professions, he had been left to struggle with poverty, and to live upon the empty incense which had been offered to his genius.

This stain, however, on the liberality of England was soon removed by Charles Montague, a college acquaintance of Newton, and now chancellor of the exchequer. Having resolved to restore the current coin of the kingdom to its intrinsic value, he recommended Newton, in 1695, to the office of warden of the mint, a situation in which he was of eminent service to the state. The

salary of this office was about 500*l.* or 600*l.* per annum—a large sum in those days, far beyond the utmost wants of a philosopher, though too small for a man like Newton, whose generosity was unbounded. In the year 1699, he was appointed to the high office of master of the mint, which was worth 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* per annum, and which he held during the rest of his life.

Honours, like misfortunes, do not often come singly. Newton was about the same time elected one of the foreign associates of the Academy of Sciences. He was re-elected, in 1701, one of the members of parliament for the university. In 1703, he was chosen president of the Royal Society; and on the 16th of April, 1705, he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne, during her visit to the University of Cambridge.

When George I. ascended the British throne, Sir Isaac Newton became a great favourite at court. The Princess of Wales, a lady of great piety and learning, took the greatest pleasure in conversing with so great a philosopher; and she was often heard to say, that she was fortunate in having lived at the same time with so great a man. Leibnitz, the rival of Newton, was at this time a correspondent of the Princess of Wales, and he was, no doubt, acquainted with the intimacy which existed between her and Newton. Forgetting the dignity of his character, the German philosopher represented the Newtonian doctrines as not only false, but injurious to religion; and he branded with the name of materialism the opinions of Locke and other English philosophers. These charges of Leibnitz soon transpired at court; and when they reached the ears of George I., he expressed a wish that Sir Isaac should reply to them. The gauntlet, thus ungenerously and secretly thrown down by Leibnitz, was taken up by Newton and by Dr. Clarke; and the correspondence which thus took place was carefully perused by the princess, and there is reason to believe that her royal highness was convinced of the inaccuracy of the sentiments which Leibnitz had so incautiously expressed.

Having one day consulted Sir Isaac on some points of ancient history, which led him to give an explanation of his new system of chronology, the princess requested from him a copy of

this interesting MSS. Sir Isaac had drawn out his views only on separate papers; but he drew up for her royal highness an abstract of his work, on the condition that it should not be communicated to any other person. The Abbé Conti was, with the author's permission, allowed to have a copy of the MS., on the same condition; but no sooner did he reach Paris, than he gave it to a learned friend, who published it, along with a refutation of its principles. Sir Isaac was thus led into a disagreeable controversy, which compelled him to complete his work, which was published in 1728, after his death.

It is a remarkable circumstance that almost all Sir Isaac Newton's writings were published unwillingly, having been obtained from him either by solicitation or by stratagem. This was particularly the case with his mathematical writings, and, to a certain degree, with his chronological and theological productions. His *Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of the Scriptures*, which was originally drawn up in a letter to Locke, was published in a mutilated form in 1754, under the title of *Two Letters from Sir Isaac Newton to M. Le Clerc*. As the two texts which he supposes to have been corrupted bore directly upon the Socinian controversy, the Antitrinitarians have boldly, but rashly, assumed that Newton was a Socinian, and have endeavoured to strengthen their cause by the weight of his great name; while the Trinitarians have asserted that Newton has nowhere made the slightest statement adverse to the doctrines of our church, but has merely restored two texts to what he conceives to have been their original state. Nay, he appears to acknowledge his belief in this fundamental doctrine of our faith, when he says "that for a long time the *faith* subsisted without this text, and it is rather a danger to religion to make *it now* lean upon a bruised reed." But, independent of this argument, it is well known that Sir Isaac was so much offended at Mr. Whiston representing him as an Arian, that he would not permit him to be elected a fellow of the Royal Society during his presidency.

The last twenty years of Newton's life were spent chiefly in London. His beautiful and accomplished niece, Miss Catharine Barton—for whom the

Earl of Halifax had conceived the warmest affection, and to whom he left a large part of his fortune—took the charge of his domestic concerns, and contributed essentially to the happiness of his declining years. This lady, whom Sir Isaac had educated, married Mr. Conduit, but continued to reside with her husband in her uncle's house till the time of his death. In the year 1722, when he had reached his 80th year, he was attacked with a painful disease, which, though subdued at the time, returned in 1724 and 1727. It now, however, assumed the more alarming form of stone in the bladder; and, after suffering great pain, it carried him off on the 20th March, 1727, in the 85th year of his age. His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber on the 28th of March, and was buried near the entrance of the choir in Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Sir Michael Newton, K.B., was chief mourner; and the pall was supported by the Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Roxburghe and Montrose, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, who were fellows of the Royal Society. The relations of Sir Isaac, who inherited his personal estate, which amounted to 32,000*l.*, devoted 500*l.* to the erection of a monument to his memory.

"Such," says his biographer, Dr. Brewster, "were the last days of Sir Isaac Newton, and such the last laurels which were shed over his grave. A century of discoveries has since his day been added to science; but brilliant as these discoveries are, they have not obliterated the minutest of his labours, and have served only to brighten the halo which encircles his name. The achievements of genius, like the source from which they spring, are indestructible. Acts of legislation and deeds of war may confer a high celebrity; but the reputation which they bring is only local and transient; and, while they are hailed by the nation which they benefit, they are reprobated by the people whom they ruin or enslave. The labours of science, on the contrary, bear along with them no counterpart of evil: they are the liberal bequests of great minds to every individual of their race; and wherever they are welcomed and honoured they become the solace of private life, and the ornament and bulwark of the commonwealth."

In his social character, Newton was modest, candid, affable, and hospitable. He had none of the eccentricities or pomp of genius, but viewed all his

acquirements as new proofs of his ignorance, and as fresh grounds for humility and self-abasement. Newton was, in the strictest sense of the word, a Christian. He was deeply versed in the Scriptures, and animated with their true spirit: he cherished the genuine principles of religious toleration. His generosity and his charity were unbounded. He allowed 20*l.* per annum to Professor Maclaurin of Edinburgh; and he presented the Rev. Mr. Pound with one hundred guineas for some scientific assistance he had received from him.

Hearne the antiquary describes Newton "as a man of no very promising aspect, and as a short well-set man, who spoke very little in company, and whose conversation was not agreeable. When he rode in his coach, one arm would be out of his coach on one side, and the other on the other." Sir Isaac never wore spectacles, and never lost more than one tooth.

The following letter from Locke to Mr. (afterwards Lord Chancellor) King point at some peculiarities of Newton's character, which had their origin in the painful controversies into which he had been forced by the publication of his discoveries and his writings. As it appeared only in the second edition of Lord King's *Life of Locke*, it is not so generally known as it ought to be.

"Oates, April 30, 1703.

"DEAR COUSIN,—I am puzzled in a little affair, and must beg your assistance for the clearing of it. Mr. Newton, in Autumn last, made me a visit here. I showed him my essay upon the Corinthians, with which he seemed very well pleased, but had not time to look it all over; but promised me, if I would send it him, he would carefully peruse it, and send me his observations and opinion. I sent it him before Christmas; but, hearing nothing from him, I, about a month or six weeks since, writ to him, as the inclosed tells you, with the remaining part of the story. When you have read it and sealed it, I desire you to deliver at your convenience. He lives in German Street: you must not go on a Wednesday, for that is his day for being at the Tower. The reason why I desire you to deliver it to him yourself is, that I would fain discover the reason of his so long silence. I have several reasons to think him truly my friend; but he is a nice man to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; therefore, when you talk to him of my papers, and of his opinion of

them, pray do it with all the tenderness in the world, and discover, if you can, why he kept them so long, and was so silent. But this you must do without asking why he did so, or discovering in the least that you are desirous to know. You will do well to acquaint him that you intend to see me at Whitsuntide, and shall be glad to bring a letter to me from him, or any thing else he will please to send; this perhaps may quicken him, and make him dispatch these papers, if he has not done it already. It may a little let you into the free discourse with him, if you let him know, that when you have been here with me you have seen me busy on them (and the Romans too, if he mentions them; for I told him I was upon them when he was here) and have had a sight of some part of what I was doing.

"Mr. Newton is really a very valuable man, not only for his wonderful skill in mathematics, but in divinity too, and his great knowledge of the Scriptures, wherein I know few his equals. And, therefore, pray manage the whole matter so as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it; and be sure to press him to nothing but what he is forward in himself to do."

Beneath this brief picture of the life and letters of Sir Isaac Newton, we may inscribe the powerful tribute of Pope:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

[*The Marquis de la Place in our next.*]

THIS WORLD'S AN UNCO BONNY PLACE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

This world's an unco bonny place,
When summer woos the southland breeze,
With mellow breath our dales to trace,
And wave the tresses of the trees;
And when the corn waves o'er the leas,
Like yonder seas, on autumn day,
O really 'tis a bonny place,
Whate'er the dour divines may say!

They ca' 't a dark an' dreary path,
Where sin and sorrow set their seal,
And us poor serfs of Heaven's wrath
Condemn'd in 'prenticeship to speel
To that great chimney-sweep the de'il.
Really the picture's past enduring,
When every honest heart must feel
That bliss lies in his own procuring!

I please myself the best I can,
Thinking "I'm here as God hath made me,
I'll make the most o't that I can—
A thankless heart shall ne'er upbraid me,
Nor gnawing jealousy persuade me
To growl at those I'm bound to serve:
My lot, whatever may betide me,
Is better far than I deserve.

"He might have placed me, wo-begone,
'Mang blackamoors, a hideous clan,
In climes beneath the burning zone,
With snubby nose—as I should ban—
And lips like puddings in a pan;
Parch'd with the sand and fervid heat,
A ruffian sear'd barbarian,
Who nothing knew but kill and eat.

"Or, far in eastern climes away,
He might have laid my dreary lot

Beneath the morning's cloudless ray,
 To kneel to hideous Juggernaut—
 Where with their blood the soil they bloat,
 Beneath his chariot craunching o'er them,
 And to their wooden god devote
 Their silly souls—O wae's me for them!"

But every kind to every clime
 Is fitted well, as we may see—
 The angels to their walks sublime,
 The mean of soul to low degree;
 But all may happy, happy be
 Of every climate, every race.
 To savage, saint, and devotee,
 This world, I say, 's a lovely place.

I am not quizzing, for I think
 (Though Burns says "man was made to mourn")
 That every pleasure man may drink
 From seas without a shore or bourn:
 Even Winter, with her crystal horn,
 And polar sheet of rimy hue,
 I love as dear as Summer morn,
 With all her buds and bells of dew.

But now I've reach'd where I set out—
 For I've a most confounded way
 Of swithering round and round about,
 For want of something meet to say—
 Or, rather, rhymes burst forth away
 So fast, I have not power to stay them;
 But I'll be brief, if once I may,
 In pumping proper things to say them.

I say this world's a bonny place—
 I say that winter's hues beseem her,
 The summer's glow, the autumn's grace;
 But lovelier, sweeter, and supreamer
 Is gentle SPRING, with radiant streamer
 Of rainbow and of sunny ray,
 Of gloaming grey and dawning glimmer—
 Sweet morning of the solar day!

O, she has mildness in her mien,
 And joy enkindling in her eye,
 A brow with heaven's own beauty sheen,
 And cheek of morning's orient dye!
 Disdaining times and tides gone by,
 Love's dear delights her only theme,
 Her very breezes sing and sigh
 Of onward bliss and joy supreme.

And here I have an emblem meet,
 Which I have toil'd to reach and say,
 An opening Spring so lovely sweet,
 My lay in softness sinks away!
 What is the dawn of summer-day,
 What is the morn of solar year,
 Compared with youth of maiden gay—
 Nature's one flower without compeer?

The flexile form, the gliding tread
 Of youthful maiden, beauty's queen,

Too light to bend the gowan's head,
Her air and motion cherubin—
A meteor of the morning sheen,
A gleesome elfin, coy and wild,
Just dancing o'er the verge between
The blushing virgin and the child.

Too light to mark the mystic bound,
When, childhood's toys and trifles o'er,
Are left upon forgotten ground,
And maidhood's glories all before,
With love's delights, a mighty store,
Which sweeten but not break her rest :
For such there is no metaphor—
This, this is Nature's flower confess'd !

An eaglet o'er her eyrie riven—
A streamer in the ether blue—
A cygnet on the skirts of heaven—
A rainbow on the morning dew,
More bright than fancy ever drew
A thing to place on fairy throne,
To dazzle lovers' tranced view,
And bloom in Nature's field alone—

An angel !—no, that will not do—
These metaphors are mere novators ;
'Tis said—and I believe it, too—
That angels are most lovely creatures ;
But flesh and blood and female natures,
That love so dear and kiss so sweetly,
There's nought in human nomenclatures
That can convey their beauties meetly.

This world's a lovely place and dear—
I've said it thrice, and say 't again—
The hills are green, the rivers clear,
And sweet's the sunbeam after rain ;
The flowers of mountain and of plain
Are sweet as flowerets wild can be ;
But virgin's form and virgin's mien
Are sweeter than them all to me !

For me, I'm woman's slave confess'd—
She is the prize of my avail ;
Without her, hopeless and unblest—
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a rudder or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before—
No blink of heaven to countervail,
Nor hope of haven evermore !

THE CANADA CORN TRADE.*

BEING scrupulously conscientious, we will not undertake to swear that Mr. H. S. Chapman of Quebec, and Mr. Powlett Thomson of the Board of Trade, are one and the same! author of a pamphlet republished from the *British Farmer's Magazine* for May last, entitled, *A Statistical Sketch of the Corn Trade of Canada*; but we are not sure that the little bird which has been whispering something of that sort in our ear was an evil spirit. The only doubt we have on the subject of the latter gentleman being more than a *particeps criminis* in the affair, is where he speaks of information derived from Mr. Philemon Wright, who, under the name of Mr. Hoskins, is better known in this country as the friend of Laurie Tod; because we have too good an opinion of that practical gentleman's understanding, to believe that he would ever have any "talk" with an "ororous" free trader. Be the fact, however, as it may, the pamphleteer is a great philosopher, and credits, on the authority of *Agricola John Young*, of Vermont, that the climate of Europe, during the last two thousand years, has been essentially improved by "the evolution of animal heat"—that is, the increase of population. We should, however, find it difficult to believe that the cause alluded to had any thing to do with the mitigation of climate.

But to be a little serious, it is probable that Mr. Chapman may have furnished some of the materials of which this pamphlet is made up,† and that John Bull, through the means of a gentleman in the Board of Trade office, has been at the expense of publishing it; for it is not usual for lucubrations of so little interest to occasion such employment to the printers' devils as this publication has occasioned.

The object of the work is apparently very laudable; it has been written seemingly with a view to subdue the prejudices of the English agriculturists to the abolition of the corn laws, and it gives in many respects not a very inaccurate account of the rural statistics of the two Canadas; but the tendency

(we do not say the intention) only—the drift and effect of the work—is to alarm the country gentlemen of England respecting the productive agricultural powers of Canada, to the end that restrictions may be placed on the importation of corn from that country, which shall have the effect of indirectly encouraging the corn trade with the continent, and thereby impair the corn trade with our own, the British American colonies. This, we say, is our opinion of this sinister work; but gentlemen less invidious think differently, and conceive that the intention of the *thing* is to smooth the way for the general opening of the corn trade. We do not, however, quarrel with them for this opinion, because it would certainly be rather hazardous to attempt, at this time of day, the enactment of any restriction on the importation of corn from any country whatever. But there is some difference between our obligations to the corn-growers of the continent, and those which we owe to our fellow-subjects in the colonies.

It is one of the Huskissonian free-trade atrocities, to represent the corn-growers of foreign nations as having as good a right to our markets as ourselves; but the Scottish proverb should be recollected, "Our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-mews." For, until we get the continental boors to contribute to the strength of the British empire, it is not to be endured that they are to be allowed to suck our blood. Even in the extremest view of the Huskissonian balderdash, (we like to call things by their proper names,) the utmost that ever was contended for, in advocating the free-trade doctrine, was, that it would, by providing an open market, thereby secure the supply of a better article. Now, we do not object to this abstract truth; but what do those who are of his opinions say to the shoemaker who can only, from his circumstances, make an inferior article, which he must barter with another man for an article that he wants, but which that other man's circumstances also render inferior. The man must give away his

* A Statistical Sketch of the Corn Trade of Canada, &c. &c. Ridgway, 1832.

† The *Farmer's Magazine* was published in London in May, and a Mr. H. S. Chapman, of Quebec, had not seen the pamphlet in July.

shoes for stockings, we shall say, and the other his stockings for shoes. Both articles are inferior to the common run of the trade; but such are the necessities of the poor creatures, that they must make an exchange with each other. But does not this involve the grand argument of all the Huskissonians? We do not say that the corn of Canada, more than the timber of that country, is better than the Baltic corn or the Baltic timber; but we say, that the shoes which we must sell to Canada, and which the Baltic countries will not buy at all, constitute, independent of all others, a reason why we should deal with the Canadians for their stockings, although they are not quite so good as those we might buy elsewhere, could we get money for our shoes to pay for them.

This pamphlet was originally published in a periodical work almost exclusively circulated among the farmers and country gentlemen, and if there had been no sinister object in thus placing it at once in their hands, there is nothing in it which rendered such a mode of publication in any sense judicious; on the contrary, it is rather a work which should have been addressed to the merchants and manufacturers, as shewing them the field which the prosperity of Canada is daily enlarging for the consumption of their goods.

But though we condemn in strong terms the dissemination of such sedition among the farmers and the landed interest, we beg to say again that we do not object to its apparent purpose, which is legitimate enough; but we neither think it candid in some of its statements, nor well informed in others. We, in fact, only notice it to let the party from whom it comes know that there is an eye upon them. They *blowed* themselves when they published a pamphlet of the same tendency on the timber trade.

The difficulty in the way of obtaining correct information by government is made out most absurdly clear; but the passage is chiefly quoted here for the glimpse it affords of the cloven foot.

"With regard to the United States, the Board of Trade has, by means of the several consuls, the sources of information within reach. Prices, with an occasional remark, are already transmitted to the corn department; and there ap-

pears no good reason why an annual report of the harvest, and probable surplus for shipment, should not be added thereto. From a colony, however, such information is less easily procured, there being no public officer to whom government can apply, with any chance of getting the desired information, with a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy."

There never was more humbug in as many words in one of Mr. Powlett Thomson's fructifying speeches. He knows well that the consuls have no means of information beyond those possessed by the governments of the countries where they are stationed; and is it pretended that the government of a colony has not such extensive means of information respecting that colony, as any consul whatever has over those of any foreign country whatever? If the British colonies are so ineffectual in the means of information to the British government, let the negligence exist no longer. You don't, Mr. Thomson, require such a lengthy proceeding as a reform bill to accomplish this improvement.

Another sentence smacks of the Downing Street pillary:—

"It (Canada) possesses an extent of unoccupied land, of the richest quality, which may almost be called boundless, and which, with a moderate application of the most unskilled labour, is capable of producing a continually increasing surplus for export."

This is sheer stuff. To talk in this style of a country covered with forests, and where vast labour must be exerted before a blade of corn can be grown, is unadulterated ignorance. Canada stands more in need of population to make it productive in agriculture, than the most over-populated tracts of England stand in want of the means of subsistence. No, no, Mr. Thomson, throw your Malthus into the fire when you conglomerate your fancies with such trash respecting Canada, and take a leaf from the philosophy of Solomon and his wives, when you would bamboozle the De Coverleys of England about the rival that is growing up against them in that region of stumps and trees.

As the name of Mr. Jacob, and the local habitation of H. S. Chapman, Esq., of Quebec, are the two grand baits by which flats are to be caught, it will be well to consider how far these

baits are taking. On the authority, then, of Mr. Jacob, it is asserted, that the continental states of Europe cannot make any great addition to their average supplies of grain for shipment, except at prices so greatly increased as to do away with any alarm for much greater competition than is now experienced under the present system of graduated duties. It has been acknowledged by Mr. Chapman, Mr. Revans, or Mr. Powlett Thomson, that, in making his calculations, Mr. Jacob somehow omitted Russia altogether!—a small omission it may be thought; but when it is remembered what an immense importation of wheat took place immediately after Mr. Jacob's assertion, that there was scarcely any exportable surplus on the continent, and that the produce of the Russian territory on the Black Sea alone is capable of an enormous supply,—such omission will shew, either that Mr. Jacob is wanting in candour or that his authority is defective. But if Russia be an omission on the part of Mr. Jacob *of some importance*, what are we to think of the omission of the United States in the arguments of the transatlantic Mr. Chapman? Had the writer really been a Quebec gentleman, it is hardly to be conceived possible that his neighbour "brother Jonathan" should have been forgotten; and when he maintains that Canada can compete in the home-market with the continental foreigner without protection, can he as a Canadian have forgotten that, on opening the English market to the continental nations, it must be offered to the United States; and that they, with every advantage that Canada can or does enjoy, have the same to a greater degree, whether in extent of land, quality of soil, or excellency of climate; and to these and others in addition of no small value in reducing the cost in the English market, viz.—instead of a navigation open only six months of the twelve, open navigation throughout the year; instead of the tedious river navigation of the St. Lawrence, sometimes occupying as long a period as the rest of the voyage, ports at once open to the Atlantic,—thus securing less time, less risk, less freight, and a smaller premium of insurance, besides avoiding the frequent loss of good markets, and the certain loss of six months' interest.

—Here is at once a competition with our colonies which it was not in the

province of Mr. Jacob to consider, but which in the compiler of this pamphlet is a far greater oversight than the omission of Russia by Mr. Jacob.

For our own part, however, we are not of opinion that it is from the interference of transatlantic growth that there is much to fear; and, so far as our colonies are concerned, nothing can tend more to the benefit of the country at large, than that their produce should be admitted and protected to the utmost in the home market against foreign competition. With an inland carriage of from one hundred to six hundred miles, a transport of three thousand miles, and a navigation itself closed for one-half of the year, they can never supply the mother country to the injury of her own agriculturists: in truth, it must not be lost sight of, that out of the value of Canada wheat in this market 8s. 6d. per quarter is paid to British seamen for freight, 5s per quarter for duty, 1s. 3d. insurance, and 5s. for charges,—all paid, as well as the first cost to the grower, to British subjects; whilst it may happen that nothing but the duty and charges upon foreign import is payable either to the British treasury or for British labour; and whilst the grower of our colonial produce consumes the full value of his entire gains in British manufactures, the foreign grower does not take one shilling's worth in return. This is the result as the trade is at present allowed by law. But if a *free* trade in corn with all the world should be allowed, then indeed will the competition destroy, not the colonial trade alone, but the entire agricultural property of the empire. How, may it be asked, is it possible for our highly-taxed countrymen to compete against untaxed Russia, or for our clothed freemen to produce at the same rate as the almost naked serf? Then, again, how can the comforts of our labourers be increased by an abstraction of labour from the community when employment is so wanted? what under the system of free trade will become of our operatives whose occupation is gone? Are they to be supported in poor-houses, whilst we at the same time are paying an equal number of foreign labourers abroad? This pamphleteer acknowledges, and it may be said boasts, that foreign corn can be brought in at half the price at which it can be grown at

home, and that all articles must equally fall! Allow this, and what will be the result, viz., that the present taxes and rates will at the same time become double! But he tells us that the farmer's proportionate profits would be greater! Let us trust that the farmers are not such fools "as to lay *this* flattering unction to their souls." Cheapness, the panacea of the political economists, is a delusion; in fact, cheapness is altogether a relative term. We all remember the story of the Irishman who asked the price of ducks. "Seven shillings a couple" was the reply. "Faith, we can buy them at 6d. a-piece in my country," said Pat. "Why, then, don't you go back to your own country?" "Ah, but where's the sixpence?" said Pat.

The name of Mr. Samuel Revans is introduced as a gentleman "of Montreal, known for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge of mercantile statistics." Of all the puffs emanating from the bowels of the Board of Trade, this is the greatest. Thus Mr. Revans we take to be a gentleman who *did* reside in Montreal, carrying on a trade with such "accurate knowledge of mercantile statistics" as to make it neither very profitable to himself nor his creditors, and whose name appeared last year to a pamphlet on the *Timber Trade of Canada*, edited in a style very similar to the present one, both in principle and language; and we presume that it is for the use of his name (as a colonist), and perhaps for some assistance in drawing up this, that he has recently been found worthy of a desk among the officials in the Board of Trade, under Mr. Charles Powlett Thomson!!

If any stronger presumption that this *brochure* is a trial-balloon of the present ministry be required, it will be found in the pages 19 and 20, wherein Sir Howard Douglas and Mr. Bliss receive a full volley of foul-mouthed Billingsgate. It appears that both these gentlemen have sinned past forgiveness, for having written in favour of protection to the colonial timber trade, when it was so vigorously attacked last year. It is a maxim of all the school to which the heads of the Board of Trade belong, that a man who has practical knowledge of the subject he handles must be ignorant of the manner of treating it; and, therefore, Sir Howard Douglas was unfit to advocate the interests of the colony he had governed, and Mr. Bliss, "*a lawyer of one of the Temples*," equally unfit to advocate those of the colony in which he was born and educated. Of Mr. Bliss the writer allows, "that he has made out a case; now this making out a case may be good morality among the gentlemen of the law; but in matters of trade, '*political economy*,' or politics, it completely destroys the value of the statement!" Bravo, Mr. Powlett Thomson, be it so! In political economy, we have long been aware that it was necessary to be absurd to be considered authority; but it has been reserved for you to avow that it is the same in politics—though it must be confessed that much of what we have of late seen is a comment upon this axiom now first promulgated by one of his Majesty's council. It is, at the same time, highly gratifying to the propounder of this doctrine, that *he* most assuredly has not been so unfortunate as to make out a case.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GENTLEWOMAN.

No. II.

MONSIEUR DE CALONNE.

THE great event of the French Revolution, and the horrors with which it was accompanied—its disastrous effects, spreading war and desolation, not only over that devoted country, but convulsing all Europe, are matters too well known to require repetition: but many a tale connected therewith remains untold, and many an actor of that eventful period, who occupied

much of the public attention whilst he fretted his little hour upon the theatre of life, has been swept from it, unremembered, save by his surviving contemporaries, and, with the exception of a few distinguished characters, scarcely known to have existed by the present generation.

The name of Monsieur de Calonne, however, is not one of those which is

likely to sink into oblivion ; because, besides having held the high office of *contrôleur-général des finances*, his bold project of convoking the *Etats Généraux*, so well intentioned as a remedy for all the existing exigencies of the state, but in the event so productive of evil, was a measure of infinite magnitude, which must ever hold an important place in the page of history. It is not upon this measure, nor upon any part of M. de Calonne's conduct as a minister of state, that I presume to offer an opinion. He had ceased to be in a public situation before I became acquainted with him ; and as I will only relate facts which came immediately under my own observation, or which I learnt from unquestionable authority, it will be solely as the exertions of a private individual, in the character of a counter-revolutionist, that I can give any details respecting him.

What interesting recollections might I have furnished of M. de Calonne, and of other persons and matters connected with the revolution, if I had made a proper use of the opportunities afforded me by the intimacy in which I lived with Mad. de Calonne ! If I had put in writing every day, whilst still fresh in my mind, the many important facts with which I became acquainted, by means of the conversations which passed in my presence, or which were confidentially communicated to me by Mad. de Calonne, instead of depending upon my memory for retaining them, until several circumstances worth noting had faded from it, which, to my great regret, I have in vain endeavoured to revive in my recollection ! There was one conversation, in particular, which made a great impression upon me at the moment, and which I had resolved to commit to paper ; but one thing or other intervened to prevent it, and I can now only preserve a general remembrance of a gentleman, whom I never saw but once, and who, as I understood, stayed only a short time in London. He had held some high official situation in France, and was treated with unusual attention by the Calonnes, who both shewed very great deference to his opinion upon all subjects, which made me listen to what he said with avidity, but, alas ! with little profit. This gentleman entered very fully into the predisposing causes which prepared

the way for the fall of the monarchy, the abolition of the privileged orders, and the total overthrow of the ancient constitution. He went back to the reign of Louis XV., and insisted that the first fatal blow was struck when the king reluctantly gave way to the persuasion of the then minister, and consented to disband some troops especially appropriated to guard his royal person. The minds of the common people, he contended, were acted upon by outward objects ; and splendour and magnificence were necessary to support the dignity of the throne, to dazzle and awe the multitude. By divesting the king of the usual appendages of royalty—the pomp with which the French had been accustomed to see their sovereign surrounded—the distance which separated him from his subjects had been lost. He had been brought nearer to a level with them ; their respect for him diminished in proportion ; and the foundation was laid for all the ills with which France had been overwhelmed. In this opinion M. de Calonne perfectly concurred, and in much more to the same effect.

Besides the pleasure arising from the enjoyment of agreeable society, I had the advantage of hearing at M. de Calonne's, where I usually dined three or four times in the week, whatever had happened at Paris worth mentioning, and the opinions of himself and others, both English and French, upon the passing events ; for the French, unlike the unsocial habits of the English, seldom remain long at table after the ladies have retired ; and in general we were joined by the gentlemen in a quarter of an hour. Another source of amusement to me was the information I derived from the letters which Mad. de Calonne received from Paris : scarce a day passed without our meeting, and she was as eager to relate as I was to learn whatever she had to impart ; and, above all, the intelligence contained in the letters of the Vicomtesse de Laval, between whom and Mad. de Calonne a regular correspondence was kept up by every post. This lady, the daughter of a financier, was married to the Vicomte de Laval (brother to the duke of that name), by whom she had an only child, Matthieu de Montmorenci, who, at a very early age, tried to make himself conspicuous in the National Assembly ; was afterwards created Duc de Montmorenci by

Donaparte; and became the intimate friend of Madame de Staël. The viscountess was pretty and agreeable, the dear friend of Mad. de Calonne, and, according to report, had been the no less dear friend of M. de Calonne, whilst he was a widower and prime minister. She had come to England to visit the Calonnes upon their marriage, and was one of the ladies who accompanied them from Bath to M——, upon the invitation of Lord and Lady ——. After a stay of several months with her friends at Bath, and in Portman Square, she returned to Paris, where she shortly after became the *chère amie* of Mirabeau. This *liaison* rendered her correspondence of extreme importance to the Calonnes, whom she buoyed up with the most positive assurances that Mirabeau, instead of contemplating the abolition of royalty, was desirous of fixing it upon a more secure basis, by making such alterations in the constitution as the spirit of the times and the disordered state of the finances rendered necessary. She repeatedly affirmed, that the measures which Mirabeau was pursuing were those which he deemed most likely to attain the end he had in view, and that he was sincerely, although not avowedly, a well-wisher to the king. Letter after letter the viscountess wrote to the same effect; and when the illness of Mirabeau gave reason to apprehend that his life was in danger, she wrote to Mad. de Calonne, that his death would be one of the greatest misfortunes which at that juncture could befall the king. Madame de Calonne did not dare to give implicit credit to these assurances, but expressed her doubts in such a manner as to draw from the viscountess reiterated assertions of Mirabeau's good intentions, which she again repeated after his death.*

Among the foreigners with whom I became acquainted at M. de Calonne's, was a gentleman who, although his name was not at any time brought much into public notice, did, nevertheless, play a very busy, if not a conspicuous part, in the service of

Louis XVI. M. Ferdinand Christin, the second son of a gentleman of good fortune and family in Switzerland, had been brought to England by his uncle, Sir Frederick Haldimand, in the expectation (as M. Christin, with infinite simplicity, said) that "his good looks would make his fortune." He had been recommended to M. de Calonne by M. des Enfants, the well-known picture-dealer; and when introduced to him by Sir Frederick Haldimand, he found so much reason to be satisfied with what he saw, as well as with what he had heard, that he at once received M. Christin into his house, grew strongly attached to him, and treated him more as his son than his secretary, which was M. Christin's ostensible situation. But before I proceed further with M. Christin, it will be necessary to give some account of Mons. de Calonne's position at the time that he formed this connexion with M. Christin, and the causes which led to it.

When M. de Calonne arrived in England, with a determination to fix his residence in London, unless some unexpected change of affairs should enable him to return to France in safety, the fortune he possessed was so small as to preclude his living in a style conformable to his wishes, and to which he had been accustomed. Generous by nature, he had deemed it his duty, whilst prime minister, to stand forward as a patron of the arts and sciences; and his excessive liberality, joined to his habits of expense, and his almost thoughtless prodigality, had greatly diminished his private property. He was born of a respectable family, of what is called in France "la Robe." His father had been a president of high character, whose memory was held by his son in such great veneration, that he always had in his library in Piccadilly (the usual sitting-room) a large and exceedingly handsome marble sarcophagus, ornamented with or molu, and standing upon legs of the same, in which his father's heart was deposited. •

Monsieur de Calonne had married † Mlle. de M. (I forget her name), who

* The Vicomtesse de Laval consoled herself for the death of her friend Mirabeau, by an attachment to the ci-devant Evêque d'Autun, now Prince de Talleyrand, and, as I was told, accompanied him to London, where they did not remain long, but retired, and lived some time in a provincial town (I think it was Bury St. Edmund's). My acquaintance with her was never renewed.

† Mad. de Calonne told me an almost incredible instance of his absence of mind — his *étourderie*. Upon the occasion of their marriage, a magnificent entertainment

had a large fortune, and by her he had an only child, a son, who bore the title of Comte d'Hanonville,* and upon whom the fine estate of Hanonville, near Luneville, in Lorraine, was settled. Mad. de Calonne told me, that exclusive of Hanonville, the whole of M. de Calonne's property did not amount to more than 30,000*l.*; and after payment of his debts in France, the sum remaining would not have sufficed to maintain him in such a way as would have enabled him to hold his proper station in the world, and live, as he had ever done, in the highest and most distinguished society.

Mons. d'Harvelay, treasurer of France, (of the family of the celebrated *Frères Paris*) had been an intimate friend of M. de Calonne, and died leaving a very rich and childless widow, one of the daughters of the great Brussels banker, La Veuve Nettine. Whether solely actuated by her love and respect for the memory of her late husband, as she assured me, or from any other motive, the widow resolved that nothing on her part should be omitted to relieve M. de Calonne from every pecuniary difficulty, and restore to him the enjoyment of that affluence without which life could have no charms for him, and urged, as I believe, by some of her friends, who were also intimate with M. de Calonne, she determined upon coming to England, and in person to press on him the acceptance of one half of her fortune, in such a manner as would scarce leave him the option of refusal. She took her measures accordingly; and before she left Paris, made the best arrangement she could for transferring to M. de Calonne the portion of her fortune which she had destined for him. But in vain did she urge him to receive her money—in vain did she tell him that she was only fulfilling the will of M. d'Harvelay, and doing that which he would have done had he lived to see his friend driven, with unmerited disgrace, from

the high station which his talents so eminently fitted him to fill—the victim of the most atrocious calumnies—deprived, as if he had been a criminal, of the cordon blue (*l'ordre du St. Esprit*) with which he had been decorated—and pursued with so much rancour, that his life could not be deemed safe until he was landed upon the shore of Britain. To these, and other the like arguments, M. de Calonne replied by expressing in energetic terms the gratitude with which his heart was penetrated (and no man was capable of doing this in better language); he extolled her liberality—her noble way of thinking; but absolutely refused to avail himself of it. The lady returned to the charge—Monsieur continued inflexible. At last, after a combat of several days between her generosity and his delicacy, M. de Calonne told her, that there was only one way in which it would be possible for him to profit by her magnificent offer of sharing her fortune; which was, if she would condescend to give him a legal claim to it, by doing him the honour of accepting his hand, and becoming the wife of a fallen man, whose greatest pride, should it please Heaven to restore him to power, would be to place her in an elevated rank, and have her the partner of whatever good fortune might befall him. To this proposition, after some hesitation on the part of Madame, and of vows and protestations on that of Monsieur, she yielded assent, “nothing loath,” I believe; for her subsequent conduct gave ample proof that she was attached to M. de Calonne, and willing to make any sacrifices that could tend to his advantage. It was thought prudent to conceal the intended marriage, which I believe took place in Holland, whither they went for the express purpose; they were also married in London, and had the Duke of Queensberry and Mr. Crauford for witnesses; and a third time at Bath. It was from Mad. de Calonne herself

was given on the wedding-day to the friends and relations of both parties by the father of the lady. In the evening Calonne engaged in play; and when either his mother-in-law, or some near female friend, whispered to him that his bride was in readiness for him to conduct her to her new home, he answered that he would attend her the moment the game was finished. The carriage was immediately ordered, and Calonne informed that it was waiting; he would come immediately, was his reply; but not appearing, another summons was sent; which proving equally unsuccessful, the lady and her friends lost all patience, got into the carriage, and drove away.

* Mons. d'Hanonville was living at this estate about two years since, as I heard from persons who had seen him there. He did not in any degree inherit his father's talents.

that I had all these particulars respecting her husband, the marriage, &c.; for my French friends, through whom I became acquainted with M. de Calonne, had returned to Paris, after passing the winter with him in London; and I had only met him occasionally at assemblies and public places, but knew nothing of his private life, until I read in the newspaper the announcement of his third marriage at Bath, and was the first of his English friends to congratulate him, and visit Madame de Calonne.

The fortune which Mad. de Calonne brought to her husband must have been very large, because, when she consulted me upon forming her establishment, the number of domestics which it would be necessary for her to keep, &c., she told me that she could afford to spend seven thousand pounds a-year; that she had paid the debts of M. de Calonne in France; had purchased the lease of the house in which they then lived (formerly occupied by the Comte d'Adhemar, the French ambassador); also the house and grounds of Mr. Bond Hopkins at Wimbledon, where they were laying out considerable sums in building; that she had always two thousand pounds in the hands of her banker, Sir Robert Herries, and could on any emergency command, in the course of a few hours, ten thousand pounds;—indeed, she gave me incontrovertible proof that there was no exaggeration in her statement. Besides all this, she had still a great part of her property remaining in France. "*Mais on n'apporte pas tout dans son bonnet de nuit,*" were the words she made use of in speaking of her anxiety to get as much money as possible secured in the English funds. La Borde the banker, who had married one of her sisters, was in her debt, and several other persons that I knew of; but La Borde was the only person whom she was desirous of pressing for payment, which she did not disguise was on account of his siding with Mons. Neckar, and the revolutionary principles of his son.

M. de Calonne had got from France his furniture, his fine collection of pictures,* his cabinet of natural history, and many other valuable and curious things; in short, every thing that could

contribute to the enjoyment of life; and they might have ended their days happy and respected in England, if Mad. de Calonne had fortunately attended to the prudent and judicious advice of the Abbé de Montaign, M. de Calonne's brother, instead of following the impulse of her heart, in opposition to her judgment, and allowing her husband, in his zeal for the royal cause, to despoil her of almost the whole of her property.

No two persons could be more unlike in their exteriors, manners, and characters, than these two brothers: the elder tall, erect, and slender, fair complexioned, of an open and agreeable countenance, in which a desire to please was at all times predominant, and eyes, which, although mild, were so vivacious, that, when he was animated upon any subject, they seemed to emit fire,—was altogether a gracious and prepossessing personage; full of life and spirits, with a never-failing fund of diversified and agreeable conversation, with which he entertained his company, apparently happy in himself, and desirous of imparting happiness to all around him. He never at any time gave me the idea of a man of business; pleasure seemed to be his vocation: and yet, I witnessed an instance of his capability, without any seeming exertion, of concentrating his ideas, and entering, fully and deeply, upon the discussion of a matter of great importance, in a letter which he wrote in the midst of a large company. The Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg and family, with several other persons, in all fifteen or sixteen, had dined at M. de Calonne's, and were assembled after dinner in the library, some conversing, some at tric-trac, others reading or working,—amusing themselves each according to their inclinations. M. de Calonne sat down at the black velvet table, which he had when *contrôleur-général*, upon which always stood the materials for writing; he conversed freely when any one addressed him, which frequently happened, as no person supposed that any very grave subject could occupy him at the moment; however, after an hour's writing, he said, "I have been writing a letter, which I intend sending to — [here he named

* Afterwards sold to the Empress of Russia, or some person of eminence at Petersburg.

the person], with leave for him to read it to the national assembly, if he thinks fit; and, if you please, I will read it to you." He then read it aloud; and those of his auditors who were capable of judging expressed their assent and approbation, as well as their surprise, at his being able to write such a letter, when his attention must have been interrupted every minute, by the noise and merriment of the company present.

The Abbé de Montaign, as he was first called, and afterwards the Abbé de Calonne, presented a perfect contrast to the description I have given of his brother. He was but little above the middle size, thick-set, and, when immersed in thought, his head bending on his breast, which gave him a downcast look, rendered more so by thick bushy eyebrows, overhanging, like a penthouse, his black and rather fierce eyes, which, when fixed upon any person, appeared as if penetrating into the inmost recesses of the heart. His voice was deep and sepulchral; his manner of delivery slow, sententious, and emphatic. He was by no means loquacious; but when he did speak it was well to the purpose, and with energy. He was as much calculated to excite awe as his brother to inspire confidence. The brothers did not always agree in opinion, and their altercations sometimes assumed a very warm tone. On these occasions, M. de Calonne always argued with great good humour and gaiety; yet often said severe things in a laughing way, which was more annoying to his brother than if he had treated the matter with gravity; the abbé, on the contrary, soon became violent; and upon one occasion worked himself up into such a passion, that I believe he made himself ill; for he went up to his own room, and did not appear again during the evening. The subject of their controversy was the characters of some of the French bishops, attacked in a publication, several passages of which M. de Calonne had read aloud. The abbé took fire, and stood up in defence of the hierarchy. M. de Calonne, in reply, instanced particular persons, mentioning several circumstances in confirmation of the accusations brought against the bishops; but doing ample justice, at the same time, to the respectability of others, whom he pamed. He had, as far as I could judge, the best of the argument, although he did not succeed

in bringing his brother to the same conviction.

I had seen the abbé, but did not become much acquainted with him until after his brother's marriage, which brought me more frequently into his company. The marked attention which he shewed to his sister-in-law, the sense which he seemed to entertain of the obligations which he, as well as his brother, owed to her, for the comforts she was the means of their enjoying, was a pleasing trait in his character. Mad. de Calonne esteemed him greatly; and, upon knowing him better, I found that he well merited the character she gave of him, as an honourable, prudent, and pious man; possessing strong sense, sound judgment, and more solidity than his brother. He took no interest in the chit-chat of the day; seldom, if ever, joined in any frivolous conversation; but generally retired in the evening to his own room, where he amused himself with reading or writing, or with his flute, upon which instrument he was an excellent performer, and sometimes accompanied me upon the pianoforte. He was enthusiastically fond of music; could sing, and took the bass part in some Italian *nottunos* for four voices, which he gave to me; and one day I was surprised at finding him in the drawing-room with a volume of Cowley in his hand, and a translation into French verse of "Love in her eyes," very prettily done. I have already mentioned his conduct towards Mad. de Calonne as highly praiseworthy; and it was so not only in outward show, but in essentials; for he strenuously endeavoured to impress upon her mind the necessity of her keeping strict watch over the boundless extravagance of her husband, and not to leave him the unrestricted command of her money. Well it would have been for her had she paid due attention to this sage advice!

I had reason to know, from much that passed under my own eyes, as well as from what was communicated to me, that M. de Calonne never, for one moment, lost sight of the hope of being, at some period, however distant, again established in the hotel of the *contrôleur-général* at Paris; but I should not be just towards him, if I did not declare my conviction of his being imbued with the purest and most ardent loyalty for Louis XVI., and of

his entertaining a warm and respectful attachment for the Comte d'Artois; but that hope was built upon very slender grounds, until his marriage with Mad. d'Harvelay placed it upon a more stable foundation. Her fortune afforded him the power of giving form and consistency to his plans, which, however well conceived, could be of no avail, and must have fallen to the ground, without money to carry them into effect. No scheme that had for its object the GOOD CAUSE suffered the slightest retardment for want of any aid in the power of Mad. de Calonne to bestow. She displayed an ardour little short of her husband's; she avowed it to me without reserve; and indulged herself in visions of grandeur which she was destined never to see realised.

It has been said, and I have no doubt with truth, that M. de Calonne, whilst minister, derived great assistance from the abilities of his brother the abbé — less brilliant, but better suited to a man of business than his own — and I know that they were jointly occupied, when living together in Piccadilly, in concerting measures to bring about a counter-revolution in France. But it was not enough to form plans; the difficulty lay in finding a person whom they could intrust with the execution of them; for neither the ex-minister nor his brother could appear in France with safety; and if they could have done so without endangering their liberty, and perhaps their lives, they were both too well known, and had too many eyes to watch them, for any movement of theirs to escape almost immediate detection. The slightest attempt made by either of the brothers must have rendered their scheme abortive; it became, therefore, absolutely necessary to have the aid of a third and totally unsuspected person — a coadjutor on whose integrity they could rely, in whom they could place unlimited confidence, who was capable of consulting with them upon their plans, and of taking upon himself the whole charge of their execution: — such a person was not easily to be found; and fortunate did they consider themselves in the acquisition of so efficient an auxiliary as Ferdinand Christin promised to be, and eventually proved. The exterior and polished

manners of a gentleman were essential, because he must be intrusted with missions which would lead to his intercourse with persons of the highest rank in Europe. In these points M. Christin completely answered their wishes; he had an excellent understanding, and a liberal education had improved his natural talents; he possessed great acuteness, had a kind and benevolent heart, had lived in good company, was perfectly well-bred, modest and unassuming in his deportment, but without reserve or shyness; and what above all secured to him the friendship of M. de Calonne, was the warmth with which, although not a subject of France, he espoused the cause of its unfortunate king, and his readiness to embark in any enterprise that held out a prospect of being useful to him.

It was not long before he was called upon to give proof of his zeal and his talents. Louis XVI. was then living at the Tuileries, and virtually, although not avowedly, a prisoner. It was determined that an immediate attempt should be made for his liberation; and in consequence Christin set out for Paris, furnished with such instructions and means as were deemed requisite, for the express purpose of offering his assistance, and facilitating the escape of the king. The first difficulty which occurred was, to make known his objects and gain access to his majesty. This was overcome, at length, through Madame la Comtesse d'Ossun, *dame d'atours* to the queen, and her then and last favourite,* to whom Christin was the bearer of letters from Madame de Calonne, and from one of the ladies of the household of Madame Adélaïde, the king's aunt. The letters, which were of course couched in the most guarded terms, were no sooner received by Madame d'Ossun, than Christin obtained leave to present himself, and was admitted, as was very usual with French ladies, to her bedchamber. Not one word dared to be uttered by either on the subject which occupied the minds of both; for Christin well knew that Madame d'Ossun and every person in Paris attached to the royal family were surrounded by spies, and the slightest imprudence might devote both to certain destruction; and even her looks Madame d'Ossun feared to

This lady, related to the Polignacs, perished by the guillotine

trust, for she was in dread of her own *femme de chambre*. After some general conversation, Christin contrived to lead it to the English language; and on the countess expressing a wish that she could improve herself in it, he proposed her reading English books, as the surest way, and offered to lend her *Tom Jones*, which he had brought with him to Paris, and which, having been translated into French, as he believed, was probably known to her, and was very entertaining. Madame d'Ossun was greatly pleased with this proposal, and begged him to bring the book without loss of time. Christin hastened to comply with her wishes, delivered the first volume into her own hands, and told her that the others were at her command whenever she pleased to call for them in succession. The return of the first volume was not long delayed, with a pressing request for the second; and on reaching his own residence, Christin had the gratification of finding that Madame d'Ossun had understood his intentions in lending the book—that the slight hint conveyed by his eye, of what his tongue did not dare to utter, had been sufficient for the countess's sagacity to discover his stratagem, take out his letter concealed in the cover, and in its place put in her answer. The manner in which this had been effected was, by detaching the paper pasted within the cover, and, after inserting the letter between the mill-board and paper, pasting down the latter again, so that no appearance remained of its having been opened. A letter addressed to the king was by this means conveyed to him, but whether written by Christin or by some other person, I cannot venture to assert.

In a few days he received directions from Madame d'Ossun to attend, at a certain hour, a private door in a very retired part of the palace, where a person would be waiting to conduct him to her. Using every precaution which prudence could suggest to prevent his being seen, Christin was punctual to the appointment, and, by a private staircase, was led to an apartment where he found the king, and with him the queen. Madame d'Ossun was also present at the interview, but I cannot now recollect whether she had been his conductress to the royal presence.

The king began by expressing, in kind and warm terms, his gratitude for Christin's devotedness to his person,

and for the exertions made in his behalf; and then asked what were the means! Christin thought of employing to effect his escape. Christin answered, that from all he had been able to collect, he had reason to think, that if his majesty would propose passing a fortnight at Compeigne, no objection would be made by the national assembly. His majesty's health, which suffered from want of exercise and change of air, would be sufficient reasons for this indulgence being granted to him; and when at Compeigne, nothing so natural as his taking the diversion of hunting, which he might do for a day or two, to lull suspicion; and at a proper moment Christin would be in readiness to attend him to a place where a sufficient number of his majesty's friends would be assembled, prepared to act in his defence, and defeat any attempt that might be made to impede his escape. To this the king replied, that he had been so long out of the habit of riding, and had become so corpulent, that he was utterly unable to sit on horseback so long as would be necessary, or to use sufficient speed to evade pursuit; for which reason, this plan was abandoned as absolutely impracticable. Disappointed in this first hope, the king asked Christin whether he had thought of any other scheme for his escape. Christin said yes, but it would be attended with greater difficulty and more liable to detection than the first;—that if his majesty would submit to disguise himself, and could concert, with some person of approved fidelity, the means of getting undiscovered out of the palace, either of the Tuileries or Compeigne, Christin would engage to take him off in a *calèche*, and convey him to his friends assembled on the frontier. To the last proposal the king listened, as one that was feasible: the hope of regaining his liberty appeared opening to him; but it was only momentary; for no sooner had he given his assent, and began to talk with seeming pleasure of the way in which he could best contrive to escape, than the queen, seizing with avidity the forlorn hope, insisted upon being the companion of his flight. To this Christin most decidedly objected, stating, that although he was quite certain, and was willing to undertake to convey one person (and that person the king) out of France, yet he could by no means be

answerable for his majesty's safety, nay, not for his *life*, were any third person to accompany them, but particularly the queen, who was so well known, that instant detection must follow her being seen, and that the attempt would be certain destruction to all their hopes. The queen, however, could not be persuaded, by any arguments of Christin's, to forego her purpose: her life, she said, would pay the forfeit of the king's obtaining his liberty, unless she could escape at the same time; and she positively refused her assent to the plan proposed for his escape, unless her own was included in it. The good and unhappy Louis took little part in the argument, feeling, probably, the reasonableness of Christin's objections, and unwilling to determine upon taking any step which might sacrifice the queen to his own safety; but he did not use any endeavour to prevail upon Christin to accede to the queen's request. After much fruitless talking upon the subject, Christin declared himself compelled to decline having any further concern in the matter; for, although ready to lay down his life in the defence of the king, or to be in any way serviceable to him, he must decidedly object to take a part in an attempt which, far from having any chance of being successful, would infallibly bring his majesty into the most imminent peril; and thus, with sad forebodings of the evils pending over them, he reluctantly took a respectful leave of their majesties.

M. Christin, who was accredited by M. de Calonne to many of his friends, and persons who had been connected with or employed by him whilst in power, lingered still in Paris, and heard from various quarters, and particularly at the cafés where he occasionally went, that the king and queen intended making their escape from the Tuileries. It was publicly said in one of them, that a *carrosse gris* was kept always in readiness; and so many other circumstances were spoken of

respecting the king and queen, that when the attempt to make their escape actually took place, the conviction of their secret having been ill kept, and the apprehension that his proceedings might be discovered, determined Christin to get away from Paris, and, if possible, out of France, before the return of the royal family, which he augured must speedily take place. He accordingly hastened to the office of the lieutenant of police, to obtain a passport, and, on being asked his name, gave that of Frederic Clarens, the name he had borne from the time of his arrival in Paris. "Frederic Clarens!" repeated the magistrate—then, turning to one of his secretaries, said, "Reach me down letter C, No. —." The book was placed before him; and, after turning over some leaves, he found the page he wanted, and read aloud as follows: "Ferdinand Christin, native of Switzerland, left the residence of Monsieur de Calonne, in Piccadilly, London, the — day of — (the date correct), arrived at Calais," &c. &c. &c., proceeding with the most minute description of Christin's person and movements, from the time he landed on the coast of France.

Christin felt excessively alarmed; but seeing the necessity of assuming an appearance of composure, replied that Clarens being the name of his father's estate, he had a right to bear it, although more generally known by that of Christin. Not thinking it prudent to lose time by urging his request with the lieutenant of police, he got out of the office as quickly as he could, without betraying his fear of being detained; and making the best of his way to Earl Gower, the English ambassador, told his lordship the danger he incurred by remaining in Paris, and entreated his aid in effecting his escape. Every facility was readily granted, and Christin fortunately reached London without molestation, where he soon heard that his prognostics as to the royal family being compelled to return to Paris were unhappily verified.

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRITISH.

BY COLONEL RICHARD H. HICKORY, OF CEDAR SWAMP.

PART V.

It would seem that the occasion of Mr. Mactavish, W. S., calling on Colonel Hickory, was to inform him of a grand WHIG FAIR then projected in Edinburgh. It is true that we of the world of London have heard no more of that doing than that IT WAS, like a citizen of a market-town in the obituary of a county newspaper; but, no doubt, as it put the Athenians in a fuss, it must have been something very grand. All was blue and yellow—a consummation of the blue stage and the bilious complexion of the cholera, and jaundice of reform.

LETTER IX.

Edinburgh.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

I guess that 'squire Mactavish is a notable: he takes no trouble whatsoever to make himself obligatory, I 'xpect. When he shoved himself in as I was a-writing my last favour, it was to give me a bill of the performance concerning a to-do they are a-going to get up in this here citye. I inclose you a copy, and I beg you to 'use it. The poetry of the mottos is special, but whether written by the Lord Advocate, *ex-officio*, or by one Sir James Gibson Craig, I have not an absolute demonstration to go by: perhaps the universal hand of the Lord Chancellor may be 'cerned in it. The following stave is, at least, what some may think, particular Mr. Jeffrey, if he be the author, as like to his manner as a kitten is to a tabby:—

"For a brush we have a Broom,
For a colour we have a Grey;
And we will sweep both houses clean,
Though the Tories should say nay."

The gentleman, when he gave this print, was most entreative that I should stay to see "the coronation of the sovereign people," but that is out of my power; but it is as clear as mud that the 'foresaid WHIG FAIR is intended to beat King George Fourth's entrance to Edinburgh all to shakes;—and why not? The operatives, instructed by a cackhouse called the Review, have resolved to shew that they too are somebody; and to mortify the nobility and the Highland clans, the archers and the Celtic society, "the whole trades shall pass in review of each other, and move off by Wright's Houses, along the Lothian Road, up Hope Street, by Charlotte Square," &c.

Well, this WHIG FAIR, or the Radical coronation, as it would be more

decorumly to call it, is to be the Edinburgh huskin-bee of the Reform. All the ladies of the town, dressed in blue and yellow, are to walk the streets in fours, their trains held up by lawyers out of bread, who calculate on being made lords of session under the new order of things. The fleshers, it is hoped, as well as "THE POULTERERS," "THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS," "THE PRINTERS," and "THE BARBERS," crying, through paper trumpets, "the voice of liberty thunders, and breaks the captive's chains," will shew the glory of their art. Whether they are to have an ox-carcase on a movable platform or cart, and beside it twelve butchers aloft with sleeves tucked up to the shoulders, flourishing bloody knives and hatchets, is not yet resolved; but you will, I guess, see that there is no moral objection thereto.

As Mr. Mactavish and I were a-talking how all this country, in its old age, came to be so much a-frollicking, he told me that there was a very *ne plus ultry* of a story going about, concerning a howsomdiver that came to pass years ago in this city. He could not give items; but a friend of his had it on black and white, and he would get copy for me, which he has since done; and it follows this letter. It is called THE LEGEND OF THE REVIEW, and would certainly stand in the necessity of an interpretation, had not history since translated some things into facts that throw light on it; but judge for yourself.

Your loving nephew,
RICHARD H. HICKORY.

THE LEGEND OF THE REVIEW.

Some years ago, a number of bare lads about the parliament-house here, to whom modesty did not compensate

for the lack of talent, went wandering about discontented, like Dr. Faustus before he sold himself to the old gentleman. One night, at that time, a stranger hired a porter at the Black Bull Inn to carry his trunk to a certain house in George's Street. The caddy, as the caddy was, thought the gentleman had come by the London mail, but both the guard and the driver swore that they would take their Bible oath he had not been their passenger.

As he was following his trunk-bearer round the corner wall of the Register office, two professors of the college happened to be passing, arm-in-arm, with that brotherly unity so comely and common between members of the learned professions. One of them, turning round and looking at the stranger, said to the other, "That is Dr. Parr!"

The other replied, "You must be mistaken: it is either Horne Tooke, the Rev. Sidney Smith, or Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*."

Each professor gave his reasons for so thinking, till their controversy on the subject grew so hot that before they knew what they were saying, they found themselves argolling on the extremity of the pier of Leith, in the jeopardy of jumping over into the sea in their vehemence.

In the meantime, the 'unknown stranger, conducted to the house he was in search of, paid the porter a sixpence for bringing his portmanteau. But when the poor man went to an underground shop where drams are sold, and sat some time, the sixpence vanished. Every pocket was searched: the coin was gone. Was not this extraordinary?

When the unknown had rested himself in his parlour, he called for pen and ink and paper, and having written a note, he requested the landlady to send it by a porter; which she, without looking at the superscription (because she could not read write), immediately did; and it happened that the same caddy was employed who had brought the portmanteau, and he told her, then, how he had lost the other sixpence. To mitigate his disappointment, she immediately gave him a second, intending to charge her lodger with a shilling. But that sixpence was as evanescent as its predecessor; and the man was so much the worse of liquor by the time he got

home, that his wife had some trouble in putting him to bed.

Whether a fair man that came to the unknown soon after the porter had returned from delivering the note, came in consequence of an invocation by it or from accident, may be doubtful; but he was of a goodly carriage, and remained with him some considerable time. What passed between them is suppressed, but it was a bargaining.

When he went away, and Mrs. Macneesh was called in, it was to ascertain from her where, next day, he the unknown could order the best of dinners in Edinburgh for a few friends, at seven o'clock.

"Seven o'clock?" said Mrs. Macneesh.

"Yes—seven," replied the stranger.

"Lord, sir! that's no a Christian hour."

"It's mine, though," said the stranger.

Mrs. Macneesh went away a good deal disconcerted as to what manner of man her unknown lodger could be. "Seven o'clock!" said she again.

"Yes, seven," said he, for he was close behind, which she thought very terrible; and at the same time there was a smell of brimstone.

At nine o'clock next morning, the stranger ordered breakfast—two hard-boiled eggs, a slice of brown bread, and a basin of milk; and Mrs. Macneesh justly concluded that he was a gent. But judge of her astonishment, when, on going into his bedchamber to set it in order, she found the blankets unmolested, and the expired candle burnt into the socket. Where he slept, she could not tell; but it is well known that spirits, especially evil ones, cannot make an impression on feather beds, though they haunt them—especially those inhabited by young ladies.

As the hour of seven drew near, the fair man with three friends came to the hotel appointed. One of them was shapen like an *eau de Cologne* bottle, the second was not unlike a dapper anchovy cruet, and the third had the look of being full of vinegar.

The party enjoyed themselves vastly at dinner. Every thing was prime, and the wine just transporting; but as soon as the cloth was removed, and the glasses and decanters again set, the unknown pulled from his bosom a parchment roll of a very remarkable

kind, called a paction, and some conversation ensued.

The stranger promised great things if they would league themselves with him; and seeing that there was an inclination to do so, he pulled out a new pen, seemingly of gold, from a curiously-embossed silver case; whereupon the lank and spare *eau de Cologne* youth took the pen, and, as directed, dabbed the point into his arm till he had got a stolon of his own blood; but before affixing his signature to the paction, he looked up, and, giving a sort of sly snuffle, inquired what was to be his reward.

"Lord chancellor," replied the unknown.

Immediately on hearing these words he wrote his name with a joyous trepidation, and, flinging down the pen, snapped his fingers with a flourish over his head, and capered like one at high jinks.

The stranger, having wiped the pen, presented it to the dapperling, who more debonnairely breathed his vein; but, before signing, he also inquired

the price, for he set as high a value on himself as his friend.

"Lord advocate, with a pension," said the unknown.

He then signed, with moderated pleasure; for he was one of those who think that to be gentlemanly is to be pernicketty.

The third was then called, but he signed at once. It was not 'till he had done the deed, that he looked up and inquired, "What am I to be?"

"Chancellor of the exchequer, if—" replied the stranger, putting up the parchment.

"If what?" cried the prospective lord chancellor, with a swing and an air.

But the stranger made no answer; he only gave a hard, dry, rattling laugh, as mirthless as a watchman's 'larum, and vanished like a flash of fire out at the broad side of the house.

Soon after, the *Edinburgh Review*—that gospel according to whoever writes in it—made its appearance; but Q.E.D.

SONG.

The gems of midnight gaily hung
On heaven's deep-tinctured dome,
And the revolving planets swung
Around their starry home.

And moonlight hung her mantle o'er
The dark and boundless sea,
When, wandering by the silent shore,
I came to meet with thee.

I left my father's stately tower,—
The warders I stole by;—
What will not maid in any hour
When her true love is nigh?

Thou could'st not scale my castled steep,
Thy maiden's face to see,
But to the borders of the deep
She hath come down to thee.

Boast not what man for woman's sigh
And woman's love will brave;—
Lo, here I stand, and no one nigh,
Beside the pirate's cave.

I left our gates when twilight's weed
Was fit for words of love;
And thus hath woman done the deed
That man was wont to prove.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE UN-ENGLISH WAR.

WE write on the 26th of September, and few as are the days which will intervene between this day and that which puts our pages into the hands of the reader, events may occur which will alter the appearance of the world. He may look like Adam, and see the face of things all changed; but not, as in the Miltonic vision, find that the brazen throat of war had ceased to roar, but that its trumpet-tongue had been awakened to a fuller note.

Plainly and unfiguratively speaking, we are now on the edge of a war—and of a war contrary to all English principles, all English feelings. We shall not begin the history of our present situation in the manner of the old cyclic writers, who, as Horace tells you, commenced the Trojan war from the hatching of Helen; we shall waive all disquisition on the justice or injustice, or the original quarrel between Belgium and Holland. The European powers at the congress of Vienna had decided, that these states should be united for great European purposes; the play-house mob of Brussels determined that they should be disjoined, under the pretence of getting rid of a local tax on the grinding of corn. The junction of the Netherlandish states had been contemporary with the general pacification of Europe, consequent on the overthrow of the Bonaparteian tyranny; it was, therefore, fitting, that their violent separation should take place when the enemies of order and tranquillity throughout the world saw a fair opportunity of resuscitating their power, after the slumber of fifteen years.

We say we waive this discussion altogether, and consent that the disseverance of Belgium and Holland should be considered as matter of history—as the disseverance of the United Provinces from Spain, or the United States from England. Belgium we shall admit to be recognised as an independent and sovereign state: nobody will contend that it deserves any thing further from England. It cannot be dearer to us than France, or Spain, or Portugal, or Russia. We are not bound in any degree to its quarrels, nor called upon to maintain any of its rights, real or pretended. If it can support itself against its enemies, so be it; if it conquers, we envy not its glory; if defeated, there can be no reason for our

grieving over its reverses: it has no claims, from past history or from present position, upon our sympathies. The Flemings are, indeed, among the European people, those who have the least claim on our affections or attentions.

It will not affect our argument in the slightest degree, if any person were to maintain that Holland was nothing *more* to us than Belgium; it would just suit us as well, provided that our antagonist admitted it was nothing *less*. Both Dutch and Belgians are foreign to us, and we should be prepared to look at their quarrels with as much equanimity as Jupiter of old said he would look upon the Trojans and Tyrians. We might, however, say something for the Dutch. They have been allies of ours of old date; their state was helped into existence by Queen Elizabeth, and her "warriors bold and statesmen sage." The house of Orange is knitted to us by many glorious recollections; they have ever fought for liberty and religion—the scroll of *Je maintiendra* has long been the motto of the free. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, the Hague, have many things to bind them to our memories. Holland was the retreat of persecuted learning, and the nursing-mother of erudition. The Dutch, finally, are our brother-Protestants—a circumstance which, perhaps, it is wrong to mention, as affording them any claim on our consideration; but which ought not to put them on a lower footing than the Belgians.

These and many more matters we might urge for Holland. We might also adduce the general faith of Europe, solemnly bound, (if solemnity there be in the most sacred treaties), to the union of the Low Countries. If any point were more expressly stipulated than another in the celebrated Treaty of Vienna, it was the junction of Holland and Belgium under one sceptre. What bound together, in 1815, that extraordinary congress of independent powers but the common feeling against the aggressions of France, then, after long years of victory, subdued? Other matters might be of importance in the deliberations of the congress, but to repress France within limits that would prohibit her from again endangering the general inde-

pendence of Europe, was *the* matter—that which was to be the first and last object of all their provisions. To that great purpose every thing else was secondary. In other quarters, the ocean, the Pyrennees and Mediterranean, the Alps, are boundaries fixed by nature. It remained to limit her on the north, and the kingdom of the Netherlands was erected as sufficient barrier between France and the Rhine. This was no new feature in English or European policy; but the gradual extension of France during the reign of Louis XV., and the facilities thereby afforded for the conquests of the Jacobins, or the emperor, had rendered what, in the days of Marlborough or William, was a matter much to be desired for the peace of Holland and the Rhenish states, a matter absolutely necessary for the independence of Europe.

Again we repeat that we waive the consideration of all these topics. Old feelings are to be forgotten, treaties of fifteen years' date are to be deemed antiquated and musty. Let us, nevertheless, look at things as they exist at present; if history is to be an old almanac, we may at least use our own eyes to see what is before us.

If, then, we be rightly informed, it is determined that a French army, under Marshal Gerard, is to march at once through Belgium against Holland, and that a British fleet is to sail in conjunction with a French one for the Dutch coast. With difficulty we keep our determination of not looking back into history—with difficulty we refrain from the recollection of the infamous war of Charles II., in conjunction with Louis XIV. The object of these joint expeditions is the compulsion of Holland to succumb to certain terms proposed by the conference of London; terms which the King of the Netherlands, supported by the unanimous voice of his people, declares to be deeply injurious to the honour and interests of his kingdom. No British interest can by possibility be advanced by victory. The consequence to be expected is, in the first place, the humiliation and the weakening of Holland for the advantage of Belgium. If the matter ended there, we do not see why we should undertake the risk, the expense, and the odium of aggressive war. It surely cannot interest us more than it interests the United States of America, to inflict gratuitous injury on the Dutch, or to confer gratuitous bene-

fit on the Belgians; and, yet, who dreams that the States are in any way called upon to assist France in reducing "the obstinacy" of the King of Holland within due bounds.

But the matter, it is admitted, will not end there. The chief grievance to be redressed is the possession of the citadel of Antwerp by the Dutch. That the Dutch have a right to desire retaining this citadel, is admitted on all hands. It is necessary for the prosperity of Amsterdam and Rotterdam,—that is to say, for the commercial prosperity of Holland,—that Antwerp should not be in the power of a jealous and potent rival. The first object, then, of this new crusade against the Dutch will be to give the Scheldt to Belgium. It needs no ghost to tell us who will, in that case, be the real masters, if Belgium be *assisted* by France. The old policy of England insisted upon keeping the Scheldt from the French—that question, indeed, began the Antijacobin war. What object is to be attained by giving that river to them, is a point which we have never been able to ascertain.

But will the possession of the *Scheldt* satisfy our new allies, with whom we are about to sail from Spithead? Ask themselves, and they will tell you that the *Rhine* is their object. Never has the momentary possession of that river been forgotten. The vanity of France has been fed by recollections of the glories which it conferred. Beranger, a great authority in a country where the popular songs of Paris are "the fourth estate," is full of recollections of the Rhine:

"Le Rhin aux bords ravis à ta puissance
Porte à regret le tribut de ses eaux ;
Il crie au fond de ses roseaux :
Honneur aux Enfants de la France !"

Elsewhere we have :

"Quinous rendra dit cet homme heroique
Aux bords du Rhin, à Jemmape, à Fleurus."

And in many other places. Lamarque, who died a few months ago, used to call the acquisition of the Rhine the *rounding* of France; and there is not one of the *mouvement* statesmen who does not consider it an article of the creed of true Frenchmen to insist on that river as their boundary. The separation of Belgium and Holland has gone far towards the accomplishment of their hopes—the prostration of Holland would fulfil them altogether.

Then, indeed, the Treaty of Vienna would be waste paper, although we have so scrupulously fulfilled the pecuniary obligations to which it bound us.

Hume, and all other historians, describe the ministry of 1670, which proclaimed the Dutch war in alliance with France, as the most profligate that ever disgraced the annals of England. The cycle of years has brought us a

ministry which treads closely in their steps. The profligacy of the *Cabal* is imitated by the profligacy of the Grey administration, with a surprising closeness. We have not time nor room to follow out the parallel; but the main fact is evident,—*we are going to war with Holland, in order to give Flanders to France.* “Joy to great Cæsar!”*

* While we write, the news of the death of Ferdinand of Spain has arrived. We may have much hereafter to say of Ferdinand. Now we have only to remark, that his death supplies a new element of war in Europe. As far as Spain herself is concerned, there is a chance of civil contest. We translate the following from the *Quotidienne*:

“The unexpected death of the King of Spain may stir up a question of dynasty, and give the signal for a collision in which Europe may find it necessary to interfere. We express ourselves in doubtful terms only, as conjecture may give way to fact, which is that the queen has been some time since declared *enciente*. Should it be of a prince, the question will be cut short; till the birth of the child, boy or girl, it will remain in suspense. Nevertheless, we will put it now. Will Spain and Don Carlos recognise the decree of Ferdinand, which re-establishes the succession to the throne as it existed previous to the accession of the Duke of Anjou, and calls his daughter, Maria Louisa Isabella, in default of heirs male, to the crown? Will Spain and Don Carlos declare for the Salic law which, transplanted into the Spanish peninsula with the branch of the Bourbons, excludes women, and consequently places the crown on the head of Ferdinand’s brother? Such is the question; it is of great weight, as may be seen, for it sets two principles of succession, two political rights, one in regard to royalty itself, the other in regard to the royal family, in opposition. It is again weighty, because these two principles and rights are represented by two parties; and the party which calls Don Carlos to the throne is the strongest. We will not cut short so delicate a question, yet we pronounce at once in favour of *right*, and against usurpation, from whichever side it may come. We will say further, on this occasion, that of all usurpations, family usurpation is the most odious. It is in the political order what theft is in regard to ordinary offences. It unites the crime of revolt with the infamy of treason. At all events, if this grave question is brought on the carpet, it ought to be resolved by historical monuments in virtue of the fundamental principles which predominate in Spain over this part of the law, and according to the form consecrated by the constitution of the country. When on one side there is an ancient law, which existed up to the time of the accession of a grandson of Louis XIV. to the Spanish throne—a law altered by the Duke of Anjou, and re-established without opposition by Ferdinand VII.; and on the other, the French Salic law, supported by the introduction of a new dynasty, and constant possession since the time of Philip V., we can only express one desire, one hope: May the decision of this high political question be at once prompt and just, conformable to the conviction and interest of the Spaniards; may it satisfy, in matter and form, those who justly attach so much importance to the maintenance of right and the triumph of principles necessary to the preservation of society. But in the midst of doubt created by such a subject, it is consoling to reflect that revolution is here out of the question, and has no part to play in the pending discussion. Whatever may happen, the cabinet of the Palais Royal is certain of using no influence, much less any interference, which Europe would not allow. Unfortunately, the restriction laid upon revolution will weigh upon France. And we may here remark the different situation she would have been in under the former government. Under the elder branch, the King of France might, if needful, have offered to act as umpire, in this quality of head of the house of Bourbon, the oldest man of his line, and the nearest ally, *de jure* and *de facto*, of the court of Spain. Under the reign of the younger branch every thing altered. It was not as a Bourbon that King Philip mounted the throne: this fact alone puts aside all thoughts of interference on the part of the cabinet of the Palais Royal. The Duke of Orleans belongs, as a man, to the same family as the royal house of Spain, but he belongs not to the same family of kings. A revolutionary king, he has inherited none of the rights of his race, nor any of the titles of alliance of the King of France;—1815 had removed the Pyrenees, as was shewn in 1823, but 1830 replaced them. Thus, we repeat it, revolution has no part to act in the quarrels which arise on this question of public law: our example will serve as a warning to the Spaniards. The severe lesson we have read them for the

The Death of Sir Walter Scott.

WE had completed our Magazine, when the melancholy news, so long expected, of the death of Sir WALTER SCOTT arrived in town. We have no opportunity, at this late period of the month, of doing any thing like justice to the memory of the great deceased, even had we the talent.

Our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press are busily employed, and, we are happy to find, without an exception honourably employed, in paying tributes to his memory. They have as yet, however, produced scarcely any thing that was not known before—indeed, it could not well be expected that they should. We have no ambition to run a race with our less encumbered friends; and we hail with unaffected admiration the kindly spirit which has been universally displayed towards the illustrious deceased. The time has gone by, indeed, when any one would be heard who would venture to offer an insult to his memory; and we shall not sully our pages by a reference to the existence of a virulent and contemptible knot, that at one period vented their petty spleen against the greatest man of our day.

Criticism on his works is now superfluous: they have taken their enduring station in the literature of the world. If the applause of foreign nations be equivalent, as it is said, to the voice of posterity, no author who ever wrote has obtained that honour in so large a measure. His novels, his poems, have been translated into every civilised language; his heroes and heroines have become household words all over the world. The painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the musician, have sought inspiration from his pages. The names of his works, or the personages introduced into them, are impressed on the man-of-war or the quadrille, the race-horse or the steam-boat. The number of persons who have become famous by following, in their different lines, the ideas of Sir Walter, is immense, and comprehends all classes of intellect or enterprise. The tribes of imitators, whether of his verse or prose, whom he has called into existence, are countless. Many of them are persons of great abilities and unquestioned genius. Which of them will be named in competition with the master? Not one.

He has recorded, in the beautiful sketch of autobiography which he has prefixed to the *Waverley* series, his fixed dislike to literary controversy. He might have added if he pleased, that this dislike proceeded at least as much from his natural kindness of disposition, as from the desire of avoiding the literary annoyances, to which he refers it. Some body has said, that if the literary republic were to elect a president, Sir Walter Scott would have been the man. As it was, his presidency was tacitly acquiesced in. A regular tribute was paid to him by the due presentation of every work that the author deemed worthy of his acceptance; personal homage as regular was offered by every literary man who aspired to fame. *Abbotsford* was the metropolitan seat of European literature; and a pilgrimage thither was indispensable. Never was sceptre more leniently wielded. Not only can no trace of ill nature be detected in any of Sir Walter's literary judgments, but, still further, he not only refrained from doing mischief, but he exerted himself to do service. Many are the stories which we could tell of kindness displayed, not merely by his purse, but his pen—a species of assistance which authors of any thing like his eminence are in general not very ready in contributing. A more generous, honourable, and upright man never existed; and he has gone before a tribunal where all the glories of his authorship will be of small value as compared with the good actions he has performed, and the pure motives which inspired them.

And yet we do not think that the literary career which he ran, and the

last two years is too recent and too decided, not to scare them from a political route in which we have met with nothing but decay and ruin for our interests, humiliation and shame in lieu of glory; and, in a word, a disastrous past, a precarious present, and a threatening future. Don Carlos will govern Spain as king or as regent, therefore the bottom of the matter is one and the same."

The *Quotidienne* is serving its own party in abusing Louis Philippe at second-hand; but the main question is, Will the Apostolicals triumph or not?

example he set, will stand him as nought before the final *sum*, where all are to be tried. Of him well may be it said, that he never wrote a line which, dying he would wish to blot—never in all his multifarious writings inculcated a sentiment incompatible with religion and morality. Some authors of distinguished genius have so far misused the talent bestowed upon them, that the works which they have left behind, while they delight the imagination or sharpen the intellect, tend directly or indirectly to the pollution of the mind and the jeopardy of the soul. Not only has this blot—this sin which makes a man a sinner in his grave—been avoided by Sir Walter Scott, but the whole stream and tendency of his works is to recommend, in the most heart-moving or spirit-stirring forms, all that is calculated to exalt our species, all that can make us worthy or honourable denizens of this world, and elevate us to a fitness for that higher life which we may expect in the other. This is no light praise. Such an example has worked its good effects. It has been of infinitely more value than more direct exhortations to the practice of virtuous or religious actions. The professed divine or moralist passes unheeded by the light-minded, the gay, and the young. His books are not read, or, if read, the precepts which they teach run the risk of being disregarded. But he whose works must be in every hand—who is acknowledged as the guide and the pattern of the intellectual taste of the whole nation—holds to the lips a honied chalice which may convey medicaments, that in their unadulterated state might be rejected as unpalatable. To the honour of Sir Walter Scott, and to what is far more than any consideration of worldly honour, the welfare of his own soul, he has written as if he had been

“For ever in the great taskmaster's eye;”

and, awed or controlled by his example, the ribald or licentious writer checked his propensities, in deference to the spirit inspired into the public mind by Sir Walter, or hid his wares from sight, or offered them only in marts which were the haunts of the avowedly shameless, the outcasts of society. The greater literature of our country has long felt the influence of Milton—literature of all classes has been purified by Scott.

We shall not, we hope, be accused of being actuated merely by party motives, when we extend the praise which we have bestowed on the morals to the politics inculcated by Sir Walter. All those who love their native land must be more or less Tory in soul. We mean that they must more or less love those institutions under which, if not by which, the country grew great and prosperous. Reverence for the high names of England, proud recollections of glorious actions done, of imminent perils bravely weathered, honourable feelings towards institutions certainly intended to exalt or civilise our countrymen, and which generally have worked their purpose,—these should form part and parcel of us all. Far, far from the bosom of an English gentleman or English yeoman should be that rancorous feeling sometimes displayed, which prompts people to destroy what our ancestors established, purely for the sake of destruction. The Whigs may be more perspicacious in detecting abuses than the Tories; but, on account of those abuses, they ought not to look with distaste or disaffection on their native land. It may be right to keep a sharp eye on the defects of our country, but it is not the mark of an expanded or a generous vision to be able to see nothing else. Sir Walter's Toryism was not of the factious kind which thinks of nothing but party. It was, of that patriotic, that truly patriotic nature, that wishes every thing in our country to be the best, and that desires England to stand first among nations, happy at home and honoured abroad. A nobler historian of civil wars never existed. Due justice is done to the cavalier and the Cameronian, to the partisan of the house of Hanover or the house of Stuart. Their good qualities are placed in the strongest light—defence or palliation is never wanting for their errors. Or if we consider Toryism as the cause of aristocracy, we there, too, find Sir Walter generous and just. The prince or noble is allowed the respect and homage due to his place and lineage; but where exists the writer who has so sublimely and so pathetically chronicled and hallowed the virtues of the humblest?

His Toryism was without faction; but faction assailed him in the end of his days. He was insulted by a debauched rabble in those very places which he

had rendered immortal, because he refused to surrender his judgment on political matters to *theirs*. We wish not to disparage any one, but still we must be permitted to think that a time may come when the name of Sir Walter Scott will command as much respect as that of Lord John Russell. As to his adherence to Toryism, nothing could be more disinterested. He had received no favours—absolutely none—from the Tories. His place of Clerk of Session was conferred on him by Fox; and we rather think that his politics on some occasions were made a plea by the tape-tying crew who had wriggled themselves into office under our colours, for insult and impertinence, neglect or ingratitude. But he defended the constitution of his country; and for that, in “Caledonia stern and wild,” in his “own romantic town,” in sight of “fair Melrose,” he was hooted and howled down as one actuated by the meanest of natures, by people whose country he had made classical, and whose more tangible interests he had, beyond any other man in the world, most materially served.

We believe that he felt this affront. It is now no matter. He lies in the land every corner of which his genius has lit up as with a torch, and his countrymen are pouring condolences over his tomb. They will bury him with sounding honours, and all the pomp of funeral; and, that being done, his creditors will come to spoil his children of what he has left behind. Loud will be the lament of Scotland,—equally loud the demand for his goods. The very bankers,—the men whom he, by his admirable letters in 1826, saved from the utter destitution, penury, and ruin impending over them at the hands of Lord Goderich and the economists,—will calculate to a farthing what may be their share of his chattels. Will Scotland do any thing to avert this disgrace, as disgrace it will be? And we, who know Scotland well, answer—No.

After killing himself to pay off debts which, as the world knows, were not of his contracting; after making the most unparalleled exertions, not one of which he need have made; after sacrificing property which he never need have created, or, having created, need not have parted with,—the author of *Waverley* dies so deeply in debt, that the junior branches of his family are left wholly unprovided for by him. Were there any honour in Scotland; the raving cry of his creditors, who have already been paid five times as much as they could have expected, if their debtor had acted on the principles of trade which they recognise for their own guidance, would be stopped by a general subscription. The country only owes it to him. Scotland should take upon itself the payment of the debts of Scott. Were they a million of money in amount, he has been of pecuniary value to his native land far greater than that sum. The quantity of capital which he has caused to be expended in the country,—the sums drawn from the influx of strangers which he has now permanently brought to it,—the honour and notice which he has acquired for all its affairs, and the consequent advantage,—would be valued at a low price if estimated at many millions. We say nothing of the literary renown and the romantic celebrity he has cast over Scotland. But Scotland owes him a great pecuniary debt,—and Scotland will pay it by suffering Abbotsford to be stripped by the sheriff.

The nation—not the province, however, should do something. No one will deny that he is entitled to the barren honours of sepulture in Westminster Abbey. Grateful Scotland is too proud to part with his body: it would be considered an affront, to take away his bones, when dead, by that nation which would not give a farthing to administer to his comforts when living. As he must not, therefore, lie in the Abbey, are we too poor to testify our national respect by a grant? We put it to Lord Althorp;—we are sure the hint will be enough. Never was there grant which conferred more honour on a nation than this tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott would confer on us.

We had no intention, when we began, of writing on pecuniary matters, but, as we have done so, we do not regret it. Useless, indeed, it is to compose empty eulogies on him who has filled the world with admiration, or to bestow the honours of puny criticism on works engraved on every heart. A great light has been extinguished,—a great glory lost to Israel. He has descended to that tomb which is the lot of all, and we “ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXIV. NOVEMBER, 1832.

VOL. VI.

PART I.

FRAGMENT,

BY GOETHE.

THE spacious courts of the Prince's Castle were still veiled in thick mists of an autumnal morning; through which veil, meanwhile, as it melted into clearness, you could more or less discern the whole Hunter-company, on horseback and on foot, all busily astir. The hasty occupations of the nearest were distinguishable: there was lengthening, shortening of stirrup-leathers; there was handing of rifles and shot-pouches, there was putting of game-bags to rights; while the hounds, impatient in their leashes, threatened to drag their keepers off with them. Here and there, too, a horse shewed spirit more than enough; driven on by its fiery nature, or excited by the spur of its rider, who even now in the half-dusk could not repress a certain self-complacent wish to exhibit himself. All waited however on the Prince, who, taking leave of his young consort, was now delaying too long.

United a short while ago, they already felt the happiness of consensual dispositions; both were of active vivid character; each willingly participated in the tastes and endeavours of the other. The Prince's father had already, in his time, discerned and improved the season when it became evident that all members of the commonwealth should pass their days in equal industry; should all, in equal working and producing, each in his kind, first earn and then enjoy.

How well this had prospered was visible in these very days, when the head-market was a holding, which you might well enough have named a fair.

VOL. VI. NO. XXXIV.

The Prince yester-even had led his Princess on horseback through the tumult of the heaped-up wares; and pointed out to her how on this spot the Mountain region met the Plain country in profitable barter: he could here, with the objects before him, awaken her attention to the various industry of his Land.

If the Prince at this time occupied himself and his servants almost exclusively with these pressing concerns, and in particular worked incessantly with his Finance-minister, yet would the Hunt-master too have his right; on whose pleading, the temptation could not be resisted to undertake, in this choice autumn weather, a Hunt that had already been postponed; and so for the household itself, and for the many stranger visitants, prepare a peculiar and singular festivity.

The Princess staid behind with reluctance: but it was proposed to push far into the Mountains, and stir up the peaceable inhabitants of the forests there with an unexpected invasion.

At parting, her lord failed not to propose a ride for her, with Friedrich the Prince-Uncle as escort: "I will leave thee," said he, "our Honorio too, as Equerry and Page, who will manage all." In pursuance of which words, he, in descending, gave to a handsome young man the needful injunctions; and soon thereafter disappeared with guests and train.

The Princess, who had waved her handkerchief to her husband while still down in the court, now retired to the back apartments, which commanded a

free prospect towards the Mountains; and so much the lovelier, as the Castle itself stood on a sort of elevation, and thus, behind as well as before, afforded manifold magnificent views. She found the fine telescope still in the position where they had left it yester-even, when amusing themselves over bush and hill and forest-summit, with the lofty ruins of the primeval Stammburg, or Family Tower; which in the clearness of evening stood out note-worthy, as at that hour with its great light-and-shade masses, the best aspect of so venerable a memorial of old time was to be had. This morning too, with the approximating glasses, might be beautifully seen the autumnal tinge of the trees, many in kind and number, which had struggled up through the masonry unhindered and undisturbed during long years. The fair dame, however, directed the tube somewhat lower, to a waste stony flat, over which the Hunting train was to pass; she waited the moment with patience, and was not disappointed: for with the clearness and magnifying power of the instrument her glancing eyes plainly distinguished the Prince and the Head-Equerry; nay, she forebore not again to wave her handkerchief, as some momentary pause and looking-back was fancied perhaps rather than observed.

Prince Uncle, Friedrich by name, now with announcement, entered, attended by his Painter, who carried a large portfolio under his arm. "Dear Cousin," said the hale old gentleman, "we here present you with the Views of the Stammburg, taken on various sides to shew how the mighty Pile, warred on and warring, has from old times fronted the year and its weather; how here and there its wall had to yield, here and there rush down into waste ruins. However, we have now done much to make the wild mass accessible; for more there wants not to set every traveller, every visitor into astonishment, into admiration."

As the Prince now exhibited the separate leaves, he continued: "Here where, advancing up the hollow-way, through the outer ring-walls, you reach the Fortress proper, rises against us a rock, the firmest of the whole mountain; on this there stands a tower built, yet when Nature leaves off and Art and Handicraft begin no one can distinguish. Farther you perceive side-whole walls abutting on it, and donjons

terrace-wise stretching down. But I speak wrong, for to the eye it is but a wood that encircles that old summit; these hundred and fifty years no axe has sounded there, and the massiest stems have on all sides sprung up; wherever you press inwards to the walls, the smooth maple, the rough oak, the taper pine, with trunk and roots oppose you; round these we have to wind, and pick our footsteps with skill. Do but look how artfully our Master has brought the character of it on paper; how the roots and stems, the species of each distinguishable, twist themselves among the masonry, and the huge boughs come looping through the holes. It is a wilderness like no other; an accidentally unique locality, where ancient traces of long-vanished power of Man, and the ever-living ever-working power of Nature shew themselves in the most earnest conflict."

Exhibiting another leaf, he went on: "What say you now to the Castle-court, which, become inaccessible by the falling in of the old gate-tower, had for immemorial time been trodden by no foot. We sought to get at it by a side; have pierced through walls, blasted vaults asunder, and so provided a convenient but secret way. Inside it-needed no clearance; here stretches a flat rock-summit, smoothed by nature; but yet strong trees have in spots found luck and opportunity for rooting themselves there; they have softly but decidedly grown up, and now stretch out their boughs into the galleries where the knights once walked to and fro; nay, through the doors and windows into the vaulted halls; out of which we would not drive them: they have even got the mastery and may keep it. Sweeping away deep strata of leaves, we have found the noblest place all smoothed, the like of which were perhaps not to be met with in the world."

"After all this, however, it is still to be remarked, and on the spot itself well worth examining, how on the steps that lead up to the main tower, a maple has struck root, and fashioned itself to a stout tree, so that you can hardly with difficulty press by it, to mount the battlements and gaze over the unbounded prospect. Yet here too you linger pleased in the shade; for that tree is it which high over the whole wondrously lifts itself into the air."

"Let us thank the brave Artist, then, who so deservingly in various pictures teaches us the whole, even as if we saw it: he has spent the fairest hours of the day and of the season therein, and for weeks long kept moving about these scenes. Here in this corner has there for him, and the warder we gave him, been a little pleasant dwelling fitted up. You could not think, my Best, what a lovely outlook into the country, into court and walls, he has got there. But now when all is once in outline, so pure, so characteristic, he may finish it down here at his ease. With these pictures we will decorate our garden-hall; and no one shall recreate his eyes over our regular parterres, our groves and shady walks, without wishing himself up there, to follow, in actual sight of the old and of the new, of the stubborn, inflexible, indestructible, and of the fresh, pliant, irresistible, what reflections and comparisons would rise for him."

Honorio entered, with notice that the horses were brought out; then said the Princess, turning to the Uncle: "Let us ride up; and you will shew me in reality what you have here set before me in image. Ever since I came among you I have heard of this undertaking; and should now like of all things to see with my own eyes what in the narrative seemed impossible, and in the depicting remains improbable."—"Not yet, my Love," answered the Prince: "what you here saw is what it can become and is becoming; for the present much in the enterprise stands still amid impediments; Art must first be complete, if Nature is not to shame it."—"Then let us ride at least upwards, were it only to the foot: I have the greatest wish to-day to look about me far in the world."—"Altogether as you will it," replied the Prince.—"Let us ride through the Town, however," continued the Lady, "over the great market-place, where stands the innumerable crowd of booths, looking like a little city, like a camp. It is as if the wants and occupations of all the families in the land were turned outwards, assembled in this centre, and brought into the light of day: for the attentive observer can decry whatsoever it is that man performs and needs; you fancy, for the moment, there is no money necessary, that all business could here be managed by barter, and so at bottom it

is. Since the Prince, last night, set me on these reflections, it is pleasant to consider how here, where Mountain and Plain meet together, both so clearly speak out what they require and wish. For as the Highlander can fashion the timber of his woods into a hundred shapes, and mould his iron for all manner of uses, so these others from below come to meet him with most manifold wares, in which often you can hardly discover the material or recognise the aim."

"I am aware," answered the Prince, "that my Nephew turns his utmost care to these things; for specially, on the present occasion, this main point comes to be considered, that one receive more than one give out; which to manage is, in the long run, the sum of all Political Economy, as of the smallest private housekeeping. Pardon me, however, my Best: I never like to ride through markets; at every step, you are hindered and kept back; and then flames up in my imagination the monstrous misery which, as it were, burnt itself into my eyes, when I witnessed one such world of wares go off in fire. I had scarcely got to——"

"Let us not lose the bright hours," interrupted the Princess, for the worthy man had already more than once afflicted her with the minute description of that mischance: how he, being on a long journey, resting in the best inn, on the market-place which was just then swarming with a fair, had gone to bed exceedingly fatigued; and in the night-time been, by shrieks, and flames rolling up against his lodging, hideously awakened.

The Princess hastened to mount her favourite horse; and led, not through the backgate upwards, but through the foregate downwards, her reluctant-willing attendant; for who but would gladly have ridden by her side, who but would gladly have followed after her. And so Honorio too had without regret staid back from the otherwise so wished-for Hunt, to be exclusively at her service.

As was to be anticipated, they could only ride through the market step by step: but the fair Lovely one enlivened every stoppage by some sprightly remark. "I repeat my lesson of yesternight," said she, "since Necessity is trying our patience." And in truth, the whole mass of men so crowded about the riders, that their progress

was slow. The people gazed with joy at the young dame; and, on so many smiling countenances, might be read the pleasure they felt to see that the first woman in the land was also the fairest and gracefullest.

Promiscuously mingled stood, Mountaineers, who had built their still dwellings amid rocks, firs and spruces; Lowlanders from hills meadows and leas; craftsmen of the little towns; and what else had all assembled there. After a quiet glance, the Princess remarked to her attendant, how all these, whencesoever they came, had taken more stuff than necessary for their clothes, more cloth and linen, more ribands for trimming. It is as if the women could not be bushy enough, the men not puffy enough, to please themselves.

"We will leave them that," answered the uncle: "spend his superfluity on what he will, a man is happy in it; happiest when he therewith decks and dizens himself." The fair dame nodded assent.

So had they by degrees got upon a clear space, which led out to the suburbs, when, at the end of many small booths and stands, a larger edifice of boards shewed itself, which was scarcely glanced at till an ear-lacerating bellow sounded forth from it. The feeding-hour of the wild beasts there exhibited seemed to have come: the Lion let his forest and desert-voice be heard in all vigour; the horses shuddered, and all must remark how, in the peaceful ways and workings of the cultivated world, the King of the wilderness so fearfully announced himself. Coming nearer the booth, you could not overlook the variegated colossal pictures representing with violent colours and strong emblems those foreign beasts; to a sight of which the peaceful burgher was to be irresistibly enticed. The grim monstrous tiger was pouncing on a blackamoor, on the point of tearing him in shreds; a lion stood earnest and majestic, as if he saw no prey worthy of him; other wondrous party-coloured creatures, beside these mighty ones, deserved less attention.

"As we come back," said the Princess, "we will alight and take a nearer view of these gentry."—"It is strange," observed the Prince, "that man always seeks excitement by Terror. Inside, there, the Tiger lies quite quiet in his

cage; and here must he ferociously, dart upon a black, that the people may fancy the like is to be seen within: of murder and sudden death, of burning and destruction, there is not enough; but ballad-singers must at every corner keep repeating it. Good man will have himself frightened a little; to feel the better, in secret, how beautiful and laudable it is to draw breath in freedom."

Whatever of apprehensiveness from such bugbear images might have remained was soon all and wholly effaced, as, issuing through the gate, our party entered on the cheerfullest of scenes. The road led first up the River, as yet but a small current, and bearing only light boats, but which by and by, as renowned world-stream, would carry forth its name and waters, and enliven distant lands. They proceeded next through well cultivated fruit-gardens and pleasure-grounds, softly ascending; and by degrees you could look about you in the now disclosed much-peopled region, till first a thicket, then a little wood admitted our riders, and the gracefullest localities refreshed and limited their view. A meadow vale leading upwards, shortly before mown for the second time, velvet-like to look upon, watered by a brook rushing out lively copious at once from the uplands above, received them as with welcome; and so they approached a higher freer station, which, on issuing from the wood, after a stiff ascent, they gained; and could now descry, over new clumps of trees, the old Castle, the goal of their pilgrimage, rising in the distance, as pinnacle of the rock and forest. Backwards, again (for never did one mount hither without turning round), they caught, through accidental openings of the high trees, the Prince's Castle, on the left, lightened by the morning sun; the well-built higher quarter of the Town softened under light smoke-clouds; and so on, rightwards, the under Town, the River in several bendings with its meadows and mills; on the farther side, an extensive fertile region.

Having satisfied themselves with the prospect, or rather as usually happens when we look round from so high a station, become doubly eager for a wider less limited view, they rode on, over a broad stony flat, where the mighty Ruin stood fronting them, as a green-crowned summit, a few old trees

far down about its foot: they rode along; and so arrived there, just at the steepest most inaccessible side. Great rocks jutting out from of old, insensible of every change, firm, well-founded, stood clenched together there; and so it towered upwards: what had fallen at intervals lay in huge plates and fragments confusedly heaped, and seemed to forbid the boldest any attempt. But the steep, the precipitous is inviting to youth: to undertake it, to storm and conquer it, is for young limbs an enjoyment. The Princess testified desire for an attempt; Honorio was at her hand; the Prince-Uncle, if easier to satisfy, took it cheerfully, and would shew that he too had strength: the horses were to wait below among the trees; our climbers make for a certain point, where a huge projecting rock affords a standing-room, and a prospect, which indeed is already passing over into the bird's-eye kind, yet folds itself together there picturesquely enough.

The sun, almost at its meridian, lent the clearest light, the Prince's Castle, with its compartments, main buildings, wings, domes and towers, lay clear and stately; the upper Town in its whole extent; into the lower also you could conveniently look, nay, by the telescope distinguish the booths in the market-place. So futhersome an instrument Honorio would never leave behind: they looked at the River upwards and downwards, on this side the mountainous, terrace-like, interrupted expanse, on that the upswelling, fruitful land, alternating in level and low hill; places innumerable; for it was long customary to dispute how many of them were here to be seen.

Over the great expanse lay a cheerful stillness, as is common at noon; when, as the Ancients were wont to say, Pan is asleep, and all Nature holds her breath not to awaken him.

"It is not the first time," said the Princess, "that I on some such high far-seeing spot have reflected how Nature all clear looks so pure and peaceful, and gives you the impression as if there were nothing contradictory in the world; and yet when you return back into the habitation of man, be it lofty or low, wide or narrow, there is ever somewhat to contend with, to battle with, to smooth and put to rights."

Honorio who, meanwhile, was look-

ing through the glass at the Town, exclaimed: "See! see! There is fire in the market!" They looked, and could observe some smoke, the flames were smothered in the daylight. "The fire spreads!" cried he, still looking through the glass; the mischief indeed now became noticeable to the good eyes of the Princess; from time to time you observed a red burst of flame, the smoke mounted aloft; and Prince Uncle said: "Let us return; that is not good; I always feared, I should see that misery a second time." They descended, got back to their horses. "Ride," said the Princess to the Uncle, "fast, but not without a groom; leave me Honorio; we will follow without delay." The Uncle felt the reasonableness, nay necessity of this; and started off down the waste stony slope, at the quickest pace the ground allowed.

As the Princess mounted, Honorio said: "Please your Excellency to ride slow! In the Town as in the Castle, the fire-apparatus is in perfect order; the people, in this unexpected accident, will not lose their presence of mind. Here, moreover, we have bad ground, little stones and short grass; quick riding is unsafe; in any case, before we arrive, the fire will be got under." The Princess did not think so; she observed the smoke spreading, she fancied that she saw a flame flash up, that she heard an explosion; and now in her imagination all the terrific things awoke, which the worthy Uncle's repeated narrative of his experiences in that market-conflagration had too deeply implanted there.

Frightful doubtless had that business been, alarming and impressive enough to leave behind it, painfully through life long, a boding and image of its recurrence, when, in the night-season, on the great booth-covered market-space, a sudden fire had seized booth after booth, before the sleepers in these light huts could be shaken out of deep dreams: the Prince himself, as a wearied stranger arriving only for rest, started from his sleep, sprang to the window, saw all fearfully illuminated; flame after flame, from the right, from the left, darting through each other, rolls quivering towards him. The houses of the market-place, reddened in the shine, seemed already glowing, threatened every moment to kindle, and burst forth in fire: below, the element raged without let; planks cracked, laths

cracked, the canvass flew abroad, and its dusky fire-peaked tatters whirled themselves round and aloft, as if bad spirits, in their own element, with perpetual change of shape, were, in capricious dance, devouring one another; and there and yonder would dart up out from their penal fire. And then with wild howls each saved what was at hand: servants and masters laboured to drag forth bales already seized by the flames, to snatch away yet somewhat from the burning shelves, and pack it into the chests, which too they must at last leave a prey to the hastening flame. How many a one could have prayed but for a moment's pause to the loud-advancing fire; as he looked round for the possibility of some device, and was with all his possession already seized: on the one side, burnt and glowed already, what on the other still stood in dark night. Obstinate characters, will-strong men grimly fronted the grim foe, and saved much, with loss of their eyebrows and hair. Alas, all this waste confusion now rose anew before the fair spirit of the Princess; the gay morning prospect was all overclouded, and her eyes darkened; wood and meadow had put on a look of strangeness, of danger.

Entering the peaceful vale, heeding little its refreshing coolness, they were but a few steps down from the copious fountain of the brook which flowed by them, when the Princess descried, quite down in the thickets, something singular, which she soon recognised for the tiger: springing on, as she a short while ago had seen him painted, he came towards her; and this image, added to the frightful ones she was already busy with, made the strangest impression. "Fly! your Grace," cried Honorio, "fly!" She turned her horse towards the steep hill they had just descended. The young man, rushing on towards the monster, drew his pistol and fired when he thought himself near enough; but, alas, without effect; the tiger sprang to a side, the horse faltered, the provoked wild beast followed his course, upwards straight after the Princess. She galloped, what her horse could, up the steep stony space; scarcely apprehending that so delicate a creature, unused to such exertion, could not hold out. It overrid itself, driven on by the necessitated Princess; it stumbled on the loose gravel of the steep, and again stumbled; and at last

fell, after violent efforts, powerless to the ground. The fair dame, resolute and dextrous, failed not instantly to get upon her feet; the horse too rose, but the tiger was approaching; though not with vehement speed; the uneven ground, the sharp stones seemed to damp his impetuosity; and only Honorio flying after him, riding with checked speed along with him, appeared to stimulate and provoke his force anew. Both runners, at the same instant, reached the spot where the Princess was standing by her horse: the Knight bent himself, fired, and with this second pistol hit the monster through the head, so that it rushed down; and now, stretched out in full length first clearly disclosed the might and terror whereof only the bodily hull was left lying. Honorio had sprung from his horse; was already kneeling on the beast, quenching its last movements, and held his drawn hanger in his right hand. The youth was beautiful; he had come dashing on as in sports of the lance and the ring the Princess had often seen him do. Even so in the riding-course would his bullet, as he darted by, hit the Turk's-head on the pole, right under the turban in the brow; even so would he, lightly prancing up, prick his naked sabre into the fallen mass, and lift it from the ground. In all such arts he was dextrous and felicitous; both now stood him in good stead.

"Give him the rest," said the Princess: "I fear he will hurt you with his claws."—"Pardon!" answered the youth: "he is already dead enough; and I would not hurt the skin, which next winter shall shine upon your sledge."—"Sport not," said the Princess: "whatsoever of pious feeling dwells in the depth of the heart unfolds itself in such a moment."—"I toq," cried Honorio, "was never more pious than even now; and therefore do I think of what is joyfulest; I look at the tiger's fell only as it can attend you to do you pleasure."—"It would for ever remind me," said she, "of this fearful moment."—"Yet is it," replied the youth with glowing cheeks, "a more harmless spoil than when the weapons of slain enemies are carried for show before the victor."—"I shall bethink me, at sight of it, of your boldness and cleverness; and need not add that you may reckon on my thanks and the Prince's favour for your life long. But

rise ; the beast is clean dead, let us consider what is next : before all things rise !"—“ As I am once on my knees,” replied the youth, “ once in a posture which in other circumstances would have been forbid, let me beg at this moment to receive assurance of the favour, of the grace which you vouchsafe me. I have already asked so often of your high consort for leave and promotion to go on my travels. He who has the happiness to sit at your table, whom you honour with the privilege to entertain your company, should have seen the world. Travellers stream in on us from all parts ; and when a town, an important spot in any quarter of the world comes in course, the question is sure to be asked of us, were we ever there ? Nobody allows one sense till one has seen all that : it is as if you had to instruct yourself only for the sake of others.”

“ Rise !” repeated the Princess : “ I were loth to wish or request aught that went against the will of my Husband ; however, if I mistake not, the cause why he has restrained you hitherto will soon be at an end. His intention was to see you ripened into a complete self-guided nobleman, to do yourself and him credit in foreign parts, as hitherto at court ; and I should think this deed of yours was as good a commendatory passport as a young man could wish for to take abroad with him.”

That, instead of a youthful joy, a certain mournfulness came over his face, the Princess had not time to observe, nor had he to indulge his emotion ; for, in hot haste, up the steep, came a woman, with a boy at her hand, straight to the group so well known to us ; and scarcely had Honorio, bethinking him, arisen, when they howling and shrieking cast themselves on the carcass ; by which action, as well as by their cleanly decent, yet party-coloured and unusual dress, might be gathered that it was the mistress of this slain creature, and the black-eyed black-locked boy, holding a flute in his hand, her son ; weeping like his mother, less violent but deeply moved, kneeling beside her.

Now came strong outbreaks of passion from this woman ; interrupted, indeed, and pulse-wise ; a stream of words, leaping like a stream in gushes from rock to rock. A natural language, short and discontinuous, made

itself impressive and pathetic : in vain should we attempt translating it into our dialects ; the approximate purport of it we must not omit. “ They have murdered thee, poor beast ! murdered without need ! Thou wert tame, and wouldst fain have lain down at rest and waited our coming ; for thy foot-balls were sore, thy claws had no force left. The hot sun to ripen them was wanting. Thou wert the beautifullest of thy kind : who ever saw a kingly tiger so gloriously stretched out in sleep, as thou here liest, dead, never to rise more. When thou awokest in the early dawn of morning, and openedst thy throat, stretching out thy red tongue, thou wert as if smiling on us ; and even when bellowing thou tookest thy food from the hands of a woman, from the fingers of a child. How long have we gone with thee on thy journeys ; how long has thy company been useful and fruitful to us ! To us, to us of a very truth, meat came from the eater, and sweetness out of the strong. So will it be no more. Wo ! wo !”

She had not done lamenting, when over the smoother part of the Castle Mountain, came riders rushing down ; soon recognised as the Prince's Hunting-train, himself the foremost. Following their sport, in the backward hills, they had observed the fire-vapours ; and fast through dale and ravine, as in fierce chase, taken the shortest path towards this mournful sign. Galloping along the stony vacancy, they stopped and stared at sight of the unexpected group, which in that empty expanse stood out so markworthy. After the first recognition there was silence ; some pause of breathing-time ; and then what the view itself did not impart, was with brief words explained. So stood the Prince, contemplating the strange unheard-of incident ; a circle round him of riders, and followers that had run on foot. What to do was still undetermined ; the Prince intent on ordering, executing, when a man pressed forward into the circle ; large of stature, party-coloured, wondrously-apparelled, like wife and child. And now the family in union testified their sorrow and astonishment. The man, however, soon restrained himself, bowed in reverent distance before the Prince, and said : “ It is not the time for lamenting ; alas, my lord and mighty hunter, the lion too is loose, hither towards the mountains is he gone : but spare him,

have mercy that he perish not like this good beast."

"The Lion!" said the Prince: "Hast thou the trace of him?"—

"Yes, Lord! A peasant down there, who had heedlessly taken shelter on a tree, directed me farther up this way, to the left; but I saw the crowd of men and horses here; anxious for tidings of assistance, I hastened hither."

"So then," commanded the Prince, "draw to the left, Huntsmen; you will load your pieces, go softly to work, if you drive him into the deep woods, it is no matter: but in the end, good man, we shall be obliged to kill your animal; why were you improvident enough to let him loose?"—"The fire broke out," replied he, "we kept quiet and attentive; it spread fast, but at a distance from us, we had water enough for our defence; but a heap of powder blew up, and threw the brands on to us, and over our heads; we were too hasty, and are now ruined people."

The Prince was still busy directing; but for a moment all seemed to pause, as a man was observed hastily springing down from the heights of the old Castle; whom the troop soon recognised for the watchman that had been stationed there to keep the Painter's apartments while he lodged there and took charge of the workmen. He came running, out of breath, yet in few words soon made known that the Lion had laid himself down, within the high ring-wall, in the sunshine, at the foot of a large beech, and was behaving quite quietly. With an air of vexation, however, the man concluded: "Why did I take my rifle to town yesternight, to have it cleaned; he had never risen again, the skin had been mine, and I might all my life have had the credit of the thing."

The Prince, whom his military experiences here also stood in stead, for he had before now been in situations where from various sides inevitable evil seemed to threaten, said hereupon: "What surety do you give me that if we spare your lion, he will not work destruction among us, among my people?"

"This woman and this child," answered the father hastily, "engage to tame him, to keep him peaceable, till I bring up the cage, and then we can carry him back unharmed and without arming any one."

The boy put his flute to his lips; an instrument of the kind once named soft, or sweet flutes; short-beaked like pipes: he who understood the art, could bring out of it the gracefulest tones. Meanwhile the Prince had inquired of the watchman how the lion came up. "By the hollow-way," answered he, "which is walled in on both sides, and was formerly the only entrance, and is to be the only one still: two footpaths, which led in elsewhere, we have so blocked up and destroyed that no human being, except by that first narrow passage, can reach the Magic Castle which Prince Friedrich's talent and taste is making of it."

After a little thought, during which the Prince looked round at the boy, who still continued as if softly pre-luding, he turned to Honorio, and said: "Thou hast done much to-day, complete thy task. Secure that narrow path; keep your rifles in readiness, but do not shoot till the creature can no otherwise be driven back: in any case, kindle a fire, which will frighten him if he make downwards. The man and woman take charge of the rest." Honorio rapidly bestirred himself to execute these orders.

The child continued his tune, which was no tune; a series of notes without law, and perhaps even on that account so heart-touching: the by-standers seemed as if enchanted by the movement of a song-like melody, when the father with dignified enthusiasm began to speak in this sort:

"God has given the Prince wisdom, and also knowledge to discern that all God's works are wise, each after its kind. Behold the rock, how he stands fast and stirs not, defies the weather and the sunshine; primeval trees adorn his head, and so crowned he looks abroad; neither if a mass rush away, will this continue what it was, but falls broken into many pieces and covers the side of the descent. But there too they will not tarry, capriciously they leap far down, the brook receives them, to the river he bears them. Not resisting, not contradictory, angular; no, smooth and rounded they travel now quicker on their way, arrive, from river to river, finally at the ocean, whither march the giants in hosts, and in the depths whereof dwarfs are busy.

"But who shall exalt the glory of the Lord, whom the stars praise from Eternity to Eternity! Why look

ye far into the distance? Consider here the bee: late at the end of harvest she still busily gathers, builds her a house, tight of corner, straight of wall, herself the architect and mason. Behold the ant: she knows her way, and loses it not; she piles her a dwelling of grass-halms, earth-crumbs and needles of the fir; she piles it aloft and arches it in; but she has laboured in vain, for the horse stamps, and scrapes it all in pieces: lo! he has trodden down her beams, and scattered her planks; impatiently he snorts and cannot rest; for the Lord has made the horse comrade of the wild and companion of the storm, to carry man whither he wills, and woman whither she desires. But in the Wood of Palms arose he, the Lion, with earnest step traversed the wildernesses; there rules he over all creatures, his might who shall withstand? Yet man can tame him; and the fiercest of living things has reverence for the image of God, in which too the angels are made, who serve the Lord and his servants. For in the den of Lions Daniel was not afraid: he remained fast and faithful, and the wild bellowing interrupted not his song of praise."

This speech, delivered with expression of a natural enthusiasm, the child accompanied here and there with graceful tones; but now, the father having ended, he, with clear melodious voice and skilful passaging, stuck up his warble, whereupon the father took the flute, and gave note in unison, while the child sang:

From the dens, I, in a deeper,
Prophet's song of praise can hear;
Angel-host he hath for keeper,
Needs the good man there to fear?

Lion, Lioness, agazing,
Mildly pressing round him came;
Yea, that humble holy praising,
It hath made them tame.

The father continued accompanying this strophe with his flute; the mother here and there touched in as second voice.

Impressive, however, in a quite peculiar degree, it was, when the child now began to shuffle the lines of the strophe into other arrangement; and thereby if not bring out a new sense, yet heighten the feeling by leading it into self-excitement:

Angel-host around doth hover,
Us in heavenly tones to cheer:

In the dens our head doth cover:
Needs the poor child there to fear?

For that humble holy praising
Will permit no evil nigh:
Angels hover keeping, gazing,
Who so safe as I?

Hereupon with emphasis and elevation began all three:

For th' Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules his will;
Lions even as lambs shall love us,
And the proudest waves be still.

Whetted sword to scabbard cleaving,
Faith and Hope victorious see:
Strong, who, loving and believing,
Prays, O Lord, to thee.

All were silent, hearing, hearkening; and only when the tones ceased could you remark and distinguish the impression they had made. All was as if appeased; each affected in his way. The Prince, as if he now first saw the misery that a little ago had threatened him, looked down on his spouse, who leaning on him forebore not to draw out the little embroidered handkerchief, and therewith covered her eyes. It was blessedness for her to feel her young bosom relieved from the pressure with which the preceding minutes had loaded it. A perfect silence reigned over the crowd; they seemed to have forgotten the dangers: the conflagration below; and above, the rising up of a dubiously-reposing Lion.

By a sign to bring the horses, the Prince first restored the group to motion; he turned to the woman, and said: "You think then that, once find the lion, you could, by your singing, by the singing of this child, with help of these flute-tones, appease him, and carry him back to his prison, unhurt and hurting no one?" They answered yes, assuring and affirming; the Castellan was given them as guide. And now the Prince started off in all speed with a few; the Princess followed slower with the rest of the train: mother and son, on their side, under conduct of the warder, who had got himself a musket, mounted up the steeper part of the height.

Before the entrance of the hollow-way which opened their access to the Castle, they found the hunters busy heaping up dry brush-wood, to have, in any case, a large fire ready for kindling. "There is no need," said the woman: "it will all go well and peaceably, without that."

Farther on, sitting on a wall, his double-barrel resting in his lap, Honorio appeared; at his post, as if ready for every occurrence. However, he seemed hardly to notice our party; he sat as if sunk in deep thoughts, he looked round like one whose mind was not there. The woman addressed him with a prayer not to let the fire be lit; he appeared not to heed her words; she spoke on with vivacity, and cried: "Handsome young man, thou hast killed my tiger, I do not curse thee; spare my lion, good young man, I will bless thee."

Honorio was looking straight out before him, to where the sun on his course began to sink. "Thou lookest to the west," cried the woman; "thou dost well, there is much to do there; hasten, delay not, thou wilt conquer. But first conquer thyself." At this he appeared to give a smile; the woman stepped on; could not, however, but look back once more at him: a ruddy sun was overshining his face; she thought she had never seen a handsomer youth.

"If your child," said the warder now, "with his fluting and singing, can, as you are persuaded, entice and pacify the lion, we shall soon get mastery of him after; for the creature has lain down quite close to the perforated vaults through which, as the main passage was blocked up with ruins, we had to bore ourselves an entrance into the Castle-Court. If the child entice him into this latter, I can close the opening with little difficulty; then the boy, if he like, can glide out by one of the little spiral stairs he will find in the corner. We must conceal ourselves; but I shall so take my place that a rifle-ball can, at any moment, help the poor child in case of extremity."

"All these precautions are unnecessary; God and skill, piety and a blessing, must do the work."—"May be," replied the warder; "however, I know my duties. First, I must lead you, by a difficult path, to the top of the wall, right opposite the vaults and opening I have mentioned: the child may then go down, as into the arena of the show, and lead away the animal, if it will follow him." This was done: warder and mother looked down in concealment, as the child descending the screw-stairs, shewed himself in the open space of the Court, and disappeared opposite them in the gloomy opening; but forthwith gave his flute

voice, which by and by grew weaker, and at last sank dumb. The pause was bodeful enough; the old Hunter, familiar with danger, felt heart-sick at the singular conjuncture; the mother, however, with cheerful face, bending over to listen, shewed not the smallest discomposure.

At last the flute was again heard; the child stepped forth from the cavern with glittering satisfied eyes, the lion after him, but slowly, and as it seemed, with difficulty. He shewed here and there desire to lie down; yet the boy led him in a half-circle through the few disleafed many-tufted trees, till at length, in the last rays of the sun which poured in through a hole in the ruins, he set him down, as if transfused in the bright red light; and again commenced his pacifying song, the repetition of which we also cannot forbear:

From the dens, I, in a deeper,
Prophet's song of praise can hear;
Angel-host he hath for keeper,
Needs the good man there to fear?

Lion, Lioness, agazing,
Mildly pressing round him came;
Yea, that humble, holy praising,
It hath made them tame.

Meanwhile the lion had laid itself down quite close to the child, and lifted its heavy right forepaw into his bosom; the boy as he sung gracefully stroked it; but was not long in observing that a sharp thorn had stuck itself between the balls. He carefully pulled it out; with a smile, took the party-coloured silk-handkerchief from his neck, and bound up the frightful paw of the monster; so that his mother for joy bent herself back with outstretched arms; and perhaps according to custom would have shouted and clapped applause, had not a hard hand gripe of the warder reminded her that the danger was not yet over.

Triumphantly the child sang on, having with a few tones preluded:

For th' Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules his will;
Lions even as lambs shall love us,
And the proudest waves be still.

Whetted sword to scabbard cleaving,
Faith and Hope victorious see:
Strong, who, loving and believing,
Prays, O Lord, to thee.

Were it possible to fancy that in the countenance of so grim a creature, the tyrant of the woods, the despot of the

animal kingdom, an expression of friendliness, of thankful contentment could be traced, then here was such traceable; and truly the child in his illustrated look had the air as of a mighty triumphant victor; the other figure indeed not that of one vanquished, for his strength lay concealed in him; but yet of one tamed, of one given up to his own peaceful will. The child fluted and sang on, changing

the lines according to his way, and adding new :

And so to good children bringeth
Blessed Angel help in need ;
Fetters o'er the cruel flingeth,
Worthy art with wings doth speed.

So hath tamed, and firmly iron'd
To a poor child's feeble knee,
Him the forest's lordly tyrant,
Song and Piety.

VINCENZO MONTI.*

THE private character of the poet of whom we are about to treat is, we have heard, liable to the charge both of moral and political inconsistency. And, no doubt, a most virtuous diatribe might, at this commencement of our article, be directed with a great shew of reason, and to the terror of all aspiring geniuses, against the facts of an admired poet, who, having had by turns his fits of pious intolerance, revolutionary enthusiasm, and absolute despotism—now *un homme de mouvement*, and now siding with the conservatives, as the Pope, the Convention, or Napoleon had the sway—finally ended by professing himself a staunch republican. But the age of cant is fast expiring; and people seem to grow more and more convinced, that a man may be a poet without shewing greater observance in his morals than his neighbour, and write Hebrew melodies and imitations of the prophets without being *bona fide* a saint. The character of this Italian may, for aught we know, be too flagitious for this jocular palliation; but with that, we repeat, we have nothing to do—the man was a poet. And it is much to be feared that, were the religious consistency of every writer to be judged of with greater regard to the tenor of his life than to the tone of his sentimentalities, many a literary evangelist would be found blowing hot and cold with the same breath, and many a moral professor deserving the rebuke of the unsophisticated satyr. To those, then, who are aware of the frequent occurrence of this phenomenon, it will not seem altogether surprising that so fiery and changeable a man should nevertheless be the author of some religious verses, and

be regarded by the modern Italians as one of their greatest poets of the nineteenth century.

Italian poetry, before the days of Alfieri, stood at as low an ebb as that of any other country of Europe, notwithstanding the vitality of genius in that favoured land. Natural at first in the strains of Dante and Petrarch—a people sensitive, and in general susceptible of strong and lively emotions, surrounded by a rich nature, placed under a sky of such infinite beauty, had little to do but to surrender themselves to the impressions created by the sight of their serene and magnificent nights, their abundant and varied vegetation, and the majestic and melancholy remains of antiquity. Enervated beyond endurance by Metastasio and Apostolo Zeno, it degenerated at length into points and vague subtleties, wherein one sees them neither attaining, enjoying, or regretting any thing real—where it is difficult to say whether it is reason, a sylph, or a woman, that is their mistress—harangues, in short, which are very much to the reproach both of Plato and Cupid. It was for the genius of Alfieri, that extraordinary man, to restore it once more to the healthy tone of its youth, and inspire it with those strains of nature and patriotism which his countrymen had not known since the days of their first and greatest reformer—or those, at least, of her second proudest name, whom the verses of his passionate admirer have so nobly eulogised—

“ Quel grande alla cui fama angusto è il mondo,
Per cui Laura ebbe in terra onor celeste.”

Of the merits of Alfieri we are not

at present to treat. He has been candidly and considerably weighed in the balance by eminent critics, and by universal voice numbered among those fiery and egotistical spirits who,—when their period of vegetation has ripened their passions to that state of bold question which demands the mystery of their being, and the destiny of man and nature,—spring upwards from the caverns of their dreamy youth, sandalled with plumes of fire. Gazing upon the external world, they behold “that it is good;” and, analysing their own feelings, rejoice in that richer nature which their love believes universal. Trusting that the eradication of ignorance and superstition from among mankind will produce an identity of the intellect among civilised men, they strain every endeavour towards this golden point. But when Hope’s flattering tale has vanished with the bloom of youth, and the poet has passed into the “dreary cone” of life’s shade, the haughty spirit that once winged its flight into the sublimest regions of the moral world expires, broken-hearted, under the fatal necessity of “stooping to truth, and moralising its song.” Such natures seem essentially deficient in the plastic power requisite for the dramatic art. But this is sufficient in this vein. So many requisites, we are conscious, are fastidiously required and vainly sought by modern critics, that the reader, bewildered, like Rasselas at Imlac’s definition, generally cuts short the dissertation within his own mind—“Enough; I perceive that no man can ever be a poet.” There is a poetry in which the mind, reverting within itself, and from its own feelings deriving nourishment to its thoughts, creates, within the narrow sphere of the internal man, a universe to itself—a poetry essentially active, which seeks the sublime in the profound, the spiritual in the sensible, the most important, nay the most melancholy, in the most frivolous; and referring all things to man, scatters over all a feeling vague and monotonous, if you will—but by how much it is vague, by so much does it participate in the invisible and infinite. To such a style of poetry the refinement of the intellect, the increase of our knowledge and desires, the course of public and private advents naturally conduct. There is another more extrinsic, lively, and

diversified kind, which, bordering, as it were, on the limits of the spirit, is an active and joyous spectator of the great theatre of universal beauty, and, content with the appearances and more sensible relations of objects, runs over all with an easy facility, gathering a rich, splendid, and delightful harmony. To unite the fruits of the one poetry with the flowers of the other—to touch the deepest chords of human nature, without pressing too strongly or harshly upon them, and instantly return to the more extrinsic, universal, and pleasing feelings—to select the moving without affecting the melancholy—the thinking, without ascending to the contemplative—the profound, without giving the fatiguing,—this is the secret of supreme genius, of a mind always open to the impressions of poetical feeling, and always its controlling master—free from every fetter of false art, but ever attentive to discern that delicate tie by which the beauties of human art connect themselves as by a ring with the eternal beauties of nature. Placed as a link between the taste of past ages and that of a new generation, the poetry of Monti partakes of both the above kinds, but more of the second—not that it avoids the delicacy of the scarce perceptible sentiment, the grace of the adult feeling, the depth of vigorous passion, nor the serious and solemn spectacle of the great reality—but the spiritual part of his muse is lightly clothed in corporeal veils, and through fear of stiffness, mysticism, or want of precision, all things are reduced to images. The forms of meditation, the impulses of feeling, are by him transformed into idols of the fancy; and from the fancy seem to rain down, without, as it were, his co-operation, sentiments and thoughts, like the melodies of Rossini.

Since the days of Alfieri, there has lived no author who has done more to restore the language and literature of the Italians to a manly and energetic tone, on the model of its great founder Dante, or who has succeeded so well in the imitation of his pious and austere muse, and in the defence and restoration of its diction in the teeth of the feeble Della Cruscan. Whilst the contest for pre-eminence between the rival literatures of the classic and romantic eras continues to be agitated in the journals, schools, and univer-

sities of Italy, the voice of society has at length been listened to; and there is no longer reason to doubt that this regeneration will mark a new era in the history of Italian genius and imagination. The criticism of an exhausted literature acts upon the last moments of its existence, as a clinical medicine upon the agony of a dying man. It tells us by what admirable union of faculties its organisation, while yet in infancy, struggled against destruction, and reanimating the exercise of its worn-out senses and the working of its imbecile organs, demands of them the same life, force, and sensibility, as it possessed at the period of its energetic youth. Is it, then, so difficult for these Della Cruscan Thebans to conceive that every thing perishes, in its turn, in the material world—even the form of men's thoughts; and that that is, at present, as far from the positive poetry of the ancients, or the romantic chivalry of Ariosto, as from their mythological allegories and conventional creeds.

Among the ancients, it was the poets who created religion; with the moderns, it is religion which has formed the poets. And as no language more powerfully addresses itself to the passions, it may perhaps be permitted us to say, that, so long as poetry was not Christian, the great work of this new law, which reveals to the universe an entire order of thoughts and sentiments, could not be considered as completed. Christianity, sometimes proscribed by power, sometimes combating with the arms of dialecticians, and finally, in those latter days of French domination, given up to the contemptuous sarcasms of savans, seemed for a length of time to exist only by the toleration of its indispensable necessity. It appeared as if it was on the point of expiring under the epigrams of wits and the cavils of sophists, when all of a sudden arose a school, inspired with the loftiest and most beautiful ideas, adorned with the most precious gifts of genius, and which expressed the most elevated sentiments and the most accomplished perfection of society, in an age when the entire circle of civilisation had been described. What impression, we would ask, would the tiresome choirs of pagan divinities now make upon the feelings of the un-

deceived world—divinities over whom even physical nature has the advantage of novelty? The heavens, all deserted as the atheists would have made them, are nevertheless more eloquent to the soul than Saturn or Jupiter. There is not a wave that does not carry to the shore on which it breaks more poetical inspiration than the antiquated fable of Neptune and his eternal train,—the muses of the classic Parnassus. Cold images of certain divisions of the sciences, arts, and poetry, have lost all their attraction, even at college; and Christianity, accompanied by her three immortal muses, Religion, Love, and Liberty, which are to reign over all the poetical generations of the future (at least until those forms shall also have been exhausted, and the “whirligig of time brings about his revenges,”) has now her turn of triumph. If some great poets revived for a time the glory of mythology towards the end of the classic ages of antiquity, it is solely because they had divined, with prophetic anticipation, these more recent muses of our age, and unconsciously yielded to them an involuntary empire over their compositions. The Pollio of Virgil was perhaps worthy to afford one more authority to the prophecies; and that poet, the cunningest hand

“That ever swept the chords of passion's lyre,”

who invented, in the admirable episode of Dido, the melancholy of Christian and chivalrous passion, was not far from elevating himself into the sublimest secrets of Revelation.

The first volume which we shall notice of Monti's works contains his sonnets, lyrical pieces, fables, &c. &c. Of his sonnets, we attempt one, which seems among his best, and place at the side of our version, the original of another addressed to a portrait of his daughter, which is interesting, considering the subject of his famous tragedy, *Aristodemus*. Most of the others betray Petrarch. We may also be forgiven for subjoining, though somewhat out of place, a translation of Dante's famous sonnet to his mistress, the tenderness of which Monti, with all his successful imitations, has never equalled.

“SONNET.

“Now mellowing Autumn bears off in his train

The ivy and the vine, and, uncontrol'd,
Old Tiber's torrent, o'er its margin roll'd,

“SONNET.

“Più la contemplo, più vaneggio in quella

Mirabil tela: e il cor, che ne sospira,
Si nell'obbietto del suo amor delira,

Sweeps arch and bridge across the
adjacent plain.
Soracte, in his hoary livery dight,
Surmounts the snowy clouds with er-
mine crown'd,
And scarce the sun fulfils his eastern
round,
Ere shades obscure involve his glim-
mering light.
Now ocean's grey abyss resounds, and
foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves
burst,
Whilst roaring Aquilo locks up the
home
Of crowded towns and huts, lawn-in-
terspersed ;
Fabio at Thesis' threshold weeps his
doom —
Inglorious tears! — of Time's lost fruits
the worst."

Che gli amplessi n'aspetta e la favella.
Ond'io già corro ad abbracciarla. Ed
alla
Labbro non move, ma lo sguardo gira
Vèr me sì lieto che mi dice: or mira,
Diletto genitor, quanto son bella.
Figlia, io rispondo, dun gentil sereno
Ridon tue forme; e questaimago è
diva
Sì che ogni tela al paragon vien meno.
Ma un' imago di te vegg'io più viva,
E la veggio sol co; quella che in seno
Al tuo tenero padre Amor Scolpiva."

" DANTE ALIGHIERI

" Negli occhi porta la mia Donna Amore.

" Love, in her eyes enthroned, my lady bears,
So gentle makes she all she looks upon,
Passing, all turn and bless her unswares —
No heart but beats if she saluteth one.
All colour leaves his downcast face — he sighs,
Grieving for all his own unworthiness —
All pride or anger swift before her flies.
Aid me, bright dames, her homage to express,
All gentleness, all thoughts of love, all kindness,
Spring in the hearts of those who hear her speak;
So, to behold how fair her virtues shine,
And to adore not, must be very blindness;
But when she faintly smiles, all words are weak —
So wondrous is that miracle divine!"

Most of the lyrical pieces, as well
as the *Basvilliana* and other cantos,
are disfigured by the introduction of
uninteresting personifications, which
were the fashion in those days. Thus
we have lines to Amor Peregrino,
Amor Vergognoso, La Fecondita, &c.;
among which there are some charming
lines addressed to a child, "Sopra un
Fanciullo."

" O prima ed ultima
Cura e diletto
Di madre amabile,
Bel Pargoletto;
O delle Grazie
Dolce trastullo,
Ovezzosissimo
Caro Fanciullo,
Se le difficili
Noiose notti
Mai ti no rechino
Sonni interrotti;

Se brutte e pallide
Larve indiscrete
L'ozio non turbino
Di tua quiete,
Vieni, e si plachino
Que' tuo begli occhi,
Vieni ad assiderti
Su i miei ginocchi.
Vieni, ch'io voglioti
Dir cento cose,
Tutte piacevoli,
Tutte amorose.
Dirò che placida
Ti spira in viso
Aura dolcissima
Di pace e riso;
Che tu il più candido
Sei fra i perfetti
Amabilissimi
Bei Bamboletti."

And the following elegant song,
" Su l'odorato talamo."

" O balmy Air! thou murmur —
Flitting, sighing every where —
Through those elms, with sweet accord,
Gently sound to mine idol adored!

Go, balmy air! and gently blow,
And on her to-night bestow,
Who to sleep will soothe my woe,
Thy divine repose now!

O seek that I her favour share! —
Since thou fittest every where,
To her window go, and there
Let thy pinions close now.

Weary wind, who wanderest
Through the leaves, and mine unrest
Joy long past, and love unblest,
Mournest through yon willow —

Cease thy sorrow — cease, O cease! —
Lest thy song my sighs increase;
Whisper nought but calm and peace
To her lowly pillow!

Gentle, wanton, frolic Air —
Flitting, sighing every where —
Through those elms, with sweet accord,
Gently sound to mine idol adored!"

The other volumes are filled with absurd court ballads, a war of words in the shape of a controversy with the Academicians, a translation of the *Iliad* into blank verse, and another endeavour to compress into a like quantity of Italian intricacies the satires of the obscure and barbarous Persius,—of all which we think it no shame to plead ignorance. The subject of the "Basvilliana" is the death and apotheosis of Hugh Basville, a friend of the author, who was murdered by the Roman populace during the commencement of the French Revolution, under the suspicion of being a political regenerator sent among them by the Convention. The poet has, with considerable tact, managed to cast a veil over the cruelty of the deed, (as if the man had been killed in a friendly manner, purely for his own good,) to apologise for his acquaintance, and, at the same time, conciliate the Pope by abusing the revolution and its authors, sanctifying Louis XVI., and condemning to hell Voltaire; who, albeit he was deemed a swan while upon earth, it seems is considered as little better than a crow in the other regions. He thus passes in review, before the king, the soul of Basville, and the angel who performs the office of Virgil to Dante, while traversing the phantasmal scene—

"Capitano di mille alto si vede
Uno spettro passar lungo ed arcigno
Superbamente coturnato il piede
E costui di Fernèy, l'empio e maligno
Filosofante, ch'or tra morti, è corbo
E fu, tra vivi poetando, un cigno!"

Though spoilt in many passages by the introduction of his favourite abstractions, the "Basvilliana" is nevertheless an admirable copy of Dante, and cannot be sufficiently praised for its stately and dignified tone, notwithstanding it sometimes breaks out into those pious and intolerant exultations over a conquered enemy, which, though exactly in the taste of the Hebrew poets, are now-a-days suspected to savour too much of pulling the dead lion by the beard. The rejoicing of the "Lion of Judah," who imagined that the death of a solitary ambassador was the finish of the reforming mania, was, however, in this instance somewhat premature:

"Che di Guida il Leon non anco è morto
Ma vive e rugge, e il pelo arruffa e gli occhi
Terror d'Egitto, e d'Israël conforto."

The following picture of an agitated city displays both the beauties and defects of our author:

"Sul primo entrar della città dolente
Stanno il Pianto, le Cure, e la Follia,
Che salta e nulla vede e nulla sente.
Evvi il turpe Bisogno, e la restia
Inerzia colle mau sotto le ascelle,
L'uno all'altra appoggiati in su la via.

Evvi l'arbitra Fame, a cui la pelle
 Informasi dall' ossa, e i leroi denti
 Fanno orribile siepe alle mascelle.
 Vi son le rubiconde Ire furenti,
 E la discordia pazza il capo avvolta
 Di lacerate bende e di serpenti.
 Vi son gli orbi Desiri, e della stolta
 Ciurmaglia i Sogni, e le Paure smorte
 Sempre il crin rabbuffate e sempre in volta.
 Veglia custode delle meste porte,
 E le chiude a suo senno e le disserra
 L' ancella e insieme la rival di Morte ;
 La cruda, io dico, furibonda Guerra,
 Che nel sangue s'abbevera e gavazza,
 Esol del nome fa tremar la terra.
 Staule intorno l' Erinni, e le fan piazza,
 E allacciando le van l' elmo e la maglia
 Della gorgiera e della gran corazza ;
 Mentre un pugnai battulo alla tanaglia
 De' fabbri di Cocito in man le caccia,
 E la sprona e l' incuora alla battaglia."

Of his tragedies we have little to observe. The *Caius Gracchus* is a copy of the French scene ; and the *Galeotto Manfredi*, wherein he boasts with Horace of being the first to desert the Grecian footsteps, and to paint domestic records—

. vestigia Græca
 Ausus deserere et celebrare domes-
 tica facta—"

is a cold and inanimate failure. The subject of the piece is taken from Machiavelli, who, in the eighth section of his Florentine history, thus makes mention of it in few words : " To this tumult in Romagna was joined another commotion in that province, which was not of less importance. Galeotto, the Lord of Faenza, had for wife the daughter of Messer Giovanni Bentivogli, Prince of Bologna. She, either through jealousy, her husband's bad treatment, or her own abandoned nature, was inspired with such detestation of him, that her passions were roused to the pitch of conspiring to deprive him of his life and state." Machiavelli, leaving the true motives of the crime in uncertainty, Monti has made his play turn upon the excess of the wife's jealousy, fomented by a perfidious courtier. In his *Aristodemus*, which the reader will find translated in Burney's *Tragic Drama*, the subject is the painful tale, common to the fabulous ages of Palestine, Greece, and Rome, in Jephthah's, Agamemnon's, and Brutus's vows. The excess to which pride and ambition spurred the King of the Messenians to kill his own daughter,

with all its horrible circumstances, is related at full length in Pausanias. It is entirely upon the French model ; and though displaying a command of rhetorical phraseology, with every attention to the unities, is scarcely worth the place assigned it by his countrymen in their literature. Although Monti's tragedies display in every line the copy of Alfieri, they are not for a moment to be compared with the furious energies of that poet's *Saul*—one of the noblest works of the nineteenth century.

Of all his poetical pieces, the "*Bas-villiana*" would perhaps the best stand translation ; but, as it is too long to give entire in this place, we shall content ourselves with selecting another subject as a fair and candid specimen of Monti's style, which, with the same beauties and peculiarities, combines the advantage of brevity. The reader's imagination will, we think, be directed by it towards the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron, (who was an admirer of the Italian,) and, in some degree, perhaps, to the *Prophecy* of Dante, or Mr. Heraud's *Descent into Hell*, in which peculiar stanza it will be observed that it is written ; a measure which, though not yet naturalised in English poetry, from its somewhat artificial character, is nevertheless, as is proved by the latter poem, admirably adapted for narrative description, from the effect which the constant recurrence of the rhymes produces in keeping alive the attention of the reader.

“ PER LA PASSIONE DI NOSTRO SIGNORE.

“ Tristo pensier, che dal funereo monte,
Ove spirar trafitto un Dio vedesti,
Ritorni indietro sbigottito in fronte.”

“ Sad thought, that from the lorn funereal mount
Whereon a victim God thou didst behold,
Once more returnest, with thy downcast front,

Weeping vain tears ! — O whither dost thou hold
Thy wayward course, and, midst yon mournful plain,
What scene of grief and terror dost unfold ?

Lo ! the vast hills their labouring fires unchain,
Whilst from afar the ocean's thunders roar ;
Lo ! the dark heavens above lament in rain

The mortal sin ; and, from her inmost core,
Earth, tremulous and uncertain, rocks with fear,
Lest the abyss her ancient deluge pour.

Ah me ! — reveal'd within my soul I hear
Prophetic throbs, the signs of wrath divine,
Tumultuous as though Nature's end were near.

I see the paths of impious Palestine,
I see old Jordan, as each shore he laves,
Turbid and slow, towards the sea decline.

Here pass'd the ark o' the covenant, and waves
Roll'd backward reverent, and their secrets bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves ;

Here folded all the flock whose faith repair'd
To Him, that Shepherd whom the all-hoping one
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world declared . —

Him, after labours long, the glorious Son,
The Lord of Nazareth, join'd, and quickly known,
Closed what his great precursor had begun.

Then sudden through the serene air there shone
A lamp, and, lo ! ‘ This is my Son beloved ! ’
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.

River divine ! which then electric moved
From out thine inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approved :

Tell me, where did thy waves divided meet,
Enamour'd — and, ah ! where upon thy shore
Were mark'd the footsteps of my Jesus sweet ? —

Tell me, where now the rose and lilies hoar,
Which, wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod,
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor ?

Alas ! thou moonest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say,
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.

Such wert thou not, O Jordan ! when the sway
Of David's line, along thy listening flood,
Portentous signs from heaven confirm'd each day.

Then didst thou see how fierce the savage brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquer'd and captive, on thy bridges stood.

Then Sion's warriors, listed round her abrine,
Gazed from their towers of strength, and view'd afar
The scatter'd hosts of the lost Philistine;

Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roar'd Judah's lion, leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbaric war.

But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and nought remains
Save a scorn'd word for scoffers to decide.

The splendour of Mount Carmel treads her plains,
The Saviour of lost Israel now appears,
And faithless Sion all his love disdains.

The Proud One would not that her prophet's tears
Should be remember'd, nor the voice inspired,
Which, wailing for her wrong, late fill'd her ears;

When, with prophetic inspiration fired,
The cloud that forms the future's dark disguise
Fled, and unveil'd the Lamb of God desired.

Daughter of foul iniquity, the guise
Of impious Babylon did thy garment make,
And, on the light of truth, seal'd up thine eyes.

But he, that God, dishonour'd for thy sake,
Soon shalt thou, in omnipotent disdain,
Behold him vengeance for his Son awake.

Under his feet the heavens and starry train
Tremble and roll, the howling whirlwinds fly,
Calling each tempest-winged hurricane;

Chaunting its thunder-psalm throughout the sky,
And, fill'd with arrows of consuming fire,
His quiver he hath slung upon his thigh.

As smoke before the storm's ungovern'd ire,
The mountains melt before his dread approach,
The rapid eye marks not the avenging Sire;

Whilst, burning to remove the foul reproach,
Now from Ausonia's strand the troop departs
On the inviolate temple to encroach.

Cedron afar the murmur hears, and starts,
But, lifting not to heaven his trembling font,
Through Siloa's slender brook confounded darts.

Now, scorning to attire with splendour wont
Thy plains, the sun eclipses, and the brand
God from the sheath draws on thine impious front.

I see his lightnings flash upon the band
Of armies round thy synagogue impure,
Thine altars blazing as the fires expand! —

I see where War, and Death, and Fear, secure
'Midst the hoarse clang of each terrific sound,
Gigantic stalk through falling towers obscure; —

Like deer, when sharp the springing tigers bound
Upon their timid troop, thy virgin trains
And sires unwarlike every fane surround.

With glaring eyeballs and distended veins,
Forth Desperation flies from throng to throng,
And frantic life at his own hand disdains.

Disorder follows fast, and shrieks prolong
The hideous tumult—then the city falls,
Avenging horribly her prophet's wrong.

Amidst the carnage, on the toppling walls,
Howls and exults and leaps wild Cruelty,
And priest and youth and age alike appals.

With naked swords, and through a blood-red sea,
Flowing around the mountains of the dead,
Victorious rides the insulting enemy.

The flames, the buildings, temple, soon o'erspread
With divine fury, and the heavens despised
Smile on the horror which their tempest bred.

Thus with foul scorn, dishonour'd and disguised,
The conquering Latin eagles bore enchain'd
Jerusalem's disloyal ark chastised ;

And she now lies with frightful footsteps stain'd,
Buried 'midst thorns and sand, and the hot sun
Scares the fierce dragon where her Judge once reign'd.

Thus when from heaven the fatal bolt hath done
Sad desolation in some glorious wood,
Striking the boughs which upwards highest run,

Though scorch'd and burnt, still o'er its neighbourhood
Majestic towers aloft the giant oak,
As, poised by its own ponderous weight it stood,
Waiting the thunder of a second stroke."

Before closing our remarks, two words may be permitted us in confirmation of what we have said above with regard to classicism, that flower of national genius, produced and cultivated by time. Whoever considers the Italian poetic literature of our age, as it displays itself in Cesarotti, Parini, Alfieri, Monti, Foscolo, Pindemonte, Manzoni, Niccolini, &c., must of necessity recognise a tone of mind far different, views and intentions less formal than material, and other qualities immeasurably distant from those of their classical bards—with the exception, perhaps, of a certain *dantesque* vein pervading the whole, which is that of contemplating truly and naturally actual Italian life and intellect, softened down by the mournful remembrance of their ancient greatness, and consoled by the hope of making the future more prosperous, by conspiring together with noble and masculine sense. The violent storm of an age, now destructive and then regenerative,

now declining, and anon springing up into renewed existence, has passed away and subsided. Those fabulous dreams of an amorous life, which were ever dissolving into languid "lairs" and canzonis, into tender desires and conceits, fluttering like bees around the artificial flower of love, are now spent and evaporated. The mind, more solid and austere, requires other food than those frivolous rhodomontades; and this temper of mind, this style of thought and imagination, betrays itself in other guises than the criticisms of an over-refined or enervated language. The celebrated men of genius, spread over their numerous cities, are everywhere balanced and compared against each other. What, then, in conclusion, shall we say? Shall we deny that those authors are classical who represent the flower of the genius and sentiment of their age, merely because they are not romantic in the sense of Ariosto or Petrarch, or because they are not after the Greek forms? We deem it enough

to have indicated in these few words the rotation of Italian poetry, to confound all those who, either through partiality, prejudice, or any other narrowness of mind, would decry the present poetic age, only because it is harsh, rugged, and as yet somewhat unformed. A commerce more unlimited, frequent, and intimate with other nations, and a communication more unreserved of the species of knowledge in which they are most needful, will assuredly promote still farther the welfare of this nation, as soon as it shall be so ordered in the eternal councils of the Supreme Mover.

A powerful spur has already been given to the new romantic literature by the Germans and other writers; and we look forward with hope to the dawn of a new day, when another Rienzi shall shout the thrilling pæan of liberty to the sons of Romulus, a happier Dante restore the good estate of Florence, and the winged

genius of romance, flowing on and filling all things with melody, shall once more hover over his own beautiful land—

“E dice Roma mia sarà ancor bella.”

The vision of such a deliverance is one that naturally forces itself upon us at the present moment. It is impossible, even for one who is but a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene, to feel otherwise towards a land to which we are indebted for so much. We are all Italians—our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Italy—and, but for her, we might still have remained the same painted savages which Julius Cæsar found us. It is time for Europe to arise and assert her liberties. Florence, Milan, Venice, Rome, are all stript like athletes, each from his separate station, to run

“For the high prize lost on Phœlippi’s shore.
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong. O hail!

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o’er ocean’s western floor—
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the earth’s bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the earth’s plenty kill!
Bid thy bright heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who plann’d
To make it ours and thine!
Or with thine harmonising ardours fill
And raise thy sons, as o’er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
Be man’s high hope and inextinct desire
The instruments to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards.
And frowns and fears from Thee
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine,
Thou yieldest or withholdest, O let be
This country of thy worship ever free!”

ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

No. III.

MISS MARTINEAU'S "COUSIN MARSHALL"—"THE PREVENTIVE CHECK."

THE *Westminster Review*, in speaking of one of Miss Martineau's little books, bursts forth into the following exclamation:

"What a country is England! where a young lady may put forth a book like this, quietly, modestly, and without the apparent consciousness of doing any extraordinary act; and, what is more, where others see as little to be surprised at in the circumstance, and receive the boon with the indifference of any ordinary courtesy!"

This flourish we feel a strong inclination to parody. Our own reflections, after reading "*Cousin Marshall*," though of a different cast, yet fell into a very similar form. We could not help saying to ourselves—

"What a frightful delusion is this, called, by its admirers, Political Economy, which can lead a young lady to put forth a book like this!—a book written by a woman against the poor—a book written by a young woman against marriage! And what is more, where a long tirade against all charity, and an elaborate defence of the closest selfishness, is received with acclamation by those who profess themselves the friends of the people and the advocates of the distressed."

In another point of view, too, we might fairly express amazement at the delight with which Miss Martineau's tracts are received, if we could be surprised at any thing from a "*political economist*." These gentry are ever complimenting each other, and the whole class to which they belong, as the only men who know how to reason logically on the management of a country. The contempt which they uniformly express for the minds and arguments of those who receive not their fancies, is often ludicrous, sometimes irritating. And yet, in the present case, their warmest and most unqualified approbation is unhesitatingly given to a tissue of reasonings, which would disgrace the third class of any ladies' boarding-school of decent character, in these days of improved female education.

What, for instance, would any pro-

perly-qualified "English teacher" say to such a specimen of logic as that which forms the main substance and staple of *Cousin Marshall*? The narrative gives us some lively, but rather overdrawn sketches, of workhouse grievances, and other mal-administrations of the poor-laws. The conclusion drawn from these sketches, in the doctrinal parts of the book, is, that the poor-laws should be *wholly abolished! entirely swept away!!*

Try the same argument on the Court of Chancery. No one doubts that great grievances exist in that court, and not less under a Brougham than under an Eldon. Property has been wasted in useless disputes; hearts have been broken by endless delay; therefore, according to Miss Martineau's exquisite logic, it would be better at once *wholly to abolish the Court of Chancery*, and let the lieges, if they will get into disputes about their property, settle those disputes by fisty-cuffs, or ask for a "writ of helter-skelter."

Or who, again, of higher intellect than some village overseer, grumbling out his weekly complaint, "the more you give, the more you may," would dream of seriously urging the insufficiency of a charity to *do every thing*, as an argument against *doing any thing*? And yet this "*skilful dialectician*," as one of her admirers calls her, gravely puts this forward, once and again, as a conclusive argument! Lying-in charities are vehemently denounced, as among "the worst in existence" of all public institutions. And what is a chief objection to them?

"It is dreadful to see the numbers of poor women disappointed of a reception at the last moment, and totally unprovided. The more are admitted, the more are thus disappointed." p. 37.

So that, if you have a lying-in hospital in an indigent neighbourhood, with fifty beds, and you find that the applications would fill a hundred, the remedy is, not to enlarge it, but to *pull it down!*

Arguing in a similar manner, of distributions of coals and blankets in winter, we are taught to believe that

such distributions are actually wicked and inhuman.

"If I were you, I would explain to my neighbours, that, finding this mode of charity *creates more misery than it relieves*, I should discontinue it. * * * The more support you offer them, the more surprisingly they will increase." p. 117.

How the gift of coals and blankets to a poor family at Christmas should "create misery," does not, at first sight, appear very obvious. But Miss M. has a reason ready for this:

"The beggars are brought by your master's charity-purse. I reckon, from what I have seen here, that every blanket given away brings two naked people, and every bushel of coals, a family that wants to be warmed." p. 89.

The *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* are dry matter of fact compared with this. Whole families moving from one part of the country to another, abandoning their parishes and settlements, for the chance of a blanket and a bushel of coals when the winter comes round! And villages, where the cottages stand empty in such abundance, that new-comers, in any number, can find dwellings all ready to their hands! Where has this young woman lived all her days?

It probably would be too great a tax upon Miss M.'s logical and reflective powers, to ask her whether, if a pauper, by coming from Berkshire into Hants, "*increased the misery*" in the latter, he did not also equally *diminish* the misery in the former? The mere moving about of the poor in search of compassion, even were it true to any extent, is not an "increase of misery" to the country at large; but the right way to end all dispute about "bringing naked people" into parishes, is not to starve them every where alike, but to cherish them every where alike, and then they will not "swarm after a charity-purse."

But if we were to follow Miss M. through all her chimeras and causes of alarm, we might write a book at least as large as her own. Her greatest horror is, of course, the perverse folly of the poor in marrying! and nothing can exceed the absurdity of some of the motives she assigns for the marriages of the poor. Lying-in hospitals are denounced as "causing misery," just as much as the distribution of

coals and blankets; and then it is asked —

"What else could be expected, under so direct a bounty on improvidence, under so high a premium on population?" p. 37.

So that this young lady evidently takes it for granted, that many people marry principally, or solely, in order to have the happiness of lying-in in an hospital!!!

In another place she equally condemns alms-houses.

"They are very bad things. Only consider the number of young people that marry, under the expectation of getting their helpless parents maintained by the public." p. 42.

And as alms-houses are not to be built, lest the young folks should marry, so, in another place, the cottage system is condemned, and for the same reason — "Under no system does population increase more rapidly." Now what is meant by "the cottage system" is merely this, that every poor agricultural labourer should have his own little dwelling; and also, if possible, his own garden. In many districts, it is well known, two or three families are at present crammed into one cottage, and twelve or fourteen persons, grown or growing up, are forced to sleep in two small rooms. This is the system which this young lady would wish to have kept up, because, forsooth, if men were allowed to have cottages, they would soon want wives and children! "Under no system does population increase more rapidly!" Delicate creature!

The truth is, that there is nothing here but a very old story. The feelings of these political economists towards the people, are just the same as those entertained three thousand years ago by Pharaoh towards the children of Israel. The cry is just the same: "Come now, let us deal *wisely* with the people, *lest they multiply upon us*." And there are those among ourselves, who, if they dare, would gladly employ the same means with those adopted by Pharaoh. Dean Swift's plan, however, of making pork of the young ones, was preferable, in many points of view, to the Egyptian method.

But, by whatever means it may be brought about, Miss Martineau agrees with the Edinburgh professor, that no-

thing but "*a limitation of numbers*" will save the country. And so said Pharaoh.

It is true, that neither Miss Martineau, nor Dr. Chalmers, nor any of the leading writers of that party, have yet dared to propose to the world—or, probably, even to confess to themselves,—the ultimate lengths to which their system would carry them. But half measures will not do: they may as well speak out at once. We tell them, without doubt or hesitation, that not only is their whole system *based upon untruth and mistatement of fact*, but that *the remedy they propose is wholly insufficient to meet the evil which they profess to have discovered*. And upon these two points we shall trouble Miss Martineau with a few observations.

I. Then, we must tell her, in the plainest terms, that *THE EVIL* of which she stands in so much dread, is *WHOLLY THE CREATURE OF HER OWN IMAGINATION*; aided, probably, by the absurd exaggerations of Malthus, Chalmers, and others. This supposed evil is the growth of pauperism, the decline of the wealth of the nation, the gradual absorption of property in the support of the poor, ending, of course, in universal poverty and distress at the last. This is the ever-recurring burden of her song.

"Distress is more prevalent than ever, and goes on to increase every year. The failure of British benevolence, vast as it is in amount, has hitherto been complete." p. 39.

"The wonder is, how the pauper system has failed to swallow up all our resources, and make us a nation of paupers. But to this condition we shall infallibly be brought, unless we take speedy means to stop ourselves." p. 49.

"In a few years more, the profits of all kind of property will be absorbed by the increasing rates, and capital will therefore cease to be invested; land will be let out of cultivation, manufactures will cease, and the nation become one vast congregation of paupers." p. 49.

"Our pauper-list is swelled, year by year; it grows at both ends. Paupers multiply their own numbers as fast as they can, and rate-payers sink down into rate-receivers." p. 111.

"We are now borne down, we shall soon be crushed by the weight of our burdens." p. 121.

"The proportion of the indigent to the rest of the population having increased from age to age." p. 130.

"If not adopted speedily, all measures will be too late to prevent the universal prevalence of poverty in this kingdom,

the legal provision for the indigent now operating the extinction of our national resources, at a perpetually increasing rate." p. 132.

It requires a strong belief in the infatuation of these people, to prevent our charging them with downright effrontery. For what but either the one or the other can produce such assertions as these? To represent the poor as perpetually encroaching on the property of the rich, and as encroaching at so rapid a rate as to threaten the entire annihilation of all capital; and to state these things with their eyes open, and with the power of comparing and judging of things around them, is certainly one of the most astounding attempts that has ever been made, upon the credulity of the public.

The poor are said to be preying upon the rich at so rapid a rate as to threaten the entire absorption of all property, if the present state of things shall be allowed to continue much longer. Such is the statement. Now what is the fact?

Notoriously, undeniably, beyond all question, *just the contrary*! If there be any one thing clearer than another, it is this, that for many years past the rich have been growing richer, and the poor growing poorer; and both in a ratio quite inconsistent with the peace and happiness of the community.

In fact, the accumulations of the rich, during the last thirty years, have been so vast, as almost to stagger credibility. Look, in the first place, at the national debt; six hundred millions of which, or three-fourths of the whole, have been accumulated since the end of the last century, and that by the savings of the surplus wealth of those whose means exceeded their wants. An equal sum, or even more, has been expended upon new canals, roads, docks, and other useful works; all yielding a return to the investing parties, and all coming under the same description of *accumulated wealth*. And if we look at the rent-rolls of our landed proprietors, we find little indeed of that dwindling away under the encroachments of the poor which Miss M. so pathetically describes. A statement, apparently well founded, now lies before us, published in 1783, of the rentals of the estates of the seven most wealthy British peers at that period. The aggregate of the whole seven fell short of 400,000*l.* a-year. No one at all acquainted with the subject,

would now estimate the united incomes of the same noble families at less than a *million* per annum. The "extinction of their resources," which Miss M. so feelingly prognosticates, has not, then, made much progress, at least during the past fifty years.

But we must advance a step further, and grapple at once with the main proposition of this part of the subject. Miss Martineau asserts that the poor-laws produce nothing but increasing misery; and she even ventures explicitly to affirm, that "the *proportion* of the indigent to the rest of the population has *increased* from age to age;" and that "the legal provision for the indigent is now operating the extinction of our national resources, at a perpetually increasing rate." p. 132.

Now, in reply to these assertions, we are compelled to say, as in the case of Dr. Chalmers, that they are not only *not true*, but that they are *directly opposed to the truth*. Not only do they not state facts correctly, but they state what is exactly the reverse of the facts; the simple truth being, that instead of pauperism, indigence, and their concomitant expenditure being ever on the *increase*, they have for centuries past, and do still, exhibit a continually progressive *diminution*.

It is certainly more than could have been expected, that we should be able, at the present moment, to make and support such an assertion as this. True, the two elements of a national provision for the poor, and an increasing population, have been steadily at work, advancing the state of society and diminishing poverty. But the disciples of Adam Smith have also been at work for more than thirty years, in earnest counteraction of the beneficent tendency of these two great ameliorating causes. By preaching up the advantage of large farms; by turning thousands of little farmers upon the world; by demolishing cottages; by enclosing commons; and by forcibly compelling the labouring man to go to the overseer, even when work was ready for him, and he willing to work;—they have certainly done all that was possible for man to do towards rendering pauperism, among the agricultural labourers, all but universal.

In like manner have the same parties been working, without ceasing, against the other great branch of national industry. Finding that the labourer at Lyons was only paid 8*d.* or 9*d.* a-day, they never rested until by

"free trade" they had opened a direct competition between that town and Macclesfield. By this scheme they have reduced the wages of a Macclesfield weaver, in ten years, from 18*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a-week. One natural consequence is, that, striving for bread for their families, two men will now do (working fourteen hours a-day) as much work as, in 1819, three were accustomed to do. Of course, the third man may now go to the overseer; and then we have endless complaints of "surplus population" and "increasing pauperism."

Under all these circumstances it may well be matter of wonder, that the poor-rates of England have not, of late years, most rapidly increased. Still, however, they have not. Still, in the midst of all this misery, caused, as it is, not by the poor-laws, but by the political economists, the enemies of the poor-laws,—we are able to meet Dr. Chalmers, Miss Martineau, and the rest, and fearlessly to assert, that it is *not true* that "the proportion of the indigent to the rest of the population has increased from age to age." That the poor-rates may have increased, or that the persons relieved may have increased, *positively*, is doubtless true: but Miss Martineau states the question fairly, which is, have they increased *in proportion to the rest of the population*? The true answer to this is, No!

In 1673, we learn from Davenant, that the number of paupers was 1,330,000; in 1700, they were stated by Braddon at 1,200,000; in 1735, Samuel Webber calculates them at 1,400,000.

Now the population was, in 1680, 5,500,000; in 1700, 5,475,000; in 1740, 6,074,000. The indigent, then, were in the proportion of about 22 or 23 in every 100, at the period in question.

In 1803, the numbers of paupers had fallen to 1,039,716, according to the official reports; but the population had grown to be 9,168,000. The indigent, therefore, were now only in the proportion of 11 or 12 in every 100. In 1815, the reported number of paupers was 895,336; but the population was then 11,360,505. The indigent have, therefore, decreased to the proportion of only *eight* in every hundred.

One word of explanation must be interposed in this place. The real amount of pauperism is over-estimated, if we take any one of these amounts as

its true representation. The practice of setting down as a pauper every one who, on an emergency, and for once, receives a trifle as casual relief, always swells the account far beyond the truth. But this practice prevails as much now as ever. We are, therefore, quite entitled to use the facts as we find them; and to assert from those facts, that the proportion of the indigent, instead of augmenting, has diminished, within the last century, nearly *two-thirds*.

But we must speak of it in another point of view; the question of pauperism, as either *increasing* or *diminishing*, concerns not only those who *receive* relief, but also those who *pay* it. Is it an increasing burden or not, as compared with the nation's augmented power to bear it! Our answer is, it is a greatly diminishing charge, considered in this point of view.

Compare its gradual increase with the contemporaneous increase of the national revenue. In 1601, the revenue was 607,995*l.*, the poor-rate 200,000*l.*; being nearly equal to *one-third*.

In 1700 the revenue had risen to 3,895,205*l.*, but the poor-rate only to 1,000,000*l.*; being little more than *one-fourth*.

In 1760 the revenue was 8,800,000*l.*, but the poor-rate had only advanced to 1,500,000*l.*; being now scarcely more than *one-sixth*.

In 1803 the revenue was 38,401,738*l.*, the poor-rate having risen to 4,077,891*l.*, or rather less than *one-ninth*.

In 1825 the revenue was 35,835,626*l.*, the poor-rate being 5,734,216*l.*, or little more than *one-tenth*.

Such has been the relative progress, on the one hand of the national resources, as indicated by revenue, and on the other, of the sum required for the indigent poor; the latter, as we have seen, being perpetually diminishing, as weighed against the former.

Or we may institute another comparison, and see how the progressive augmentation of the foreign trade of the country has accompanied and outstripped the claims of the poor.

In 1673 our exports amounted to 2,043,043*l.*, and our poor-rates to 840,000*l.*; the proportion being somewhat more than *one-third*.

In 1698 our exports were 3,525,907*l.*, and our poor-rates 819,000*l.*; or less than *one-fourth*.

In 1700 our exports had advanced to 6,045,432*l.*, but the poor-rates only to 1,000,000*l.*; or less than *a sixth*.

In 1776 our exports were 14,755,699*l.* and our poor-rates 2,000,000*l.*; or less than *one-seventh*.

In 1814 the exports had reached 50,624,229*l.*, and the poor-rates to 6,294,584*l.*; or about *one-eighth*.

And in 1825 the exports were 60,898,721*l.*, while the poor-rates were 5,734,216*l.*; or less than *one-tenth*.

Thus, while Miss Martineau assures us, that if the poor-laws be maintained, "manufactures will be discontinued, and commerce will cease" (p. 49), the historic fact stands on record against her, that, after the experience of more than two centuries, it is found that our foreign trade, which at the commencement of the period did not exceed thrice the amount paid to our paupers, has constantly outstripped it in the advance which each have experienced, and is now *tenfold*, in place of being *threefold* the amount required by the indigent poor.

So much for the dreams and fancies constantly put forward by these people, touching the dreadful growth of pauperism. Like all their other statements of fact, they turn out to be nothing but fiction; the real truth being, that these gentry find it far more easy and convenient to invent the facts required, in their closets, than to search for them in historic or statistic records; where, indeed, they would never find any thing to answer their purpose.

But we must now proceed to the remaining branch of the subject; which concerns,—

II. THE ENTIRE INEFFICIENCY AND INUTILITY OF THE REMEDIES PROPOSED.

The *evil* which she imagines to exist (and it exists only in imagination), is "a disproportion of numbers to the means of subsistence." Population has been too much encouraged, and thus a most dreadful "multiplication of consumers" has taken place.

The *remedy* she proposes is "a limitation of numbers," a "proportioning the number of consumers to the subsistence fund." To do this, "all encouragements to the increase of population should be withdrawn, and every sanction given to the preventive check."

With which view she proposes,

1. "To enact that no child born from any marriage taking place within a year from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born within two years from the same date, shall ever be entitled to parish assistance." In other words, to

abolish the poor-laws *in toto*, substituting nothing in their room; and only allowing the poor now in existence to enjoy their rights for their own lives.

2. To abolish all alms-houses, all foundling-hospitals, and, we suppose, all orphan-asylums, all lying-in-charities, all infirmaries, and all schools in which maintenance as well as education is provided.

A most sweet and tender-hearted young lady, this, truly! A few trifling objections, however, occur to us, as worth a short consideration, before a change so sweeping be seriously determined upon. For this plan appears to us to be,

1. *Altogether unphilosophical.*

2. *Opposed to all experience.*

3. *Unpracticable, cruel, and inconsistent with her own admissions.*

4. *An unjust denial of the clearest rights of the poor.*

5. *Necessarily productive of the grossest immorality.*

First, we say that this scheme is *altogether unphilosophical*. It is so, whether considered in a moral or in a physiological point of view.

In a moral point of view, if the evil really were, as Miss Martineau supposes, that the people marry too recklessly and increase too rapidly, would not common sense tell us, that the most efficacious way of working their improvement in this respect would be, to do all we could to elevate, not to depress them? The cottage system, which Miss M. utterly condemns, does this. It gives hope and courage to the labourer; it places comfort and independence within his reach: he learns to respect himself; he wishes to have a wife and family worthy of his regard; and he is not likely to rush into a precipitous engagement. Miss M. herself can see this, and yet misapplies it. Her hero says—

“I know an industrious young man, a shopkeeper, who has been attached for years, but who will not marry till his circumstances justify it: half-a-dozen vagabond paupers have been married in his parish during the time that he has been waiting.” p. 53.

And yet, seeing this, Miss M. still supposes, that to deprive the poor of all their present legal rights, and of nearly all their aids from charity, would be the way to elevate their character. To make a man desperate, to make him reckless, is the way, according to this young lady, to teach him carefulness

and self-respect! She argues thus, too, with the case of Ireland before her eyes, in which no poor-laws tend to increase population; and in which those other nuisances, alms-houses, infirmaries, and asylums, are but little known. Are the poor Irish noted for their caution in avoiding hasty marriages? Does the preventive check operate as Miss M. would have it, in that country?

But Miss M. is equally wrong in her view of the physiology of the case. She adopts most implicitly the Malthusian fancy, that people always breed up to food, and that the more food the more children; whereas, the truth is exactly the reverse. Speaking generally, a population always increases the more or less rapidly in proportion to the larger or smaller amount of poverty that exists amongst it. This fact thrusts itself upon our notice wherever we turn our view. The Irish cottager, to whom we have just alluded, is a well-known instance of it: he is poor enough, we suppose, for Miss M. herself; indeed, except the English cottager is to be actually starved, we do not see how he can well be made poorer; and yet the Irish cottager's profligacy is too proverbial for us to dwell upon. We merely allude to it in passing, to shew that the notion of starving people into a slow rate of increase is about the most absurd fancy that could possibly enter into a human brain.

The same rule, however, prevails every where. We might fill a volume with the proofs of it, but we will merely instance one or two facts which lie close at hand.

In the metropolis we have poor districts, and others comparatively rich. The poorest section is that called the Tower Hamlets, containing Spitalfields, Bethnal Green, and other parishes filled with labouring poor; and the population abstract of 1821 tells us, that in ten years preceding, there had been, in this district, 23,391 marriages and 69,198 births, being nearly three births to a marriage.

The same abstract informs us, that in Westminster, the abode of wealth and abundance, there were, in the same period, 28,830 marriages, and only 49,270 births, or less than two births to a marriage:—five thousand more marriages than in the poorer district, and yet twenty thousand less births!

In like manner, in wealthy and luxurious Bath, there were, in ten years,

4136 marriages, and only 9061 births, or little more than two births to each. In Nottingham there were, in the same ten years, 4064 marriages and 11,941 births:—seventy less marriages, and yet nearly three thousand more births.

We take these instances merely because they lie close at hand, and seem to be fair instances for comparison. Were we to go to Galway, or the poorer districts of Scotland, where poverty reigns even more than in Spitalfields, we should find the average to be four or five, or even six to a marriage; and we should also find marriage to be universal.

So much for the *philosophy* of Miss Martineau's scheme, for checking the increase of population by starving the poor.

Secondly, however, we object, that this scheme sets at nought all the lessons of *experience*, and disregards the best-established *facts*.

The idea is, that poor-laws, and almshouses, and infirmaries, are "encouragements to the increase of population." They are all, therefore, to be removed, in order that the "preventive check" may come into full operation; and so the people may cease to marry, and no longer increase so alarmingly.

But before all this ingenious speculation be received and acted upon, may it not be as well to ask, how this "preventive check" has been found to operate in those parts of the kingdom where the poor-laws do not prevail? Surely nothing could be more natural than this inquiry.

England has increased in population, within the last century, more than 100 per cent. In 1740 its numbers were 6,064,000; in 1831 they were 13,894,574. But this vast increase is mainly attributed by Miss Martineau to the "encouragements held out,"—to the "high premium on population given,"—by our poor-laws, almshouses, infirmaries, &c.

How fares it, then, with the other divisions of the United Kingdom, Ireland and Scotland, where these mischievous "encouragements" and "premiums" are unknown?

Ireland, in 1733, had a population of 2,015,229; but in 1831 she numbered 7,734,365, having nearly quadrupled her numbers in about the same space of time in which the English population had been little more than doubled.

Where, then, was the efficacy of the

"preventive check" in Ireland? And how was it, that, with all England's mischievous "premiums" and "encouragements" for population, poor Ireland, with the "preventive check" in full force, left her so far behind in the race of increase?

But we shall be told, probably, that the Irish are a hasty, reckless, improvident people; and that no fair argument can be drawn from their case, as compared with the more civilised and better educated peasantry of England. We turn to Scotland, then, which is open to no objection of this sort. Her sons are cautious, frugal, industrious, and exactly fitted to exhibit the "preventive check" in its best light, and most efficient operation. Scotland, too, has abolished her poor-laws, though they exist as a dead letter; nor is she overrun with those terrible almshouses, asylums, infirmaries, &c., which so fearfully "encourage population" in England. Scotland, then, must surely be accepted by Miss Martineau as a fair illustration of the point before us. Now, how stands the case as respects Scotland, when compared with England?

England reckoned, in 1801, a population of 8,872,980; in 1831 that population had increased to 13,894,574, being an augmentation of about 57 per cent.

The population of Scotland, in 1801, was 1,599,068; in 1831 it had grown to be 2,365,807, being an increase of about 48 per cent.

A difference of 9 per cent in thirty years, or between an increase of 48 and one of 57 per cent, would certainly leave the famous "preventive check" very little to boast of. But before we admit even that, one small point has to be taken into account.

The people of Ireland and of Scotland are constantly streaming into England in great numbers, and settling there; but the people of England, except in solitary instances, do not remove into either Ireland or Scotland. All our great towns—London, Manchester, Liverpool—abound with Irishmen and Scotchmen. Reckoning their wives and children, 100,000 would be a low calculation of the Irish population of London alone. The Scotch immigrants are of a better class; but, especially in London and Liverpool, they are very numerous: there are even many churches, in both these places, for Scotchmen alone.

If, then, we allowed, out of the whole population of England, no more than 300,000 for all the settlers, both from Ireland, Scotland, and every other country, we should then reduce the English increase in thirty years to less than 54 per cent. And if we suppose only 100,000 of these to be from Scotland, the growth of the population of Caledonia, within the same thirty years, must have exceeded 54 per cent.

What has become, then, of the virtue of the "preventive check?" How is it, that with every possible advantage for its operation, in climate, and soil, and national temperament, the result of the whole appears to be absolutely nothing? Nothing! we repeat,—since this horrid "increase of numbers," which so frights Miss Martineau from her propriety, seems to go on just as fearfully in the absence, as in the presence, of poor-laws and public charities!

But, *thirdly*, that the scheme now before us is *impracticable*, *cruel*, and full of *inconsistency*, must be apparent to every one who looks at it with any other than an economist's eye.

It is especially *impracticable* in England, above all countries on the face of the earth. Were the people distributed over the land, every one possessing his own little plot of ground, as in Flanders, or in Jersey, there might be some chance of giving the scheme at least a fair trial. But England is in a highly artificial state; her landed proprietors, acting under the instigation of Adam Smith, have pulled down the cottages, torn up the gardens, enclosed the commons, and crowded the agricultural population together, at the rate of a hundred persons in a row of eight or nine dirty hovels. The farmer, with diminishing means and falling prices, turns to his wages, as the item of expenditure which he can most easily reduce; and he does very soon reduce his labourers to bread and water, rags, and misery. Only one stay remains to keep the framework of society together; and that stay is the *poor-law*. The labourer must not be starved; happen what may, the law declares that he must be fed. He relies upon this; he is not happy or content, but he bears his misery as well as he can. But pass the law which Miss M. recommends, and in five years we shall have, in every parish, some infants who are doomed by statute to actual starvation. The harvest is over, half the labourers

of a parish are thrown out of work; the overseer asks, What are the ages of your children? Two and three years, is the answer. Oh! then we know nothing of them; they were born after the new act came in force: there are two shillings for yourself and your wife—take them, and be glad you can get that. Does Miss Martineau think that this would be borne? Does she intend or wish that it should be borne?

But in little more than twenty years, even supposing the first step to be got over, we should have a whole population of young men, all equally without the pale of the law. What does Miss Martineau think would be done with these? The Irish "surplus population" pours itself into England; where shall the English "surplus" betake itself? There is no way open for it. Henry VIII. abolished the monasteries,—the poor-laws of his time, and 70,000 victims were devoured by the gallows in a few years after. To restore peace to the country, the rights of the poor were recognised, and order resumed its sway. Abolish these rights a second time, and if the government proved strong enough to enforce its mandates, not twice nor thrice 70,000 would be the limit of the numbers which the scaffold must destroy within the next twenty years. But no government could, at this time of day, enforce such a law: the thing is altogether *impracticable*.

But Miss Martineau herself admits the occurrence of other cases of difficulty, "when many hundreds are turned off at once from the public works;" and yet, conscious as she is of these things, she makes no provision against their occurrence. Her repeal of the poor-laws is complete and final—no fragment is left. What, then, does she herself intend should be done, if her poor-law repeal could pass in 1833, and a sudden glut should stop half the mills of Leeds or Manchester in 1855? All the work-people, from twenty years and downwards, would then be doomed to downright starvation; for, according to her plan, no public relief *could* be legally given to them. But does she suppose that the people would lie down and die? Does she propose that they should do so? No, no; the whole thing is *impracticable*!

And it is as *cruel* as it is *impracticable*, and as *inconsistent* with her own professions. She not only abolishes the poor-laws entirely, letting them

expire with the existing race of poor, but she is as decidedly opposed to alms-houses, telling us, that "it should be as universal a rule that working-men should support their parents, as that they should support their children."

But then we must not forget her "preventive check," which, if it means any thing, means that no man should marry without a certainty of being able to support all the family, however numerous, that he may happen to have.

Now it happens to be upon record, that when as many as 101 agricultural labourers were captured and imprisoned, in Wiltshire, on a riot for a rise of wages, in 1830, it was found that 80 out of the 101 were in the receipt of wages only amounting to from 2s. 6d. to 7s. per week each. All these men, we may suppose, were by Miss Martineau's rule prohibited from marriage; at least, if men earning five or six shillings a-week are at liberty to marry, we know not what "the preventive check" means.

But if these eighty men were not to marry, how were they to have those children who, on Miss Martineau's scheme, were to feel bound to support them in their old age? No! they must not marry—they are debarred all connubial and paternal pleasures and feelings—they are to labour in helpless, hopeless solitude, till old age comes upon them, and then they are to find the poor-laws abolished, the alms-houses pulled down, and are to be told, in grave and serious mockery, that their children ought to support them! Such is the compassion, and such is the *consistency* of a *political economist*!

We see but one way out of this difficulty. Poor-laws and public asylums are to be abolished; and the aged poor are to look for support in their declining years to their children, and to them alone. And yet, at the same time, the preventive check is to be called into full operation, the sole object of which is, to hinder a large part of the people from having any children! What remains, then, to be done, but to adopt the method now in use in some of the eastern nations, and to have our aged poor despatched out of the way, when they get past their labour. In fact, so obviously does this result follow, that we lately heard a country gentleman remarking to the clergyman of the parish, that as he was, according to

Miss M.'s plan, to be the promulgator and expounder of the new system, from his pulpit, it would also be advisable that he should complete his duty, by providing a proper exit for these unhappy aged members. For this end, his friend suggested that a large hammer might be suspended in the belfry of every church; so that those aged poor who were past labour, and who had no children to support them, might be brought in due form to church, there to be legally knocked on the head, and forthwith interred out of the way!

Fourthly, however, this scheme is grossly *unjust*, and a manifest infringement of the rights of the poor.

Miss Martineau would almost persuade us, that a man who is poor has no right to *exist*. Locke, however, was of another opinion. "Reason," he says, "tells us, that all men have a right to their subsistence; and, consequently, to meat and drink, and such other things as nature affords for their preservation." He also tells us, that "God has not left one man so to the mercy of another that he may starve him if he please. God, the Lord and Father of all, has given no one of his children such a property in his peculiar portion of the things of this world, but that he has given his needy brother a right to the surplusage of his goods; so that it cannot justly be denied him when his pressing wants call for it."

And Paley also insists on "the *reasonableness* of the law, which has subjected all the estates and fortunes of the kingdom to the maintenance of the poor;" and which, he tells us, "is not a new burden, laid upon private property by the mere strength of an arbitrary law, but it is the voice of *reason and nature*, acknowledged and enforced by the wisdom and power of the legislature."

This natural right of the man starving with hunger, over the "surplusage" of his neighbour's food, is recognised and formed into a system by our English poor-law. The poor man, thus provided for by the law, may no longer take his neighbour's goods, whatever be his own necessity. But abolish this legal provision, and immediately the *natural right*, recognised by Puffendorf, and all the leading jurists, of the starving man, to help himself rather than to die, revives in its original force. That the whole security, therefore, of property, rests upon this broad basis

of the recognition of the rights of the poor, must be, one would think, sufficiently plain.

But not only have the poor this *natural right*, which is precedent to and above all laws; but they have also a further right, given them by the law itself.

Time was, when a third part of the land of England was held by the church, and most of it in trust for the poor. The church was plundered by the existing government of the greater part of these possessions; and the poor, heretofore supported by the monasteries, became so formidable both from their numbers and their desperation, that after divers useless attempts to crush them or keep them quiet, the poor-law was adopted, as the only effectual means of restoring peace or securing property. This answered its end; and property has, since then, been quietly enjoyed by the middling and higher classes. And every estate which has been acquired during the last three centuries, has been acquired with this great legal rent-charge fastened upon it,—the maintenance of the indigent poor.

The proposal now is, that a legislature composed entirely of persons of property, and elected entirely by persons of some property, shall at once put an end to this great rent-charge, and abolish for ever the legal rights of those who are without property. A more decided or wholesale robbery and confiscation could hardly be proposed. Were the poor to meet in their assembled millions, and determine to resume the estates formerly left them, and now held by the houses of Russell, Howard, and others; or to throw open again the commons, of which the rich have more recently deprived them; this would, of course, be designated as revolutionary plunder and rebellion. But that the rich should decide, by their thousands, to rid themselves of that legal and established claim upon all the property of the country, of which the poor have been possessed for more than three centuries, and to which their right is far clearer than that of many a noble to his wide-spread domains;—that such a scheme as this should be seriously entertained and deliberately adopted, would be called, we suppose, *wise and enlightened legislation!*

But Miss Martineau adds, that “if the plea of right to subsistence be grounded

on the faults of national institutions, the right ought rather to be superseded by the rectification of those institutions, than admitted at the cost of perpetuating an institution more hurtful than all the others combined.”

We have not spoken of “the faults of national institutions,” but if we had placed the question on that ground, our rejoinder to Miss M. would have been obvious;—Rectify your “faults” *first*. Place the poor in that predicament in which they ought to stand; and do this *before* you take away their present rights. But Miss M. proposes nothing of this kind; her plan is *first* to take away the poor man’s right of relief, and *then* to consider his grievances at some future and more convenient period.

But we allude not to “the faults of political institutions.” Our plea is much simpler. We say that the poor man had certain properties, certain possessions: these you have taken away;—your dukes and earls enjoy his lands, and your gentry have divided among them his commons. All these have been held, and most of them for three hundred years, upon the stipulated tenure that the poor were to be maintained. If your lords and gentry would now wish to be off their bargain, let them throw up the lands, and let the poor again enter into possession of them. But to hold the estate, and yet to refuse to pay its ancient rent-charges, would be barefaced, flagrant, audacious robbery. No one’s property would be safe, no one’s property ought to be safe, if such iniquity could be quietly committed.

Fifthly: Last of all, however, we must speak of the *grossly immoral tendency* of the whole scheme.

The main object kept in view, both by the reverend doctor and the young lady, is neither more nor less than the prevention of marriage. The “preventive check,” says the doctor, is our only hope; the “preventive check,” says the young lady, is our main reliance. And what is this “preventive check?” It is the fear of starvation, operating to deter men from marrying. And this, by the most extraordinary abuse and perversion of language that ever fell from the lips or the pen of man, is called “*moral restraint!*”

Morality, connected with a repudiation of marriage! One might be contented with dismissing this folly at

once, as a downright contradiction in terms; but we will make one or two remarks, and then leave the subject.

Morality and marriage must ever subsist in a state in correlative proportions. To decrease the prevalence of marriage is to increase the prevalence of immorality. This the whole experience of mankind informs us.

What makes the Irish, semi-barbarous as they seem in other matters, and apt to the deepest crimes—what makes them rank among the most exemplary nations in all that concerns the commerce of the sexes? The universality of marriage, the entire absence of “the preventive check.”

The same observation applies to America; the late observer of which, Mrs. Trollope, is constantly tempted to ridicule the excessive modesty and propriety of manner of the females. Here, too, the “preventive check” is almost entirely unknown; marriages being universal at a very early age.

But we will allow the existence, to a limited extent, of this falsely-called “moral restraint,” in London;—and there we immediately find its necessary concomitant; to wit, about 30,000 prostitutes.

In France, too, the preventive check has considerable sway; and there we find, as a natural consequence, that the illegitimate births are rapidly increasing, and bid fair to exceed in number those of wedlock.

In fact, the grand mistake committed by both the young lady and the reverend divine in this matter, as in all other parts of the question, is this,—that they theorise instead of consulting facts and human nature. In this way they seem to take for granted, that if they can but stop marriages from going on, all will be right; whereas, no more speedy or effectual method can possibly be adopted for demoralizing and breaking up a community. The natural appetites and passions of men are not to be extinguished, or placed under ban, by an act of parliament. Eighty, as we have already seen, of the hundred and one poor rioters of Wiltshire, would be condemned, by Dr. Chalmers and Miss Martineau’s plan, to help-

less, hopeless celibacy. Seriously, then, does the reverend doctor suppose that any thing like *morality* would have been left, or that even the least vestige of decency would have remained, in the parish to which they belonged?

We have already prostitution enough, and far too much, in England; and far, far too much of infanticide, and even still worse crimes. Does Dr. Chalmers suppose, that the married men of the community are the authors of all these abominations? No, truly! it is to his favourite “preventive check” that we owe nineteen-twentieths of them.

And yet how small is the actual amount of this falsely-called “moral restraint” that really exists among us. Mr. Sadler has most clearly shewn, that were all the men in England to marry at the age of twenty-three, 169 would be the annual number of marriages out of every 20,000 of the population. He has also shewn, that 165 of these do actually marry year by year; four only remaining as the proportion deterred, *either* by “the preventive check,” or by some other causes.

If, then, with only this very trifling operation of the favourite “moral restraint,” we still find so much immorality prevail among us, what might be anticipated from that more extensive influence which the reverend doctor would wish to give it? What, but a state of things resembling Paris? what, but a rapid demoralization and decay of the whole fabric of society?

In behalf, then, of public morals, we object, with the strongest abhorrence, to all resort to this favourite project of “the preventive check.” But we have also shewn that the measure by which this said “preventive check” is proposed to be called into operation,—a repeal of the poor-laws,—would be grossly unjust and oppressive. Also, that it would be impracticable, from its cruelty. Also, that it may be seen in the experience of Scotland and Ireland, that as a check upon human increase, it would be wholly ineffectual. And, further, that the assumption, on which it rests, of poverty being a check upon the growth of a population, is entirely and grossly unphilosophical.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H.

DEAR FRASER,—I have written my own life three times, and hope to write it as many times more before I die; and I am therefore at a loss to know why you did not apply to Sir David himself. Since, however, this has not been thought of, you may bid your chap of all work say that Brewster was born in Jedburgh anno Domini 1782, come of decent worthy folk there, and one of a family of brothers who have all distinguished themselves in life. He got the prizes at the college, and then was licensed: but the first day he mounted the pulpit was his last—for he had then, if he has not still, a nervous something about him that made him swither when he heard his own voice, and saw a congregation eyeing him; so he stuck his discourse, and vowed never to try that job again. It was a pity for the kirk, which has in our time had few literary ornaments to brag of, by Dr. Chalmers, and Gillespie of Cults, and John Richmond of Southdean; but it was a good day's work for Science—for if the doctor (I have scarce yet learned to call him Sir David) had gotten a manse, he might most likely have taken to his toddy like other folk, and considered a "Syn'd Sermon" as the ultimatum. However, he forthwith set himself to what has been a better trade for him than it is ever like to be for poor me; and, among other matters, devised the grand scheme of the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, which was certainly the first really good thing of the kind, and is still, in my opinion, about the best of them; for it is complete in itself, touched up in every part with the sharpness of one all-presiding mind, and not a jumble of good, bad, and indifferent, gushed out ram-stam, from the ladle of an ignoramus, as is the visible case of too many—always excepting the *Metropolitana*. In fact, I find Allerly's book a *sine non quâ*. It tells me every thing I want to know, and a cursed deal more—but that's not his fault.

This great affair having begun to feather the doctor's nest, (by which I mean a nice snug flat at the corner of Charlotte Square, nearly above Adam Duff the sheriff's,) he became the secretary of the Royal Society, and gradually capped every thing in the scientific line; but still adhered to the same simple manners, and total want of self-conceit, that had originally recommended him; and so it went on, until within these few seasons, when he purchased land, and removed bodily to Tweedside. He is now merely a most respectable country gentleman, amusing himself at leisure hours with his books and instruments, of both of which his tosn seat of Allerly, just forenent Melrose, contains a glorious assemblage.

Here he has invented the kaleidoscope, by which, if he had been at all a worldly-wise man, he must have realised thousands; but which, though it has made a hundred shopmen rich, never, I believe, brought him a sixpence. Here he has written his *Life of Newton*—by general admission one of the very first biographies in any language—his *Letters on Natural Magic*, as diverting as so many Arabian Tales—besides a hantle of articles. These are the fruits of wet days in summer, and long evenings in winter. In general he plays the laird, the farmer, the justice, during the week—the elder of the kirk on Sunday;—no man more universally esteemed from Loch Skene to Kelso, from the Carter to Soutra. I confess I used to consider him a thought stiff; but, about three or four years ago, Colonel Ferguson and John Lockhart brought him with them, when they were on one of their ploys, to Moqt Bengier, and that one tup's-head, and I will not say how many tumblers, fixed the doctor for ever with me. Since then, every Melrose and St. Boswell's fair I have a jollification with Allerly; and I lay my paw on his shoulder, and say, among all your F.R.S.'s, and F.A.S.'s, and F.L.S.'s, *match me David!* He has indeed some minor specialties about him. For example, he holds that soda water is wholesomer drink than bottled beer, objects to a body's putting a nipper of spirits in their tea, and maintains that you ought to shave every morning, and wash your feet every night—but who would wish to be severe on the eccentricities of genius? The likeness in your print is perfect.

With compliments to the gallant clans of Lovat and Saltoun, I rest yours,

JAMES HOGG.

P.S. Be sure you send Allerly well about his own and his knighthood. He deserved to be a lord; but he should never have demeaned himself to take any thing from these blackguards; and to let himself be coupled with our Jack!

Alive, Oct. 10, 1832.

"MY CONTEMPORARIES."

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

(Continued from p. 324.)

LORD KENYON.

IN the year 1788 Lord Kenyon succeeded Lord Mansfield as Lord Chief-Justice of England. I practised in his court during the whole of the time which he presided there, and had no inconsiderable share of business at *nisi prius*; and that part of my profession to which I had devoted my attention made it necessary for me to remain in court during the whole of the day. This afforded me a full opportunity of studying his character, and ample means of observing his temper and manners. My early impressions in his favour were strong, and I made no scruple of avowing them. Further observation convinced me that they had been too hastily formed; and although slow to retract them, I at last was forced to come to the unwilling conclusion, that, to look for his merits, they must be sought for in his great legal knowledge; and for any thing to praise, in the decisions which that knowledge enabled him to make.

I do not mean by these observations to detract from the moral character of Lord Kenyon, nor to underrate his virtues or his merits. His character stood deservedly high in public estimation; his morals were pure, and his religion unaffected. He had no vices, but many faults, which threw a shade over his virtues; and as they influenced his conduct in the high situation which he filled, exposed him to censure, and, too often, to not unmerited reproach.

It was imputed to him from every quarter, that his ruling passion was a love of money, and that avarice was the predominant feature in his character—that it was seen in every thing connected with his person and his establishment. It is a sordid passion, which extinguishes every feeling of honourable pride. From facts which fell under the observation of every man in the profession, it will best be collected, whether the imputation was founded in justice or not. I enter with no pleasure on the unwelcome detail. A review of the conduct of every public man, as it merits censure

or praise, is a fair subject of inquiry, and a legitimate object of discussion. To that I have endeavoured strictly to confine myself. If I have formed a false estimate of Lord Kenyon's merits, or pronounced a wrong judgment on any matter which took place before him while he presided in the King's Bench, it would be to me a matter of the most serious regret; though it could be but the private opinion of an individual, and could have little weight in the scale of public opinion. I can only solemnly disavow ever having indulged a feeling of ill-will towards him in his lifetime, or of personal disrespect to his memory now that he is no more. The spirit of detraction dwells not in me.

In the appointment of Lord Chief-Justice of England, Lord Kenyon held a very high office. It should be supported with a certain degree of attention to appearances in the person and establishment of him who fills it. Custom has annexed to it the expectation of some appropriate parade, as necessary to impress in the eyes of the common people a becoming respect for the office. To this some degree of splendour greatly contributes. This had always been the course adopted by Lord Kenyon's predecessors, has been followed by his successors, and was never departed from but by him. He affected a contempt for show, to which he wished his conduct to be imputed; but conjecture could not be stifled, nor conclusions fail to be drawn from appearances, that he was influenced by other motives. By the world it was ascribed to avarice, which whispered the expense attending it, and which he was anxious to avoid. By discarding parade, he banished expense, and with it, to him, its attendant evils. The Bar, with professional pride, complained, that to that consideration he sacrificed all the respect which appearances confer on that high office, by appearing in court and in public in the meanest attire, and substituting rags for the common trappings of distinction which belonged to it. These

afforded too much colour of justice to what was imputed to him; and his personal appearance and appointments were equally marked with characteristic parsimony.

To the classical mind, the person

' Ummidius quidam (non longa est fabula) dives
Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
Non unquam servo melius vestiret; ad usque
Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
Opprimeret, metuebat —'

Hor. Sat. lib. i. Sat. i. l. 95.

His dress was the threadbare remains of what might once have been appropriate costume, the sable relics of which frugality had piously preserved. These rare habiliments irresistibly produced a smile at their singularity, from the sterling marks which they bore of studied parsimony and mean economy. They were the daily subjects of joke or comment at the Bar, when the Lord Chief Justice appeared and took his seat on the bench. I happened to be in conversation with Lord (then Mr.) Erskine at Guildhall, before Lord Kenyon arrived there. When he entered the court, Pope's lines in the *Dunciad*, on Settle the poet, came across me, and I quoted them involuntarily—

"Known by the band and suit which
Settle wore—

His only suit for twice three years
before."

"The period of six years," said Erskine, laughing, "during which that poet had preserved his full-trimmed suit in bloom, seemed to Pope to be the maximum of economy; but it bears no proportion to Kenyon's. I remember the green coat which he now has on for at least a dozen years." He did not exaggerate its claims to antiquity. When I last saw the learned lord, he had been Lord Chief Justice for nearly fourteen years, and his coat seemed to be coeval with his appointment to the office. It must have been originally black; but time had mellowed it down to the ap-

pearance of the Chief-Justice, when sitting at *nisi prius*, could not fail to present Horace's picture of Ummidius. He was a faithful copy of it in every point.

pearance of a sober green, which was what Erskine meant by his allusion to its colour.

I have seen him sit at Guildhall, in the month of July, in a pair of black leather breeches; and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every article of his dress.* His gown was *silk*, but had a better title to that of *everlasting*, from its unchanged length of service. He held a pocket handkerchief to be an unnecessary piece of luxury, and therefore dispensed with the use of one: he found a sufficient substitute in his emunctory powers, which were eminently attractive.

His equipage was in perfect keeping with his personal appearance, and was such as to draw down the gibes of malevolence, the sneer of ill nature, and the regret of those who held him in any respect, while it provoked the ridicule even of them. The carriage which conveyed the Lord Chief Justice and his suite to Westminster Hall had all the appearance and splendour of one of those hackney coaches which are seen on the stand, with a coronet and supporters, the cast-off carriage of a peer or foreign ambassador. Though the seats were occupied by the Lord Chief Justice himself and his officers, in bags and swords, the eye was involuntarily directed to the panel to look for the number of the coach, as its appearance, and that of the horses which

* This may appear to be a joke or exaggeration, and I might be asked how I could see the soles of the learned judge's shoes; but the fact was, that the seat of the judge was elevated above his officers, who sat at a table on the floor of the court. A narrow board at their back separated them from that at the judge's feet. It was a favourite movement of Lord Kenyon to put his feet on this board; this necessarily shewed the interesting picture of economy in the soles of his shoes. That circumstance gave rise to a pun or joke among the attorneys, who, if they wanted to have an amendment made of any error or mistake in the pleadings or record, and which is done by a judge's order, it was always said, "Take out a summons before Kenyon." "Why before Kenyon?" "Because he can't refuse an amendment for the soul (sole) of him."

drew it, confirmed the impression that it had been called off the stand. They moved with the most temperate gravity, and seemed to require the frequent infliction of the whip to make them move at all.

That necessary instrument to rouse their latent spirit, was consigned to the unsparing hand of a coachman whose figure and appearance perfectly harmonised with the rest of the appointment. There is an appropriate dress for the different description of servants; and a triangular hat is generally considered part of the costume of a coachman. Whether it was a sacrifice which Lord Kenyon made to fashion, or the vanity of the individual himself which prompted him to adopt it, I will not presume to say, but it seemed to both to be necessary that his lordship's coachman should appear with that important symbol of his station. He therefore adopted the appropriate mark of distinction, a three-cornered hat. This appeared to have been effected with great taste, but with the accustomed view to economy. A hat slouched down before, the former ornament of his head, was, by a neat metamorphosis, changed into a cocked one, by turning up the flap, and making it the base of the triangle; and, lest it should prove refractory under its new *regime*, it was kept in its place, and the perpendicular procured, by the aid of a pin. The rest of his dress seemed to be selected from the choicest stores of Monmouth Street, with equal regard to taste and frugality.

The patronage which belongs to the office of lord chief justice is considerable: the members of Lord Kenyon's own family were naturally the first objects of it. In extending it to others, it was sparingly bestowed. It embraced two persons only, to any extent, of whom I have heard, Mr. Jones, whom he made Marshal of the King's Bench, and Mr. Parry, whom he appointed Clerk of the Errors. The latter had been his clerk. They were both deserving men. His immediate dependents had a claim to his patronage, and it was never abused to unworthy purposes.

In legal knowledge he was excelled by no contemporary judge; his integrity was above suspicion; and his impartiality inflexible, when he suffered his judgment to be uncontrolled by passion. His devoted attention to the

duties of his office was without example. Possessing these valuable endowments, his mode of administering justice was such as rendered him highly unpopular. To the junior part of the Bar he was unencouraging and ungracious; to those more advanced in the profession, assuming and offensive. An irregular application made to him by the former, though it proceeded from inexperience only, was received without the indulgence which was due to it; if made by the latter, it was refused with contumely. He had a kind of phosphoric temper, which was ignited by the most trifling circumstance. If a word or a sentence escaped from a counsel not quite in accordance with his opinion, his temper blazed into a flame, which could not be got under even by humility. On those occasions he gave loose to an unchecked effusion of intemperate expression; and his language was not at all times chastened by the strict rules of good breeding.

He had no favourite at the Bar, but dealt offence around him with the most indiscriminate impartiality, with the exception of the late Lord Ellenborough, then Sir Edward Law. He seemed to have selected him for the purpose of indignity, and to raise in his person an object on which to vent his spleen, which was frequently redundant. At the period to which I allude, Sir Edward Law was attorney-general of England, and a man of no common attainments. He possessed a compass of mind far beyond Lord Kenyon: talents to which his bore no proportion, and learning to which he had no pretensions. These, as well as the office which he filled, gave him a claim to the highest respect, and entitled him to the highest attention. To him Lord Kenyon was uniformly assuming, arrogant, and overbearing. The Bar saw with astonishment the indignities which were daily heaped on him by the Chief Justice. He was accustomed to affect a total indifference to any thing addressed to the court by the attorney-general, or if he noticed it, it was to bestow on it a more explicit mark of contempt. The language in which he addressed him was not that of a judge to a member of the Bar, but delivered in the chiding or mandatory tone of a pedagogue to his pupil. He wished by a sneer to convey the impression that he considered him as unworthy of attention, and by that means to lower

him in general estimation and in public opinion.

The motives which actuated Lord Kenyon to adopt this steady course of persevering offence, I never heard accounted for: the object wholly failed. It produced no other effect than to shew the impotence of rank and situation to crush the energies of talent, or impede the legitimate progress of abilities to the attainment of high station. The profession did that justice to the attorney-general's merits which Lord Kenyon had denied to him. They looked with anxiety to the due appreciation of them from that quarter with whom alone it rests to confer reward, and to raise merit to distinction. The appointment of Sir Edward Law, with the title of Lord Ellenborough, to be successor to Lord Kenyon, was hailed with proud satisfaction by the Bar; and the taking of his seat on the bench of that court, from whence he had so often received indignity, was greeted by every member who belonged to it.

Lord Kenyon's friends endeavoured to palliate this absence of all courtesy in his conduct as a judge, by attributing it to a natural infirmity of temper which he could not subdue, and a constitutional irritability which he could not control. They were equally anxious to set off against its demerits certain private virtues which they represented him to possess. I feel no disposition to call his moral character or his virtues into question, nor to dispute his title to the whole cardinal catalogue. Far as my opinion has any weight, he shall have its testimony of his title to them all. To that of *temperance* he had an indisputable claim, recognised by all the world; his *justice* was above all reproach; his *fortitude* was displayed in the towering contempt for public opinion, which sneered at his parsimony, and "rated his honest gains" with the reproachful name of avarice; while the valuable purposes to which he applied them, in the great extent of wealth which he bequeathed to his family, leaves his title to *prudence* out of the reach of all question. But has custom prescribed no rules for the exercise of these virtues? Does the possession of them sanction the breach of the settled forms of well-regulated society? Does it warrant the neglect of one of its settled duties, that of

respect to those whose station and rank give them a claim to it? Could it afford consolation to the wounded spirit of Sir Edward Law, that it was the infliction of a man of many virtues, but in the bead-roll of which, feeling and liberality towards him were not to be found?

Lord Kenyon possessed a singular quickness of apprehension, a most retentive memory, and an unequalled promptness of decision. At *nisi prius*, he never brought a book into court with him to refer to,—a practice not unusual with other judges on the bench. The extent, as well as the arrangement, of his legal knowledge required no such assistance. His decisions, though hastily formed, were almost without exception correct, and remain as good law to this day. I have before had occasion to observe the supercilious reception which he gave to the opinions of the other judges; it was not that merely of neglect—it bordered on contempt. He predominated over them with high ascendancy. They very rarely differed from him; if they did, their opinions were received with a coldness which stooped not to reply, or if noticed were accompanied with angry observation. He was irritated by contradiction, and impatient even of an expression of doubt of the infallible rectitude of what he had delivered as his opinion. When in the case of *Haycraft v. Creasy*,* which was an action on the case of deceit for giving a false character of a party's credit, and the other judges held that *mala fides* was necessary to be proved in the defendant to enable the plaintiff to maintain an action,—a decision contrary to what Lord Kenyon had ruled at the trial,—he broke out on the bench with this angry ejaculation, "Good God! what injustice have I hitherto been doing!" It was visible to every person in court, that it was not uttered in the penitent voice of regret for any injustice which he might involuntarily have done from a mistake of the law, but in the querulous tone of disappointed pride, from finding that the other judges had presumed to think for themselves, and to question the supremacy of his opinion.

His information derived from books did not appear to be general. His reading seemed to have been confined

* 2 East. Rep. 92.



Walworth

to those of his profession. He was, however, fond of using Latin phrases, but they were such as set all classical taste and learning at defiance. He either coined, or quoted them from some book the author of which was unknown or unheard of by any man of letters, or to which such a man would never seek to have access or to consult. He blended into all his speeches these intrusive scraps of Latin, and quoted them with merciless profusion and deplorable want of taste. The quotations always raised a smile from the educated part of the Bar. It was putting off the base coin of the language—English words plated with Latin. He introduced into the court a set of phrases of spurious Latinity, as barbarous as they were novel, and the Bar, with an accommodating sacrifice of taste, embodied them into their vocabulary. When he wished to express his opinion that the established rules of practice should not be departed from, it was embellished with the figurative recommendation of the propriety, "*Stare super antiquas vias.*" There was no principle of law which he did not garnish, when brought out, with a shred of Latin: he was never at loss for that favourite ornament; he coined an appropriate adage with wonderful facility, and clothed it in Latin of his own manufacture. His varied expression of respect for ancient authorities was proof of the fertility of his genius for that task. His praise of the wisdom of former decisions was not confined to the quotation before given, but was abbreviated into the convenient form of *stare decisis*,—equally classical and expressively appropriate. In ruling a point at *nisi prius*, where he held that a party who bid for a lot at an auction should be at liberty to recall it and retract his bidding; by a poetical license of changing time into place, the learned judge expressed it by giving the bidder, as he classically termed it, a *locus penitentiae*. There is some latitude in the use of the former of these words; but the *locus penitentiae* always appeared to me to be barbarous, and to present the idea rather of the penitentiary at Milbank, than to describe a mere simple operation of the mind. But the "*melius est petere fontes, quam sectari rivos,*" left in the background all his other celebrated Latin quotations: this was adopted by him on every occasion, and adapted with unvarying applica-

tion to every case. It was an ornament which suited every dress, and, like to that of the learned lord himself, was used till it was threadbare.

What merit the other members of the profession may find, and what praises bestow on the erudition or taste of Lord Kenyon, they must decide for themselves: I was doomed to hear the reiterated repetition of these quotations with wearied disgust. I presume that they possessed all the merit of original composition, as he never indulged in the quotation of any passage from a classical Latin author.

It was the influence of his last favourite quotation, the anxiety "*petere fontes,*" that set him upon a determined scrutiny into all the abuses in the court over which he had come to preside; and the praise must not be withheld from him of a wish to reform them. He therefore thought that it was necessary to search for the source from whence they sprung. He charitably attributed them to the attorneys who practised in that court. The idea was illiberal, was unfounded, and unjust. The object was laudable; but the means resorted to attain it were loaded with oppression. The existence of delinquency was too often assumed without sufficient proof; too often was investigation set on foot without deliberation, and prosecuted without temper. Complaints against attorneys were received, welcomed, and encouraged, from whatever quarter they came, or from whatever motives they originated.

It would be unjust to impute it to Lord Kenyon, that in instituting these proceedings against attorneys, he was actuated by any malignant feeling against the individual. There was no ground for any such imputation. For the misconduct of a few of its lowest members, he had denounced, without distinction, the whole tribe of that honourable profession. His object was to purify it by the removal or punishment of those members whose conduct had degraded or practice had disgraced it. His hatred of dishonest practices had lit up a flame of indignation in his breast, but it was an *ignis fatuus* which led him into error. He gave too easy credit to accusation, and formed an opinion before he suffered his judgment to cool. He decided when under the influence of a heated temper, and often punished with unreflecting severity.

The effect of this intemperate mode of administering justice, my memory recalls with painful recollection in the case of a Mr. Lawless. He was an attorney, one of my earliest friends and clients, and an honourable member of that profession. He was involved in the general and groundless proscription of the day. Correctness of conduct was then no shield against accusation; nor could character afford protection against perjury. Complaint was made to the court against him for some imputed misconduct, grounded on an affidavit which the event shewed was a mass of falsehood and misrepresentation; but it being on oath, and the charges serious, it was thought sufficient to entitle the party applying to a rule to shew cause why Mr. Lawless should not answer the matters of the affidavit. He could have no opportunity of answering them till he was served with the rule, and had obtained copies of the affidavits on which it was granted. Natural justice would point out, and the practice of the court was conformable to it, that he should be heard in answer to them before he was convicted. For that purpose a day is given by the rule, on which the party is to shew cause, during which time every thing is considered as suspended. This indulgence was refused to Mr. Lawless, though the rule was obtained on an *ex parte* statement, before any opportunity was afforded to him to answer the charges, or to be heard in his defence. Lord Kenyon, in addition to the common form of the court's assent to the application, which is in these words, addressed to the counsel, "Take a rule to shew cause," added, "*and let Mr. Lawless be suspended from practising until the rule is disposed of.*" He happened to be present in court when this unexampled judgment was pronounced, and heard the sentence which led to his ruin; he rose in a state of most bitter agitation: "My lord, I entreat you to recall that judgment—the charge is wholly unfounded—suspension will lead to my ruin—I have eighty causes now in my office." What was Lord Kenyon's reply to this supplicatory appeal to him? "So much the worse for your

clients, who have employed such a man. You shall remain suspended until the court decides on the rule."

The rule came on to be heard at a future day, after the affidavits on the part of Mr. Lawless were filed. The charges against him were found to be wholly without foundation, and the rule against him was accordingly discharged. Mr. Lawless was in consequence restored to his profession, but not to his character or peace of mind. He sunk under the unmerited disgrace, and died of a broken heart.*

These are defects in the legal character of Lord Kenyon, for which the possession of private virtues can hardly be allowed as sufficient to atone. An unchecked irritability of temper overruled his better feelings, or the exercise of virtues which he might have had in his heart. He punished with rigour, and deceived himself with the belief, that in doing so he was offering up a sacrifice to morality and virtue. This is not an uncommon error with some of the best men, and is alluded to in those lines of Pope—

"At half mankind when generous Manly
raves—
All know his virtues—he believes them
knaves."

Pope's *Moral Essay*, l. 57.

Retirement and abstraction from society have a powerful effect on our temper, and influence on our manners. They necessarily exclude all knowledge of the world; and those whose lives are so spent form mistaken views of moral perfection. Seclusion, too, is apt to generate morose habits and an intolerant spirit, from disappointment in finding the human character fall very short of what their visions represented that it ought to be: the relenting allowance for the faults and frailties of our nature finds little room in their breasts. Lord Kenyon lay under the imputation of austerity and narrowness of mind, as proceeding from those causes; and it was said that on one occasion, in the House of Lords, Lord Grosvenor bestowed on him the appellation of a civil monk. His ideas of rectitude, however, were strictly moral, but visionary and extravagant. He had

* Poetry is not always fiction. I never thought of the fate of poor Lawless, without the lines of Virgil forcing themselves on my recollection—

"Grossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatur auditque."

VIRG. *Æneid*. vi. l. 566.

chalked out a course to direct his own conduct, and in which he expected others to follow him, but to which it was impossible to conform, and impracticable to pursue. He had formed schemes of reformation fitted only for the closet, and which could never be realised by those engaged in the pursuits of active life.

Among the qualities most commendatory in society, hospitality holds a distinguished place. Whatever opinion Lord Kenyon might hold of its abstract virtues, he did not think it necessary to put it in practice. The habits which were connected with his private life or his domestic arrangements, though I hold them to be unfit objects for public animadversion, were not suffered by the world to pass unobserved. This is only excusable, or to be tolerated, when it serves to throw some light on a public character.

The usage of the higher orders of society, and of those in public situations, had made the keeping of a handsome table, and the giving occasional entertainments, to be considered as a necessary charge on their establishments. The judges were not expected to give official dinners; but it had been and is usual with some of the judges of assize, to entertain, at their private tables, the members of that circuit which they were about to go. This, though an act of voluntary courtesy in the judge, as it tended to promote that friendly intercourse which at all times has subsisted between the Bar and the Bench, has since grown into a custom. Lord Kenyon did not think it necessary to adopt or conform to it. The prudential reasons which might have influenced him to come to that resolution, no one had a right to more than guess at. He repudiated all circuit claims on his hospitality; and he banished what, no doubt, he deemed were prodigal demands which they raised on his liberality, and which he therefore refused to recognise.

His style of living was keenly remarked on from every quarter, as unbecoming the dignity of his situation. Parsimony was said to shut the door, and Avarice to bar it. His frugality was sneeringly praised as exemplary, as it consulted the health of the guests by guarding against excess, and as it accommodated itself to the liberality of the host, who venerated moderation. The justice of this observation is fully

borne out by the anecdote before given in the character of Cowper (*ante*, p. 230). This was the remark of daily conversation; and the appearance of the learned lord's dwelling-house did not tend to shake the justice of the conjecture. It was the large and lofty house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was lately the Verulam club-house. The windows of it were of an unusual shape, and seemed to have been unvisited by the glazier, to let in the light on its dusty panels, for half a century. That, and the unusual height of the house, added to the gloom which enveloped its appearance, recalled Pope's description of the miser's mansion—

“Like some lone Chartreuse stood the
good old hall;
Silence without, and fasts within the
wall.”

The appropriate accuracy of the last line was not disputed; but it was more extensively embellished with the unholy allusion to the liturgy and the temper of the noble owner, “that it was Lent in the kitchen, and Passion-week in the parlour.”

To such seclusion from society, it was observed, Lord Kenyon had devoted himself, that he seemed to have forgotten its common forms in the intercourse among persons of any rank, and the usage and customs of modern life. It was reported of him, that after Lady Kenyon had been introduced at court, and had so become entitled to be admitted into the circle of ladies of rank, one of that number, either warranted by fashion or for a joke, under pretence of leaving her card, drove up to Lord Kenyon's house about ten o'clock at night. The footmen carried flambeaux; and when the coach stopped at the door, gave the knock in the usual style, which is not a very gentle one. The noble lord had just retired to his bed-room, when, hearing his knocker give the tremendous alarm, he started from his bed, and seeing the lights of the flambeaux, he mistook the lady's carriage for an engine, and the servants for firemen. Without giving himself time to look round him; with his usual impatience of temper, and in great wrath, he threw up the sash, and at the highest pitch of his voice roared out, “Begone, you rascals!—begone instantly! There is no fire in this house;—we want none of your engines!” The lady's coach-

man humoured the reproof, and relieved his apprehension by driving away.

Lord Kenyon was a man of religious habits, and properly discountenanced any light allusion, in a speech or conversation, to the Bible, or to the service of the church. I recollect the ludicrous but unexpected reception which a member of the circuit met with on telling him the following anecdote of Lord Chief Baron Yelverton, of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland; I think it was my excellent and much-lamented friend Nolan, who was a native of that country. He was a man of the purest morals, not wanting in religious feelings, but who did not carry his sentiments of strict discipline as far as the learned lord. He seemed to think that an anecdote of an Irish judge would afford some amusement to the Chief Justice, but he unluckily happened to mistake the character of the tale which suited his taste, and so hit upon one not quite in accordance with his sentiments, on subjects connected with the church. He addressed himself to Lord Kenyon with the seeming anticipation of the mirthful effect which it would produce, by telling him that Lord Chief Baron Yelverton once went a Lent circuit, and one of the assize towns happened to be where one of his college contemporaries was beneficed. The reverend gentleman, anxious to make a display of his zeal and talents, and at the same time to shew his respect for the Chief Baron, asked permission from the sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judges, and his request was granted. It was in the month of March, and the weather was intensely cold. The sermon was immensely long, and the Chief Baron most annoyingly chilled. When the service was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit, seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, came to the judge rubbing his hands, full of the joyful expectation of thanks for his discourse, and gratulation for the excellence of its matter and delivery. "Well, my lord," says he, "how do you like the sermon?" "Wonderfully, my dear friend," replied Yelverton; "it was like 'the peace of God—it passed all understanding;' and, like his mercy, I thought 'it would have endured for ever.'" This jocular narrative was chilled by hearing Lord

Kenyon, in an under-tone, pronounce the words, "Very immoral."

His acquaintance with law books was as extensive, as that of mankind was circumscribed. It was not confined to any one branch of the profession, but embraced them all. In common law, equity, and conveyancing, he was equally well informed. His practice at the Bar, during the greater part of his professional life, had been confined to a court of equity; but he seemed to have a partiality for a court of law, where he ended it. In a case which came before him in the King's Bench, it was found to be cognisable only in a court of equity: "You must go into Chancery for redress," said Lord Kenyon; "*abi in malam rem.*" This anecdote of him was mentioned by Lord Eldon, in the debate on the Chancery Judges' Bill in the House of Lords, and was stated in the papers to have been delivered with some asperity, as an illiberal reflection on that court in which he had practised and presided so long.* His knowledge of equity furnished him with a stock of the decisions of its courts, which he brought with him into the King's Bench, the sound principles of which he applied with unerring judgment to the practice of the common law. These formed many of the important points ruled by him at *non prous*, and which, though pronounced without premeditation, have stood the revision of all succeeding judges, and received their approbation and adoption.

I have now finished the character of Lord Kenyon. The detail is far from being gratifying to me, as there is more to censure than to praise. But there is nothing in it to touch his moral character, nor a sentence which the fair spirit of biography would not, I hope, warrant, and in the honest spirit of which it is written. His rank was the attainment of his own merit—his wealth of his own acquiring; but to the accumulation of it he sacrificed too deeply. Born but to a slender fortune, in the beginning of his life attention to expense might have been necessary, and economy a duty. But, in the exercise of that economy, he practised an offensive parsimony, without disguise, apology, or necessity. "The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, grew first

* As Master of the Rolls.

ridiculous, and then detestable; but his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach on his virtue." This last sentence is Dr. Johnson's character of Dean Swift, in his *Lives of the Poets*. It is strongly applicable to Lord Kenyon, except as to the use of the word *detestable*, to which I wholly object, as without foun-

dation or truth. His parsimony was untinged with any base alloy; nor was it ever attributed to him that he added one shilling to his fortune by unworthy or dishonourable means.

He died in Hilary vacation 1802, and was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough.

MINGAY.

During the period that Lord Kenyon presided in the court of King's Bench, Mingay held a considerable share of the lead. He had been the contemporary of Erskine on the Home-circuit, and a competitor with him there and in Westminster Hall of no inconsiderable pretensions. He owed much of his success in his profession to his personal deportment and to the popularity of his manners. He was a tall and handsome man; his address was warm and friendly, accompanied by an appearance of frankness highly conciliatory. These created a prejudice in his favour, which he improved by familiarity, and gained by them many clients. In doing business, he was warm and earnest, but coarse and unmannered; and his speeches were wholly void of point, arrangement, or taste. In the lead of causes of little importance, such as trifling assaults or actions for words, he had a happy mode of turning them into ridicule; and was therefore in such cases peculiarly successful in reducing the amount of the damages. This gained him a low and unenviable popularity. In his cross-examination of witnesses, he was rude without acuteness; his language was lavishly loud, menacing, and discordant, without being intimidating, so as to produce any effect but to offend.

His outset in his profession was unpromising, from his circumstances being limited and his connexions obscure. The improvement in the former, which he owed to the friendship and benevolence of the Duke of Grafton, was said not to have been repaid with corresponding gratitude. He was the son of a surgeon at Thetford, the person mentioned in Wilson's *Reports* as the defendant in the case of *Buxton v. Mingay*, in which the question was, whether a surgeon was an inferior tradesman, on whom even a qualification in point of estate would not confer a title to kill game;—a question now set at rest by a

recent statute, which abolishes all qualification in point of estate, or as arising from title.

Mingay, when a boy, and living with his father in Thetford, had had the misfortune to have one of his arms torn off by the wheel of a mill. An account of this accident having come to the knowledge of the Duke of Grafton, to whom the borough of Thetford then belonged: from motives of humanity, and feeling for the misfortune, the effect of which might be to prevent his engaging in the active pursuits of life, he took him under his protection, educated him at his own expense, sent him to Cambridge, and brought him to the Bar. His friendship even then was said not to have been wearied, but that he had got him a small sinecure place in the customs, which he enjoyed till he obtained a considerable share of business at the Bar. Indebted to the Duke of Grafton for support, for profession, and for fortune, he repaid it, as was asserted, by a course of conduct of which every man of honour will hear with disgust. When Mingay had risen to considerable eminence in his profession, and was enjoying all the honours and emoluments which it conferred—all which he owed to the friendship of the Duke of Grafton—a vacancy happened to take place for the representation in parliament of the borough of Thetford; for this Mingay offered himself as a candidate, in opposition to the interest of his patron and protector. Conduct so much at variance with honour, with principle, and with gratitude, drew on him the eyes of every member of the profession. No men possess a higher sense of honour than the Bar. Whether it proceeded from that cause or not, I cannot take upon me to assert, but that Mingay from that time held a very low rank in public or professional estimation, could not escape the most unobservant. He appeared as if driven from the ranks of his equals, for he seemed to have

no intimates from among the members of his own profession. His society appeared to be confined to that of his clerk, with whom he appeared to associate on a footing of the most perfect equality, and of a grocer who kept a shop in the Strand. These were seen, on all occasions, in public as his only associates and only friends. My observation of the character of Mingay confirmed an idea which I have always entertained, that he who is wanting in principle will be found equally wanting in spirit. Coward feeling was soon discovered to be an attribute of Mingay. He received respect from no one, and indignity from many. Among the latter, was Sir Vicary Gibbs distinguished. From him he bore indignity with submission, and insult without resentment. Of these I have been an astonished witness.

His manner of addressing a jury had nothing to recommend it but the zeal with which he advocated his client's cause, and the anxiety which he shewed for its success. It was a vehement and boisterous effusion of observations brought together without order, divested of all ornament, and delivered without grace. He affected no display of taste in matter or arrangement. No choice of language, nor harmony in the construction of his sentences, ever entered into his contemplation; much less did he, until a very late period, ever aspire to the dignity of a quotation. The period to which I allude was when he could not avoid observing how much that style of speaking, adopted by Erskine, had rendered him popular, nor feeling the effect which his delivery of it produced. He seemed then to adopt an anxiety to pursue the same road to fame, and to inoculate his barren style with the blossoms of poetry. Shakespeare appeared to him to be the author from whom the happiest allusions might be borrowed, and the most appropriate quotations drawn. His ambition was, however, but badly seconded by taste, and his vanity was uncorrected by judgment. He therefore surprised us on one occasion, not more by hearing him quote Shakespeare, than at the passage which he had selected to display the extent of his reading and the chastity of his taste. It was in an assault cause he first essayed to introduce it; and the play which his

fancy had fixed on from whence the quotation was to be drawn, was *Romeo and Juliet*. In that play some of the most beautiful passages of Shakespeare are to be found; but that on which he fastened was the scene between the servants of the Capulets and the Montagues. These he fancifully transmuted into plaintiffs and defendants, and then quoted their polished dialogue as Shakespeare has given it, and which he had carefully committed to memory for the occasion:

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 1.

Erskine, who knew his character for spirit and courage, hearing the quotation, turned round to us who sat behind him: "I could help Mingay," says he, "to a quotation much more appropriate, and in his own way, from the same play. What do you think of this:

Sampson. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike!"

Act I. Sc. 1.

With the exception of this quotation, though I was in the daily habit of hearing him speak, I never knew him attempt any other poetic flight. But the "biting of the thumb" found its way into every assault cause in which he was engaged, and formed part of the embellishment of every address to the jury where it happened to be the subject.

Mingay never exhibited any marks of wit or propensity to humour; but he furnished Erskine with opportunities without end for the exercise of his fantastical and lively imagination. In an action against a stable-keeper for not "taking proper care of a horse, which had been put to stand at livery with him, and his value much diminished in consequence of the bad treatment he had received, which was stated to have proceeded from his not furnishing proper provender,—"The horse," said Mingay, who led for the plaintiff, "was turned into a stable, with nothing to eat but musty hay in the rack. To such feeding the horse demurred."—"He should have gone to the country,"* said Erskine.

* This is a mere legal pun, and unintelligible to those not in the profession, but an explanation; which here would be tedious and uninteresting.

As a leader at *nisi prius*, he was unpopular with the junior part of the profession. He made no allowance for inexperience: shewed no wish to conceal or soften down its defects, nor felt pleasure in putting pretensions of untried merit in the best light. If his junior in a cause did not put a question to a witness in such terms as he himself would use, and its phrase did not quite agree with his own, he was rudely taken from the counsel who had him then under examination,

and examined by himself. This course, so injurious to the younger part of the Bar, was deeply felt and justly resented, as having never been attempted by any leader but himself.

His business fell off considerably in the latter part of his life; and the little general estimation in which he was held at the Bar was too plain not to be observed. He retired from the profession, and went to reside in Norfolk, where he died, but not for some years after his retirement.

MR. JUSTICE HEATH.

With the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, or Barons of the Exchequer, the members of the King's Bench Bar had little intercourse. It was confined to occasional meetings at *nisi prius* or on the circuit. The home-circuit, from the circumstance of its being the shortest and nearest to London, was generally taken by the seniors of the puisne judges, whom old age or ill health rendered unequal, or whose habits indisposed them, to the fatigues of a long journey. Of this number, in my time, were Judges Gould and Heath from the Common Pleas, and Lord Chief Baron Macdonald and Baron Hotham from the Exchequer. Mr. Justice Gould was nearly superannuated when I first went the circuit, and died soon after I had joined it. Mr. Justice Heath was almost invariably one of the judges who went the circuit for very many years. I had the good fortune to practise before him. He was in some measure considered as identified with its members, and was with them equally an object of attachment and respect. He was a most able lawyer, of deep and extensive reading, and of the soundest judgment. He affected no parade of judicial dignity, nor assumption from his station. Plain and unassuming, his whole mind was bent upon business, from which nothing could divert his attention. When a cause before him was called on, with almost immovable taciturnity, and with his eyes close to the paper on which he wrote, he took down the evidence of the witnesses as they appeared before him. He never broke in upon their examination by observation or comment; but a powerful discernment soon enabled him to make up his mind; and when he asked the question, addressing himself to the counsel against whose

case the weight of evidence appeared to bear, "Well, Mr. —, what do you say to this?" we knew the opinion which he had formed, and that it was not easily shaken, and submitted to it without contest. We knew the depth of his learning and the solidity of his judgment.

He heard every objection taken, or point raised on matter of law, in the course of the cause, without interruption, and with exemplary patience. He pronounced his opinion on them with promptness and precision; and the correctness of the points which he ruled was such, that in the course of so many years I do not recollect one in which he was found to have given a misdirection to a jury. Their accuracy could only be equalled by the brevity with which they were delivered; though it must be allowed that they possessed little of the graces of diction or delivery. His language was unstudied, and his voice harsh and indistinct.

I revered the character of this learned judge, and always listened to him with profound attention. The ideas which I formed of it were the result of observation on his mode of administering justice during the very long period of his going the circuit. He was an admirable judge of human nature, and scanned with great depth of discernment the motives, the partialities, and prejudices, of those who were called as witnesses before him. He addressed no observations to them

while under examination; but he never failed to make them to the jury, as they affected the credit due to their testimony. He seemed never to overlook an inaccuracy, nor to let a contradiction escape him. They were observed upon in the plainest language, which detracted nothing from their effect; they were unencumbered with

distinctions, and delivered in the fewest words which our language could furnish, but their accuracy was unequalled.

As a criminal judge, Mr. Justice Heath possessed in a superior degree the talent of seeing into the true characters of those whom he had to try. He drew the just distinction between settled depravity in the commission of crime, and what was unmarked by habitual delinquency. To the former he was inflexibly severe, to the latter lenient and merciful. He held the mawkish or affected feelings of those who were for the indiscriminate abolishing of capital punishments, in all cases where the offence was against private property only, in great contempt. For what purpose, he would say, were laws made but for its protection? Severity in him proceeded not from a want of merciful feeling, but from a firm conviction of its necessity, to guard against the commission of crime. That there are those in society upon whom nothing short of the fear of death can have effect or deter from the perpetration of crime, was the sound, the deliberate, and well-formed opinion of that excellent judge, I feel no difficulty in asserting.

I sat next to him, at an assize at Maidstone, at the circuit-table. It was at the time that Sir Samuel Romilly's acts were depending before parliament. The effect of them was much canvassed, and serious doubts raised whether it would not be to strip the criminal code of the country of the only sanction by which it could be enforced,—punishment by death. It became the subject of conversation. "Mr. ——" said the learned judge to me, "Sir Samuel Romilly is endeavouring to make a great change in our criminal law, by abolishing capital punishments. I do not approve of it; they cannot be dispensed with; and I'll give you a proof of the necessity and effect of them.

"At one time the robbing of bleach-grounds had grown to a great extent, almost ruinous to the manufacturers and the proprietors of the grounds. It had arisen to that pitch, that the thieves had been known to bring down a waggon, and to have swept off at once the whole of the goods on the bleaching-ground. The law as it then stood was unequal to the protection of the proprietors of the grounds, and it became necessary to apply to parlia-

ment for redress. An act was accordingly passed (stat. 51. Geo. III. ch. 51) for the purpose, making the robbing of bleach-grounds a capital felony. At the next assizes for Surrey, after the passing of it, three men were indicted before me for robbing a bleach-green at Croydon. They were capitally convicted: I hanged them all. There was no more robbing of bleach-greens afterwards in Surrey."

That Mr. Justice Heath, in carrying into effect the extreme sentence of the law, never lost sight of that sound principle, that it should be with a view to the prevention of crime, and to deter from its commission, the following case, and the good effects resulting from that view which he took of the mode of inflicting it, will shew.

A gang of robbers had taken up their head-quarters in the woods at Shooter's Hill. They were men of the most desperate and determined character; their depredations were extensive, and carried on with a daring which seemed to set the laws wholly at defiance. The neighbourhood was kept in a continual state of alarm, from the sanguinary course which they pursued, that of firing into carriages before they stopped them. To that system of plunder two persons had fallen victims, a Captain Nesbitt, master of an Indianaman, and an innkeeper from Rochester, who were shot in their chaises on their road to London. These were crimes of no slender enormity. The whole of the gang were however at last apprehended, and tried before Mr. Justice Heath at Maidstone. They were four in number, and all were capitally convicted. He was applied to, and pressed to have them hung in chains near the place where their crimes had been committed, by reason of their enormity, and for the sake of example. He refused the application, and expressed his dislike of that mode of punishment as uncivilised and unchristianlike, adding, that it should never make part of a punishment ordered by him. He said, however, that he would make their punishment as awful and as exemplary as he could. This he carried into effect, by ordering the four convicts to be conveyed in mourning coaches from the gaol at Maidstone to the foot of Shooter's Hill, and a place of execution to be chosen as near as possible to the spot where the murders had been committed, and then

to suffer death on a gallows to be erected there for the purpose. The distance from Maidstone to this spot was nearly thirty miles, through a populous part of the country, and the sight to the people was novel and appalling. They gathered as the mournful procession moved on from every part of the road; and when it arrived at the place of execution, the crowd exceeded all calculation. In the sight of these the prisoners suffered death. The learned judge had formed a proper estimate of the effect which a public execution would, under such circumstances, have on public opinion. The distance through which the parade of death was made, brought before the eyes of thousands the consequences of crime and the awful certainty of punishment which awaited it. From that time the neighbourhood was freed from the terrors of that violence and rapine which, before were of almost nightly commission, and continued for many years without any occurrence of their heinous description.

The principle upon which the infliction of the punishment of death is justified is, that its object is example; and to deter from the commission of crime, will be found in every moral writer of every nation,—nay, in the text of holy writ itself: it is part of the laws of England, adopted into its criminal code, and administered with unexampled caution and great lenity. It is a matter, therefore, of curious, but at the same time of serious reflection, to contrast the opinion of this wise and learned judge with those of modern law-makers, and to observe how his has been confirmed by time and experience. With a thorough knowledge of human nature, and an acquaintance with every shade of the human character, drawn from a source the best qualified to afford the best information on the subject—his experience as a judge; he came to the conclusion of the absolute necessity of capital punishment to give effect to the law. That sound, that well-formed opinion has been impugned, and sought to be sacrificed to speculative notions as to the rights of man in society, to affected humanity, ill-judged lenity, and mistaken mercy. With every respect for the memory of Sir Samuel Romilly, with whom for some years of my life I lived in intimacy, the Acts which he caused

to be passed did much mischief: they brought on an unnecessary discussion on the criminal code of the country, and procured the repeal of laws the severity of which was never enforced; and of these his views were known to be confined to the repeal of those possessing more of the character of civil injury than of crime. His object was to remove from the text of our criminal code statutes holding out threats of punishment, but which desuetude had deprived of terror, and to which, as a matter of course, the mercy of the crown was sure to be extended, should conviction in any case take place. But a sect having sprung up who represented every law against licentiousness, conspiracy, and disorder, as a violation of natural liberty and a restraint on its rights, and those to protect persons or property as oppressive and unwarrantable, as all property ought to be held in common; a doctrine which they nourished and contemplated to put in force;—to them impunity held out its most seductive views, and presented an object by every means to be attained: it enabled offenders to take measure of crime, and to calculate how near they might approximate death without fear. The name of Sir Samuel Romilly was assumed as the head of this sect, and his authority given as sanctioning the abolition of all capital punishments. The moderation of his views was overlooked, and his success in procuring the repeal of some statutes urged as a reason for extending the abolition to them all. These dangerous doctrines were propagated with unwearied zeal and unabating perseverance; they made proselytes of the weak, and added to their number those whom poverty and want of principle made all systems of government equally indifferent. They gave to their success in making such converts the impudent title of “the March of Intellect,” and founded on it a claim to reform the constitution and the church. But ask any man in England, of the smallest observation, what improvement in morals has taken place, and what effect the prospect of a total repeal of the laws inflicting capital punishment has had on the people? Has the effect of lenity, and the repeal of some of the criminal laws, been to reconcile the people to obedience to them? Has the effect of them been to diminish crime, or has it not increased

it to a fearful extent? Have the cells of Newgate* been less crowded than before? or does the gaol-calendar fill fewer pages of paper? No! He must be weakly credulous, or wholly unobservant, who does not feel that these outcasts of society, who have been nurtured in crime, when undeterred by the fear of death, view all lesser punishments without dread. Yet it is for men such as these the pity of the people is to be roused,—for whom the newspapers put forth their diurnal complaints, in strains so incessant and urgent, as would almost make the reader suspect that the editor meditated the commission of some heavy offence, and contemplated an escape from punishment by a repeal of the law which inflicted it.

The wisdom and experience of Mr. Justice Heath foresaw the effect of impunity for crime; and his conviction of the indispensable necessity of holding out the terror of death, as the only efficient sanction to the code of criminal law, was an opinion which he always maintained; and, with the manliness of thinking which belonged to him, on every occasion gave without

qualification or reserve. Those sentiments did not suit the false and canting philosophy of the day. The admonitory advice of one of our oldest and ablest lawyers was insolently disregarded; the ancient and long-recognised doctrine of the *Institutio majorum servare* was no longer orthodox, but was forced to give way to the more enlightened views of modern law-makers—a body self-constituted, of uneducated and unlettered men, taken from lanes and alleys in the metropolis—from shops and stalls; philosophers from slaughter-houses, and statesmen from the gaming-table; but all united in the patriotic desire to subvert every institution of the country, and to make their own ignorance of every thing requisite for legislation the standard of reform.

Of such men was that sect composed which sprung up in the days of Mr. Burke, whose baseness he exposed and whose dangerous folly he derided:

"They have," says he, "no respect for the wisdom of others; but they pay it off by a very full measure of confidence in their own: with them, it is sufficient to destroy an old scheme of things, be-

* From the period when I first heard the sentiments of Mr. Justice Heath, I was confirmed in the opinion which I had always entertained on the important subject of the punishment of death for crimes, by finding it accord with that of a man of his consummate wisdom and experience. These I have just now given. My attention has, however, been called to a recent article published in this Magazine, headed "The Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate." It is ably written, and without directly advocating the repeal of the laws which inflict the punishment of death, has powerfully recommended it, by pointing out the defects and abuses in the mode of administering criminal justice, and suggesting banishment for life as a mode of punishment equally efficacious to deter from crime, and divested of its cruelty. The opinions of the author (a man evidently of strong mind and sound observation) are not founded on speculative and visionary views of morality, or weak ones of mercy; but upon facts which have fallen under his own view, and been the subject of no shallow reflection. The conclusions to which he comes are calculated to present a new view on a most important subject, and are worthy the perusal of every member of society; and I feel the strongest inclination to join in them.

To adopt the example of Him "who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live," is a doctrine of Christianity in which all must coincide. The infliction of the punishment of death is justified only by necessity, to afford protection to those living in society, by repressing by fear the indulgence of the dangerous passions of the profligate and vicious. This principle is the leading one in the very being of society. The sensible author of "The Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate" does not attempt to combat it, but tries to attain its object by having recourse to means short of death. His object is humane—is moral and politically wise. Those who have been the inmates of prisons for crimes, those who have witnessed the hardened feelings of their companions whom they found there become so polluted in mind, that a return to honesty or good conduct rarely, if ever, takes place. It is wise, therefore, to send them out of the country, as with each individual a certain quantum of vice is exported from it.

To those whose duty it is to watch the police of the country, and to improve the laws for the protection of life and property, this article will be found highly meriting their most serious perusal. It forms a paper in the Magazine for June 1832.

cause it is an old one. As to the new, they are in no sort of fear with regard to the duration of a building run up in haste; because destruction is no object to them, who think little or nothing has been done before their time, and who place all their hopes in discovery. They conceive, very systematically, that all things which give perpetuity are mischievous; and therefore are in inexorable war with all establishments. They always speak as if they were of opinion, that there is a singular species of compact between them and their magistrates, which has nothing reciprocal in it; but that the majesty of the people has a right to dissolve it, without any reason but its will. Their attachment to their country itself, is only so far as it agrees with some of their fleeting projects: it begins and ends with that scheme of polity which falls in with their own mo-

mentary opinion."—BURKE'S *Reflections on the French Revolution*, p. 89.

The same spirit which animated the reformers of that day is still in vigour, and walks abroad with the same heated appetite for revolution. But I trust that there is wisdom and spirit enough to crush these dangerous aspirings, and to preserve the spirit of our ancient laws and constitution. The acts of Sir Robert Peel have gone as far as any future enactments can warrant, or the spirit of constitutional legislation go.

Mr. Justice Heath filled the judicial seat of the Common Pleas for very many years: he died in Michaelmas vacation 1815. His life was marked by worth and wisdom, and commensurate regret followed him to his grave.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

No. V.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

I WAS journeying, some twenty years ago, with one of those delightful specimens of the olden time—even then rare, and now, alas! extinct in the world,—who contrived to combine a severity of principle to which all that now usurps the name seems latitudinarian indifference, with a tender and Christian toleration for the weaknesses of humanity which the specious candour now so prevalent only imitates, and “imitates abominably.”

Mrs. Amabel Grey—for my friend was a woman, and a single one—had all the wisdom which seventy years could ripen on the richest of intellectual soils; but then it was chiefly “not of this world,” and therefore the more easily allied with a “charity that thought no evil” while a doubt on the subject could remain, and where incredulity became impossible, set itself stoutly to remove it. She generally acted while others would have been deliberating; and had many a drowning victim of folly or inexperience landed safely on the bank, while less sturdy moralists would have been calculating the perils of the enterprise. I—who, though no novice in age, am, I fear, doomed to remain one in character through life—had myself owed to her a rescue from worse than youthful infatuation; and I was indebted to

the accidental circumstances of the journey to which I have alluded for the recital of a single *rencontre*, in which her mingled tenderness and decision snatched two young creatures from perils not the less formidable for being utterly unknown.

It was somewhat early in the evening of a lovely day in June that my old friend, whose leisurely mode of travelling was at all times adapted to the sober paces and discreet age of her sleek horses and elderly coachman, proposed to me, instead of proceeding in a stage to the great manufacturing town of M—, taking up our night's quarters a little off the great road, at the village inn of T—. “I might pretend,” said she with her wonted mixture of playfulness and honesty, “that I prefer the rustic civility and quiet accommodations of the little primitive hostelry, to the noise and bustle and equivocal cleanliness of M—; but the truth is, that some curious reminiscences connected with it induce me to wish to pass a night at T—, to make up to myself, and the good folks (if alive), for one I defrauded them of some ten years ago; and self-love and vanity are, as usual, at the bottom of the business; for my best action, if difficult and disinterestedness can make one, was performed at

the sign of the 'Hen and Chickens.'

While she yet spoke, the sign in question came swinging in view from among the blushing hawthorns of the village green; and the united prospect of its quiet cup of tea, and of one of Mrs. Amabel's *true stories*, more than reconciled me to the proposed arrangement.

It may not be amiss—in an age when the smoking velocity of the lordly barouche and four, and the yet more fatal rapidity of its unaristocratic substitutes, the stage-coach and steam-packet, have given to "posting," modestly so called, its death-blow, and made Boniface (like Othello) pronounce his "occupation gone,"—to describe a north-of-England village inn, of the happier and less locomotive period of which I write. Its parlour, in which Mrs. Amabel, at the Gothic hour of seven, was comfortably installed for the evening, surrounded by her voluminous travelling requisites, and with a tea equipage before her which *Servants* might outdo in costliness but not in purity, was (to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, as obsolete as the style of travelling which made such comfort indispensable,) "nice as hands could make it;" nor would the most fastidious Turk have hesitated to squat down on the well-brushed carpet which adorned the middle of the apartment, or eat his *pilau* off the beautifully-polished floor, which the scantiness of the carpet aforesaid somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

On a table covered with baize, whose emerald green bespoke utter unconsciousness of dust, glittered specimens, bright from their native bed, of Derbyshire spar. Round the freshly-whitewashed walls hung,—not the four gaudy flaunting damsels, with cracked glasses and doubtful reputations, commonly yclept "seasons"—spring, blue, and consumptive-looking from long exposure to the east wind—summer, evidently all blouzy from a game at romps in the hay-field—autumn, slinking away under a sheaf which no honest gleaner could possibly have come by—and winter, like an old parish beggar, tottering under a load of pilfered faggots,—but the more edifying, and, to a resort of wayfarers, far more appropriate decoration, of scenes from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, from his ominous outset at the Slough of De-

spond to his courteous reception at the house of Gaius, that pattern to hosts of ancient and modern times.

To preserve from stains the gilt frames of these valuable works of art, egg-cups of fly-water were fancifully suspended among them, while the same laudable motive had shaded the quaintly-carved old mirror over the chimney with a gossamer web of curiously-scolloped silver paper. On the mantle-shelf, the place of honour was occupied by the framed and glazed rules of a farmers' club, flanked on the one side by a glassful of immaculate-looking toothpicks, and on the other by a bright silver hand-bell, whose tiny summons ensured a promptitude of attendance which all the "shrill alarms" of a modern hotel seldom suffice to call forth.

In the well-scoured grate, nature and art strove in amicable rivalry between the golden hues of the bush of broom, "unprofitably gay," which was the former's daily tribute, and the more durable charms of the curiously-twisted drapery of matting, whose party-coloured tendrils drooped gracefully over the bright steel bars. Snow-white dimity window-curtains shaded within the shining well-cleaned casements, while nature had again taken the field without in a rival canopy of woodbine and virgin's bower, which fully repaid in fragrance what it might embezzle of light and sunshine.

Such was, twenty years ago, when in its humble way the pride of the neighbourhood, and resort of many even privileged wayfarers, the village inn of T——. What it is now, when visited by little save the dust of the loaded stages as they whirl contemptuously by, I should be sorry to know, or to imagine.

"Mrs. Amabel," said I (twenty years ago), as soon as the tea-table arrangements were completed, "one good turn deserves another; and if I, whom for the nonce you had appointed *major domo* of the route, have connived at this digression to soothe your self-love, you are bound to gratify my curiosity with the anecdote which has procured the 'Hen and Chickens' so honourable a place in your memory."

"Nay," said she, "it is perhaps hardly worth the telling. Unless I could conjure up before you the tearful beauty and innocent grishness of the creature who sat ten years ago where

you do now, and the impassioned yet guileless expression of the 'child of a larger growth,' who had her destiny at the moment so fearfully in his hands, you might be more disposed to laugh at than lend my Quixotism. It has, however, thank Heaven! had a more substantial reward. When you know *all*, you will say, 'Mrs. Amabel, you were right.' But I won't anticipate—it would spoil my story.

"I was sitting, on just such an evening as this, with the same flush of honeysuckles intercepting my perfect view of the green, and the grandfather of yonder blackbird making music on the self-same thorn, congratulating myself doubly on my secluded *gîte* for the night, from the contrast it afforded to the bustle of a general election, when I was roused from my reverie by sounds, partaking, in some degree, of the very tumult I had crossed the country to avoid. A chaise drove furiously up, with the horses all in a foam; and no sooner had the poor over-driven creatures' mechanical motion suddenly stopped, than one of them dropped down dead at the door.

"I was drawing in my head to escape the painful spectacle, when my eye caught the pale countenance and despairing look of a lovely girl inside, who, on hearing that no fresh horses could be had, or (on account of the election) expected to arrive till towards morning, sunk back in the carriage with clasped hands, and a mute appeal to a young man who sat beside her, and seemed as perplexed as herself; which shewed how much depended on the prosecution of their journey. Alarm at the accident, and disappointment at the delay, brought on a sort of fainting fit; and as she was lifted out of the chaise, evidently unfit to walk up stairs, I threw open (of course) the door of my parlour—the one we now occupy—and begged them to bring the young lady in.

"This was rather resisted by her companion, who saying, 'I can carry my sister up stairs quite easily,' endeavoured to take her from the attendants. But she, in her turn, revived sufficiently to shrink from the attempt; and I insisted on seating her in the old-fashioned arm-chair, which then substituted the sofa, a luxury not yet introduced into village parlours.

"The moment that consciousness sufficiently returned, anxiety to depart

returned with it; and the sweet girl mingled her thanks to me with eager inquiries after fresh horses, or other means of pushing on towards the North. Means of going on there were none. The landlord's own nag, which he would have good-naturedly lent to match the comrade (when refreshed) of the deceased hack, was lamed with riding an express for his favourite candidate; and his two pair of posters were, if not already killed in the cause, carrying voters on the same side across the country, and were not likely to come in—at least, with a leg to stand on—while so good a job lasted.

"A coach would pass, to be sure," Boniface said, "about the middle of the night"—(coaches, remember, were rarities ten years ago)—but after the runaways (for such I began strongly to suspect they were) had jumped at it, he coolly went on to say, that it passed to the *south*, instead of the *north*; and their countenances fell once more.

"During these discussions—to which I turned, apparently, my deafest ear—I made tea with laudable diligence; and, in spite of hints from her *brother*, about their being intruders, persuaded the poor girl (who evidently clung to one of her own sex) to remain and partake of the meal. I did all I could to make her feel at ease, and soothe her agitation: but it was too deep-seated and painful for the sympathy of a stranger to alleviate; and as soon as tea was over I left the room, fearing (I knew not why) lest the continued restraint of my presence should drive them to seek another apartment. Heaven alone, which no doubt inspired me, knew why I should then have wished to keep an eye on two beings, of whose history, relationship, and errand, I was in such utter unconsciousness, and whom—even if fugitives, as I suspected, from parental authority—I had neither the inclination to interfere with, nor right to detain. Yet there was about the young creature—no pert, artificial school-girl, or novel-reading heroine of romance, but a simple, tenderly-matured flower, suddenly transplanted from some sequestered garden, where the winds of heaven had never roughly visited it—a *maîeté* and helplessness which would have interested a more callous heart; and the implicit devotion with which, in the absence of wiser guardians, she hung on the protector she had per-

haps rashly chosen, enhanced the peril to both. He had not, thank Heaven! in the least the air of a Lovelace; but neither was he, probably, a Grandison: and from among the thousands who lie between these two extremes in the scale of morality, who would be responsible for a guardian of two-and-twenty?

"I staid in my own room long enough to astonish my methodical Abigail by an order to suspend (provisionally) the unpacking of my *sac de nuit*, and to perplex myself with conjectures as to the history, propinquity, and destination of the couple in the parlour; which curiosity at length sent me down to solve.

"I was cut short in my deliberations as to the most eligible circuitous method of getting at the truth, by stumbling at once on the most direct possible. When I entered the room, then adorned with a large antediluvian japan screen (now probably gone to the tomb of the Capulets), a peep over it disclosed to me the lovers (for such they *now* indubitably were), seated, or rather embowered, among the honeysuckles at the window, with their heads so close, and their souls so engrossed, as to have been probably unconscious of my entrance had no convenient screen existed. I am no eavesdropper, Heaven knows! but I hesitated not to become one, when the last rays of light (there were no candles in the room) gleamed from tear-drops, like rain, on the face of the deeply-agitated girl; while the impassioned energy with which some point was pressed by the lover was too like that of one striving to 'make the worse appear the better reason.'

"I held my breath till my heart beat audibly, and listened till I heard sophistry—old as that which cozened Eve—proceed from lips perhaps only one degree less void of guile than the ear they were addressing. In a villain's language, but with the looks and tone of one rather "sinned against than sinning,"—deceived himself, while acting a betrayer's part—the young man urged the impossibility of getting on to Gretna in time to avoid the pursuit, which every lost hour rendered fatally sure. He asked whether she was ready to sacrifice her own happiness and his to a vain punctilio; and, by lingering till horses arrived, let them be torn asunder for life by a cruel guardian? And,

gathering courage from her sobs of agony, he implored her to join him in the only chance for escape, by taking seats in the coach, which would shortly pass southward, and thus totally baffling their pursuers; while, in a very few days, they might safely resume their journey to Gretna.

"'A few days, Henry! oh no, no!' was the exclamation of one, shuddering instinctively at unknown peril—of one to whom elopement, even with the straightforward goal of marriage full in view, had been no light or joyous enterprise, and whose heart died at the indefinitely protracted anxiety and humiliation implied in the proposal. Not one doubt of 'Henry' or his honour, I am sure, had ever crossed her mind, when, mistaking the motive of her repugnance, he poured forth the common-places with which the writings of the day had then made all of his age too familiar—talked of the superiority of vows registered in heaven over cold legal ties, and of the forced postponement of the latter as no further an evil than as it left it in the power of others, if discovered, to separate them. Now, if the rehearser of this precious piece of special pleading had himself been in earnest in one word of it, or quoted it with any other motive than allaying his betrothed's supposed apprehensions, my impulse would probably have been to play the part of the cruel guardian, and run away with his dulcinea myself. But while I saw in his honest, affectionate countenance, that which belied every word he uttered, I read there, also, total ignorance of the power of temptation and force of opportunity. 'Hell,' says the Spanish proverb, 'is paved with good intentions,' and I am afraid it will be peopled by well-intentioned human beings. If none went astray but the evil designing, life would not be the mysterious chapter of accidents it is; and undesigning, nay, ~~and~~ interested, as my hero at the moment probably felt, he was not the less the 'devil's advocate,' not the less an enemy to himself and his Marianne.

"Weak and inconclusive as was his reasoning, it was Love's; and Marianne, having nothing to oppose to the energy of passion but tears and vague forebodings, it was plain to see where the contest must end. There was little time for reflection; the night-coach would pass at twelve—it was now near ten; and if I did not wish to see the

weeping girl embark on an ocean, to whose perils utter inexperience could not entirely shut her eyes, I must operate, somehow or other, a diversion in her favour.

"If I acknowledged my eavesdropping, and assumed the tone of a Mentor, what chance had I, a stranger, against the eloquence of love and the fear of a guardian, to encounter whom must be the dreadful alternative? There was little time for preaching; I therefore resolved to act. So, slipping out of the room unperceived, I sent for the landlord, and told him that, to oblige the young lady, whose dearest friend (mark how I steered clear of a lie!) was in imminent danger, I meant, for once in my life, to travel all night. My horses—which John, I knew, had seen fed before he would taste food himself—were luckily fresh, having come (to avoid the election) but half a day's journey; and a moonlight drive would to myself be an agreeable novelty. I made all easy to Boniface, by paying amply for my night's accommodation, and returned, ostensibly for the first time, to my friends in the parlour.

" 'I should be sorry to intrude,' said I, to the dejected girl, whose passive acquiescence in her lover's plan seemed by this time to have been extorted, 'on matters which do not concern me; but as it is evident you were much disappointed in not getting forward this evening, if my carriage and horses, which are just coming round, can be of any service, I shall be truly happy to accommodate you—at least till you find post-horses; though John will tell you, mine are more than a match at present for the poor jaded hacks on the road.'

"So welcome, so unexpected was the relief afforded by my proposal, that the poor girl jumped up and seized hold of my hand, and would have kissed it. I believe, had not shyness got the better of gratitude. The young man gazed hard at me, to be sure I was neither a witch nor an emissary of the dreaded guardians; and then, with a readiness which confirmed my belief of his being a purely unconscious Lovelace, (though he just looked crest-fallen enough to vindicate my former misgivings,) thanked me for relieving them from a very awkward dilemma.

"The carriage came round—the slender wardrobe of its new inmates was

easily stowed away; and bidding John lend the gentleman his box-coat, (by way of precaution against the night air, but in reality that, if overtaken, he might pass the more readily for the old lady's footman,) I took the young Marianne inside.

"The presence of Alice was for some time a restraint on our intercourse: but sleep having audibly set his padlock on her ears, I ventured, on the strength of my good offices, to interrogate my interesting companion. Her full young heart was too much overburdened not to seek relief. Out it all came; and glad I was to find, that those I was about, as a choice of evils, to assist in joining for life, had all the sanction for the step which parental wishes and intentions could afford.

"They were cousins, brought up together, and allowed by indulgent friends on both sides to look forward to future union, till the failure and flight to America of Henry's father, and the death of Marianne's, gave rise to more interested views on the part of the knowing attorney to whose guardianship the poor girl and her small fortune were left. Henry had a trifling competence, health, and a profession (that of the law), to entitle him to the fulfilment of a tacitly contracted engagement; but Marianne's few thousands were too convenient to be allowed to escape from her guardian's clutches, or her guardian's family, for one of whose four 'odious sons' she was peremptorily ordered to forget and relinquish Henry.

"Elopement now become in the lovers' eyes inevitable, nay, praiseworthy, and in mine (whether I borrowed theirs for the occasion, I don't know) extremely natural and pardonable. I agreed, (on the faith of his pretty cousin,) that 'Henry' was worth all his four rivals put together; and—had the blacksmith not been forthcoming—by the time we came near Gretna, I could have found in my heart to don the cassock, and tie the knot myself. But being (as you know) a great friend to orthodox proceedings, and—jesting apart—desirous to give the young creatures I had so far befriended a more creditable outset in married life, I was not sorry to see Vulcan defrauded by an occurrence which, at the time, caused us all no small share of trepidation.

We had stowed once to bait and

snatch an early breakfast, when, about the middle of our next stage, just as the sun began to wax warm, and the extra fatigues of the night to lull John and his horses into a sort of dozing jog-trot, the most remote that could possibly be imagined from *souçon* of an elopement, a chaise and four came suddenly behind us in a narrow part of the road, and a jam ensued, during which, had my young footman remained in broad daylight on the box, he would probably have taken from that 'bad eminence' his last look at his dear Marianne.

"Fortunately, I had sent Alice at dawn outside to relieve him; and the prime Sunday's bonnet, which on such occasions she was sure to leave carefully slung to the netting of the carriage, served admirably to equip the *third* of the "drag full of old women," who afforded scope, during our tedious extrication, for the wit of the postboys and the anathemas of Marianne's impatient guardian. There was something in thus locking wheels with our invisible persecutor (for the carriages, from the nature of the accident, were mercifully never quite abreast) so irresistibly ludicrous, that I feared the laughter of Henry would betray us; while even the timid Marianne, spite of trembling limbs and a beating heart, could scarcely suppress a smile.

"The carriages were at length clear; the postboys cracked their whips in triumph—John flourished his in contempt. But, unless we chose to meet the escaped peril full in the face, on the return of the baffled attorney, some couple of hours later, from Gretna, it was plain we must digress, and enter Scotland by a different route. This to me was a matter of perfect indifference, as I had friends to visit on either line,

in whose house I could boldly secrete my fugitives till it should be safe to convey them back to Gretna.

"My interest in their concerns had doubled, since the last stage made 'Henry' an inmate of the carriage. All the Lothario-like nonsense he had uttered, at the suggestion of despair and romance, was neutralised by the sense and good feeling which broke out without any prompting at all; and when I claimed for him and his bride the hospitalities of M——, as a pair of young people in whom I felt much interested, I said not a word more than I really felt.

"The favourable impression I had imbibed soon extended to the family at M——; and when as much as I deemed proper of their guests' whimsical situation was explained, they with one voice protested against the slur and indecorum of a Gretna Green marriage, when a regular Scottish wedding, duly sanctioned and countenanced, would make a much more comfortable, as well as creditable job. This inferred some weeks' residence under the hospitable roof where the suggestion originated; and ere they had elapsed, hearty good-will, subsisting to this day, knit the hearts of all its kind inmates to my fugitive couple.

"Mr. M. gave the bride away with a father's blessing; Mrs. M. stood by her with almost a mother's emotion; the children cried and laughed, as they had done at weddings in that room before. And when all was over, and 'Henry' and his bride prettily and unexpectedly came and knelt at my feet, and thanked me for virtue as well as happiness, I think you will no longer wonder at my wish to spend another night of my life at the 'Hen and Chickens.'"

THE COLONIES.

THE present most intelligent and philosophical generation has discovered that colonies are huge and mischievous incumbrances; from this discovery it decides that government is bound by duty to vouchsafe them only injury and oppression.

Our own are gratuitously assailed by two different descriptions of enemy, which so divide their operations, and play into each other's hands, that nothing escapes them. In the first place, we have the economists, disseminating the doctrine as infallible, that all protections and privileges granted them are so much dead loss; the cost of ships and troops for their defence, and their allowances over foreigners in duty, are summed into an appalling mass of millions, and placed on the debtor side of their account, while not a farthing is suffered to appear on the creditor.

It might be imagined that this would mislead no one. Without consulting common reason, or old history, a glance at Spain and Portugal informs us, that the loss of colonies has been to them the loss of shipping, commerce, revenue, power naval and military, employment for capital and population, wealth, rank,—in a word, almost everything a nation ought to preserve. It admits not of mistake. The loss has clearly taken away their colonial, and greatly reduced their foreign trade; to them, it has produced no benefit on the one hand in mitigation of its severity on the other. Here is demonstration, that whatever the possession of colonies may produce to them or the world at large, it may benefit immensely the particular nation which enjoys it; and that money expended in protecting, or sacrificed in encouraging them, may operate as most productive capital. A vast mass of shipping, an enormous amount of annual revenue in freights and interests of capital, a gigantic market for both merchants and manufacturers, and a most important nursery for seamen, would evidently pass from this empire with its colonies. Some of the latter could not be independent, but would be taken possession of by those who would supply and carry for them, even should they bring us their produce. Others, by gaining independence,

would lose their market and trade with us; should our trade with them be transferred to foreign nations, the carriage and freights would go with it. The yearly millions we receive from them as interest of mortgage money, profits of plantations, &c, would come no longer. All this is above doubt, and it is before the eyes of every one. Without taking into account other important matters, it stands amidst the most obvious of facts, that, after making ample allowance for cost of protection and difference of duty, the British colonies are of incalculable value.

The meanest capacity must perceive, that if foreign sugar or timber would be as dear as colonial is, should both be admitted on the same terms, the prohibition, or heavy duty, which now rests on it has practically no effect to the consumer. It is quite certain that the foreign article would be almost as dear as the colonial one, should this country buy it instead of the latter; this would be the case during peace, and in war it would probably be much the dearest; its comparative cheapness flows mainly from our heavy duty, or prohibition. If its costs of production or transit be now less than those of the colonial one, a vast increase of demand would raise them. On this point the economists make no allowance whatever; their calculations and conclusions are based on the assumption, that the prices of foreign goods made low by competition with colonial ones, or exclusion from market, would not be raised by obtaining a monopoly or commanding share of this country's consumption. The least knowledge of business is sufficient for shewing their error, and demonstrating that the comparative dearness of colonial produce caused by protection is to our own consumer rather apparent than real.

The dogma of the economists, that if capital and labour lose employment in one trade they can find it in another, all may see to be false touching the colonies, because in the latter employment for capital and labour is confined to the production of a small number of articles; the difficulty is to make them yield a proper variety of staples. To a very large extent, capital and labour must produce sugar and rum in some

of the colonies, or nothing. The choice, therefore, is, to give that protection which causes the comparative but little more than nominal dearness, or to sacrifice much of the immense profit drawn from the colonies.

All this, self-evident though it be, is disregarded. Party notice, reputation, office, and seats in parliament, can only be gained, and the hostility of the press escaped, through belief in what is called political economy; and it naturally follows that public men are generally devout believers. In private life, a man has the newspapers, party feeling, and regard for character, to make him one, and they are irresistible. Of course, investigation and reflection, attention to facts and belief in demonstration, are out of the question; the use of the understanding is abandoned, and any absurdity taught by the prevailing doctrines, however gross, is embraced as unerring. The matter to be thought of is not to discover and advocate truth, but to obey and echo the doctrines. The fruits are perfectly incredible. A restriction which yields vast profit, or saves some great national interest from ruin,—a monopoly which secures to this country an immense trade at its own prices, are actually denounced as most injurious. Men like Sir H. Parnell, who call Mr. Huskisson's inclosures defective solely because they have not happened to give away the colonial trade, and insist on changes from no other reason than that foreigners may carry for and supply the colonies, are lauded as great authorities! In reality, the sacrifice of profits and wages, destruction of capital, and loss of markets for manufactures and merchandise, are broadly demanded as essential for the prosperity of the community.

The economists thus strike at all the colonies, without exception; they assail those which the anti-slavery crusaders spare, and prepare the field for them touching the rest. The West India ones, looking not only at the mass of lucrative trade they create, but also at the character of their productions, and their incapacity for becoming independent, manufacturing for themselves, and clashing in any way with the interests of the mother-country, are infinitely the most valuable; and they have to sustain the rancorous hostility of both. The economist gains the minister, legislator, and politician of

every grade; and the anti-slavist gains the follower of religion, woman and child; the one stands on pretended science and national profits, and where he fails the other succeeds on the ground of philanthropy, the rights of man, and Christian duty: the conviction is produced by the first, that the colonies are worthless, or something worse, and are wholly unworthy of being served or listened to; and then the last insists on their being sacrificed to his projects, no matter what it may inflict on them. Thus between them they pick up Whig and Tory, dissenter and churchman, fanatic and infidel, male and female, and render the unfortunate colonies defenceless.

Aggressive war, even to total ruin, against the latter, has of course been for some time a leading article in almost every variety of creed. Clubs have been formed in every quarter to light and supply it; the legislator has been solemnly pledged on the election hustings to wage it; the minister to preserve, and his opponent to gain power, have been impelled to lead in it. Support of it has been the fashionable plea to justify and extenuate all offences against popular opinion; the Tory to conquer the Whig—the anti-reformer in excuse for opposing the Reform-bill—the advocate of the corn-law as a set-off to his advocacy—the friend of the Church to balance his defence of her—have all bound themselves to be its partisans.

The hostility of the anti-slavist is still more destitute of plausible pretext than that of the economist. His clamour for the extinction of slavery is opposed by no one; not only the executive and legislature, but the colonies themselves, are with him on the matter. The extinction of slavery is unanimously resolved on; it is in course of completion, and difference of opinion can only exist on time and manner. He calls for immediate extinction, and why is it refused! Because the leading men of both Whigs and Tories declare it would be ruinous, and not less so to the slaves than to their masters; and he offers nothing worthy of notice in disproof.

While his own heads thus virtually proclaim that he seeks to act the part of robber and public enemy, the mass of those he deludes are ignorant that the abolition of slavery is in progress. The multitude—the sage reform club-

ists who exact the election pledge—the dissenting minister, as well as his flock—the men equally with the women, boys, and girls of the anti-slavery societies, are, to a very large extent, in such ignorance. They act from the belief that nothing has been done to put an end to slavery, and such belief he studiously encourages; where the truth is unknown, he conceals it; and where it has penetrated, he does his utmost to produce the persuasion that every thing done or intended towards the abolition is deceptive and nominal. This man, who pretends to be moved by the holy spirit of religion, and who has the religious world for his ally, intentionally uses, as his great means of success, misrepresentation and falsehood touching the condition of the slave, and the measures adopted for terminating slavery.

What grave reason does he urge for erring on the side of ruin? what is slavery producing, that it is to be extinguished by putting in peril every thing in and dependent on the colonies? According to the best authorities, the general condition of the slave is superior to that of the English labourer, saying nothing of the Irish one; and there is strong reason for believing that freedom would do any thing rather than improve it: both the disposition and power exist to give him, at present, all necessary protection. No one alleges that slavery injures manufactures and commerce, or that its abolition will give the smallest profit to the domestic population. Immediate freedom would yield no material benefit to the slave, or any one beside, on the shewing of its advocates; nevertheless, it is to be granted with almost a certainty that it would be destructive to the slave, the colonies, and the immense advantages drawn from them by the mother-country.

Here there are the anti-slavery crusaders in the body, either demanding what is already given, and fighting against what exists only in their own baseless supposition, or seeking what their leaders maintain would be ruinous to the slave they profess to befriend.

But their crusade is, on the whole, an essential party business: it is admirably calculated to win the revolutionary multitude; the dissenting minister finds it mighty useful for enabling him to dabble in politics, and keep his flock opposed to churchmen;

and it is a potent engine for admitting people into, and excluding them from, parliament: therefore it matters not how far it is at variance with truth, reason, the rights of the colonies, and the interests of the empire.

The leading men in both the cabinet and legislature, in perfect knowledge that the community acted from the most gross delusion, and that the delusion was produced by the most foul means, have given their concurrence and assistance. The clamour raised by such a delusion, so produced, has been held a sufficient reason for disregarding all the representations of the colonies, and inflicting on them any injury. Have they petitioned, and remonstrated—they have been treated with contempt, on the ground of being moved by interest. The colonist has an interest in defending his rights, property, and life—*ergo*, his defence is below notice! This has been the wise and overpowering argument against him. Perhaps it has been combined with a worthy yokefellow: what he craves is opposed to certain resolutions passed by the insane House of Commons of 1823—*ergo*, it must be refused. When necessary, a third has been added: the false and slanderous Anti-slavery Society, the political unions, the misled religious world, the leaders of sedition and revolution, popular feeling deluded and inflamed by the most wicked means, demand the sacrifice of his possessions and rights—*ergo*, his resistance is unpardonable! These men have indeed delayed the last measure of ruin, but all their proceedings have tended to feed the popular outcry; they have taken its part against the colonies, and perpetually heaped injuries on the latter. So long as the evil was only predicted and impending, every colonial minister seemed to think it his duty to make war on, and embroil himself with, the colonies.

As the inevitable consequence of assailing the master's property and inflaming the passions of the slave, the West India colonies have sunk into, not only general insolvency, but, to a certain extent, insurrection and blood also. This has operated properly in high quarters, and at length it is thought expedient to give attention and relief. We, however, apprehend a very inadequate portion of the latter will be granted.

The first great essential clearly is, the establishment of concord between government and the colonial proprietors touching the slavery question. At present the money-lender sees the former not only dissipating colonial property by other things, but putting it in danger of total destruction by this question; and of course he will not risk his money on it. The slave has not only the anti-slavists to work on his feelings, but he sees the ministry fiercely attacking his master on his account, and this alone is sufficient to make him an incendiary and assassin. We know not what could be more obvious than the fact — so long as the executive and legislature openly hold up the colonial proprietors as tyrants and rebels, and subject them to or threaten them with coercion in favour of the slaves, the latter must be filled with insubordination, and colonial property must be in imminent peril.

The impediments to the establishment of such concord very evidently exist on the side of government. Granting that the proprietors are not disposed to do every thing required of them, and that they refuse to do enough, they are still willing to concede essentials; they declare their readiness to make every surrender which their just rights and safety will sanction. When they cannot oppose government without involving themselves in injury and danger, it is not likely that they will do it on other than valid reasons. Without any breach of harmony with them, all the more substantial privileges and protection enjoyed by the free European labourer may be gained for the slave, saving immediate freedom, which they are not asked to grant. It is the extortion of more from them which generates strife, and what? — their rights as British subjects — their rights as the owners of property, and masters.

Laws in the shape of regulations for the treatment of the slaves are framed for some of the colonies, which they declare to be destructive to their necessary authority as masters, and the proper cultivation of their estates. These laws are not enacted by the legislature, domestic or colonial; they are simply the decrees of the ministry; and their parents acknowledge them to be pure despotism, by defending them on the rights of conquest. While those on whom they are to operate are

in every way, to the violation of the first principles of British freedom, excluded from sharing in their formation, they declare that their fruits will be worse than confiscation — will strike equally at their property and their lives.

There is something in this deserving notice which bears on others than the colonists. Here are your sticklers for the rights of man and freedom, denying that an important portion of his majesty's subjects, who, to a large extent, consist of native Englishmen, have any claim to either. They are stripping them of their rights, and placing them in slavery. Your Whigs — your pretended champions of liberty and representative government — find that certain of the colonies have no legislature, but are at the mercy of the crown through conquest. Do they, in their ardour for reform, place them on an equality with at least their colonial brethren, if not with their fellow-subjects at home? Do they decide that the king shall not be a despot in one colony if he cannot in another, and that he shall be a limited sovereign through grace where he is not one through law? No: they sternly exercise the worst right of conquest; they put the dormant despotism in fierce activity to force on its victims what the latter protest against as in every way ruinous.

Yet these Whigs do wish to establish equality of a certain kind in the colonies. Some of the latter have a constitutional, a representative protection from the Whig decrees, and the wish is entertained to render it inoperative, and practically place all equally under the exercise of this right of conquest. The resolution was taken, if it be abandoned, of compelling such of the colonies as should refuse to adopt the decrees to pay higher duties on their produce than the rest. If this were carried into effect, it would really levy a heavy yearly fine on the colonist, not for offending against any law, but solely for exercising his legal rights. It could scarcely fail of reducing the price of his produce; and should it do so, it would compel him to choose between beggary and submission to the despotism.

In the one case we have gross tyranny, direct and without disguise; in the other we have it seeking to perpetrate the same injuries on its victims, by trick and evasion, which compre-

hend the virtual abolition of legislatures and destruction of civil rights.

Every reflecting man must be aware that it is utterly impossible for ministers and the anti-slavery people to possess the local and personal knowledge requisite for qualifying them to govern the general relations between the masters and their slaves, and, of course, that the attempt must have the most baleful effects.

While government may act in this manner, bitter strife must exist between it and the colonial proprietors. And now, should it attempt to do nothing without their concurrence, what is the worst that could happen? Some minor privileges might be withheld from the slaves, and something might be added to the duration of slavery; but the condition of the slaves in material points would be rendered equal to that of the English labourers, and very far superior to the condition of vast numbers of these labourers. And what can the slave draw from its present proceedings? what can he gain from being made a spy and informer against his master — from being tempted and bribed to keep up continual contention with the latter — from having his master made a slave to him, and being enabled to trample on control while refused freedom? Those who are not acquainted with the peculiar and most defective character of the negro, must have seen sufficient of human nature to convince them that he can only reap from it injury. In reality, to obtain him certain minor, abstract, speculative advantages, which in some points are more likely to yield him harm than profit, that is done which grievously injures his condition, incites him to abuse the privileges he possesses, and renders it almost impossible to abolish slavery without ruining the colonies.

It seems to be wholly overlooked that the distress of the colonies can be affected by variations in the quantity of labour performed by the slaves. It is confessed that the distress is grievous, and ought to have immediate remedy. Well, with a batch of remedies a scheme is concocted, which must add greatly to the master's loss, by virtually raising the cost of labour and diminishing the security of property. It is declared that he suffers greatly from the cheap means of production enjoyed by his foreign rivals, yet his expenses of production are to be increased by dis-

abling him for exacting from his labourers the proper quantity of work. In all that may be done, it ought to be a leading point to maintain the just authority of the master, preserve the requisite relations between him and the slave, and keep from between them all intermeddlers — every thing calculated to sever and involve them in contention.

On the face of the matter, no reason (saving the guilty one supplied by popular delusion) exists to prevent the complete settlement of the slavery question, through the union of government and the colonial proprietors. It is disgraceful that when the abolition of slavery, and even the manner in more material points, are unanimously agreed on, there is this ruinous warfare respecting minor things, the more especially when the slave is clearly not the least sufferer from the warfare. As a measure of relief, such settlement is essential; and it is equally so for rendering other measures of relief duly effective.

The distress is largely caused by low prices; and to mitigate it here, it is proposed to remove the duty hitherto charged on leakage, &c., and to lend money from the exchequer at a lower rate of interest than individuals demand. The former is but the restoration of a common right, and all must sanction the latter as a temporary expedient. We cannot, however, understand how a ministry composed of economists could think of lending money in this manner. The enemies of the usury laws insist that the borrower will never give more interest than he can afford, and that all interference between him and the lender is pernicious; nevertheless this ministry is practically proclaiming the reverse, and extending the usury laws to the colonies; it is binding the money-lender, not, indeed, by law, but by something quite as effectual, from obtaining more than a certain rate of interest. What an insult to the memory of Bentham!

But such remedies must be very inadequate: the benefit of the first will not all go to the producer; frequently he will get none of it; and regarding the second, the difference between five and six per cent will do little towards converting loss into profit. The main requisite is, a sufficient advance of price.

The colonies produce far more sugar than this country can consume; the surplus has to be exported, and it must be sold at the prices given for foreign sugar. Here is the great cause why prices are not remunerating, and an advance cannot take place unless it, directly or otherwise, be obtained in the foreign as well as the home-market.

A bounty on exportation would operate as an advance of price in the foreign market, and, consequently, in the domestic one also. It would be the most ready and effective measure of relief; but it cannot be thought of. Bounties in these days are regarded with horror, though in nature they are exactly the same as protecting duties; they merely give the producer that protection in the foreign market which such duties give him in the home one. Confessedly, the colonial producer of sugar lies under very great (not natural, but legal and moral) disadvantages, compared with his foreign competitors; and the more important of them are placed on him by his own government. When he is positively prohibited by law from producing at as cheap a rate as these competitors, and must take their prices, it would be but bare justice to make up the difference by bounty. But the consumers would be injured. The consumer has no right to have sugar at a lower price than is necessary for remunerating the producer; and the former, whether he be an agriculturalist or a manufacturer, has no more right to protecting duty at home or in the colonies, than the latter has to bounty. An advance of price, which should do no more than remunerate the producer, would only place him on an equality with the consumers, and take from them what they enjoy unjustly. The sum paid as bounty would not raise the price of any commodity, saving sugar, or be felt by any individual. Clearly the state has a right to compensate the producer for any disadvantages it may impose on him in his competition with foreigners, and to place him on a level with his fellow-subjects.

We are examining the matter without recommending any thing. It is necessary for bounty to be judged of by its true character, and not by the misrepresentations and slanders of the economists, because we fear, that without one sugar must remain at losing prices. The producer may have a

monopoly of the home-market, but it will give him little more for his article than he would obtain without it; and he will still be, in regard to price, on a level with the foreigner, and destitute of protection.

A reduction of duty has been strongly called for in the way of relief. It is no doubt extremely unjust, that a commodity like sugar, which to a very high point forms one of the necessities of life to the poor, is subject to a heavy duty; but, we apprehend, it is more so to the consumer than the producer. The latter can only be sensibly relieved by a reduction of duty, in this manner:—it must greatly increase consumption; this must withdraw much British sugar from, and thereby raise the price in, the foreign market. If with the increase of consumption his price remain unaltered abroad, it must do so at home; and he will reap little benefit, whatever may be the case with the consumer. All agree that a small reduction would have no effect of moment; a large one might, by increasing consumption, diminish export, and raise the general price: but this is uncertain.

The experiment, however, is not likely to be made. Ministers, acting on the most erroneous notions of Sir H. Parnell, are frittering away the revenue, by relieving many petty articles used in manufactures from duty. This confers no sensible benefit on the community at large, and it incapacitates them for making such reductions as would do so. Sugar is to be loaded with exorbitant duty, that foreign drugs and dyes may pay none: we may have cheap luxuries and embellishments, but not cheap food—the cost of silks and glass, clothes and furniture, may be reduced, but not that of tea and sugar: even foreign wheat is to come duty-free, but a commodity which is necessary to make it in many things palatable, and which is used as food by those who cannot afford to buy wheat, is to have its price doubled by duty. To dilate on the absurdity as well as evil of this, would be a waste of language. A considerable reduction of the duty on sugar would yield great benefit to the body of the people, if the producer should reap less from it than he imagines.

As another matter of relief, it has been proposed to suffer certain colonial produce to be used in brewing, &c.; and it has been successfully resisted

by the landed interest. We need not speak of our friendship for this interest, but we are equally the friends of every other. The case stands thus :—In the production of certain articles the goods of one division of his majesty's subjects may be used, but, for the separate gain of this division, those of another must not. This is indefensible enough, but it is not the worst. Foreign barley and oats may be, and are, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of quarters, used in the production of spirits and malt-liquor; but British sugar and molasses are not to be so used on any account. Suppose the colonial produce should enter the brewhouse and distillery, instead of the foreign corn, what would be the loss to the landed interest? Nothing. Very probably it would give this interest much gain; for, under existing circumstances, the influx of foreign corn frequently renders it difficult to sell inferior British barley on any terms.

The clamour for free trade in corn relates chiefly to wheat; and if the duty on foreign barley and oats should be considerably raised, in order to admit colonial produce into this consumption, popular feeling would pay little regard to it. Things ought not to remain as they are. If the domestic corn-grower could fully supply the market, he would have a small right to a monopoly against his colonial fellow-subject; but when he often cannot do so, it is unpardonable to admit the foreigner and exclude the colonist.

Every thing calculated to stimulate the production of foreign sugar ought evidently to be, as far as possible, avoided. The ministerial party is very anxious to relieve this sugar from the prohibition which rests on it; and if this be done, it will be very idle to apply petty remedies to the distress of the colonies. In proportion as such sugar may be brought into consumption, its production must be encouraged, and the sale of colonial narrowed; and this must aggravate the distress, if it even have no effect on price.

It must be observed, that the colonist is in suffering because he cannot obtain a remunerating price for his staple articles; and, of course, that to give him one is the matter to be accomplished. And it must also be observed, that the great reason why he cannot obtain such price is, foreigners,

by means of the slave-trade, and exemption from restraint in the management of their slaves, can afford to sell at a cheaper rate than he can do. From this all may see, that his distress can only be fully and permanently removed by such measures as will, at least, place him on an equality with his competitors in the foreign market.

If the production of some articles, which are not at present leading ones, were properly encouraged in the colonies, it might yield much relief to the latter, and be highly beneficial to the community at home. We are in a great measure dependent on America for raw cotton, and she is forcing the cotton manufacture. In case of war with her, our manufacturers (as was proved by the last war) would scarcely be able to procure a sufficiency of the raw article, at any price; and here would have it almost for nothing. Here is a state of things calculated to ruin—at any rate for a time—our export trade, in the most important of its departments, and inflict the most bitter suffering on a gigantic part of the population. Let no one dream that such war would only produce what it did heretofore: she now only needs it, for enabling her to supply both herself and great part of the world with wrought cottons, at the cost of our trade. If, even by a great sacrifice, this dependence on her could be shaken off, by enabling the colonies to produce a full proportion of the cotton required by the trade, it is criminally negligent not to make it without delay. That policy cannot be other than false which suffers, without necessity, the raw material of a leading manufacture—and, in consequence, the bread of hundreds of thousands of souls—to be at the mercy of a foreign nation, already a rival, and always ready enough to be an enemy.

We are also in a great measure dependent on America for tobacco; and from this the article rose in the last war to four or five shillings per lb., exclusive of duty, and could scarcely be had for money. Now, whatever may be the case with cotton, there could be no difficulty in forcing the growth of colonial tobacco; it would only be necessary to make the duty sufficiently low, and this at the first would do trifling injury to the revenue.

It is urged, that the dependence of

one country on another keeps them at peace: we reply, it may be of a kind to involve them in war, or do something equally pernicious. The dependence between us and America is not mutual; while it has bound us to peace, it has stimulated her to insult and aggression. Acting on the belief that we would make almost any sacrifice rather than incur the loss which would flow from hostilities with her, she has been far more quarrelsome and encroaching than she would have been had we been independent of her; and we have been led by our dependence to make such surrenders as in the upshot will probably outweigh all the profit the trade with her ever yielded.

By promoting, as far as possible, the production of such articles in the colonies generally, as well as in the West India ones, great benefit will be conferred on them, and infinitely more on the mother-country. It must not be overlooked, that touching various of the commodities, all that is called for is a low duty. Tobacco, equal to that of America, could doubtlessly be grown in some of the colonies, but the duty operates in a great measure as a prohibition. When what we have said of the effects of war, and the fact that the colonial producers would be able to bear almost as much duty as their rivals as soon as they could send a considerable quantity to market, are taken into account, could any thing be more preposterous than this regulation? The fashionable sophism, that any difference of duty in favour of the colonist operates as a tax on the community, is below refutation. Who receives the tax, or pays it? The community pays no more for the goods than it would do should the colonist supply none of them—it assuredly pays less; and the worst that can be said is, the duty is rendered less productive. But the colonist is taxed in the same way in favour of every division of the community; for all have their difference of duty against the foreigner, both at home and in the colonies. If the Canadian dealer in timber pay less duty in Britain than the foreign one, the British woollen and linen manufacturers, &c. &c., pay less in Canada than their foreign competitors. What, then, becomes of this pretended tax? and who would be the taxed party should the colonist be placed on a level with the foreigner in duty on his productions, and still be

compelled to pay higher duties on foreign than on British goods? Farther, what would the equal duty be to him? Prohibition and ruin—a tax to swallow his all. From distance or other causes, the allowance to him barely puts him on equal ground with the foreigner; and equal duty would give the latter destructive advantages over him.

The means which England possesses, beyond what any other country ever possessed, for acquiring wealth, and keeping her population in prosperity and abundance, are beyond calculation. Her immense colonies vary so much in the character of their productions, that each serves without clashing with the others. Give a benefit to one, and it flows to all; make the sugar ones prosperous, and you bestow a valuable boon on the timber and fishing ones. Every thing they all produce is wanted by the population at home. As a field for the investment of surplus capital, the employment of redundant population, the sale of manufactures and whatever she has to dispose of, and the production of every thing she wants to buy—they may be enlarged to almost any extent. Yet with these mighty means in her hands, her population, both domestic and colonial, is in nearly every quarter complaining of insolvency and want. If any one feel surprised, let him look at the causes.

The sugar colonies are in deep distress. A comparatively small sum expended in bounty would keep them generally prosperous; and as it could not fail of increasing trade, it would probably put as much into as it would take out of the exchequer. To save this sum they are to remain in their present state, and trade is to suffer as it does from their distress.

The colonial fisheries are in course of destruction, aided, as their foreign competitors are, by bounty. A bounty would preserve and extend them, to the great gain of general trade; but to save the petty sum it would require, they are to be lost.

Looking at the empire as a whole, it loses by this, not only in profits, but in capital, more than the bounty would amount to: if the loss fall on individuals, it still is so much lost to the population in the aggregate: the bounty may be saved, but it is by the sacrifice of West India and other capital, as well as profits. If ten thousand pounds of bounty would cause the sale abroad of

fifty thousand pounds worth of sugar or fish, it would yield a profit of nearly forty thousand pounds to the empire; for the capital and labour employed in producing the sugar and fish could find no other profitable employment. The ascendancy of foreigners contracts our sales abroad; and the question of bounty here is, whether we shall sell so much sugar and fish, more or less, to other countries. If our sugar colonies had the means of prevailing against their competitors in the foreign market, it would have the best effects in checking the slave trade.

Nevertheless, the West India colonies must lose profits and capital, the fisheries must be annihilated, and the mighty injury inflicted by both on general trade must be sustained, in order that each member of the community, on the average, may pay yearly some few halfpence less in taxes. Here is the economy of saving at the tap and pouring out at the bung-hole; but yet its parents are the only men of "deep knowledge and enlarged views."

The timber colonies, and the one which makes wine, are to lose their trade with us, and of course be plunged into ruin, merely to render the duties on timber and wine a little more productive. Here, to gain a paltry sum in taxes, which to the mass of the community would be only a nominal matter, a vast amount of profits, capital, and trade, is to be wantonly destroyed. But mistake not—it is to be done to raise profits, increase capital, push trade, and acquire wealth.

The colonies generally could produce much more of many valuable commodities than they do, to the great benefit of them and trade, but they are prevented by duties. In this, to make the taxes yield a trifle more, the investment of capital principally British, the employment of labour, and the extension of trade, are prohibited.

In the name of common reason, what does the state of the empire call for? Is a saving in taxes of half a million or a million annually the great panacea required for giving profits to the capitalist and work to the labourer? Will trade flourish when American timber shall pay as much duty as Baltic, and want cease when Cape wine shall be exterminated by its foreign rivals? Millions upon millions of taxes have

been repealed in late years, and yet the complaint of insolvency, idleness, and hunger, remains unabated. No experiment can prove any thing, unless a demonstration that remedy of a different character must be resorted to. The empire wants protection for capital and the means of investing it, profits, and employment at good wages for its labouring orders. If these can be bought for half a million or a million yearly, dog-cheap will be the bargain. It is self-evident that, by the sacrifice of a few hundreds of thousands—a sacrifice which would do no member of the community, high or low, any perceptible injury—the capital of the West India and other colonies, might be preserved from farther waste—the colonies generally might be put in receipt of good profits—the means of investing capital in them might be much enlarged—the gigantic market they supply for our goods might be materially widened—an important impulse might be given to manufactures, &c.—and the market they furnish might be regularly extended with the growth of our population. This we say is self-evident; and if, in the teeth of it, this empire adhere to its present policy, and cast away colonial, as it loses foreign trade—grind to powder its colonial, as well as native population, for the sake of ruinous competition with, and surrenders to, other countries—most richly will it deserve to suffer, as it assuredly will do, far more than the bitter evils by which it has been so long scourged.

It is not for us to predict when any proper impression will be made on the minds of public men touching the immense and inexhaustible mine of wealth which the colonies of England form, because we apprehend such impression must flow from other things than investigation and proof. It is one of the calamities which rest on our unhappy country, that such men are on both sides pledged to the prevailing policy, and that only pledges of an opposite kind are held sacred. It is another of these calamities that popular delusion and clamour now constitute the guides of ministers and legislators, and they naturally are anti-colonial. If the infatuated multitude should regain its senses, the ruler would forget his fatal pledges; but, alas! who may indulge hope?


 PORTRAITS OF EMINENT PHILOSOPHERS.

THE MARQUESS DE LA PLACE.

PIERRE SIMON, Marquess de la Place, was born in Normandy, on the 23d of March, 1749, a little more than a century after the birth of Newton. When at school he exhibited a prodigious power of memory, and the greatest facility in the acquisition of all kinds of learning. At a comparatively early age he had made himself master of many of the ancient languages, and had devoted himself zealously to the study of theology. It is not known by what circumstances he was led to exchange the divinity of the schools for the study of geometry; but we find him, at an early period of his life, a competitor for the friendship of D'Alembert, who at that time exercised a sort of despotism over the republic of letters. Courtied by sovereigns and princes, this illustrious academician was tormented by the crowds of philosophers and authors, who were ambitious of his acquaintance; and he was therefore under the necessity of limiting his attentions to those only who really deserved them.

D'Alembert had, about this time, informed the court of Turin that its royal academy contained a mathematician of the highest genius—the celebrated La Grange; and had announced to the King of Prussia that this illustrious foreigner was the only individual in Europe who could replace the great Euler, whom the Russian government had recalled to St. Petersburg. La Place, then living in his native province, felt the power of his genius, and was solicitous of the acquaintance of a philosopher like D'Alembert, who was not only the greatest mathematician of the age, but who had both the power and the inclination to advance the interests of men of genius. Having procured and forwarded several letters of recommendation, which he considered as very effective, he went to Paris, and waited upon D'Alembert. His letters of recommendation produced no effect, and the young Gravela was not even honoured with an interview. La Place, however, was not to be baffled by a single failure. He composed and addressed to D'Alembert a letter on the general principles of mechanics.

The hand of a master was exhibited in this youthful composition, and D'Alembert was so struck with the talent which it displayed, that he invited him to his house, and addressed him in the following words:—"You see, sir, that I hold recommendations as of very little value; you have no occasion for them—you have made yourself better known. This is sufficient for me: you are entitled to my support."

There happened at this time to be a vacant professorship of mathematics in the military school at Paris; and in a few days D'Alembert succeeded in obtaining the appointment for La Place. In this situation, so congenial with his previous pursuits, he devoted himself wholly to the cultivation of the mathematical and the physical sciences; and such was the progress of his studies, that he felt himself capable of undertaking what Baron Fourier calls the *Almagest* of his age—the *Mechanique Céleste*.

To this great work, which stands next to the *Principia* of Newton, La Place devoted the greater part of his life. In his fiftieth year, viz., in 1799, he published the first two volumes of it, and the rest appeared in succession, in the years 1802, 1805, &c. The following is the account which he himself has given of the nature and object of this celebrated production:

"Newton published, towards the end of the last century, the discovery of universal gravitation. Since that time geometers have, in referring to this great law of nature all the known phenomena of the system of the world, given an unexpected precision both to the theories and the tables of astronomy. I propose to present, under one point of view, these theories, which are scattered through a great number of works; the whole of which, embracing all the results of universal gravitation, on the equilibrium and on the motions of the solid and fluid bodies which compose the solar system, and similar systems spread through the immensity of the heavens, forms the *Celestial Mechanics*. Astronomy, considered in the most general manner, is a great mechanical problem, of which the elements of the celestial

motions are the arbitrary quantities. Its solution depends both on the accuracy of observations, and on the perfection of analysis: and it is of extreme importance to banish from it all empiricism, and to bring it to such a state as to borrow from observation only indispensable data. It is to accomplish, as far as I can, an object so interesting, that this work is destined. I hope, that in consideration of the importance and the difficulties of the subject, geometers and astronomers may receive it with indulgence; and that they may find the results sufficiently simple to be employed in their researches."

In the execution of this Herculean task, La Place has not merely discussed the labours of Kepler, Newton, D'Alembert, Clairaut, Euler, and La Grange, but he has enriched astronomy with many great discoveries of his own, which had escaped the penetration of his predecessors. One of the most beautiful of these was his discovery of the causes of the acceleration of the moon's motion. This effect had been ascribed to the resistance of an ethereal medium diffused through space; but the existence of such a source of disturbance was disproved by La Place's just researches respecting the immutability of the dimensions of the solar system. Thence he was led to conceive, that the action of gravity might not be instantaneous, but might be propagated like light; but this supposition did not stand the test of examination, and in a new investigation, which he submitted to the Academy of Sciences, on the 19th of March, 1787, he proved that the acceleration of the moon is a necessary effect of universal gravitation.

From this great discovery, the following remarkable conclusions are deducible:

1. That if the action of gravity is not instantaneous, it must propagate itself 50,000,000 of times faster than light, which moves at the rate of 195,000 miles in a second.

2. That the medium in which the stars revolve does not present any sensible resistance to the motions of the planets.

The conclusions which this great astronomer drew from his researches as to the motion of the moon, are still

more remarkable. He proves, that the length of our day, or the time in which the earth moves about its axis, has not varied the hundredth part of a second for two thousand years. He shews that an astronomer may measure the distance of the earth from the sun by merely observing the variations of the moon's motion; and that the very form of the earth itself, nay, the exact degree of compression at its poles, may be deduced from certain inequalities in the moon's motions, which would not have taken place if the earth had been a perfect sphere.

Previous to the appearance of the *Mécanique Céleste*, La Place had published, in one volume, his *Exposition of the System of the World*, which has been translated into English by our astronomer royal. It contains neither diagrams nor mathematical symbols of any kind, but is a sort of abridged view of the principal discoveries in astronomy. Baron Fourier very justly characterises it as the contents of a mathematical treatise, and as intended to recall to geometers those theorems whose demonstrations were already known to them. It is written with great beauty and precision of style, and the fifth book, containing an epitome of the history of astronomy, is peculiarly distinguished by its force and eloquence.

Another great work by which La Place has distinguished himself treats of the mathematical theory of probabilities; a new science of universal extent, of which he has fixed the principles and pointed out the applications.

In a country like France, where genius is sure of its reward, La Place rose to the highest honours of the state. He had been long a member of the Institute, of the French Academy, and of the Board of Longitude; but after the accession of Napoleon to power, he was raised successively to the dignities of a count and a marquess, and he was subsequently appointed Minister of the Interior,* and afterwards President of the Conservative Senate, with a salary of 36,000 francs, or 1500*l.* per annum.

The village of Arcueil, in the vicinity of Paris, has been rendered illustrious

* Professor Moll states, that La Place was inadequately paid for the duties of this office, and that he filled the situation only during a few months.

as the residence of La Place. His villa was close to that of his friend, the celebrated Berthollet, and their gardens were united. It was here that these two illustrious individuals established the private Physical and Chemical Society of Arcueil, which is known in every corner of the world where the sciences are cultivated. It was founded in 1806, and its meetings were held in the house of Berthollet. The members in the order of their enrolment were, La Place, C. L. Berthollet, Biot, Gay Lussac, Humboldt, Thénard, Decandolle, Collet Descostils, A. B. Berthollet, and Molos. He published two volumes of memoirs, in 8vo, entitled *Mémoires de Physique et de Chimie de la Société d'Arcueil*. The first volume was published in 1807-9, the second in 1809; but we believe its meetings were discontinued after the dreadful affliction which Berthollet suffered in the death of his only son. The meetings were held every fifteen days, new and interesting experiments were repeated, and memoirs upon different subjects read by the members.

In alluding to this hallowed spot, Baron Fouché justly remarks, "that great recollections and great sorrows have rendered it illustrious. It was there that La Place received celebrated foreigners, men of powerful minds, from whom science had either received or expected some benefit; but especially those whom a sincere zeal attached to the sanctuary of the sciences. The one had begun their career, the others were about to finish it. He received them with extreme politeness; he went even so far, that he led those who did not know the extent of his genius to believe that he might himself draw some advantage from their conversation."

La Place preserved his wonderful memory to a very advanced age. He was fond of literature, Italian music, and the fine arts: the works of Racine were his favourites, and he often quoted from memory different passages of this great poet. His apartments were adorned with the paintings of Raphael, which were blended with the portraits of the most celebrated philosophers.

During his last illness, a cloud of delirium passed over his gifted mind. His physician, M. Majendie, and his friend, M. Bouvard, watched his last moments with affectionate anxiety; and, growing weaker and weaker, he breathed

his last on the 5th of May, 1827, at nine o'clock in the morning, surrounded with his beloved family. When he was reminded during his last moments of his brilliant discoveries, and of his titles to immortality, he replied, in language of nearly the same import as that which Newton had used, "*What we know is little, and what we are ignorant of is immense.*"

The Marquess de la Place had, we believe, only two children, a son and a daughter. His son, the present Marquess de la Place, was one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp; his daughter, who was married to M. Delaporte, died in a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an only daughter, now celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments.

The following are the concluding paragraphs of the eloquent *éloge* pronounced upon La Place before the Academy of Sciences:

"Shall I remind you of that gloomy sadness which brooded over this place like a cloud, when the gloomy intelligence was announced to you? It was on the day, and even at the hour of your usual meetings. Each of you preserved a mournful silence—each felt the sad blow with which the Sciences were struck. All eyes were fixed on that place which he had so long occupied among you. One thought only filled your minds; every other meditation became impossible. You separated under the influence of a unanimous resolution, and for this single time your usual labours were interrupted.

"It is, doubtless, great—it is glorious—it is worthy of a powerful nation, to decree high honours to the memory of its celebrated men. In the country of Newton, the ministers of state desired that the mortal remains of this great man should be solemnly deposited among the tombs of its monarchs. France and Europe have offered to the memory of La Place an expression of their sorrow; less pompous, no doubt, but perhaps more touching and more sincere.

"He has received an unusual homage—he has received it from his countrymen, in the bosom of a learned body, who could alone appreciate all his genius. The voice of Science in tears was heard in every part of the world where philosophy had penetrated. We have now before us an extensive correspondence, from every part of Germany, England, Italy, and New Holland—from the English possessions in India—and from the two Americas; and we find in it the same expressions of admiration and sor-

row. This universal grief of the Sciences, so nobly and so freely expressed, has in it no less truths than the funeral pomp of Westminster Abbey.

"Permit me, before closing this discourse, to repeat a reflection which presented itself when I was enumerating, in this place, the great discoveries of Herschel, but which applies more directly to La Place.

"Your successors will see accomplished those great phenomena whose laws he has discovered—they will observe in the lunar motions the changes which he has predicted, and of which he was alone able to assign the cause. The continued observation of the satellites of Jupiter, will perpetuate the memory of the inventor of the theorems which regulate their course. The great inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn pursuing their long periods, and giving to

these planets new situations, will recall without ceasing one of the most astonishing discoveries. These are the titles to true glory, which nothing can extinguish. The spectacle of the heavens will be changed, but at these distant epochs the glory of the inventor will ever subsist—the traces of his genius bear the stamp of immortality.

"I have thus presented to you some features of an illustrious life, consecrated to the glory of the Sciences. May your recollection supply the defects of accents so feeble! May the voices of the nation—may that of the world at large—be raised to celebrate the benefactors of nations!—the only homage worthy of those who, like La Place, have been able to extend the domains of thought, to attest to man the dignity of his being, by unveiling to his eyes all the majesty of the heavens."

THE CONTRAST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF TRISTAN L'HERMITE.

Two wonders of creation, fair
As ever angels made their care,
Control my destiny; and now
A willing slave to both I bow.
Their charms as different are as those
That grace the lily and the rose:
Julia, the blushing rose, I deem
The sun has kiss'd with opening beam;
And in my Lesbia's cheek I view
Lilies, with rose-tints gleaming through.
In Julia's laughing look I see
The brightness of the dawning day;
In Lesbia's smile of ecstasy
The moonlight's mild and blissful ray.

W.

EWAN M'GABHAR.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

IN my peregrinations through the North Highlands I came upon a large and romantic lake, in the country of the M'Kenzies, called Loch Mari, or St. Mary's Loch—the same designation with that of my own beloved lake, but originating in a different language. It is one of the most romantic places in the world; speckled with beautiful islets, and overhung by tremendous mountains, some of them quite spiral and white as snow. I spent a number of days about this enchanting lake, sailing, fishing, and shooting gulls, with the M'Kenzies of Ardlair, and McIntire of Lutterewe. With this latter gentleman I made a day's excursion towards the north part of the Lutterewe estate, and certainly was highly gratified; for such groups of grandeur, horror, and sublimity, I have never yet seen. Sequestered dells, surrounded by inaccessible cliffs; vistas of grim, vast, and yawning caverns, were every where opening upon us, so that we were soon entangled in a wilderness of wonders, out of which none but a well experienced guide could have extricated us.

At length he said he would shew me the greatest curiosity of all; and led me a long way to the south-west, to see a remarkable cavern. It was a place of horrid grandeur, and most difficult of access, and is called Uadha-na Kigh, or the King's Son's Cave. I asked at Mr. McIntire how it came to receive that dignified title. "I will tell you that," said he, "once we have got our dinner eaten and our whisky drunk;" and I saw, by the quick and silent way in which he despatched his meal, that he weened he had recollected a theme which would please and interest me; for a more obliging little fellow never breathed than John McIntire. Before I had half done eating, he returned thanks very shortly in Gaelic, and thus began:—

"Well, do you know, sir, that you are now sitting in a place where some of the most remarkable events have happened that ever took place since the world was made? Do you remember the steading grown green with age which I bade you pay particular attention to?" I answered that I did, and

would never forget it. "Well, in that sequestered home there lived, some time long ago, a young man and his mother, whose subsistence depended chiefly on hunting and fishing; but they had also a few goats, and, among others, a large and most valuable one, called Earba. She was the colour of a hind, a dim chestnut, and almost invisible; and tradition says she gave more milk than any cow. She was a pet and well fed, and some of those animals will give more milk than could well be believed by a Sassenach. Well, but all at once Earba begins to give less and less milk, to the great consternation of old Oighrig, who fed and better fed her favourite to no purpose. She complained to her son Kenet of the astounding circumstance, but he only laughed at her, and said she was not very easily pleased of the quantity of milk, that she had not fed poor Earba well enough, or the good creature had perhaps been unwell.

"The next day, when Kenet came in from the hills, his mother says, 'I tell you, Kenet, something must be done about Earba, else we may all starve. I declare she has not given me a green-horn spoonful of milk this morning.'

"That is very extraordinary, mother," said Kenet, "but how can I help it?"

"Why, the truth is, Kenet, that I am sure the fairies milk her; or else she has picked up some poor motherless fawn, for it is a kindly creature; and that either some fairy or this motherless fawn suck her evening and morning. For, do you know, Kenet, that though she comes evening and morning for her meals, yet she gives me nothing in return for them. Besides, she shews a sort of impatience to get away, and does not lick my hand as she was wont to do: and then she takes always one path, up through the middle of these rocks, and I hear her often bleating as she ascends;—but, plague on her, nobody can keep sight of her.'

"It is very singular, indeed," says Kenet; "we must tether her."

"No, no, son Kenet, I cannot consent to that. Were we to put a rope about poor Earba's neck and

tether her, it would break her heart, and she would never come home to us again. I'll tell you what you must do, Kenet, you must watch her the whole day, and never let her know that you see her, for it is a cunning beast; and if she knows that you see her, she will not go near her fairy or her fawn, but wait till it be dark and then give us the slip.'

"Kenet promised that he would; and early next morning went and hid himself among the rocks that overhung his cottage, to cheat Earba. He also took a lump of dried salmon with him, that he might not be hungry for a whole day, determined to find out Earba's secret. Nevertheless, for all his precaution, she cheated him; she went by paths on which he could not follow her, and before he got round by passable parts of the rock he had lost sight of her; and, when once lost sight of, it was almost impossible to discover her again, owing to her invisible colour. She actually appeared often to vanish, when scarcely a bow-shot off, among the rocks.

" 'It will be as well for us to keep on good terms with you, Earba,' said Kenet to himself; 'for if it should come into your head to absent yourself, long would it be before we found you again. But I'll be about with you! for I'll watch till you return, and see where you come from, for you will pay us a visit for your meal.'

"Kenet watched and watched; but he might as well have watched for a spirit. The first sight that he saw of her she was with his mother on the green at the cottage-door. Kenet was terribly chagrined at being thus outwitted; and more so when he returned to his mother and learned that Earba had not given a green-horn spoonful of milk, having been newly suckled.

"They could all subsist without Earba's milk: further exertion was necessary; so Kenet went higher up among the rocks next day. He saw her pass by him, but again lost her. He went farther and farther on the track till at the last he saw her enter this very cavern. Kenet, quite overjoyed, came posting to the foot of the rock there, where we began to climb, and called out, in his native tongue, 'Iilloa, dear Earba! are you in? Come out! come out!' Earba came forward, and looked over at him from this very spot, uttering a kindly bleat,

and then posted down the rock to her owner. 'What have you got in there, dear Earba? I must see what you have got in there.' Earba looked up in his face with a countenance of the utmost distress. He began to climb. Earba mounted the rock like lightning before him, and placed herself there on the verge, and with a decided inveteracy defended the mouth of the cave. She popped her master on the forehead as it reared above the verge, gently at first; but when he tried to force himself up she smote him hard, letting him know that there he should not come; and as he had no footing he was obliged to retreat.

"As soon as he got fairly down upon the greensward there beneath, she came at his call, and accompanied him on his way home, but left him. Her secret was now discovered, and she did not choose to trust herself any more in the power of her owners. What was to be done? Their darling and chief support was lost to them, and that by a sort of mystery which they could not comprehend. They slept none all that night, consulting what was best to be done; and at length came to the resolution to go together and storm the cave. Kenet hesitated; but the curiosity of his mother prevailed, though she attributed it all to necessity. So, after stuffing her lap with all the herbs and good things that Earba loved, the two sallied out at dawn, and reached this cave by sunrise. They had resolved to take Earba by surprise; but a woman's tongue, even in a whisper, long as it is, proved not longer than a goat's ears. Before they were half-way up, by different routes, the one coming by that step there, and the other by this one here, Earba appeared on the verge with looks of great uneasiness. She answered to her name by a shrill bleat; but when Oighrig held out kail-blades to her, and the finest herbs, she would not taste them, but stood there tramping with her foot and whistling through her nostrils, determined to resist all encroachments on her premises to the death.

"But instinct is unfairly opposed to reason: by throwing a noose over her horns, and holding down her head, Kenet succeeded in mounting to this platform where we sit. Till that instant all had been quiet; but, when the goat fell a struggling and bleating,

there issued from that dark corner there a beautiful little child, creeping with great velocity, and crying out 'mam-mam, mam-mam.'

"'Sirre gleidh Dia more!' roared Kenet, and half-threw himself over that precipice, not taking two steps on the whole. Oighrig still held by the rope that kept down Earba's head; and abusing her son for his cowardice in no very measured terms, ordered him to come and hold Earba, and she would enter the cave herself. 'Sithiche, sithiche! le mair Dia!' shouted Kenet, and made signs for his mother to run for her life.

"'What, you fool!' cried Oighrig, in her native tongue, 'and do you think a fairy would be so unreasonable as to wreak any vengeance on us for claiming our own? Come and hold down the rope here, and keep that perverse beast in order, and I'll face the fairy.'

"Kenet took a long grip of the rope at the bottom of the rock, and Earba, finding that he now had it in his power to pull her headlong over, stood quiet, still bleating always in answer to the child's 'mam-mam.' But when Oighrig succeeded in getting up here, where my foot is placed, there the goat was standing with her head held down, and there, on that spot, was the loveliest boy sucking her that ever the eye of woman beheld; so Oighrig said, and so I believe she thought. She started back as she saw, and held up her hands at such an extraordinary sight, crying out—'Did not I tell you, Earba, that you were sucked by the fairies?'

"Oighrig, I believe, never told her any such thing; but, though convinced in her own mind that the lovely child was a fairy, there is something in woman's feeling heart that clings to a fellow-creature in extremity. It is out of her power to abandon such a being, whatever privations she may suffer in her efforts to mitigate human suffering. But let a helpless infant once come in her way, then all the sympathies of her generous nature overflow, as with a spring-tide. A lovely boy sucking a

goat in a cave of the wilderness, was more than poor Oighrig's heart could stand—she flew to him, snatched him up in her arms, and shed a flood of tears over him, exclaiming—'Be you a fairy, or be you fiend, you shall lie in my bosom and have good Earba for your nurse still. Blessings on you, poor and kind-hearted Earba, for preserving the life of this dear child!' 'Anam bhur ceadunich comhnuch neamhuidh.*'

"The child held out his hands to Earba, wept, and continued to cry out 'mam-mam,' while poor Earba answered every cry with a bleat. Oighrig caressed the child and blessed him, and promised him that he should lie in her bosom and be fed with Earba's milk, and ride upon her back on a pretty level green. The boy would not be comforted nor soothed, but screamed to be at Earba; and so Oighrig set him down, when he instantly clasped his little arms round the animal's neck and laid his cheek to hers; she muttered sounds of kindness over him and licked his hands. Kenet now ascended into the cave, but was in utter terror for the fairy, and kept wildly aloof, threatening, at the same time, to fling the creature headlong over the rocks.

"'But you shall first fling the mother that bore you over the rocks,' cried Oighrig. 'Would you take the life that God has preserved by a miracle, or dash an innocent babe to pieces that a brute beast has taken pity on and saved?'

"'Do you think that being would dash to pieces?' said Kenet. 'A fairy dash to pieces! You may throw him over there, he will light on a bed of down. You may throw him into the flame, he will mount up into the air like a living spark, and laugh at you. You may throw him into the sea, he will swim like a marrot. Do you not see his green dress, his flaxen hair, and light blue eyes?—a fairy, as I breathe!'

"'He is no such thing, hind, but as good flesh and blood as you;' and a

* I am not sure if this is the very expression used by Mr. M'Intire, not being a Gaelic scholar, but it is something like it; for he used in his narrative some strong short Gaelic sentences, which he swore would not translate, and I believe it. One time I was with a party of gentlemen in Balquhider, and after dinner, the reverend clergyman of the parish told us a story of a Balquhider lad and a young game-cock. It was no story at all. I wondered at it. "It is impossible to tell it in English," said he, and told it shortly in Gaelic, with a triumphant look. The effect was like electricity. The Highland gentlemen rolled upon the floor and laughed at it.

great deal better,' cried a voice from that darksome den, right behind Kenet, who almost jumped out of his skin with fright. And instantly there rushed forth a comely girl to the heart of the stage here, as we may call it. Her air was wild, her apparel torn, and famine painted in her youthful features, which, nevertheless, bore decisive traces of youth and beauty. 'The child is mine!' cried she. 'The dear babe is mine! in who and in weakness have I watched over him; and journeyed both by sea and land to save his dear life, until now that my strength is exhausted, and had it not been for this dear creature, which I wiled and bribed into the cave for our assistance, we should both long ago have perished of want.'

"Your child, dear heart!" said Oighrig. 'If he had been your child, would you not have nursed him yourself, and not set him out to nurse on a poor old woman's goat, which is her principal dependence! Your son, indeed! Now, I wish I were as sure of living in heaven as that you never had a child in your life.'

"The girl blushed exceedingly, and hid her face and wept. But the sight of this youthful and half-famished beauty wrought a great change in Kenet's mind with regard to the child of the fairies. He now perceived a glimmer of human nature to beam through the mystery, or rather through the eyes of a lovely female, which often convey powerful arguments to the hearts of young men.

"Come, come now, mother, don't be going too strictly into your researches; for though you be exceedingly wise in your own conceit, yet you may be mistaken. Many a mother has had a child who could not nurse it, and as young a one as she is may well be excused. One thing only is certain at present, and that is, that the helpless couple must go home with us, for we cannot leave them to perish here.'

"And that is most certain, indeed," said Oighrig, wiping her eyes; 'and God be blessing you for a dear lad for first making the proposal; for if you had left them here I would have staid with them. And now I know that when mercy, and kindness, and necessity require it, you will hunt double and fish double, and we shall live more sumptuously than ever we did before.'

"Ay, and that I will, mother. And

now, M'Gabhar (son of the goat), come you on my back, and we'll march in grand battle array home.'

"And so they did, Earba skipping before them, and the child laughing at her, and chirruping out 'mam-mam, mam-mam,' which expression always extracted a bleat in return; and many a time she would turn back, raise herself on her hind legs, and lick her little darling's hand. She left the cottage no more, but hung around it from morning to night, and always came at the boy's 'mam-mam.' By degrees they weaned him, and taught him to drink milk out of a queich; but Oighrig said she never saw a boy as hard to wean from the mother that bore him as little M'Gabhar was from Earba. He would paddle out to the green to her; then she would come running to meet him, and rear herself up on end as if going to knock him down, but he would beat her with his little hands till she, pretending to be fairly overcome, would stretch herself on the green and hold up her shaggy limb to let her stepson suck.

"Kenet had now got a new stimulus. His success in hunting and fishing astonished even old Oighrig herself, who daily declared, that if Kenet had ten of a family it would be all the same to him, for he would maintain them all, and more. The girl's name was Flora; and she told them that the boy's Christian name was Ewan, but she would not say the patronymic name of either, so the boy got the name of M'Gabhar until his dying day.

"They lived as happily together as ever a little group did in such a wilderness; Earba got kids of her own, and Ewan herded and fed them, with a daily acknowledgement of their fraternity. Flora grew as plump as a doe in autumn, and far, far too lovely for the peace of poor Kenet's heart. From the moment that he first saw her in the cavern here, when she came out of that dark hole, with her ragged array and dishevelled locks, there was a spontaneous leaning of affection towards her, which at once disarmed him of his rancour against the child of the fairies: but now, when well fed and living at ease, and in the full blow of her beauty, Kenet found himself fairly her slave. Though he had never spoken of love to her, there were, nevertheless, a kindness and suavity of manner expressed towards him, in all their field-labours

and daily transactions, which made him hope and believe that the affection between them was mutual. But before entering on such a serious concern as a life-rent lease of Flora, he, like a dutiful son, thought proper to consult his mother about it.

"Do you think Flora is really the mother of little Ewan? because, if she is, it is not fair to call him M'Gabhar—he should be called M'Aillaidh (son of the beautiful). Tell me truly what you think of this, mother."

"Do I think that you are the mother of the boy, son Kenet? That would not be a very natural thought for me to take up, would it? Then you are just as much the mother of the boy as maighdean Flora is. Do you think I have lived so long in the world and not know oigh neo-chirramach from bean muither? Just as well as you know a red deer from a goat, Kenet; and you may take my word for it that Flora is a virgin as pure as the day that she was born."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, my dear old mother; for I am going to take Flora for a wife to me, and I should not have much liked to take another man's wife, or his mistress, in that capacity."

"You take Flora for a wife, son Kenet! You may as well think of taking the queen of heaven for a wife, which is the moon. Cannot you perceive that Flora is a great-born lady, and doubtless the daughter of a king; and for a poor young forester to think of marrying a king's daughter is a vain thought. That sword and mantle, which she preserves with such care for the boy, and which were his father's, shew that *he* is at least the son of a king; and I have no doubt that she is his sister, who has fled with the boy from some great and imminent danger—for she has told me that both their lives depend on the strictest concealment. Let us therefore be kind to them and protect them in close concealment, and our fortunes, by and by, will be made. But, as I said before, you may as well expect that the moon will stoop down to be your wife as that Flora will; so never bring your kind heart into any trouble about that."

"This was a cutting speech to Kenet, and made his spirit sink within him, for he had calculated on the beauty as his own, thrown as she was on his special protection. But he bowed to

his mother's insinuation, and remained respectful and attentive, sighing for love in secret, and cherishing the dangerous passion more and more, but never made mention of it to Flora. Young Ewan grew apace, was a healthy and hardy boy, of a proud, positive disposition; and though clad in the homeliest mountain array, had an eye, a form, and an expression of features, which could never be mistaken for a peasant's child; for over all this country the two classes are a distinct species.

"They lived in retired peace and quietness, with the exception of Kenet's heart, which he kept in as good subordination as he was able. They asked Flora no questions, for they saw that a great secret was hers, and they had the delicacy not to distress her by forcing her to reveal it.

"But they were surprised and greatly deranged one day by the great Lord Downan, the chief, coming to their cottage with his train; nor did they ever see him till he alighted at the door; and Kenet being one of his own foresters, he entered without ceremony, and jocosely blamed him for not being out with them at the hunt. Kenet excused himself in an embarrassed, confused way, as not knowing of it; but Lord Downan, casting his eyes on the beautiful and blushing Flora—"Ah, Kenet! I excuse you, I excuse you," exclaimed he; "I did not know you had brought a wife home to Corry-dion; and, upon my word, Kenet, a prettier one never tripped over the hills of Louterewe. How comes it that I knew nothing of this?"

"Oh, you do not know the half that is done among your mountains and forests, my lord," said Kenet.

"But I ought to have known, and to have been at the wedding, too, you know, Kenet," said Lord Downan. "You have not recognised your chief's right there. But, pray tell me where you got that flower; for I am sure she was not a Kenetdale maiden, else my eye would have caught her before now."

"No; I got her not so far from home," said Kenet, terribly perplexed, and changing colours.

"I perceive there is some secret here, Kenet," said Downan; "but with your chief there ought to be none. Tell me, then, where you found this maiden, for I do not think she is of my vassals; and I have a peculiar

reason for wishing to know where you got her, and who she is.'

" 'I got her on your own lands, my lord. She is of your own clan, for any thing I know to the contrary; and you know my wife must be your vassal.'

" 'Your wife, Kenet? No, that gem cannot be your wife; she was formed for the chamber of a lord or a king.'

" 'Then, where is this boy come from, my lord, if she is not my wife?'

" 'Not from you. It is a mystery, I perceive that well enough; a runaway story—a matter of deep concealment; but I'll probe it, as it may concern myself perhaps too nearly: and, to make sure of coming to the real truth, I shall take the maiden along with me; so you may make ready, my pretty dear, for your immediate journey to Downan castle.'

" '() no, no, my good lord and chief, do not speak of a thing so unjust and cruel. If you take her, you shall take me, too; for you shall never part Flora and I.'

" 'Flora! Flora!' cried Lord Downan; 'that is no name of our clan; no, but a polite one among our enemies. Why won't you tell me the truth, hind? I charge you to do it, then, before I sever your head from your body at one stroke.'

" Kenet trembled, for he had nothing to tell, and knew not what to say; but Flora sprung forward, and kneeling, with tears in her eyes, she implored him to leave her with her poor husband and child, for that her life was bound up in them; and for him to take the wife of a poor forester of his own to his lordly halls would bring disgrace upon himself, and ruin her own peace of mind for ever.'

" Lord Downan raised his eyes with astonishment. 'I cannot comprehend this!' exclaimed he. 'Your address proves it to me beyond a doubt that you are of the best blood of the land, or of some other land, for your tongue differs from ours. But the avowal, from your own lips, that you are the wife of my own young forester, confounds me. Yet I do not believe it; women are deceitful. Go with me, Flora, I will be kind to you; and whatever has been your fate, you may confide in my honour.'

" Then all the little group set up a lamentation; and Kenet, in the plen-

tude of his misery, exclaimed, 'And poor little M'Gabhar, what will become of you!'

" At the name, Lord Downan started again to his feet. 'M'Gabhar! What is the meaning of that name!' cried he. 'There is something ominous to our family and name in that patronymic; for there is a legend of a thousand years which bears that—'

'The son of the goat shall triumphantly bear

The mountain on flame and the horns of the deer—

From forest of Loyne to the hill of Ben-Crosken—

From mountain to vale, and from ocean to ocean.'

'Thou art a stem worthy to be looked after, little blue-eyed M'Gabhar; the first, I am sure, who ever bore the name. So thou and thy lovely protectress shall both go with me.'

" 'I will not go, my lord, that is peremptory,' said Flora. 'If you take me, you shall force me; and if you proffer force, I'll die before I yield. So take your choice—to leave me at peace, or kill both me and my dear boy.'

" 'I yield for the present,' said Lord Downan, 'for forcibly on a woman shall my hand never be laid. But, Kenet, I trust the beautiful pair with you, and keep them safe till my return, as you shall answer with your head. I will make inquiries, and see them soon again: and, lovely Flora, whatever your secret may be, you may depend on my honour. I make a present to you of the best stag of my quarry, to help your fare, and hope soon to place you in a situation that better becomes your rank and condition; and then kissing her, he bade her adieu; but left a bold kinsman with them as a guard upon both, being a little jealous of their future movements.

" Their situation was now most critical, and Flora's distress extreme; yet she shewed no signs of it before Hector, Lord Downan's friend, who accompanied Kenet to the fishing and hunting, and both were equally well received when they came home, and kindly treated. The circumstance of having been acknowledged as the husband of Flora by her own lips, had raised the poor fellow's spirits, so that, for all their jeopardy, he perhaps never was so happy. But one evening when

they came home, all the three were a-missing. Kenet called here and called there; and then, with troubled looks, said, 'they will be out milking the goats and will be home anon. God grant they may not have wandered among the rocks.'

" 'Is this not some stratagem, Kenet?' said Hector: 'for it appears strange to me that two women and a boy should desert by themselves, without any to protect them: therefore, take you care and do not you desert too, else the best shaft that I have shall overtake you.'

" 'As I live and breathe,' said Kenet, 'any intention of desertion was utterly unknown to me; and, therefore, I am certain, that if they are gone, they must have been carried off by force. We will search to-morrow, and if we find them not we will both taste to my lord for assistance. If my wife, my child, and my parent, are lost, what is to become of me!'

" The two young men went to no bed, nor slept they any that night. They went often to the door and called, but they were only mocked by a hundred echoes from the rocks that surrounded them. Even Earba answered not to her name; and that was the first circumstance which made Kenet suspect some deep-laid and desperate plot. He lighted his birchen torch and ran to search for the red velvet mantle and the sword of state. They were both gone! He returned with the tear in his eye.—'They are gone, indeed, and that, without all doubt, by force,' said he. 'Do you think my lord can have been here in our absence?'

" Next morning they were standing ready at break of day to begin the search. There were plenty of marks of horses' feet, but then the train of horses had been there so lately, that these were not conclusive either way. Kenet had strong hopes that he should find them once more here in Tol-au-Kigh; but Hector was sulk and ill-humoured, suspecting that he was duped, and likewise, that his neck might suffer on account of his remissness.

" Kenet knew that no living man was aware of the cave, and there were many hundreds of yawning openings among the rocks much like a cave than it, he was therefore very cautious how he approached it in view of Hector; but found means, in the course of the day, to make a signal, which was

answered, and then he knew all was right. The only remaining difficulty now was to get quit of Hector; but that proved easier than was apprehended, for he vanished that very day on the hill, and hasted home with the news to his lord, convinced that he was duped, and that the party had planned an escape to another country.

" What to do the party knew not. They could not abide in the cave, for Kenet durst not go out either to fish or to hunt, and they were terrified for the sloth-hounds; so they decamped that night and went down to the shore, where they hid themselves, and waited the appearance of some boat to take them from Lord Downan's dominion, that being their chief concern for the present, Flora having imbibed a terror for that family which was to the rest quite unaccountable. Earba followed them with her two remaining kids, she being still as much attached to Ewan as any of them.

" The next day, towards evening, a vessel approached as from the coast of Sky, and came into Pool-ewe, where she cast anchor, and a boat came towards the shore. Kenet and Flora went down, hand in hand, to ask for a passage to the islands, old Oighrig remaining on the top of the promontory, with the boy, the goats, and the stuff, until the two returned to help her to remove them. But never, till the barge's prow was within half a stone-cast of the land, did Kenet and Flora know or suspect that thus was a party of Lord Downan's men, sent for the express purpose of preventing their escape; while another party, with the sloth-hounds, were behind them. The two took to their heels and fled like two deers taken by surprise; but the roughness of the ground entangled the impiden; they were soon overtaken, seized, and carried to the vessel, with loud rejoicings of the crew for their instant success; but, oh! what a grievous scene it was to the two captives, as well as to Oighrig and little Ewan, to be separated from them, and know not to what quarter of the world they were taken. Flora's distress it is impossible to describe; she wept incessantly, and called on the name of the boy; and had Lord Downan been there, he, doubtless, would have caused his men to return for Oighrig and the boy; but as their lord's great anxiety seemed to be the attainment of the young lady

and his disingenuous forester, the men returned with their prize, looking for nothing further.

"Oighrig, altogether forlorn and destitute, wist not what to do. She thought of returning to her cot, but, with her baggage, was not able; neither had she any mode of subsistence when there. All places were now alike to her, only she wished to sail or to travel southward after her son and darling Flora. Some of her poor clansmen on the shore protected her and her little store, consisting of three goats, three baskets, and a small locked chest or cage, in which were the boy's sword, mantle, and some jewels, for several days; and at length they spoke a vessel, which promised to take them to Castle Downan, where Oighrig was sure she would hear some news of her son, either good or bad. But, whether by chance or design, certain it is they took the hapless pair into the country of a great chief, plunderer, and free-booter, called Colin Gillespick."

I must here break in upon Mr. M'Intire's narrative by a suggestion of my own. He always denominated Ewan M'Gabharr the son of the king. Now, unless he was the son of some Irish king, I can make nothing of the story save this: that he had actually been the son of that great Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, who as a sovereign overran a great part of the kingdom of Scotland. It is evident that Lord Downan was the chief of the M'Kenzies, and this great Colin Gillespick was the Earl of Argyle, both of whom were engaged in putting down the power of that bloody tyrant of the isles; and there is something in the story exactly similar to the exterminating war that was carried on against the latter by the Regent, until his whole family were destroyed, save one boy, and he himself reduced to the last extremity, in which he finished his existence. This is the supposition on which I am now to proceed, but shall stand corrected by those who know the legend better.

"Oighrig and Ewan, with their little store, were taken by the captain of the vessel and deposited in one of his out-houses, with their three goats; but before he left them he searched all their baggage; and what was his astonishment when he found the scarlet velvet mantle of state, all fringed and bound with pure gold, and the sword with a

handle of gold and ivory, and some mystic characters on it! The captain then adjured Oighrig to tell him who this boy was; and she for herself having no secret to keep, told him all—that he was the king's son, and that she found him in a cave with that same old goat nursing him.

"The man was amazed, as may well be supposed. He made straight to his chief, Colin More, with the story and the trophies, who was no less amazed than he; and being certain that he had a great prize in his power, he lost no time in providing liberally for the boy. He placed Oighrig in a little hut beside his castle, provided well for her goats, and gave her a cow; and Ewan he took into his own family, and brought him up with his own sons in all the liberal and warlike arts, with liberty to visit his old protectress daily. Colin More, it was said, exhibited his trophies at the court of Scotland, but could find no claimant for them there, nor any that could make out the inscription on the sword.

"But, as the proverb goes, 'blood is thicker than water.' Oighrig grew restless and impatient to learn something of the fate of her own son Kenet; and finding that the great Colin disapproved of it, for fear of the secret of the illustrious boy being discovered to a rival chief who appeared to have prior claims, the poor old matron decamped by herself; and what became of her, or whether she reached Castle Downan or not, tradition has brought down no record.

"But young Ewan, in the mean time, grew in strength and in favour with all. There was none who could match him in warlike exercises, though these were practised every day at the castle of Colin. One by one, though sometimes only one in a year, he overcame the masters of the sword, and was accounted the chief in all those dominions at the sword and the bow.

"A great and bloody war now commenced between Colin More and the king of the country that should have been Ewan's own, of which he knew nothing. Lord Downan was joined with Colin More in this great enterprise, which they hoped to accomplish easily, a queen (lady) only being at the head of the enemy's affairs. They took one whole kingdom from her, which they plundered and burnt (probably Mull); and then, proceeding to the

main kingdom with a fleet under which the ocean groaned, they went into a long bay which winded twenty miles into the country, and there they landed 20,000 men, who immediately began to burn and plunder without opposition.

"At night, the chiefs and a few followers went to their ships for the night, as a safe and comfortable retreat. Their army was encamped at from ten to twenty miles' distance, having seen no appearance of a foe. But before daybreak the chiefs and their attendants got a disagreeable awakening by the lady's captains, who had come quietly up the loch by night, and inclosed the fleet of their enemies with few or board to defend it. The conquest was easy. They boarded, and took every man of them prisoners, not above twenty being slain in a fruitless attempt at defence. Colin More was taken, with two of his sons and Ewan M'Gabhar. Lord Downan also, and three of his brothers, with sixty gentlemen besides, were made prisoners. The land forces were attacked at the same time, and, though taken by surprise, they defended themselves stoutly, retreating towards their ships. Most of their captains were slain; and when the retreaters reached the head of the bay, expecting encouragement and aid from their chiefs, they were saluted with the hurrahs of their enemies. They had no more power; they were pursued and slaughtered like sheep, and those who escaped were hunted from day to day, till few of all that puissant army were left alive.

"When the orders came from the Scottish court for the prosecution of this war, and the great clans began to arise, Ewan was all fire and eagerness for the glorious enterprise, having got the command of a thousand men. During the bustle one morning, a highlander came to him and proffered himself as his page: he was of middle age, rather small of stature, and not like a form calculated for the battlefield, which Ewan told him by way of rejection. But every subsequent day the young hero found this page in waiting, and ready to assist with every thing, whether called or not; so that he soon contrived to establish himself in the good graces of his master, who felt his services and manner peculiarly agreeable to him, and finally he gave him the charge of making up his baggage and attending to it.

"The nobles and chiefs were conducted prisoners before that gallant and ruthless queen. They found her seated on high beneath a canopy of ermine, supported by great numbers of her chiefs and kinsmen. She rose, and made a long and vehement speech to them, accusing them as the slaves of a tyrant, and of having persecuted, hunted, and destroyed every remnant of her royal race; but she said that now the judgment of heaven had overtaken them, and her word was, Vengeance for vengeance!

"She then gave orders that the next morning, beginning at nine of the clock, the whole of the prisoners should be brought again into her presence, and hanged by sevens at a time, beginning with the youngest, that the fathers might have the pleasure of beholding the dying throes of their sons, and that the old men should be reserved for the last.

"That was a dismal night for the nobles and gentlemen of Lorn and Kenedale, and many lowland noblemen beside, who had been involved with them in the expedition. They sent petition after petition to the queen, proffering her extensive dominions and hostages to guarantee their everlasting friendship. But all was in vain: she mocked at their proposals, and only answered with these words: 'I tell you I will have blood for blood!'

"Her guards and executioners were then ordered to begin, who, selecting the seven youngest, led them across the court to make their obeisance to the queen before they were hung up. No sooner had they made their appearance than the queen's hands began to move slowly upwards, her colour went and came, her bosom palpitated, her lips quivered, and at length she shrieked out, 'O God of heaven! what do I see? Stop the execution—stop!' and down she fell in a swoon. Her maids came to her assistance, and now a hundred shouts rent the air—'A M'Olav More! a M'Olav More!' (a son of Olav the Great)—and instantly all the queen's chiefs and kinsmen were kneeling around one of the condemned prisoners. This was a tall, goodly, and graceful youth, who approached at the head of the other six, clothed in his father's scarlet robe of state, and his ancient sword of state by his side. It was Ewan. There was no mistaking his identity by any one

who had seen his father in the days of his prosperity and glory. His mother's heart at once acknowledged her son; and ere our young hero could comprehend what was in the wind, his hands were loosed, and he was borne on the arms of kinsmen, seated on his father's throne, and acknowledged as sole lord and governor of the country; while the shouts of 'A M'Olav More!' still increased, till all the rocks round the castle of Dunskaigh rang, and the firmament was rent.

"This great noise and hubbub brought the queen to herself, who again mounted the temporary throne! 'Give place, young stranger!' cried she: 'I yield not the throne of my husband's ancient house on the shallow ground of a mere personal likeness, with those of a pilfered robe and sword. That you are my husband's son my own heart tells me; but my own son you cannot be, for my child, my beloved Ewan, was foully murdered in his bed by hired ruffians and conspirators, whom I had blindly trusted; and with his innocent life the last lineal heir of the great M'Olav perished. Therefore declare your lineage and your name, or dare not to approach this honoured and dangerous seat!' And, saying this, she again seated herself on the regal chair.

" 'Madam, I was hurried, I know not why, from the foot of the gallows to that dignified chair,' said he, 'to which I claim no pretensions. I am called Ewan M'Gabharr. Of my lineage I know nothing, nor is there any one here who can prove it. My lot has been a strange one; but I know, from one who has long been lost, that this robe and that sword were my father's.'

"The assembled crowd once more began to shout, 'A M'Olav More!' But the queen ordered silence, and declared that though her senses convinced her of the truth that the youth was a son of M'Olav, yet, unless he was *her own son*, he could not be the heir of his father, and no illegitimate should ever sway that ancient sceptre.'

"A lady clothed in dark silk was now admitted, who, kneeling at the queen's knee, said, in a vehement voice, so loud

that all the vassals might hear, 'Madam, I appear as an important witness here to-day: I am Flora — your own youngest sister Flora! and that gallant youth who stands by your side is your own son Ewan, the only surviving son of the great M'Olav.'

"The queen then embraced her son and sister alternately, and placed Ewan on his father's throne amid the most extravagant shouts of approbation. Flora then related, in their hearing, how that love had whispered to her that the conspirators were in the castle who had undertaken, for a great bribe, to murder at night that last remaining stem of a dangerous house; and how she gave up her bed to the wife and child of one of the conspirators, whose cruel deaths satisfied the ruffians and procured them their reward, while at the same time it prevented any pursuit or subsequent search after Flora and her precious charge; though of that circumstance she remained long ignorant, which kept her in great alarm. The rest of her story has already been related, saving the last scene. When she heard that Ewan was going to engage in that unnatural and exterminating war against his mother and kinsmen, she left her husband and family, and, in the habit of a page, had accompanied her young hero on the enterprise. She had taken care to bring the precious proofs along with her, and, as a page, her own hands had arrayed him in the very mode in which his father was wont to wear them, certain of the effect.

"Ewan's first act of authority was to go and loose all his condemned associates with his own hands. Their joy and astonishment may well be conceived. He entertained them gallantly at his castle for many days, and there a friendly league was framed, which has preserved the peace and tranquility of those realms to this day. Ewan afterwards married Mary, Lord Downan's youngest daughter, and by his bravery and policy greatly increased the dominions of that potent house; so that the old prophecy relating to the 'son of the goat' was literally fulfilled."



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

CRIMES.

"How few sometimes may know when thousands err."

* * * * * "But for the miracle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us."

THE multiplicity of penal enactments in this country must, in the very nature of things, defeat those ends the attainment of which ought to be the object of all law, namely, *the prevention of crimes*. Our criminal code exhibits too much the appearance of a heterogeneous mass, concocted too often on the spur of the occasion (as Lord Bacon expresses it), and frequently without that degree of accuracy which is the result of able and minute discussion, or a due attention to the revision of the existing laws, or considering how far their provisions bear upon new and accumulated statutes introduced into parliament, often without either consideration or knowledge, and without those precautions which are always ne-

cessary when laws are to be made which may affect the property, the liberty, and perhaps even the lives of thousands.

To enter into the number and nature of the laws here, would occupy too much space; some notion of their sanguinary character may, however, be formed, when it is stated that, thirty years ago, there were upwards of *one hundred and sixty* different offences which subjected the parties who were found guilty of any of them to death, without benefit of clergy. Although in the present day, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, the different modes of committing crime are almost endless, the principal actors in criminality may be classed under the following heads:—

Housebreakers	Vulgar—Cracksmen, pannymen.
Highwaymen & }	Grand-tobymen.
Footpads . }	Spicemen.
Coiners	Bit-makers.
Utterers of base metal	Smashers.
Pickpockets	Buzzmen, clyfakers, conveyancers.
Stealers of goods and money from shops, areas, &c. &c. . . .	} Sneaks.
Shoplifters	Shop-bouncers.
Snatchers of reticules, watches, &c. &c. from the person	} Grabbers.
Horse and cattle stealers	Prad-chervers.
Women and men who waylay inebriate persons for the purpose of robbery	} Ramps.
Receivers of stolen goods	Fences.
Forgers	Fakers.
Embezzlers	Bilkers.
Swindlers of every description, among which are	} Macers, duffers, and ring-droppers.
Stealing from carts and carriages of all kinds	} Dragsmen.
To which may be added, all kinds of plundering on the river and its banks, on board shipping, barges, &c. . . .	} Light-horsemen, heavy-horsemen, game watermen, do. lightermen, scuffle-hunters, copemen, &c.

The whole of these are carried on by confederacies of small parties, and at other times by gangs, when their operations become more extensive. The forger and the highwayman are exceptions; the latter offence is generally committed by one or more, in a fit of need and in a state of desperation, without any system or plan for carrying on the practice; and it may be affirmed, that, in almost every case of this na-

ture, the criminal never committed a like offence before. There have been some few instances of five or six individuals associating for the purposes of committing forgeries, but the cases are rare.

THE HOUSEBREAKERS.

Although not the largest body of offenders, the housebreakers are yet a numerous and a formidable party, and

a greater proportion of them have eluded the vigilance of the law than any other species of criminal; but since the establishment of the new police, they have received a check more in proportion than any other public depredators: they have, in consequence, formed more plans of burglary in the country. None of the gangs under the heads of crime, as stated above, confine their operations wholly to the metropolis. London is the head-quarters of the regular and practised delinquent—it is the centre to which they all gravitate, and whence they again diverge into the country to commit crime; many of them taking journeys as regularly as any mercantile house of business in the city of London. There is a gang of pickpockets who start regularly every spring, to make the circuit of all the race-courses, cattle-fairs, and other places of public resort, returning as the season closes to winter; business in town. The housebreaker travels at all seasons, but his journeys are direct, for the accomplishment of some one specific object of robbery. Sometimes it is a *put-up affair*; that is, notice has been given them by some one on the premises intended to be robbed, or by an agent residing near the spot, of an opportunity to commit a robbery. When an intimation of this kind is given, hands are forthwith sent down with a vehicle, to accomplish the speedy removal of the property to town. Some of the parties are always in the country on the adventure and look out for business. As they pass through the different towns they find no difficulty in meeting with loose characters, who are ever ready to receive their instructions, and to listen to the temptations held out to them of gain, if they will but in due time send up an account to the rendezvous of the housebreakers of the maturity of any scheme for committing a robbery in the neighbourhood where they (the informants) reside. These characters are always to be met with at what are called the flash public-houses, one of which is in every town, usually kept by pugilists.

Those who travel for this purpose are generally dressed respectably, and are so well supplied with money as to support themselves in very good style, without running the least risk, being paid after a certain rate for each successful *put-up* (intimation): they are

most usually accompanied by a well-attired female, assuming on the road a journey of both pleasure and business. I was very recently informed of one man, who himself carried in his chaise a case of housebreaking instruments, in order to be in readiness in the event of meeting with any chance of committing a robbery before hands could be sent for from town; and I was favoured with a sight of this case. I had not time to count the number, or to view the various kinds and purposes to which the instruments were applicable; but I guess there were from sixty to seventy in the whole: most of them appeared designed for lock-picking, with some few for forcible entry. When I saw the case it was in the hands of a carpenter, who had it for a short time to make some alteration in the interior fittings-up. He informed me that the whole was made at a cost of 150*l.*, and that if a door was not bolted, or barred, there was no lock made which could resist these instruments in skilful hands.

When a robbery is determined on, one of the London gang goes down to reconnoitre and arrange the plan of attack, whilst the others follow in a chaise or a chaise-cart. They contrive to reach the scene of action precisely at an appointed time, so that those who actually commit the robbery may never be seen, at any time previously, in or about the neighbourhood of the house robbed. When the object is accomplished, one of the party drives with all possible speed to town, where the goods are either carried direct to a buyer, or deposited in a house kept for the purpose by one of their confederates, who takes no part in the business otherwise than keeping the premises for the reception of property, and making a respectable shew of carrying on some kind of trade. As he is never seen in any transaction of actual robbery, they conceive no suspicion can ever be attached to him. Their wariness, on this head is carried to an extreme. None of the operative burglars are ever allowed to go to the house, save for the purpose of depositing the goods when first stolen; and some of them are even deceived in this, as the property is sometimes, on its arrival in town, left at one place, and subsequently removed by the master-men to the general depot. Some of them are so wealthy as to be enabled to

keep their goods for years, and thus avoid any risk of immediate sale; waiting until all active inquiry regarding the goods stolen has subsided. One of these depositories was discovered about two years since, by great accident, in which goods were found stolen five years previously. The discovery of this led to another, kept by the same man.

No crime requires so many auxiliaries as housebreaking, to carry it on successfully. As the daring and haphazard burglar is now nearly extinct, it is, in every case of the commission of this crime, absolutely necessary the burglars should be apprised of all the localities of the premises intended to be attacked, and of the exact spot in the house where the property sought is deposited. To obtain this information when a good prize is expected, their patience and perseverance is unremitted. Oft times they have their eyes on one object for a whole year, during which they will wait, and have recourse to all kinds of stratagems, to obtain a favourable opportunity; and they seldom fail. Like the hawk, when the eye is once fixed on the prey, it is ten to one in their favour of success. In the country, if they have a native resident agent, they are soon in possession of all they want; when the business is done they give him 10*l.*, and set him to worm out the particulars of another family, by becoming acquainted with a servant, or in any way he can; facilities for which are greater in the country than in town.

This body of really clever rogues is unquestionably the most formidable in the country; and, I think, are more on the increase than any others engaged in crime. Unfortunately, they are seldom or never caught, as almost the whole of the burglars brought to justice are trading on their own bottom; or, at least, connected with one or two others only. When any of these little parties are apprehended, the officers never fail to amuse the public with an account of the detection of an extensive gang of daring housebreakers, who have been long known to infest the town, &c. &c. There can be no objection to the officers apprehending as many stragglers as they possibly can; but until measures are taken to cope with the systematic and great body of burglars, no diminution of the loss of property can be expected.

With the first-rate housebreakers the chances of impunity are so great at present, that were it not from the difficulties of introduction to this body, few of the idle and needy would hesitate or refrain from forthwith seeking an initiation into the art, and of enrolling themselves under the banners of the accomplished and professed hands in housebreaking. It is for the legislature to devise a plan by which this body may be broken up, the public at the same time taking more precautionary measures than heretofore for the protection of their own property. In furtherance of which, the police should cause monthly hand-bills to be circulated, detailing the tricks and stratagems of all rogues, as they come to their knowledge; and cautioning the unwary to guard against exposing their property.

The burglar is never weary of study, in finding out new modes of carrying on the war against the honest man; and it is the business of the police to countermine their plans, by making them known, if not as soon as they are formed, at least as soon as any person becomes a sufferer by them. This, even if unheeded by those whom nothing can make wise, would at least drive the enemy to be perpetually devising new schemes, before he could benefit much by the last-made one.

It will be asked, Do not the newspapers generally insert the occurrences of the day at the police-offices? Yes; but such matter is not read by all persons. Servants—females especially—seldom see the papers; and they are the very persons who should be most informed on this subject, and constantly admonished and instructed how to guard their master's property. I would have published, in the first instance, a catalogue of all the *old* and *present* known tricks; after which, from month to month, those which were found to be most in use.

It would be foreign to my purpose to introduce such a list here; if they are unknown to the police, they may be obtained in various ways. I can name several boys now in custody, who have been actors in some of the most complicated schemes of burglary, and from whom much on this head might be elicited. One in particular, who began his career by robbing a gentleman in Mark Lane of plate to a considerable amount; and as it shews

one method of committing a robbery, I will relate how it was accomplished. The boy was under sentence of death when I got the history of his life from him, he having been nine years in the successful commission of crime; and although nearly eighteen years of age, his appearance gave him credit for only being fourteen. Whilst in custody, his constant theme of regret was that he had left the parties in whose services he had been so long and securely employed, to join some of his own age, embarking in business for themselves; by which he was "nicked" (taken up). He was an orphan, and had been brought up in the poor-house, whence he was apprenticed to a sweep in the city. He was a remarkably sharp boy, which no doubt was noticed by those who are always on the lookout for agents to aid them in their schemes. He was met one morning early, with the soot-bag on his back, by a man who pretended to be his uncle, and who gave him a half-crown piece, making another appointment for a meeting; the result of which was, before he had served sixteen months of his time he had given information by which fifteen robberies had been committed. He, of course, had been paid for his services, which soon made him disgusted with the sooty business; and he made an arrangement with the man who drew him into crime, to leave his master's service, and to commit with him a robbery on their own private account before he left. The house fixed on was the one above alluded to in Mark Lane. The premises had before been surveyed, and deemed impregnable; that is to say, was considered too well guarded to be robbed without detection. They, however, got possession of the plate in the following manner:—The boy was a favourite with the cook of the house, and she would have no other to sweep her kitchen-chimney; a matter of business which was performed the last Saturday in every month. It was concerted between the man and the boy, that the former should dress himself in the character of a sweep, and accompany the latter as his overlooker, or assistant. The real sweep-overlooker, of course, must be kept out of the way; and here laid all their difficulty. It cost the boy (to use his own expression) six months' longer punish-

ment as a sweep, and the man six appearances, at an early hour of the morning, in the same character, before the object could be carried, namely, to get rid of the real sweep.

At length, one Saturday, by pretending to forget the job until all the men were gone out about other work, the boy, affecting suddenly to recollect it, persuaded the master to let him go alone, saying he himself could perform the duty. It was five o'clock in the morning when he and the disguised robber reached the house; the cook opened the door, having nothing on save a blanket thrown over her shoulders. The arch young rogue said, "It's only me and Harry; it's a very cold morning; if you like to go to bed again, cookey, we will do it well, and leave all clean, and shut the door fast after us." She went to bed, and they went to the plate depository, which had been well noted oft times before. They put the whole of its contents into the soot-bag, and fearlessly walked through the streets with it on their backs. The boy, a few hours afterwards, was so metamorphosed, being dressed in the smartest manner, with cane in hand and fifty pounds in his pocket, that he walked the streets in full confidence that not even his master or his fellow-apprentices would find him.

Hundreds of put-up robberies through sweeps, who, as they go occasionally into every room in the house, can give the necessary information. I can name several now on board the *Euryalus*, who have even committed robberies by descending the chimney; and there is one among them who received the contents of a pistol in his leg, whilst making his escape through that channel.

Others of the gang belonging to housebreakers, employ themselves in courting the servant-girls; by which means they frequently obtain admittance to the house during the absence of the principals, and thus become acquainted with all the localities of the premises, and the habits of the family; after which, they lay their plans with almost a certainty of success.

I am in hopes this latter practice will not be so available to them in future, as I daily observe our police all over the town engaged in these amours; which must render the fair damsels of the broom somewhat less

eager for chance paramours. It is therefore much to the credit of Messrs. Rowan and Mayne, that they have selected so many fine tempting young men for the service; which, no doubt they are aware, takes off the edge of the maidens' penchant for other sparks. Cautioned, however, they should be, and their masters and mistresses, in every possible manner. Printing and paper are now very cheap, and the plan would not form an important additional item in the annual expenditure of the police establishment, were bills left at every house once a month; the delivery, of course, would be performed by the policemen, as they went their usual rounds.

The country robberies would be much lessened, if persons stationed on the roads were authorised to inspect vehicles passing through their districts, particularly within twenty miles of town. I conceive nothing could be easier than to connect something like a police force with our turnpike system, at a very trifling cost compared to the immense advantages which would accrue to the public; by which means a surveillance might be had over those, more particularly, who travel by night, and were in any way suspiciously circumstanced.

HIGHWAYMEN.

Every robbery, according to the usual acceptance of the term, is now an unknown crime; Haynes, of Hounslow Heath memory, being the last of those termed highwaymen. It is now only committed by occasional desperate men, and generally in the suburbs of the metropolis, or in a crowd, where a gang of fellows sometimes surrounds the person, robbing the party in the face of all the standers-by. Nothing but the vigilance of the police can cope with these characters, as the recklessness and desperate state of the thief at the time, arising from want of money, places the offence out of the pale of all precautionary measures; and it may be relied on, that the generality of thieves have even an abhorrence of any violence committed on the person. They have a very unfavourable opinion of any of the fraternity who cannot carry on their business without it.

I had an opportunity of seeing a remarkable instance of this last year. An Irish itinerant tinker knocked a captain of a vessel down, in the neigh-

bourhood of the London Docks, in a most brutal manner, in the dark, and robbed him of his money. When the fellow was committed to Newgate, he applied to me to make out his brief: from the desperate nature of the offence I at first declined doing it, knowing he must suffer; but the man urged me so much, that at length I consented; he saying, "If I am found guilty I know I am as dead as Harry the Eighth, and shall not blame you." There were in the same yard where he was, before his trial, nearly a hundred prisoners, one half of whom were transports, but not one of them would associate with him, in consequence of the nature of his offence; and when I went to take his instructions for making out the brief, they all called out for me not to do it: and I got some insults for having undertaken it. They afterwards led the man such a life, that he appeared to be relieved when he was condemned and sent to the cell. From this it may be seen, as Lord Byron writes, "none are all evil."

On the morning of this man's execution, not a word of commiseration for him, or reproach on the practice of hanging, was uttered, by one hundred and twenty men who followed crime as a trade. On the contrary, they all, *meine contradicente*, said he deserved his fate. Yet Mr. Wakefield says, p. 185, 2d edition, "It can hardly be doubted, that every year persons confined in Newgate, who have never committed crime accompanied by any violence, are converted into savage burglars and merciless footpads, by the feelings of anger and desperation which the killing of their late companions engenders." In the same page he says, "Lastly, let the schoolmaster of Newgate be examined, and he will prove," &c. If I had been examined, I must have found myself under the painful necessity of giving evidence very much in principle opposed to that which he states in his work.

The explanation of this is, that the character and feelings of the public thief, as of all other classes of society, have undergone a visible and marked change within the last thirty years. Whether it has been for the better, is another question. Formerly, the heroes of their party were fellows conspicuous and famed for open and daring acts of plunder, in whom the whole body had a pride, and whom

they all felt ambitious to imitate; failing only to do so for lack of the same quantum of courage. The more desperate and numerous the instances of robbery, the more were the parties lauded, and admired. It was then the fashion among these men to boast of their conduct under punishment. In those times there must be no snivelling, no 'peaching, no contrition; and the malefactor must die bravely to entitle himself to fame. The Turpins and the Jerry Abershaws of the day were the objects of their admiration;—such men as on the road to execution would stop and drink gin, offering libations to the success of all highwaymen, and when on the gallows kick their shoes off, swearing with an oath, they "always said they would never die with them on;"—or like Despard, who, when brought out for execution, remarked to the executioner that it was a fine morning; and wondered what sort of weather it was in the other country; adding, "But never mind, I shall soon know all about it." All this kind of heroism has subsided; their leaders now are men rendered famous for scheming, subtlety, and astuteness. Formerly, the passport to enrolment under their banners was a name for boldness and monstrous acts of outrage; now a certificate must be brought of the man never having committed an indiscreet act in his calling; and that the party "is up to all the moves upon the board, and knows something." Thus "knows something" is a sentence ever in the mouth of the thieves, and has a very extensive meaning. When an associate of a set of rogues recommends an acquaintance for admission into their party, the first question asked by all the members is, "What does he know?" If the answer be in the superlative degree, "Every thing, and is a good operator," he is admitted; but if the reply be in the comparative, and "He only knows something," then they are very cautious, even should the party be admitted, of intrusting him with all their movements; nor will they allow him what they call *regulars*; that is, a fair proportion of the plunder. This is done by an understanding among the rest.

It cannot be uninteresting to contemplate the progress of delinquency, and the habits of delinquents, in reference to the general alterations society has undergone within any given

period. It is the peculiar characteristic of the age in which we live, that every man takes upon himself the office of censor, condemning and dilating on the wickedness of his neighbour, for those faults he himself possesses to exacerbation, and which he endeavours to cover by cant and hypocrisy. The universal rule is to wear a mask—to set the face at variance with the heart: every one now trims his boat, and makes his tacks. All the purposes of parental education are now only to teach the mysteries of deception—the system of society—the world as it is *modified*; the first elements of which are, man is a cheat! Believe no one; all genuine principles appear to be prostrate, and *fronti nulla fides*. In trade, chicanery and trickery is the order of the day; faith between man and man hath taken wings and flown away. The thieves only appear in their movements to have got a little the start of their contemporaries, by vigilantly watching the revolutions of the times, as regards society, and taking their measures accordingly. When men carried arms, and appeared face to face on the road, they went there, pistol in hand, to meet them. Now the system is changed, they oppose cunning to cunning; and their success, with their increased and increasing numbers, proves which have been gainers by the modern mode of warfare.

But I am afraid there is another disadvantage the non-practitioner has to sustain in the conflict. The laxity of principle in which the present generation of tradesmen have been brought up, has led many to venture so near the enemy's territories, that, whilst they have been looking over the hedge, considering the exact boundary between their own and their opponent's provinces, they have fallen into the ditch which runs in the intermediate space; and when taken out have been, from their great similitude, recorded as belonging to that class they were always so vehement in professing to despise. And this, to drop the metaphor, is the truth. The number of professed hands is not so very great as our returns would lead us to infer. There is a much larger proportion of casual delinquency in society than heretofore; which, of course, goes to make up the apparent numbers of regular thieves, as viewed in the returns. Correct statistic tables on every question may be regarded

the most valuable papers among the records of any country.

I recommend, that in future a more minute register be kept (and I have before shewn how it might be done) of the true character and habits of all persons coming into custody. If this were performed correctly, the public would be possessed every year of the actual number of real thieves convicted, as also the number again let out on the world. In the way the returns are now made, we only know the gross amount of delinquency; from which we cannot ascertain whether the accumulation of crimes is more among the body of regular thieves, or whether the instances wherein poverty has been the cause preponderate. And again, whether the number of servants, shopmen, and clerks robbing their masters, has increased of late years; and it would not be labour lost, were the education which had been bestowed on each ascertained, and an annual average return of the rate of education convicts receive given to the public. The modern thief, like the Indian, not only hunts his game with a scent, sagacity, and certainty, which excites astonishment in the minds of those unused to their habits, but he carries his caution into prison with him. Any close observer will now at once know an old thief, by his passive and sly quiet manners whilst awaiting his trial. In prison, what are called the best-behaved men are all the old rogues; they know the thing must take its course, unless counteracted by other means than kicking against the pricks: and they are conscious of the folly of adding to the charges against them a bad character whilst in prison. It is very common for them on trial, when they know the case is hopeless, to decline asking the witnesses any questions, except the officers who apprehended them, to whom they usually will put this question: "Did I make any resistance, or give you any trouble, when you took me?" They have a notion, this conduct makes a favourable impression on the court. After sentence is passed their true character shews itself; their former quiet demeanour is changed into irritability and violence, which is restrained only by the rules of the place in which they are confined.

such coiners as are generally brought

to the bar of the Old Bailey, are persons from whom the public suffer less than any other criminals. They are generally men who have manufactured some clumsy imitation of the currency, in a garret, not much better than leaden dumps, which never can be circulated but at fairs, or at low gambling-tables, where all is noise, hurry, and confusion. The government has a most hyperbolic notion of this crime; they are ever seeking for offenders among the ignorant and the poor, who are without means of any kind to carry on the manufacture of good counterfeits. They even entertain the preposterous idea, that the making of base coins is going on amongst the convicts on board the hulks; and the select committee put a series of questions to the discharged convicts, who were examined before them on a recent occasion, to ascertain the fact. Nothing can be more absurd than this notion. Conceive men confined on board a ship, in compartments containing not fewer than thirty each, with a sentinel over them night and day, so situated as to command a view of all that passes in each ward—men, too, searched every time they leave or return to the ship, besides being most closely watched during all their hours of work on shore—and who are never allowed to approach a fire. What opinion can we form of the judgment of those persons who could employ their time in seeking for coiners in such quarters? More chimerical and absurd notions never entered into the heads of any men. The malefactors who have been executed for this crime have generally been some poor wretched tinkers, who really, as far as any injury to the public was concerned, might have been allowed with safety to have peaceably carried on their trade. The coiners to be dreaded are of another description,—men who are possessed of money, talents, and premises, to accomplish the manufacture of good imitations, and that on a large scale. Such men, however, appear only at intervals of time, and consequently their issues are occasional, and may be said to be rare. As soon as such issues are known to be in circulation, the government may be assured that a large coinage of them has been made; and if they adopted prompt and proper means, the circulation might soon be curtailed, and the offenders brought to justice. You cannot successfully contend with any of

the offenders, without using their own agents against them :

“ Ah men ! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crimes ! ”

This has in several instances been attempted by those whose business it is to direct these matters ; but the efforts to do so which have come under my notice have been so ill and clumsily conducted, as hitherto to have no good effect in repressing crime in the slightest degree. It would be tedious were I to state all the instances in this paper ; one, therefore, shall suffice, to prove how this part of the business in the criminal system is managed. A notorious character of the name of Lea, a Jew, who had several indictments against him, was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey sometime in the year 1829. After having been found guilty on one or more charges, he wrote a note to the judge who was trying him, on which all further proceedings were suspended. At the termination of the session he was not even brought up for judgment on those indictments on which he had been found guilty. This man's character had a short time previously, been in a peculiar manner before the public, in consequence of evidence he volunteered to give relating to a pretended confession made by a young man named Birmingham, the servant of an officer at Kensington barracks, whilst they were both in Clerkenwell prison. The young man was charged with the murder of a girl, who was found dead in the road near Hammersmith, with a stab in her side, on which occasion it was not only shewn that he (Lea) had given false evidence, but, under cross-examination, his own crimes became publicly known. I will say nothing of these, as perhaps they qualified him better for the purpose for which he was selected, viz. to impeach the receivers of stolen goods ; or, rather, to give information respecting them. Ultimately he obtained his liberty, and there can be no doubt but under some such promise it was granted him. The country, however, never derived any benefit from his services, not a solitary offender having been brought to justice through his means. How should there be ? Mark the way it was done ! They take a man who had

been rendered conspicuous to the public, and all the fraternity of thieves, by his vile attempt to convict an innocent young man of murder, they place him at the bar of the Old Bailey, and then stop all proceedings against him, in the face of all the offenders in London. A hundred letters were sent out of Newgate that day—I need not say for what purpose. And, as if all this were not enough, they keep him six months in Newgate, sending continually for him into the office to be questioned by the sheriffs, all of which was seen by the other prisoners ; besides allowing him to keep up a correspondence with the sheriffs, of which he was every hour boasting to his associates, until the governor was constrained to remove him into the infirmary, for fear the other prisoners should commit personal violence on him. Had they here used all their skill for the sole purpose of rendering of non-effect any information this man might give, they could not have accomplished that object more effectually. The moment his other trials were foregone, and his judgments suspended, all the receivers of stolen goods and the thieves were awake, as they express it ; and when they are once wide awake, it is not an easy matter to catch them napping. I know not whether there be any secret agency employed in the police ; but if there is, the business is evidently very badly performed ; and if not any, there *should* be an establishment of the kind. A half dozen clever and experienced men, who never filled any public office in the police or a prison, would do more regarding information about crime and offenders than all the evidence ever taken by all the committees of all the parliaments which ever sat to take it. A small establishment, I am confident, might be made very effective against offenders. Send spies into the enemy's camp. Nothing would be easier effected, if the *employés* were judiciously selected.

But to return to the coiner. Whenever he becomes formidable, he is only to be attacked through the smasher (passer of base money). When one of these is taken, instead of carrying him before a magistrate, and exposing, the next day, the whole affair to the public, by which those who deal in the article have time to change their quarters, should the passer be disposed to give the necessary information, and

thereby render it useful, suppose there were a kind of supreme magistrate, who might sit at the Home Secretary's office, authorised, on certain suggestions being made to him, to order the prisoner to be brought to him in private.* By the adoption of this plan, when an officer had a willing impeacher in custody, every secrecy could be observed for the better apprehension of the guilty parties. The thieves in general never split (as the term impeaching their co-crime). It is very different with the passers of base money; they in nine cases out of ten, ready, on any little advantage being held out to them, to give all the assistance they can to the police for the detection of the coiner, because there is no compact between them and the real manufacturer; they do not even know each other, and consequently have no fellow-feeling, the coins come in such a very circuitous manner into their hands. But even with the regular thief much more might be done, by giving him assurance of secrecy. If the authorities have two offenders, whom for want of evidence they think they cannot convict, great things are said to be done if they induce one to impeach the other, by which "one is taken and the other left." Now, an impeacher on my system would, if well rewarded and properly used, detect half the offenders in London in one year. I say rewarded. He steals for money, and runs every risk;—would he not then prefer money without risk—and none he needs run under management; besides, there is a chance, when a good hand was obtained, of his being useful for years. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is an old adage. I am satisfied, if they will but arrange and construct the system so as to give the thief an opportunity of parting with his repugnance, and shew him how it may be made profitable to him, he will soon come into their views.

Between the real coiner of a good counterfeit and the utterer there are often seven or eight persons, who in every transfer use the most artful and cautious methods of carrying on their dealings. They never let each other know where it is deposited, or any thing regarding its transit from one hand to another. When a bargain has been

concluded, the buyer is obliged to place confidence in the vender, who receives the stipulated sum, and immediately walks away, first instructing the purchaser where he may go and find the number of base coins which has at a former meeting been agreed to be purchased. Sometimes this transaction takes place in an open field, where the seller can see if he is watched; who, after payment, points out a spot where the articles are buried under the earth. He who vends them never keeps any pieces about his person, or at his residence; and this caution is kept up through the whole line of dealing, but increases as it nears the actual retailer. The utterers, like the coiners, are of two classes. One is scarcely a remove in appearance from a mendicant, and the other men who go about in what is called a bouncible manner, always in a hurry, making a great shew of money. They start into the country, jumping off the coach whenever it stops in a town to buy a pair of gloves, or some other trifling article, to get one of their factitious coins exchanged for real money. It is a very common practice of theirs to place one base coin, suppose a sovereign, with eight or ten good ones, bounce into a shop, make a small purchase, take out the whole and throw them on the counter, pretending to look for change, then cast out the bad one in a careless manner, which puts the shopkeeper off his guard.

It is generally considered by the adepts in crime a hazardous and less profitable speculation than many others. One man, who had been under sentence of death for this offence, shewed me a statement, by which it appeared he had in three years, besides his travelling expenses, cleared 600*l.*; but he admitted this was a rare instance of success, and in some measure was accounted for by his being considered a first-rate hand in the business. The public, however, are not in any danger of losing much now by this species of deception, as it requires but very little caution on their parts to protect themselves.



PICKPOCKETS.

Handled

Next to the housebreaker, the pick-pockets are the most troublesome body

* The Board of Commissioners, which I have in another place recommended, would do this duty much better.

to deal with; not that they occasion so much loss of property to the public, taken as a body, as the burglar, but they are more numerous, and are more readily initiated into the art and mysteries of their calling; in consequence of which they are ever augmenting their numbers. As they are, with very few exceptions, all of the thorough London breed, they have from their earliest recollections a large circle of acquaintances, of their own standing in life, most of them coming from the low and populous districts of the metropolis. When any of the boys in a neighbourhood are seen to turn gentlemen, it is natural for all the others to inquire how he has acquired such smart clothes, and can afford to spend so much money. They are soon informed, and immediately resolve if possible to participate in the same pleasures. Unhappily, the opportunities for their introduction are too many for them to remain long inactive, when the resolution is once formed. The older hands are always on the alert, looking out for the sharpest boys from these neighbourhoods, whom they teach, and set on to take the risk of crime, themselves reaping the profits. All who discuss or write on this subject dwell on there being nurseries of petty crime, and schools of capital crime; of women being in league with thieves to seduce boys, by exciting a precocious gratification of sexual passion; and that the task of suggesting to the intoxicated youth, that robbery is the only means of continuing to enjoy a life of riotous debauchery, is left to women.

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ork on this subject, of the old apple-
in the street coaxing respect
get into their debt for toll
and then persuading them to rob some-
body of money to pay them. Observe
the *rationale*! Because the boys have
a higher sense of the art of being in
debt than they have of stealing; and
these are, mark you, the sons of decent
tradespeople, *carefully educated*, ap-
prenticed to some trade, and with
an honest
is astonish-
some persons will travel
reasons, when good ones are
old women in the
street are *crimines particeps*, I am aware,
but it is in this way,—they are great
receivers of stolen articles from the
petty thieves called sneaks and sawney-
hunters, who are ever prowling about
the streets, watching an opportunity to
snatch pieces of bacon, cheese, poultry,
any other commodity from which the
shopkeeper withdraws his watchful eye
for a moment; and they always have
a ready market for every edible article
with the fruit-women in the street.
These young rogues are about as
numerous as all the adult offenders
in London put together. This may
astound many, but it is a fact. A great
portion of them are orphans, or chance
children of the poor with not a small
sprinkling of the children belonging to
natives of the sister isle. The rest are
legitimate children of the lowest classes,
with a few boys of more respectable
parents, whose natural dispositions and
uncontrollable natures hurry them, in
spite of every effort of their friends, into
crime. This is the *nursery*, this is the
school, in which all are scholars, and
all are masters and teachers. Many
of these young urchins carry trifling
articles about for sale, as a "*stall*;"
and it is from the practice of the old
women keeping a stand for the sale of
fruit, as a blind or cover for their real
calling (buying of stolen articles), that
this term, "*stall*," is derived, and which
is in so general use among those called
"the swell mob." I have had a pecu-
liar opportunity of knowing something
of this numerous body of infant depre-
dators, the extent of which is as great
as I have stated. And what is more
extraordinary, there is scarcely one but
knows nearly all the others, either by
name and deeds, or personally. This
arises from their so frequently changing
the scene of their predatory exploits,

except a few rescued for a time by Society for the Refuge of the tute. From this statement, it appears that there is always in society a certain and a large number of boys, born of low parents, who are uneducated, and who, either by the early death of their parents, or their neglect, are thrown almost in infancy into the streets, either to pick up a living by stealing or to starve,—

“With none to check and few to point in time

The thousand paths that slope the way to crime ;

and that these, as is the custom in all grades of the community, associate together, and enter into mutual compact for their general defence. Talk of schools ! the world is their school, and every hour of their life spent in passing from one probation of crime to another ; for the commencement of which no one but their God can, morally speaking, hold them responsible. And in question very much, should one of them, before or after having arrived at years of maturity, be desirous of becoming honest, whether it would be practicable for him to carry any resolution of this nature into effect without starving. They have, however, what St. Pierre calls one of “nature’s compensations,” and are not troubled with a conscience. They are never heard to say, “O, my offence is rank ; it smells to heaven.” If we consider the physical and moral obstacles opposed to their reformation, no one will be surprised that all rogues are deemed incorrigible. Their whole course of life is a warfare against mankind. When young, they often get flogged or whipped four or five times a-day, by persons who prefer that mode of punishment to taking them before a magistrate ; and they frequently return to their lodgings at night without having had any thing to eat the whole day. This life would be unendurable were it not for companionship, and the only saving clause in their favour, that at night, when quite exhausted, and nearly starved, they are sure to meet with a commiserating friend, whose predations have been more successful than their own, and who never fails to share his crust with those to whom fortune has been less kind. During this period of their life, full one half their time is spent in prison, where they undergo divers kinds

of punishment ; solitary confinement in a cell, flogging, and work at the tread-mill. As they appear over and over again before the seat of justice, they are booked hardened offenders. This is a great mistake ; they are offenders, but not hardened. The generality of them, when young, are highly sensitive ; and, among themselves, they entertain all the amenities of which our natures are susceptible. They are deemed hardened because they resort to crime over and over again. The truth is, they have no other alternative. I have known many make and sincere resolutions of reformation ; but the abhorrence of inanition, so intimately interwoven with our natures, enforces the necessity of having recourse to the only mode to them open of supporting life. It is ludicrous to hear the talk about nurseries and places of tuition, as if establishments of this kind were instituted as boarding-schools are, and as public. The nurseries and schools are the places where they meet ; and they must congregate somewhere, unless, like the late Lord Barrymore, each member of our aristocratical body will take one for a tiger. I will answer for their being quite enough on the town to supply them, and undertake to find them out too, in mere charity to the boys. To sum up all, they are placed in society just where they are by accident of birth, as almost the whole of its members are. When I say they from birth are placed in a situation so as to leave them no alternative but to steal or starve, I speak of them as a body ; there are exceptions ; and I am sorry to add, that many cases have come to my knowledge of parents teaching and setting out their own children to rob ; and of others who, though they do not urge its commission, connive at it. I will adduce one instance, striking enough, and the truth of which I can safely avouch ; it was told me by the boy’s uncle, who, one morning, being at the lad’s father’s lodgings, when the boy came into the room, and seeing nothing to eat for breakfast but bread and butter on the table, he said, —“What ! nothing for breakfast ? Ah ! wait a bit.” He then went out, and in a quarter of an hour came back with rump-steaks and a pint of rum, besides having money in his pocket. He had gone out and stolen a piece of Irish linen from a shop on Ludgate Hill,

took it to a buyer of stolen goods, and bought the articles he brought home, all in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this was not an uncommon thing for him to do, although his parents were not in need. The boy was at length transported when he was only fourteen years of age. He subsequently detailed to me all his practices, and how he got into crime. His parents resided in a court running out of the Old Bailey, and he had witnessed every execution which had taken place during his short career. So much for the effects of executions, as supposed to deter from crime; indeed, most of the boys engaged in crime appear to have a great pleasure in attending them: and I am thoroughly convinced, from the number I have conversed with on this subject, that the witnessing these scenes has not the slightest effect, as a terror on their mind, in deterring them from the commission of crime. A question of greater importance cannot be propounded to the country at large, than how to dispose of this body of young sinners. They could all be apprehended in the course of a short time, and there are few people to interfere in their behalf; nor is there any thing to prevent their being disposed of, excepting the want of a law to authorise such a proceeding. If they were taken out of society, and secured in some place where they might be taught habits of industry, it would be a great blessing conferred on the boys, and an immense advantage to society in general, as the next generation of thieves would be cut off entirely; and, by substituting a more watchful system over these boys than the one now in use, the town might hope for an approach to an entire ridance of thieves in a few years.

The select committee on secondary punishments have, in their report, recommended that the extensive prison on Dartmoor, in which, during the late war, from 200 to 11,000 French and American prisoners were confined, should be converted into a prison for convicts, to be sent to labour previously to their being sent out to the colonies. No doubt this would be a very good application of that extensive place; but by no means comparable to its appropriation for the reception of these boys, where they might be taught trades and field-labour,—rendering them capable of getting their own living, by giving them habits of in-

dustry, and instructing them how to avoid a devious course in future. The place is not too capacious for the number they would have. It appears there is a railway communicating with the prison from Catwater, adjacent to Plymouth Harbour; the expense of conveying them by water would be trifling, and it would only require caravans to conduct them to their destination. Some countervailing plan must speedily be put in force to restrain these juveniles, whose increase is going on to a frightful extent. Without taking into consideration the interest of society at large, common humanity and charity demand that something should be done for this numerous class.

If my suggestion be deemed worthy of notice, it would only require a law to empower the judges to pass a sentence of imprisonment, instead of transportation for a term of years. And, to save trouble and expense, the magistrates should be authorised to do the same on boys under fourteen years of age, with the consent of their parents; or, in the absence of any, on their own acquiescence, if they should prefer it to being sent for trial, when charged on oath of having committed a felony. And if the magistrate made the term of imprisonment somewhat less than the court, when they insisted on being committed, I have no hesitation in affirming, that a consent would be obtained in every two cases out of three. By the enactment of such a law, the expense of trial would be spared the country; and not only one, but oftentimes many trials. I have known some boys to have five and even six trials at the Old Bailey, besides others at Westminster and Clerkenwell sessions, at a cost together of probably 400. or 500. Add to this, all the evils of their being at large in the intervals, and the expense of keeping them in custody for short terms of punishment.

I have spoken to some gentlemen on this subject, who object, that all the poor who are anxious to get rid of their children would send them to commit crime, for the purpose of obtaining a provision for them. To this I answer, how is it that they do not avail themselves of the sentence of transportation, which does the same thing as I propose, only not on so large a scale, by sending them to the Euryalus ship at Chatham, where they are all taught some trade, and, of

urse, provided for during the term their sentence? It is true that parents are found, even in open to solicit the judge for trans- to be passed on their sons, and there are more in private who express this desire; but my experience informs me, that the instances wherein it is done merely to rid themselves of an encumbrance are very rare. That there are some such unnatural parents must be granted, but in most cases where this feeling has shewn itself, it has arisen from the conduct of their offspring, whom they knew nothing would restrain from crime but a long course of discipline, to which they reluctantly consent in the hope of saving them from the galows; and in all such cases, the sooner the boy is taken out of society the better. I have had many conversations with parents so situated, and have witnessed the agony of feeling they have undergone in bringing themselves to such a state of resolution; and I can point out several instances of the judge refusing to comply with the request, when made in open court, under an idea of its being a bad precedent; but I have always seen these boys come back again for trial, by which means more crime has been committed — perhaps others made criminal — and the county put to

Now I am on the subject, I cannot but make an effort to call the attention of the legislature to the manner in which the boys are managed on board the hulk at Chatham, where from five hundred to eight hundred boys are kept. If there be any regular and established school for teaching crime, the ship *Euryalus* is the place. From this college (the thieves themselves call it so) comes the chief of the house-breakers. The want of room to accommodate so many, occasions their being placed in wards, where thirty or forty sleep together; and as they are for young ones of the very worst description of offenders, the consequence may easily be imagined. They are not, as regards moral improvement, in any better situation than when sleeping at their lodging-houses in London: the whole system of their management and treatment calls for a revision. This, however, cannot be done, without the destruction of a place sufficiently large for their reception. Separate compartments for sleeping are absolutely

necessary, in furtherance of their moral improvement, and the degradation of the cat-o'-nine-tails, which does more harm than any other part of the system in the treatment of these boys. Different kinds of officers are wanted; naval men are the least of all qualified for this duty — they talk of nothing but severe discipline, and good behaviour enforced by coercion, disregarding their moral condition *in toto*. They fancy they have morally improved them, when, by severity, they have reduced them into a system of good order; all of which every one at all skilled in the human mind must know is an egregious mistake.

"Hast thou no feeling save the external sense

Of torture from the touch? Hast thou no soul?"

These boys are capable of receiving impressions, and are as susceptible of sentiments of gratitude as any lord's son, if the proper treatment were used to draw them out. It is only by cultivating the better feelings of our nature that any human beings can be improved: all other systems are fallacious, and founded in gross error. When the sneak comes into the hands of the pickpocket, he is instructed and practised every hour of the day, until made tolerably perfect; he is then taken into the streets, to make his first essay in the presence of those who have taught him: and it has been given in evidence, that they dress up a *lay* figure, hanging bells all over it, on which they practise. When the tyro can empty all the pockets of the figure, without occasioning a bell to sound, he is considered fit for the street. He generally begins with a pocket-handkerchief, whilst another takes "ding," that is, receives it from him. In almost all cases of robbery, one commits the act and another receives the article from the thief, which is called taking "ding." If they find a boy dull, they forthwith turn him out of their party.

A case of this kind came to my knowledge. Four pickpockets who had taken a boy on trial discharged him the second evening after he had joined them, as being incompetent to the business. The boy, chagrined and disappointed, returned to his fellow-sneaks, at a lodging-house in St. Giles's, and told them his story; adding, that

the pickpockets were about to have that evening a jollification, and that a supper was prepared, one item in the bill of fare being a rice-pudding, then at the bakehouse. The boys soon came to an understanding that they could eat rice-pudding as well as the pickpockets; and it was agreed that the discharged boy, although deemed a bad conveyancer, should convey the pudding out of their reach, by going to the bakehouse and asking for it in their name. The real owners made the baker pay for it, and, suspecting who had had it, gave information, which caused the boy to be apprehended and committed to Newgate, where he was found guilty of stealing it, and sentenced to be flogged and discharged, on the evidence of these fellows and the baker. A few months afterwards the boy was brought back for another offence, and transported for fourteen years. When, however, they meet with a clever lad, they know how to prize him, and take care to gratify his every wish, that he may be induced to stay with them. These boys, as soon as perfect, are made to do nearly all the business themselves, whilst the master pickpocket walks behind, watching the operations, and, as much as possible, avoiding any interference, and, consequently, risk on his part.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that there are in this metropolis numerous knots of pickpockets, who have passed through a long career, and lived, too, in apparent respectability, by the agency of these boys, without incurring on their own part comparatively any risk of detection; for if each master were deprived of his little Mercury twice a day, by their being detected and placed in custody, the supply from the great body of sneaks is so great and regular, that the places are filled up as soon as vacant. Every day in the year (Sundays excepted) boys are committed to Newgate under these circumstances, whilst the principals in the crime go at large, to engage others in it. Sometimes, when these Mercurial agents are seized in the act of picking a pocket, and there is no officer at hand, these fellows will go up (being generally well dressed) and exclaim, "The young rascal! oh, secure him!" then, under the pretence of holding him, favour his escape. The qualifications for a pickpocket are, a light tread, a delicate sense of touch, combined with firm nerves.

These boys may be known by their shoes in the street; they generally wear pumps, or shoes of a very light make, having long quarters. There is about their countenance an affected determination of purpose, and they walk forward, as if bent on some object of business: it is a rule with them never to stop in the street. When they want to confer for a moment they drop into some by-court or alley, where they will fix on an object of attack, as the people pass down a main street; when they start off in the same manner, the boy going first; to do what they call "stunning," that is, to pick the pocket. The first-rate hands never, on any occasion, loiter in the streets, unless at a procession, or any exhibition, when there is an excuse for so doing. Many have a notion that instruments are used in disencumbering the pockets: this is a false idea; the only instrument they use is, a good pair of small scissors, and which will always be found on the person of a pickpocket when searched: these they use to cut the pocket and all off, when they cannot abstract its contents.

To these qualifications they unite a quick sight, and a tact of observing where the attention is engaged, or of devising some means to engage it themselves, until the act is done. They are not at all deterred by a foggy weather. When in prison they will be heard to say on such days, "What a shame to lose such a fine day as this!" On great public days, when the streets are expected to be crowded, and much business is anticipated, several parties of them will unite for the day, under special contract, either to divide all gains between them, or for each one to retain what he gets, agreeing, under every circumstance, to mutually assist each other in the bustle of the crowd. The wary and superior pickpocket, however, seldom runs this risk, but steadily pursues his course, surveying every day the objects around him, and sending off his emissaries to fetch in the plunder, or, by detection, to be handed off to prison. Pickpockets are the least faithful to each other of all known rogues, and are the most difficult of all biped animals to tame, or make any thing of in the way of improvement when caught.

SNEAKS.

Having so fully, under the head of

pickpockets, described the large number of young rogues there are in the metropolis, and shewn that from this body the town and country are supplied with offenders of all kinds, it will be only necessary for me to describe the furtive practice as one of the crimes enumerated at the head of this paper. In the progress of my acquiring a knowledge of the extent of the commission of crime, at no time was my astonishment so much excited as when I learnt the extent of this practice, and the large sums of money obtained by it. These public robbers, like the others, associate in small bands, who go about the town finding out attackable places, of which they keep a list; that is, places which are good, or open to robbery. When an old and good sneak is committed to prison, where he is generally without money (the officers, on apprehending him, having taken it from him until after trial), many offers of liberal premiums are sure to be made him for his list of places capable of being robbed, which means nothing more than a list of names and residences of the careless and incautious tradesmen in and about London.

After a shop has twice or three times been robbed of considerable sums, the sneaks consider it good again and again—such is the extreme incaution of some persons. Butchers have been favourite objects of attack, in consequence of their shops being generally vacated in the afternoon, and the master or man in the parlour taking a *siesta*—a common practice of theirs, after the fatigues of early rising and labour. One butcher, at Bermondsey, was three times robbed of considerable sums in this way, before he would remove his cash from a desk in the front-shop. The boy who got it used to watch him, in the afternoon, close the door, and retire into the back-room; then jump over the stall-board—there being no glass-sashes to prevent his entrance—and sneak down on his hands and knees, until he saw an opportunity of wrenching the lock; for which purpose he always carried a *prising* instrument in his pocket. The same boy three times carried off a charity-box, containing 30*l.* each time, from a house near Greenwich. He had ascertained the time it was brought, and for what purpose, to a gentleman's house; and he laid his plans so well,

that, after they had lost two, and when every caution would have been expected on the part of the owner, he succeeded in stealing the box a third time.

Their usual plan is to note those shops where bulks of money are kept in tills, or desks, in a front shop or parlour; next, to ascertain the movements of the family; and if they find, by continual watching, that the people of the shop retire at certain times to meals, or in the evening to the parlour for comfort, one will softly open the door, letting in a boy, who crawls on his hands and knees round the counter, and takes the contents of the till: the persons in the parlour, probably, all the time keeping their eye on the shop, but never think of rising up to look on the ground. These are denominated lob-sneaks, and their practice has been very successful. By timing their attack, and selecting the right places, I have been assured of 200*l.* and 300*l.* in a week being obtained by one man and a boy. In this case, as in the other, the man's risk of detection is very little; he opens the door, and stands ready to favour the boy's escape, should any alarm be given, but touches no money until they are both in a place of security: and it will be seen that the Old Bailey calendar abounds with the trials of *boy* lob-sneaks, but no men, although in every case a man has been concerned in the robbery.

There is a boy now in the Penitentiary, who was under sentence of death for stealing 53*l.* from a till, with which he got off. When he knew where there was money, he would be sure almost of it; such was his talent and determination. In this latter case, the money was stolen from a corn-chandler's till. The boy went into the shop, and, by asking for some article, contrived to send the master of the shop some little distance from the counter, when he suddenly reached over, took the money, and ran off; his confederates being near the door. The loser of the cash ran after the boy, when he was, as it were, thrown down by accident, and the boy got off. As they were afterwards going down the Hackney Road, one of his companions called out, in a joke, "Ding! ding!" meaning, throw away! throw away! This was done to alarm him, and have a laugh at his expense. The boy, however, took the call as being a serious one, and threw the bag and its con-

tents into a garden, and ran off; finding his mistake, he went back at night to recover it, when he was taken into custody; the owner, in the interval, having been found.

In this, as in the last crime, so long as the body of young sneaks are unbroken, so long will there always be men to make use of them. Next to the want of a better system of management at the Old Bailey, of distinguishing which are and which are not the old offenders, nothing can be more censurable than the allowing this race of young, wretched, and misled boys to remain in full force against the public. Every 'lodging-house is a nucleus, which would, in a town of this magnitude, train up a whole nation of young sneaks and pickpockets; yet there are our *quidnuncs*, standing in the midst of the scene, inquiring for the schools where these boys are taught to steal, and talking about prison contamination. Why, the society of a prison, and that of the lodging-houses, and the flash-houses of resort, are one and the same; all of which deserve equal attention, for the purpose of moral correction. How are we to account for the illiterate view taken by the legislature of these matters? I should weary the patience of my readers were I to detail the evidences taken before the select committee on this subject of contamination, and the necessity of providing prisons so constructed as to have separate compartments, to preserve these immaculate personages from corruption of morals. Mr. Wontner underwent a long examination on this subject, all of which just amounted to nothing; and I blame Mr. W. that he did not spare their time, and his own, by telling them at once that corruption had done her work before they came into his hands, and then have pointed his finger towards St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, with many other low neighbourhoods lying between these holy lands, as the thieves call them, where they might go and see the system of corruption and contamination in full operation.

In very many cases I can prove, that association in prison has been productive of improvement of the mind; and I have ever thought, that the more the mind is enlarged, the farther is it removed from crime. But the assorting and arranging the prisoners for this

purpose must be managed with great judgment, and by persons appointed for the purpose, possessing a thorough knowledge of the human mind. The keepers should have nothing to do with this part of the business; their duty is of a mere routine nature, appertaining more to the security of the prisoners than their improvement. The ignorant and least guilty should be classed, taking care that in each party there should be two or three of some education—and such are always to be found amongst them—allowing them books, in their leisure hours, of an instructive kind.

In the neighbourhoods where most of the offenders have been brought up, vice is found in a concrete and concentrated form, contaminating, like a universal miasmata, all who breathe the pestilential vapours. The influences, on our moral natures are slow but sure, like a vortex or whirlpool. Vicious examples draw but slowly at the outer circle, increasing at every completion of each concentric ring, until they are drawn at length rapidly down, never to rise again. Governments may be considered great and useful only as they direct the moral influences of the population over which they rule. In this country we have penal statutes enough, arithmetically considered, to serve all other nations inhabiting the whole globe; but not a solitary enactment is there calculated to alter the moral condition of man, by protecting him against the influences of a vicious education, if we except the church establishment, and the king's proclamation at the commencement of his reign, commanding all his trusty and well-beloved bishops, &c., to encourage virtue and repress vice, with a no-meaning and non-effective preamble, which only excites the risible faculties of all who trouble themselves with the reading of it.

No effort is made to morally educate the poor. I shall be reminded of the national schools, where they are taught reading, and there left. They should put fire-arms into their hands, and desire the children to use them at their own discretion. What should we say of a carpenter, who, having undertaken to teach a boy his trade, if he only shewed him all the tools by which the business was performed, and who gave the lad no other instruction; would he make a carpenter? Yet this is

what the national schools do : they have entirely mistaken the means for the end. They call furnishing the tools for education—that is, teaching their signs or words, by which it may be obtained—education itself. They give no moral instruction, nor do they take any moral charge of them; but in crowded and low neighbourhoods, by sound of tocsin, they collect all the young, vulgar, and unttaught children together, that they may corrupt each other, and thus render the whole of one character. No good they have done in teaching words can ever counterbalance this mischief that they have inflicted on society. *This en passant.* My business is with the children of thieves and abandoned women, many of whom do join for a time, the Lancasterian schools, and spread contamination by degrees far and wide.

If the government will adopt my plan, and stand *loco parentis*, and that at an early age, taking them at once, when they first commit crime, out of the contaminating influence of the scenes they are brought up in, twenty years would work a wonderful change in our criminal history. The more the instances of crime the more there is always likely to be, in an increasing and dense population, unless some countervailing measures are adopted; and what plan can be better than, by one effort, to weed society of the teachers of ill-doings, and thus give the next generation a chance of growing up without so many evil examples as they now have to draw them into crime? If a born thief lives, and is at large (what they call being on the town) till he is twelve years of age, he draws, on a moderate calculation, ten others into crime annually, who are his neighbours, not the sons of thieves, or of those who would have them thieves, but the offspring of parents who have neither time nor means of putting any restraint on them, as to their associates, during their own absence from home, which is generally from morning to night. From twelve to twenty years of age he will seduce, each year, four or five of his own age, heretofore quite unused to crime, besides the encouragement he the whole time gives to the body of sneaks; putting away, perhaps, twenty annually of those in which he had no participation in making criminals, further than the encouragement he gives to the general


body of sneaks, from whence he draws his auxiliaries.

It will be seen from this statement, which is founded on indisputable data, that the mischiefs of contamination are as three to one from the ages of five to twelve, as compared to the ages of twelve to twenty. This fact alone proves the necessity of going to the root of the evil, and attacking crime in its infancy. As there will always be some boys the parents of whom are a remove or two from the poorer classes, who have been drawn into the gulf of crime, it might perhaps be advisable to invest the judge with a discretionary power, to take security for the future conduct of such boys as belong to those who could command it; and thus throw the burden of responsibility on the parent, stimulating him to exercise a more watchful guardianship over the conduct of his children. This privilege, of course, could not be granted to any exceeding fourteen years of age. When the duties of a parent are considered, and the lax hold many of our respectable tradesmen have of their children, I think, if the compulsory measure towards the parent were carried further, it would be beneficial, not only to society, but to both parent and son. If when gross neglect was proved, by which society became in danger of having a pauper or a thief added to her numbers, and there were parents who could but would not do their duty, then I say they should be made to enter into security that their children should not commit crime, under penalties such as may be deemed efficient for the purpose. No police would be required to perform this duty. In every walk of life all are not bad, some virtue is still extant among the lowest of the low; and if there were a power given to magistrates of this nature, in every neighbourhood some parents would be found having a better sense of their own duty, who would watch the conduct and give information of the total neglect of these duties in their neighbours. The shocking sufferings and privations some boys undergo in this metropolis by the neglect of parents are incredible; were one-hundredth part collected and stated in detail, it would harrow up the soul of all who read the statement. Many every night are lying on the mat of the door, on the stairs of their parents' lodgings, half the night, waiting until

they come home drunk and out of temper; when, perhaps, the boy is kicked into the street, there to spend the night, until at length he is driven to join the sneaks at their lodging-houses, and the next day commence

THE SHOPLIFTER.

shoplifters are much less to be dreaded than the sneak, as they do not carry off cash, and rarely any very valuable property; they have, however, lately hit on a scheme which has proved successful in numerous instances. Noting a shop where goods are piled on the counter, or within reach, a man goes in called a *bouncer*, and generally asks to look at some handkerchiefs, selecting a time when there is only one shopman in the way, breakfast-time for instance; whilst this is going on, a well-dressed youth comes in with a blue bag in his hand, asking for shoe-ties, or some trifling article. Now the work begins; the man engages the attention of the shopman as fully as possible, by talking of buying largely, and by opening the handkerchiefs, or other goods, and so spreading them as to blind the eyes of the shopman, and screen the movements of the boy, who, during this time, is putting as many of the most valuable goods into his bag as he can lay his hands on, then pretending he cannot wait, leaves the shop. This scheme has had a great run among the shop-bouncers, as has that of taking a boy in with them, when they first go into the shop, who, whilst the same examination of the goods is going on, contrives to put three or four pieces of handkerchiefs into the man's hat which has been previously laid on the counter for the purpose. The other methods of shoplifting are too well known to require any further description of mine.

It cannot be too often enforced on the shopkeeper, that these men know the places which are good for this purpose, and that careless people will always have an abundance of customers of this kind, and that it is their own fault, in all cases of shoplifting, when they lose their goods. 

SNATCHERS OF RETICLES, WATCHES, &c.

These are but a more desperate and daring kind of pickpocket, who want temper and talent to go more circum-

spectly about their business, and cannot be carried on very well unless the thief has a neighbourhood of his own to cover his retreat. I witnessed, a few days since, a most daring act of this kind. A gentleman passing the end of Tottenham-court-road, St. Giles's, took out a valuable gold watch to see the time, when a fellow snatched it from his hand, and ran away with it: all efforts to take him were ineffectual, as he got into some of the low back streets where no one would venture to follow him. What the boys call *soot-bag hunting*, was once a pursuit behind coaches, where they would get up and seize any lady's bag which was in their reach, with which, as the coach was going on, they would be sure to get off.



STARRERS.

This is a crime which comes under the head of housebreaking, as in law an entry has been made through the broken glass. With a pointed and well-tempered knife, one of them picks a hole by scraping out the putty, whilst another stands before the one so employed; when this is done, and the knife can be got under the glass, the operator waits the most favourable moment, which is the most noisy one, when carriages or waggons are passing; he then uses the knife as a lever, the frame itself being the fulcrum, and, by a sudden jerk of the hand, stars the glass, dividing it in two, by causing it to crack from top to bottom: at the moment of doing this they run away, for fear of being heard in the shop. If this has been done well and not heard, they come back, after a time, "to work it out" (get it quite loose), ready to take out in the evening; a time they generally select to finish the business, by carrying off all within reach of the opening so made. The practitioners in this offence make frequent journeys to large towns in parties of four or five, working at different shops in the town at the same time. Instances of their success have been so great, that one summer a party of *starrers* kept a member of the gang wholly employed in travelling to and from town to dispose of the property to the buyers of stolen goods. In one instance, a silversmith from Brighton absolutely sate beside a boy on the coach who had, between his legs, a bag-full of property which had the day previously been stolen from the said silversmith's

window by staring, and who was then coming to town in consequence of the loss. It happened, as the coach came over Brixton-hill, Mr. Green, the keeper of Brixton prison, stopped the coach for the purpose of riding to town: as the thief had been a short time before under the surveillance of Mr. Green, he became alarmed, and before he was seen by him got off the coach saying, he was arrived at his journey's end; and he carried off the whole of the goods, among which were eleven valuable gold watches. Would it not be an improvement in our police establishment, if persons were appointed to take cognisance of all coaches as they went in and out of town, being careful that the parties appointed to do this duty should be well acquainted with the town criminals in general? Many are the advantages which would accrue from the adoption of such a plan, which, I think, are too obvious to require pointing out.

HORSE AND CATTLE STEALERS.

There was, at one time, a very formidable gang of horse-stealers, who spread themselves all over the country, and, for a long period, carried on successfully their depredations; but there is now no reason to suppose there is much confederacy in this crime, or, indeed, that there are any regular horse-stealers; all the instances in this offence being, like the highway-robber, casual. But it is not so with sheep and cattle-stealers. Smithfield market is frequented by many who are in connexion with persons in the country, who carry on their depredations to some extent, and in various ways. There are men in the country who are in confederacy with others in town, and the drovers on the road, who, of course, are going to and from the country constantly with large flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle. The thief, availing himself of darkness, drives into these flocks or herds the sheep or cattle belonging to other persons; in the course of a long journey this may be done at many places on the road. As they reach town they have persons ready to separate the stolen ones, and dispose of them to certain little master-butchers who are in the secret, and consequently obtain them much cheaper than at the usual market-price. The grazier and farmer suffer most with their sheep, the stealing of which always was, and, I imagine, will be, a crime of frequent recur-

rence in this country; and for the prevention of which every practicable measure appears to have been adopted without effect.

Should my suggestion of a police force being blended with the turnpike system be adopted, I should recommend a pass being given to the drovers, which should, at every stage throughout the line of road the cattle travelled, be examined and endorsed by a proper officer. The pass, in the first instance, should be signed by the resident magistrate of the parish whence the cattle or sheep came, describing the number and marks on the same, and stating the owner's name and residence. This measure would at once be an effectual check on the drovers, through whose means the sheep-stealers now carry on their robberies. The drovers take charge of several parties' sheep, uniting them in one flock until they reach town, when they are separated, and consigned to a salesman. This practice offers no obstacle to my proposition, as each owner should be compelled to send his pass for the number of cattle committed to the charge of the drover. This I conceive to be an arrangement under which stolen sheep and cattle could never reach town; at least, the risk of detection would be multiplied a hundred fold, and certain it is no wholesale plunder could be carried on. I defended three men who drove seventy-five sheep from a man's field in one night; they all reached town, and were sold, but the men were afterwards recognised and prosecuted. If a precaution of the kind I propose had been in these men's way, how could they possibly have passed up the road? The passes should be printed forms, having a peculiar mark for each district; and perhaps it would be better if a person were appointed to fill them up and deliver them to the farmers and graziers in his neighbourhood, without having recourse to a magistrate, which might be thought too troublesome. He who performed this duty should be paid by those who applied for them; their property would be, as it were, insured by this system being enforced; and they could not very well complain at a trifling insurance being exacted from them. The same persons who performed this duty might also execute another of equal importance, and of essential benefit to the public.

Horse-stealing, although not carried on in a wholesale manner by confederacy of large gangs, yet is a crime of very frequent occurrence throughout England; the offenders stealing in one county and disposing of them in another. To put a stop to this practice, I propose that an act of parliament should be passed to compel all buyers and sellers of horses, jointly and severally, to register the sale of each horse, with both their names, places of residence, and occupations, also the sum for which the horse was sold, with a full description of him, under a penalty of forfeiture of money hereafter to be named. Suppose this act in force, and a stranger had a horse to sell, for which there was a purchaser, would not he (the purchaser), for his own security, before he paid over the purchase-money, see the registration performed? and would the seller, think ye, if he had stolen the horse, or purchased him knowing him to be stolen, venture to the register office, where, in all probability, would be sent an account of the lost horse, with his description, &c. &c.? Here, then, is at one stroke a stop put to all stolen horses throughout the country; and this desideratum would perhaps be attained for the small charge of one shilling each person who either bought or sold a horse. If persons were appointed in each district to manage the passes of cattle, they would, at the same time, be the very persons calculated to register the sale of horses; and it might be found, after a time, desirable to extend the registration to the sale of all descriptions of cattle. Besides, it is obvious to any acute mind to how many other purposes of prevention of crime these offices might be applied; I could mention several of as great importance as the cattle and horse-stealing, were it not that I consider this paper more devoted to the description of crime than for going largely into the prevention system, which I have reserved for a work of itself.*

It is a truism in this country, that all the legislative bodies have done at any period of our history has not in the slightest degree retarded the progress of crime; and I may fearlessly challenge all the members of the Houses

of Lords and Commons to prove, that the majority of our really useful and beneficial laws have not been forced on their attention by the public at large, who, feeling where the shoe pinches, are the first to cry out and direct the legislative eye to the defect. Conscious of this, in common with all others who take the trouble to examine these matters, I cannot allow this subject to pass my pen without offering those who are, or ought to be, interested in the preservation of property from depredations, my assurances of a conviction on my mind, that the measures above proposed would, if brought into effective operation, entirely annul, and strike out of our criminal annals, two very heavy crimes; viz. sheep-stealing and horse-stealing. To give more certainty to the effect of this plan, the post-office should grant free post of letters when directed from or going to these offices throughout the kingdom, for the purpose of circulating an account of lost horses or cattle.

SWINDLERS.

The tricks and practice of all the swindlers cannot possibly have insertion here for want of room, without excluding other interesting matter. There is one set, however, of swindlers now in active business who cannot be too much exposed; no opportunity should be lost in giving publicity to their nefarious conduct, and to caution all persons against falling into their snares. There are, at this moment, a large number of persons who, without possessing any means, or having any connexions by which they can raise money to lend, yet unblushingly advertise every day to raise money to any amount, and to discount bills to an unlimited extent. The object of these fellows is to obtain good securities under pretence of advancing money, which, when once in their hands, are never returned. The applicant is put off from day to day with plausible but shuffling excuses, until at length he is induced, under fear of losing the value of his securities deposited in their hands, to take some other counter documents to hold until his own is returned, or the money paid, as first

* Since writing the above, I have myself been called on to give evidence in a case wherein a man hired a horse and chaise at the west end of the town, and immediately afterwards sold it in Southwark. If such a sale register-office had been open, this crime could never have been committed.

agreed on. Whilst this is going on, the valid securities are converted into money, by selling the papers probably for half price, which the swindlers pocket, leaving their dupe with some imaginary security, but of no value. In law, the exchange of these papers takes away the felonious part of the transaction. A case which came under my knowledge, will, I think, better convey to the reader their mode of proceeding than any further remarks of my own. A man who was confined within the rules of the King's Bench, advertised to advance money to any extent, referring applicants to an office he had in town; the first day's advertisement brought a very respectable tradesman from the neighbourhood of Parliament Street, who wanted 500*l.* on loan, for the purpose of repairing his premises and extending his trade. He was immediately promised the money, the advertiser having left the rules in which he ought to have remained, for the purpose of meeting the applicant. Two bills were drawn of 250*l.* each, and the endorsement of his mother procured, who was a retired lady on a confined income; in addition to this, the lease of his premises was demanded as a collateral security. Day after day objections of a frivolous nature to the several clauses in the lease were raised, and when this evasion was worn out other excuses were resorted to, until the swindler one day said — "As the gentleman from whom I was to have had the money is out of town, and you are in a hurry for it, if you will take my own acceptances, which I will give you for the amount, down to a certain house, they will give you the cash for them; but first let us have a memorandum of our having exchanged bills to the amount of 500*l.*" An agreement of that nature was accordingly drawn up and signed; the unfortunate tradesman soon discovered that no money could be raised on these bills, and the affair ended by his being obliged to pay his own 500*l.* without ever having a farthing from the cheating party; and, to add to his misfortune, he indicted the swindler, employing Mr. H——r to conduct the prosecution; the case was traversed, and ultimately brought before the Lord Chief Justice in the King's Bench, when it was decided, that the agreement for the exchange of bills made it a fair, trading, common contracting transaction; thus

having a heavy bill of law charges to pay in addition to his loss of 500*l.*

Similar tricks are every day played off on his majesty's liege subjects, and is a mischief for which it seems absolutely necessary that a law should be directed against. The money-lenders who prey on the vitals of young men of property who lose their money at play, or in expensive amusements, and then borrow at exorbitant and usurious interest, are a great pest to society, but the direct swindler should unquestionably be put down. The common law has defined the offence of cheating to be, *a deceitful practice in defrauding, or endeavouring to defraud, another of his own right, by means of some artful device, contrary to the plain rules of common honesty.* The statute of the 33d of Henry VIII. c. 1, declares, "That if any persons shall falsely or deceitfully obtain, or get into his hands or possession, any money, goods, &c. of any other person, by colour or means of any false privy taken, or counterfeit letter, &c. he shall be punished by imprisonment, the pillory, or whipping." Thus stood the law until the 30th George II. c. 24, when the offence was made transportable for the term of seven years. It would seem, by the unrestrained practices of these men, that the above enactments are not strong enough to put them down; it is the duty then of the government to enact others. The apathy of our rulers on the subject of gaming-houses is highly reprehensible, the keepers of which cannot be looked on in any other light than swindlers, when it is known that the immense sum of 40,000*l.* has been made, within the last two years, by one man in St. James's Street; and when it is considered how many sufferers there must have been to have made up this sum, what possible excuse can there be for allowing such nuisances to exist? There are many secrets to be told of this house, and it shall not be my fault if the world are not possessed of them.

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MEN AND WOMEN WHO WAYLAY IN-
EBRIATE PERSONS FOR THE PUR-
POSE OF ROBBERY.

This is a crime of very frequent occurrence in London; not a night passes but many suffer through these wretches, and their fellows, who are ever at hand to aid in the commission of the offence. No regular practised crime passes off

with so much impunity as this ramping, which is the technical term for robbing a drunken man, and disposing those of their money who have been indiscreet enough "to put an enemy into their mouth to steal away their brains." In almost every case of this kind the parties would rather pay as much more as that which they have lost, than expose their indiscretions to the world; besides, in most instances, the difficulty of identifying the guilty persons is very great. The prosecutor being robbed in a state of insensibility, his evidence, even if he were disposed to give it, would be received with doubt, as it is generally given with incertitude. Hundreds of women of the above description walk the whole night through, waiting and lurking about certain houses where they know drinking company resort,—

"Where revel calls, and laughter vainly
loud,

False to the heart, distorts the hollow
cheek,

To leave the flagging spirit doubly
weak."

They have always one or two male associates each, who follow at some little distance, ready to pounce on their prey when decoyed into the snare; that is, some remote place where there is little danger of any interruption. Most frequently it is in some house into which the unconscious inebriate is often passively and unresistingly led. These houses are very numerous in London, and are well known. There are many in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. At one time there were ten or twelve in and about White-hart Yard. It excites every person's astonishment that they should be allowed to exist when they are so well known and pointed out. Mr. Thomas, the active officer in St. Paul's, Covent-garden, has often mentioned them publicly before the sitting magistrates, but as they have no legal power to put them down, all that can be done is, to instruct the police force to keep a watchful eye over them. In these places girls of nine and ten years of age may be seen playing their meretricious gambols. An enactment might surely be made to reach these dens of danger and wickedness, as also the lodging-houses where the young sneaks associate, without alarming the sensitive nerves of the most rigid stickler for John Bull's liberty. In the absence of any proposals for a legisla-

tive measure to remedy this evil, I will modestly offer one of my own.

I propose that the parish authorities, magistrates, or some other constituted power, should, by enactment, be enabled to summon any housekeeper in their district before him or them, to answer any questions which may be put regarding the trade, calling, or occupation, of the said housekeeper, and in the fullest manner to examine him or her as to the means by which he or she obtained their living; first having two affidavits lodged with the said power, sworn by housekeepers of the same parish, setting forth their suspicions on oath, that the house or houses named in their depositions were illegally conducted or occupied for purposes contrary to law. Of course, in the act passed, having in view the suppression of houses occupied by thieves, whether males or females, the legal and illegal uses of premises in general would be well defined, and consequently could not interfere with the honest and respectable man; nor, indeed, with any man poor or rich, honest or dishonest, further than as to the legal uses to which he or she appropriated any premises belonging to or hired by them. It would not be advisable to place in the hands of this citing power any further authority than to declare the illegal or legal fact of occupation, and to hold the parties to bail for their appearance to answer any ulterior proceedings which might be followed up by the parish officers. Whatever might be the nature of the authority before which it might be deemed proper, as a preliminary step, the accused should be summoned, it should be the duty of the parish officers to prosecute, and bring forward evidence to substantiate the charge of illegal appropriation of premises. Should a conviction take place, the bench must be empowered to send in an officer to remain on the premises until the same were either vacated or transferred into other hands, who should give security for using the house only for purposes of a legal nature, at least for twelve months. This latter provision would be a just punishment on the landlords, who, in almost every case, are privy to the bad appropriation of premises. In the adoption of this measure may be seen the effectual and entire annihilation of public gambling-houses, if the inhabitants and parish

officers did their duty; and there can be no doubt but generally they are well disposed to do so, if government will but arm them by legislative acts of authorisation.

Without offending the modesty of the most fastidious of my readers, I hope I may be allowed to say a word or two on brothels in general. I am one of those strange beings who believe, that, were these houses regularly registered and taken under the protection of government, the cause of morality would be promoted. Yes! astonished reader, the cause of morality promoted. When evils cannot be avoided they should be faced, examined, and the best judgment used to lighten their effects as much as possible. This is the advice any sensible family man would give his friend in private life, and the same is applicable to governments, whose peculiar business it is to watch all the evils incidental to and attendant on the community: it is their duty to lighten the pernicious influences of vice in every grade. But our mock-modest rulers, by affecting not to know the extent of the mischief, have almost persuaded themselves of the nullity of these houses, although their daily increase in every quarter of the town is notorious to every body else; and the evil has increased to such a frightful extent, that the very children of the present age are drawn in the vice, their principles being sapped, and a large proportion of society brought into a state of total depravity.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,

That to be hated needs but to be seen:
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure — then pity — then embrace."

I was informed, only a few days since, by an active and intelligent officer of the police, that in my neighbourhood (the Regent's Park), one street contains thirty-six of these houses, in one of which he had ascertained, the night previously, forty-five girls had slept, there being several beds in the house in which six of these unfortunate young creatures were sleeping together. When these things are offered to be proved and established, so as to remove the doubts of the most sceptical and incredulous, no one can wonder at the progression of demoralisation. In these times of danger from

a pestilential disease, it is surprising that sanitary considerations have not induced the authorities to turn their attention to these houses, and at least, if not entirely dissociate them, see that they congregate only in such numbers as are in consonance with our general notions of civilised decency. The higher classes of society are very sensitive on the question of contamination, and fully appreciate the effects of association. They guard every avenue through which pollution can enter into their families, but the offspring of the poor are, for want of means, left to casual management. The *conversazione*, the *soirée*, together with the aid of teachers, make the daughters of our proud Norman aristocracy what they are. They inherit their mother's beauty, but are modest, virtuous, and accomplished, by the force of example and good instruction. Look on the other side of the picture! behold 60,000 poor deluded young females living in a state of depravity, surrounded by every vicious example, and fast hurrying on towards the extremity of misery; no friendly hand is held out to save them, no timely voice is heard to warn them of their danger; and whilst in the full career of their headlong course, the operation of their example is permitted uninterruptedly to go on, keeping up and increasing their numbers daily. The homogeneity of the virtuous and the vicious classes is distinct, and it is the duty of the former to reflect on the causes which have occasioned the difference between them; they will find no reason to be proud, or to entertain any great self-complaisance. Accident of birth only has drawn the line of demarcation that separates their condition in society. The fine lady possesses no accomplishments, no virtues, which she can inherently call her own; they were written on her mind when it was a blank sheet, and she, partially, in an unconscious state. On the other hand, those who occupy the opposite position, in the comparison cannot be accounted wholly answerable for all the evils attendant on their course of life, or for the effects produced on the rising generation of females in their own grade of society. Much is said in this country of the munificence of the rich, of charitable institutions, and of the number of our philanthropists; but if we judge of things by their effects, we shall, on

inquiry, find the good resulting to society from these sources has been very partial. Our amateur legislators and sentimentalists trust all to a *Vice Society*, a *Philanthropic Society*, and a few other eleemosynary establishments. To the first of these I should say, it is better to prevent vice than punish it, because by the time you catch one delinquent fifty others have been corrupted. And as to philanthropy, the word means universal love of mankind, and has nothing to do with their bit-by-bit mode of doing good to a few individuals under a system of jobbery, bartering one interest for another, for sinister views connected with a few institutions which have been established by gulling the assuine members of society. It is the fountain of vice whence the evil flows which requires abstergering,—the large corrupted abscess of society which must be healed;—those sinks of vice where women and girls are found herding together by hundreds, and in a state that reminds us of the animals described by Dean Swift, called the Yahoos. We want a municipal government adapted to the new circumstances of society,—one which would act on an enlarged principle. I propose that a place of reception, similar to the one I have before named for the young sneaks, should be provided for the reception of the unprotected and erring girls: and here, I know, I shall be met with the same arguments of opposition as those named under the head of sneaks, viz. that there are too many, and that government may as well think of providing for all the propertyless people in the country.

The answer to this is plain. If you delay, and do not grapple with the evil at once, you will very soon have the increase so enormous, that society will be driven to demand it from you; after you have, by neglect, trebled the difficulty of providing for them. But let us inquire whether there really be any such obstacles in the way. I have, under this head of ramps, recommended that a surveillance, and a more general system of espionage, should be adopted over meretricious women and girls in the metropolis; but I am now confining myself to the furtive girls and the young sneak, as regards the expense of taking them out of society, both of which, in my judgment, de-

mand the immediate and serious attention of the government. Let these two classes be legislated for, and you may hereafter spare yourselves the trouble of passing so many penal statutes to repress crime. The asylums I propose, both for the boys and girls, would be institutions for the reception only of those who had committed crime; and it can hardly be supposed that any not before criminal would, for mere food, place themselves in the situation, and undergo the punishment, of one of the most abandoned classes in the community. If this fear be removed (and I am convinced it is a chimerical one, as far as to its being practised to any extent so as to interfere with the principle), I then ask what you profess to be doing now regarding these boys and girls? Your answer would be, adopting all the means in our power to apprehend all who commit crime. So you do; but your system only catches one out of every six, leaving always a surplus on society of five-sixths—and this proportion is daily increasing, so that the evil is gaining on you. Now, my plan would very soon remove all the young plants which now encumber the ground, leaving the older ones either to fructify and die off, or to be rooted up as they are met with; by which, if the species were not entirely exterminated, the specimens would become rare. Reverting again to the objection of cost for their food, clothing, &c., it is natural to ask, who would be called on to pay it? The public. Who supports them now? The same answer must be given—the public. Part of their life is spent in the workhouse, part in prison, and the remainder in plundering the public—so that, wherever they are, it is now at the public cost they live. If, however, you will take the entire management of them into your own hands, you will make one pound go as far as fifty now goes in supporting them, besides making them useful members (if not of this) of colonial society, to where, after a time, they may be sent, and made indentured servants of, to pay the expense of sending them out. They are in their present state an incubus on morality, and a drag-chain to the industrious. Talk of the expense of providing for a few thousand boys and girls—who, by the way, would all very soon be earning nearly their own living under a proper

system of management—look what they cost you now! There are nearly three thousand policemen employed in London, exclusive of the city establishment, an expensive magistracy, and heavy charges for the support of our courts—besides the costs to the county, over and over again, for prosecuting the same offender, with the charges for their keep in a state of idleness, or in doing that which is profitless during intervals of imprisonment. Add to all these charges the amount of what they abstract from the public, either by plunder or stratagem—set all this, and much more which might be named, in the balance sheet against the probable charges for maintaining them in a state of order and industry, and it will be apparent at once that the better course will be to adopt the plan here proposed. It was only the other day I was for a few minutes at St. Mary-la-bonne police-office, when three boys were placed at the bar, charged with picking a gentleman's pocket of a handkerchief, which was produced; but, as the gentleman did not appear, they were discharged by Mr. Hoskins, who, after inquiring whether they were known as thieves, and being answered in the affirmative, discharged them, saying, "Mind your future course of life." Knowing the boys to be thieves, I followed and entered into conversation with them. I learnt that they were without a farthing in their pockets, and that they all three were very hungry, and had not a friend in the world to whom they could apply for assistance. Now, considering the circumstances in which they were placed, to turn them loose on the streets was to say, Go rob the first person you meet! It is of no use to urge that they have no right to steal. There they were, ingrained thieves, having no other possible means of allaying the gnawings of hunger; and yet our system sets them at large. What shall be said in the defence of one who saw another load a pistol, avowing his intention of discharging the contents of it at the head of some other person, if the party so apprised of a fellow-mortal's danger did not take every step to prevent the commission of murder? Precisely so it is with these boys, differing only in the degrees of offence. I do not blame the magistrate; had he sent them to the house of correction for three months, it would only have delayed the com-

mission of the crime, and he had no power to dispose of them in any other way. Hundreds of thieves are weekly discharged under the same circumstances, the *exposé* of which calls loudly for legislative interference; and in the absence of which, it is much to be regretted that, in this society-country, there is not one formed for the purpose of employing agents to attend where these characters are discharged, offering them an asylum and temporary relief, during which some efforts might be made to withdraw them from their courses. If, however, it were made a national question, many of the present charitable institutions' "occupations would be gone," and they could not do better than to throw their funds up for the use of the all-absorbing one here proposed. Were it not that the operations of all the societies for reclaiming abandoned boys were so partial and circumscribed, I should have much to write on this subject. I have visited them all, and can say but little in their favour, excepting only the Society for the Refuge of the Destitute, to which the government were wont to subscribe 100*l.* per annum. There was, however, some demur lately on the part of the committee of this society to receive any more boys on the recommendation of the judges. Whether the subscription had been altogether withheld, or whether they thought the sum paid into their funds inadequate to the numbers of boys sent for admission, did not appear. Some of the other societies have been founded by interested persons, having only their own gain in view. They publish flaming quarterly reports, which delude the subscribers, and deceive the public as to the advantages derived from them. Is this country never to be relieved from a system of jobbery? Not even in works of beneficence can she be spared. There are tales to be unfolded on this subject, wherem the honorary secretary himself is blind, and not sensible of the cat's-paw which has been made of him. In the interim I call on the public to disabuse their minds, if they have ever entertained a notion that these societies have answered any good purpose, as regards the reclaiming of juvenile offenders.

There is a society of this nature, recently established by the exertions of one individual, a few miles

from town. As I knew all the circumstances of its formation, a few months since I went down to view the establishment. I found an immense large house and grounds, calculated to contain two hundred boys: there were, at the time I was at the place, eleven boys and as many attendants; and a committee-room, in which was a large table covered with papers, exhibiting as much appearance of important business as the table of the first Lord of the Admiralty in the most bellicose times. After examining the boys, I said to the superintendent, who was the real founder of the charitable institution, for sinister purposes, "You have no boys accustomed to crime here?" He replied, "No, sir; we are very particular, and don't like bad company!" I rejoined, "Well! but what is the object of your society? Is it not for the express purpose of reclaiming boys involved in crime? And, in my opinion, the worse they are, the credit due to you would be so much the more if you succeed in diverting them from the commission of sin; and the benefit to society will be in the same proportion." His reply to this remark was, "Well, we will have no bad ones here!" As I knew a *really* worthy alderman who had been made a tool in the forming of this establishment, I determined to ascertain his notions of the institution. A few days after I had formed this resolution, I met a boy I had long wished to reclaim, thinking that if an opportunity was afforded him he might be saved to society. I in consequence waited on the alderman, where it so happened I met the before-named superintendent. As I had been known to both of them for a long time as being tolerably well skilled in the study and management of these boys, I made no doubt of obtaining the boy's admission, to promote which I urged the youth's destitute condition, and the necessity he was under of resorting to crime for a subsistence, adding, that he had just before been discharged from Newgate. "O!" said the alderman, "a bad one; I was present at his trial." The superintendent declared they did not want boys of that kind, and my request for his admission was refused. The prospectuses, advertisements, and the published letters of the honorary *naval* secretary, solicit the contributions of the public for the special purpose of

reclaiming *abandoned criminal boys*. I here inform the subscribers that the conductors of the establishment seek after no such characters, but pick up the few they have with great care and circumspection from among the poorer classes, taking special pains to select those of a meek disposition, unmarked by any violent or strong propensities—such boys, in fact, as never were possessed of any devils to cast out. The number of boys now in the establishment is twenty-five, who are supplied with lodging and board, relieving their friends from the burden of providing for them. This is the extent of the charity—no more. They select this description of boys, to shew how altered is their demeanour since they have come into the establishment; the visitors all the time contemplating them as heretofore old and desperate offenders. This is a fact; and I make the *expose* to shew the government the utter futility of relying on these partial and interested correctives of juvenile crime. It is but just, however, to state how different is the conduct of the Society of the Refuge for the Destitute. I took a boy of the same description as the one above named, at a time the institution was very full, and on the same morning fifty others were in attendance to solicit the committee to grant admissions for their children. On my stating that the boy was criminal, but in my judgment reformatable, the chairman at once said: "These are the objects for our attention; leave the boy, sir, with us now." This was nine months since, and he is at this moment as fit for society as any of its heretofore more regular members are. I have this from the superintendent; a most able man for the situation in which he is engaged. He is the only person I have ever met with having the management of these kind of boys who pursues the non-castigation system, in support of which my best advocacy has ever been employed. And here I will make an observation, which has escaped me before when speaking of these boys. Full one moiety of them are characterised as being remarkable either for their good nature and easiness of disposition, or for weakness of intellectual powers. Now, all who have these peculiarities are decidedly reclaimable; and this opinion, I hope I may be allowed to say without being charged with egotism, is founded on extensive

observation, and on very reflective and matured consideration. The other half are of the most desperate and determined natures. In every small band, or knot of young thieves, there will always be found one or two *sillikins*, as they denominate those whom they can persuade to be foremost in any undertaking, by taunts of cowardice and threats of dissolving partnership. Now, the main cause of these boys being engaged at all in crime is, first, their acquaintance with their more cunning companions, arising out of the circumstance of proximity of residence in the low neighbourhoods where they reside; secondly, their irresolute natures, and the want of mental strength rendering them so peculiarly susceptible, that they possess no powers of resistance: for want of education and mental exercise, they suffer themselves to be placed in any boat, and carried down any stream, in companionship with those who chanced first to engage their attention. It is from a knowledge of these facts that I am led to predicate that, were they taken out of society on the first commission of crime, instead of being allowed to go the same round and round for years, that full one half would, after time for reflection, and the improvement of their mental capacities, be so far restored to a sense of their former errors and weaknesses, as to be with safety allowed to return into the world long before the expiration of the term of the sentences which it would be policy to pass on all, until their idiosyncrasies and improved fixedness of purpose could be unequivocally ascertained. There are some again who are indomitable; but, under a proper system of management, the instances would fall far short, very far short, of the popular impression regarding the incorrigibility of juvenile offenders. I therefore conjure the government to make the experiment on a sufficiently large scale, not only to relieve the public from losses of property, but to redeem our national character as a moral people, and to give to the philanthropic world the comfortable assurance that the cause of human happiness was on the advance; in the absence of which no true philanthropist can be happy, and which (speaking in reference to the abandoned boys) can never be brought about by any society or number of societies.

There is one great service a society might perform for the country, because the offices it would have to render are of a nature the government could not consistently be seen in, without making a law for the purpose. It has often occurred to me that a society to take some cognisance of discharged prisoners is a desideratum in this country, or rather metropolis; and I have drawn out a plan for its formation. Many offenders, when discharged from prison, whether acquitted or on expiration of a term of imprisonment, if the opportunity were afforded them, would make strong efforts to regain their lost position in society; but being without money, and deserted in their utmost need by their former friends, without strength of mind sufficient to support them under the reflection that they are outcasts of honest society—more properly, the unconvicted society—in a moment of despair, disgust, and revenge against all persons, they are induced to become associates of professed thieves, and are thus hurried on into a vortex of crime before they have time for reflection. If, when the mind were in this state, retiring from itself under a sense of shame, and in a condition too weak to meet the expected reproaches from their own immediate friends, and the almost certain sarcastic coolness of former acquaintances, a temporary shelter were afforded, and a little time given for reflection, allowing a few days for application to friends, under the advice and assistance of some able person who would be appointed for the purpose, and who should be selected for possessing peculiar zeal, joined to a kind and soothing disposition;—if, I say, these chances were afforded them, many would be provided with future honest employment, who are now too often, for want of such an asylum, and “ministering to a mind diseased,” entirely lost to society, in all save the injuries it receives from them. This is not a speculative notion; I have witnessed many instances in which discharged criminals, so situated as regards the state of their minds, might have, with a little assistance, been brought back to a feeling of perfect abhorrence of dishonest conduct.

These remarks are not applicable to the offenders who follow dishonest practices as a trade. I would deal with them in another way. When

one man commits an assault on another, or defames his character by promulgating statements injurious to his good fame (technically termed a libel), and is by a jury found guilty, the judge either sentences the offender to fine and imprisonment, or to both, but seldom or never fails to add that the person so sentenced shall give bail for his good behaviour for a certain period of time; in other words, that he will not again be guilty of a premunire within the prescribed space named in the bond, on pain of penalty. Assaults and libels have never been considered of the same heinous nature with felonies; yet it has never been thought advisable to take cognisance of the after conduct of a felon, not even for an hour, although there is no comparison in the degree of moral turpitude, or in the danger and jeopardy the public are placed in from the practices of the one and the other. It is true, any sentence passed on a felon to be imprisoned until he found "good and sufficient bail," would be equivalent to perpetual incarceration; but why not protect society by binding him in his own recognisances to abstain in future from crime, under a penalty of being imprisoned again, or transported? This, it may be thought, comes to nothing more than is accomplished by a recent act of Sir Robert Peel's, which increases the punishment under second and third convictions; but if the judges were authorised, as a consecutive to the entering into recognisance after undergoing any punishment for the commission of offence, that the convict should be at the same time bound to appear, under pain of imprisonment or transportation, as above mentioned, before an officer who would be appointed for the purpose, to answer all such questions as may be put to him or her, every month, appertaining to his or her place of residence and means of living—and, if necessary, to make them account for all or any part of their time between the intervals of examination, rendering them liable to apprehension on failure, as sentenced by the court;—if a power of this nature were in the hands of our criminal judges, no other sentence would be required, in almost every case of occasional lapses from the path of honesty, than to place the prisoner under the control of this power, and thus avoid the contamination of him, by asso-

ciating him, during some times a long incarceration, with the abandoned felons, besides degrading him and breaking his spirits, which is not the way to recall any man back, from a momentary deviation, to the path of virtue. This measure, then, would set at large all those who alone are to be considered as worth the preserving from prison pollution; and, on the other hand, put the bit into the mouths of all practised offenders having once appeared at any criminal bar. It may be objected, that a man so situated would be cramped in his movements in life, and his exertions to obtain an honest livelihood so paralysed, that he would not have a fair chance with his fellow-men. This difficulty, I think, would be removed by the examination being a private one, and by the superintending officer having a discretionary power even to forego the regular attendance of the party, whenever he saw him in an employment which gave him (the officer) satisfaction, and when his interference would tend to dispossess his charge of an honest living. Besides, this kind of police guardianship would only be for a term,—one, two, or three years at most, at the discretion of the judge before whom the culprit was tried. This duty, with all others relating to the protection of public and private property, ought to be placed in the hands of a commission, who should sit daily, and direct all measures deemed useful in the public police department. They should make regular annual returns to parliament of their proceedings, accompanied with hints for the making, amending, and repealing laws, as they (the commissioners) might see needful, so as to have the laws always meeting and harmonising with the changes which the new circumstances of society are ever rendering necessary. "The question of difficulty is," says an able writer on this subject, "why the laws and the means of prevention have not kept pace with the progressive advancement of the country, so as to check and keep within bounds those nefarious practices?" This question is readily answered. Our legislature has no regular source of information of the changes going on in society, nor is there any one held responsible to lay before parliament, from time to time, such plans of prevention laws as are calculated to go in advance of crime. Even

the correctives of roguery and vice of all kinds are protracted and delayed until the most direful effects are produced to society, calling out from every street, lane, and alley, for government interference. Their supineness is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that each individual member of the legislature is without any information on which he can place any reliance, however anxious he may be to do his duty. Again, what is the duty of the whole body is not considered the business of any particular member of that body. A commission would remedy this defect in our present system—a commission which should have the entire charge of the public morals, and on which the government would call annually for its reports and advice in making laws for the improvement of the community at large. The only author I have met with who has written on this subject, said, thirty years ago:

“But whether the numbers of these truly unfortunate women are a few thousands less or more, is of no consequence in the present discussion, since it is beyond all doubt that the evil is of a magnitude that is excessive, and unperiously calls for a remedy—not certainly a remedy against the possibility of female prostitution, for it has already been stated, that it is a misfortune that must be endured in large societies. All that can be attempted is, to divest it of the faculty of extending its noxious influence beyond certain bounds, and restrain those excesses and indecencies which have already been shewn to be so extremely noxious to society, and unavoidably productive of depravity and crime.

“The author is well aware that he treads on tender ground, when in suggesting any measure, however salutary it may be in lessening the calendars of delinquency, it shall have the appearance of giving a public sanction to female prostitution. Under the influence of strong prejudices, long rooted in the human mind, it may be in vain to plead *plus apud me ratio valebit quam vulgi opinio*. If, however, the political maxim be true, *Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet*, it certainly follows, that by suffering an evil to continue, when we have it in our power to lessen or prevent it, we do violence to reason and to humanity.”

That a prudent and discreet regulation of prostitutes in this great metropolis would operate powerfully, not only in gradually diminishing their numbers, but also in securing public

morals against the insults to which they are exposed, both in the open streets and at places of public entertainment, cannot be denied. Nothing can be clearer, than that the unrestrained latitude which is allowed to this class of females in London is certainly an inlet to many crimes. *Vulgar prejudice only* opposes a legislative arrangement. Religion and morality would both be advanced; because, instead of (by the appearance of sanctioning, as some may imagine) prostitution being encouraged, I say it would be restrained, and a check immediately given to this vice. In adopting the proposed measure, the example of several of our continental neighbours may be quoted, where crime has not attained the height it has in this country. Holland, Italy, and France, may be referred to as instances; they have each a shorter calendar of criminals. The moral estimation of the character of these countries in private life as compared to our own, forms another consideration distinct from the lower classes, from whence the mass of delinquency springs and is generated. The remarks under this head have run out somewhat irregularly, but I hope to be pardoned when the importance of the subject is considered.

RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS.

Notwithstanding all that has been said on the encouragement these men hold out to thieves in the commission of crime, they, nevertheless, form a very subordinate consideration, in my opinion, of our criminal code. It must be admitted by all, that those who purchase goods, having a guilty knowledge of their being obtained dishonestly, deserve as heavy a punishment as the thief. But, as I before said in my first paper, there is no hope of putting down crime by any enactments against the receivers of stolen goods; because the difficulty of reaching one out of five hundred renders all laws inoperative, and almost a nullity against them; besides, if by possibility they could be constructed on any improved principle, and a greater proportion of offenders brought to justice than heretofore, yet the inducements to commit the offence, in consequence of the profits accruing therefrom, are such as will always bring a number into the trade equal to the wants of the robbers. It is for this reason that I am led to believe all enactments against this offence will ever be found

futile and useless in the repression of crime; and thus I am the more urged to press on the notice of our law-makers, that the energies of the magistracy should be mainly directed against the practical depredator. However, it is an offence, and one of equal turpitude with any in the calendar. The great and monied receivers are very rarely or never brought to justice; Ikey Solomon is perhaps the only exception for many years past, and he successfully carried on the trade for upwards of thirty years.

I feel under an obligation to speak the truth in all I have to write of my experience; and I have no hesitation in declaring, in the most solemn manner, that full one half of the persons convicted of this crime have been either entirely innocent, or been committed under circumstances of carelessness, merely from want of due caution, and not persons who were in the habit of purchasing from thieves, knowing the goods to have been stolen. Such is the strong prejudice of the judges against all those who are accused of this offence, that every buyer of a saddle, bridle, or old tub, whether the same had been purchased publicly or privately, whether the purchaser was in a state of sobriety or inebriation, is sure to have every quirk and turn of the law of evidence wrested against him; and the judge never fails to labour, with all the zeal of a well-fed advocate, to procure a verdict of guilty—really almost insisting on the jury pronouncing thus, considering it a *coup d'état* to convict every one charged with this offence, whilst the real receivers and abettors of crime go unpunished. This is an incontrovertible fact, and demands attention.

This statement is not made, as some are too apt to suppose all complaints are, merely for the sake of saying something against those who administer justice in our criminal courts of law, but to shew that they deceive themselves by looking at the number of convictions under this head of crime, and inferring therefrom that they are reducing the mass of real receivers.

Last year there was quite a sensation created in the woollen trade about three master-tailors, who were committed to Newgate for having purchased goods of a young man in the employ of a draper of considerable business in the vicinity of Coventry Street. It was

immediately bruited all over the town, that his employer had lost 2000*l.* worth of property, and that these tailors had purchased the whole. The fact proved to be, that the culprit had robbed his master of about 500*l.* worth of goods, which he had disposed of among a numerous body of tailors, persons he had become acquainted with through the large trade his master carried on; and he had induced these tradesmen to become his customers, by stating to them that he was shortly going into business for himself; that he was then, by an agreement with his employer, allowed to do business for himself; and that he had money, which enabled him to purchase for ready cash and sell again cheap. As he was a steady young man, many were by his representation induced to encourage his efforts, thinking they were serving an industrious and worthy person. At length, when his nefarious conduct was discovered, he confessed the robbery, and stated where the goods had been sold. It happened that all the purchasers but three had cut the articles up in the regular way of trade. These three, however, although most respectable tradesmen, and having the goods exposed in the open shop, with other articles of the same kind, and entered regularly at fair trade-prices in their account-books, were committed to Newgate to take their trials. Being employed to write a defence for one of them, I had frequent conferences with their attorneys, who all agreed, that although there could be no question of their innocence, yet, from the general prejudices of the judges against all who appeared before them charged with this offence, that a verdict of guilty would be obtained. It, however, for once, turned out otherwise—they were all acquitted; but many similar cases have come under my knowledge wherein no verdict of guilty should have been pronounced. These tradesmen were fortunate in having a respectable and intelligent jury, who looked only at the facts of the case, disregarding the judge's arguments altogether.

A very large proportion of those who come under the denomination of receivers of stolen goods, and who are tried at the Old Bailey, are persons free from any intention of guilt. The case of a poor broker, for whom I interested myself, is a fair sample of a

hundred known to me. Whilst the man was ill in bed, one morning, about ten o'clock, his wife purchased a common plated liqueur frame, at what might be considered a fair broker's trade-price; it was proved, that the instant after she became possessed of it, she placed it in a conspicuous part of the shop-window for sale. A few days afterwards it was seen in this place by the person from whom it had been stolen. The broker, under Sir Robert Peel's act, was convicted, having the stolen property in his possession, for which he could not account, it being brought into his shop by a stranger.

Now if this man, or rather his wife, were to blame, and deserved fourteen years' transportation (which he got) for what may be considered an indiscretion, I can only say to the judge who thinks so, that, every hour of his existence, thousands of similar transactions are going on in this metropolis, without the parties having the slightest notion of buying stolen property. The man was totally ruined, his family dispersed, his wife in a workhouse, his own constitution entirely broken by an imprisonment of six years and a quarter, when he was again restored, a useless member, to society.

It ought not to be disguised, that our present laws do not reach the real offenders; they are so flimsily constructed as never to catch any but the ignorant and weak — the moneyed man breaks through them every hour. And this will ever be the case whilst our legislature works by the piece-meal system of making laws, which has from time to time been adopted, on suggestions applicable only to particular cases. It is to be lamented that we have not *one general law that should embrace every object*, and remedy every defect in the present statutes, on the subject of the criminal jurisprudence. Whether the characters who are charged with this crime, that now appear at the Old Bailey, are in each particular case guilty or otherwise, I will not further dispute; but I will, in almost every instance, undertake to prove the individuals, one by one, are *not connected* with the regular and wholesale plunderer, by which some millions in a year are taken from the public.

The receivers are a numerous body, but may, for my purpose in this paper, be classed under the following heads:

Buyers of stolen bank and country notes;

Ditto of plate;

Ditto of jewellery and watches;

Marine store-shops;

Women who reside in courts, or in obscure places, professing to carry on washing, mangling, or keeping some little shop as a blind, or *stall*;

Women who keep stalls in the streets;

Pawnbrokers, who open for the purpose of receiving stolen goods;

Jews who call themselves general dealers;

To which I may with fairness add, many very large and wealthy houses in the city of London, whose transactions of late years can come under no other denomination.

There are, probably, no more than ten persons in London who carry on the trade of purchasing bank-notes solely. These men are so connected, that they can dispose of any notes. Even after they are advertised, and payment stopped at the bank, and every publicity given to the numbers, yet will they unhesitatingly buy at a profit of twenty-five per cent, giving 15s. for every pound, most of which are forwarded to the continent, where they are passed through a variety of hands, in trading transactions, until all possibility of tracing them is removed, and in time find their way to the Bank of England for payment. It is evident that this trade must ever be confined to a few, from the difficulty of forming connexions to carry it on with security. Not many years since a certain tradesman embarked in this speculation, but, for want of a proper concatenation of auxiliaries, he very narrowly escaped conviction on a very large note. Sometimes the parties will go over themselves, and lay the whole of their money out at the large trading fairs which are held on the continent; then, by selling again immediately, receive the currency of the country where they are. This, if done at one per cent loss, is not a consideration, as they generally deal for considerable sums; the twenty-five per cent covering all losses, and leaving them ample profit for their trouble.

The *plate-receivers* are persons who keep fixed crucibles always in readiness, to melt any quantity of plate brought in. When the whole is cast off, it is weighed, and purchased at about 1s. 3d. per ounce under the current market-price of silver; or,

sometimes a liberal payment is made for the melting, and the thief disposes of the goods at his own discretion. In this case, if the plate is not recovered *in transitu* to the crucible, there is no longer any risk in possessing the property, it having, in a few minutes, undergone a change of figure which prevents its owner from ever again recognising his property.

Those who purchase jewellery and watches are principally Jews, who either travel the country with it, or send it to their connexions at sea-port towns, where it is disposed of and dispersed better than at inland towns, where purchasers of these articles are mostly stationary.

Marine store-keepers have, from time immemorial, borne the odium of having been the chief receivers in the metropolis; and I believe they have deserved the reproach. The principal business is, however, gone out of their hands, save in naval and military robberies of stores, which have at all times been extensive in our dock-yards and other arsenals, and on the banks of the river. Through the assistance of these men, plunder is constantly obtained and disposed of in various ways, which will be hereafter explained under that head.

It is astonishing what a number of women there are in this town who live by buying stolen articles of the young sneaks. Every kind of portable commodity they are open to receive; linen-draperies, hosiery, work-boxes, tea-caddies, &c. &c.; in short, every thing the young thief can lay his hands on they take. I defended one of these women four times, and each time she escaped justice; being, however, in every case, allowed to put in bail for her appearance to take her trial—a circumstance which goes a great length in the court of the Old Bailey, and on which I shall have, on a future occasion, something to add.

Their practice is to have a house, or lodging, away from the receiving-shop, in which their husband, sister, or some other participator in the profits resides, and to which place every article is conveyed as speedily as possible after the thief is gone: very frequently it is by a back communication between the two premises. If an officer should follow too closely, before the articles are removed, they have always a ready answer—they wash for the boy, who is

in some service unknown to them, and that he called a little time since for a clean shirt, and asked permission to leave the bundle, or box, until he returned; adding, "Good God! I hope the boy has not turned thief!"

By conducting their business in this and similar ways, they generally escape justice. I at one time knew of seventy-four of these places in the metropolis, of which I took an account from convicted boys. The certainty of their existence and locality I obtained by asking the fresh boys who came into prison if they knew them, sometimes giving their names, and then desiring them to say where the houses were situated; at other times naming the residence, and asking for the name of the woman who kept it; as also by relating, hearing, and comparing anecdotes about their various doings, which I was constantly drawing out of the boys. Now this is an astounding fact, and at the time I could, with the assistance of one boy I could name, have convicted the whole in a few weeks. I have mentioned this to many who ought to take cognisance of these things, but without effect.

Women who keep stands for the sale of fruit, &c. in the street.—These persons are the incipient sneaks' only resource in vending the trifling articles they commence crime with; edible articles are mostly coveted by them, and for which they give not one-seventh part the value. I believe there is not one of these women, who makes a permanent standing in one place, but relies more on her dealings with these young rogues for a living, than on any sale of goods at her stall.

Pawnbrokers.—There are pawnbrokers in every low neighbourhood throughout the metropolis whose whole business consists in receiving stolen goods in the way of pledges. I have received information of several, who are considered by the offenders to give much better prices than the regular fences, which makes them prefer pledging their booty, although there is never any intention of redeeming the goods. This the pawnbrokers know, as the thief, being every hour liable to fall into the officers' hands, usually destroys the duplicates, to prevent any second charge being brought against him.

Jews who call themselves general dealers.—This is as numerous a class

as any in London who receive stolen goods. They are a very cunning and wary set of dealers, and carry on their practices so artfully as rarely to be caught: their fraternisation affords them a large scope of connexion in disposing of the goods after they are bought—an advantage very few others enjoy.

Although any practice of the regular tradesmen does not truly come under this head, yet so many nefarious transactions have come within my observation in the city of London, that I cannot pass the subject by without some notice. I will not, however, in this place make any observations on the law of debtor and creditor, or the means by which many persons possess themselves of goods surreptitiously, further than to give one instance which came within my own knowledge. A firm in the Manchester line, which had made some money (I will not say how), resided next door to a large carpet-warehouse, the proprietor of which offered the trade and premises to his neighbours for a certain sum. They in consequence entered into a negotiation for the sale and purchase of the same. The firm, which was situated not far from Bow Church, suggested, that as the carpet-dealer had a good trade and credit (although on the eve of shewing embarrassment to his creditors), he should make a journey among the carpet-manufacturers, and purchase as largely as he could, and fill the warehouse with goods, which they (the firm) would take, after deducting twenty per cent from the invoice prices, together with the other goods on the premises at the same rate; reminding the carpet-warehouseman, that, as his circumstances would constrain him to make a compromise with his creditors, the ready cash which would be paid by them would enable him to offer prompt payment of a small dividend—an offer more likely to be acceded to by his creditors, than a larger composition in prospective. By this arrangement the firm realised upwards of 1700*l.*, the carpet-man paid 5*s.* in the pound to his creditors, and thus both parties were gainers, at the expense of honest men. This statement, which is founded on facts, needs no comment.

This is only one sample of many others of daily occurrence in our virtuous metropolis. Abuses of every description, when about to be ex-

posed, meet with opposition. The principals in this transaction, aware of my knowledge of their proceedings in this and many similar doings, have had the audacity to threaten any who may cause the *exposé*. As this is not a place to indulge in digression, all I shall say for the present is, that every thing on city business will be out in due time. I should have stated, that an eminent silversmith had some participation in this nefarious transaction, and that the Manchester warehousemen are at this moment prosperously carrying on their trade, on the premises of the carpet-dealer so *respectably* obtained. How is it that these receivers of stolen goods are not more exposed? Is it because they all become rich, and, by the modern gauge of respectability, are influential, and company for gentlemen?

“ Men are what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.”

FORGERS.

As the prosperity of a country advances, there is generally a proportionate increase of evil: whilst an influx of riches are placed in one scale, an augmentation of crime is found in the other. In London, where the population and commerce have arrived to such an extraordinary height, and where the continual interchange of property and transfers of money are going on to an almost incredible amount, it ceases to be a wonder, that where all are struggling to arrive at or maintain a place in respectable society, that many should lose their position, and, being rendered desperate by disappointment, resort to forgery and other crimes. It may be presumed, that nearly the whole of forgeries on bankers and merchants are committed by persons whose minds are in a state of despair, arising sometimes out of real circumstances of misfortune, but more frequently by the pursuit of wild and ill-judged speculations. In this great *wen*, many in their schemes and transactions indulge in foolish and extravagant notions of gain; and such men being, for the most part, of a temperament which will not allow them, under any disappointments, to reflect coolly on consequences, they rush recklessly into the commission of forgery; being impelled

by their idiosyncrasies to make one desperate effort to reimburse themselves for actual losses, or what, by miscalculation, they have been disappointed in realising. Others, again, who give themselves carelessly up to an inordinate love of pleasure, plunging themselves into expenses far beyond their means, and who having once tasted of the baneful spring of extravagant habits, can never again find resolution to forego them; and for the support of which they have recourse to forgery. Not a few are drawn into this crime by the fatal propensity of gaming. After a night spent at the hazard or *rouge et noir* table, violently agitated the whole time with the various turns of good and ill luck, the mind at length becomes morbidly excited; and in this state, after suffering some heavy loss, is prepared for the commission of forgery. In a large community such members are like ill weeds in a fair garden, which will spring up again and again, root them out as often as you may.

From these considerations, it is evident that no penal laws will ever be effective in suppressing this crime; and the government has manifested much humanity and sound judgment, in relieving the public from the shocking spectacles so often repeated in this metropolis, by executing all who committed this offence. The punishment annexed to the crime never enters into the mind of the man who sits down, in a state of monomania, to write another's name, for the purpose of unlawfully obtaining money. The main object in view is to throw as many obstacles in the way of the practicability of committing the act of forgery, more than considering the severity of punishment. Many forgeries are committed on bankers and merchants by false checks, or drafts for money. It only requires an arrangement between the banker and his customer to entirely put a stop to this mode of perpetrating the offence. Two things are necessary to be done for the accomplishment of this desideratum:

1st. A private scheme of signs for the whole year should be constructed by each banker, and given to his customers on a card every first day of January; as there would be no more issued than there were customers, and as the drawers of the drafts could have no motive to communicate the

sign to a third person, secrecy would be preserved throughout the year; or new schemes of cipher might be issued every month, if found necessary. On the card so given out by the banker should be expressed the letter or figure he had in his scheme fixed on for every day in the year. Every morning when the bankers commenced their payments, the cashiers would of course have the day's mark given out to them; with which all checks that day presented must agree, before they could be answered by payment. It would be a waste of time to expatiate on the endless variety of signs which might be contrived; the letter A might serve for the first year, only by assigning to it a different situation, either on the face or back of the check, for every day in the year.

2dly. If the bankers would but be more careful in the delivery of blank checks, and their customers equally cautious when they were in their possession, and not suffer them to lie about on the desks in the counting-houses, as is the almost universal practice. It should be a fixed rule, that none but printed checks should be paid; so that the man who contemplated a forgery must be constrained to possess himself of a form before he could commit the deed; and this would be rendered very difficult for him to do, if the writers of checks would take as much care of the blanks as of their bank-notes, and which they are bound to do;—in fine, to make it as difficult to obtain an unfilled-up check as it would be to steal their cash-box from the iron chest.

If these plans were adopted, I conceive there would be few forgeries of checks on bankers. Regarding bills and notes of hand, there is less danger of forgeries. If, however, it were more a custom of trade with respect to town bills, that the accepting party should be applied to, for the purpose of ascertaining the genuineness of the document before advances were made on it, a great check would be given to this species of forgery. Many a man now forges a bill with the full intention of himself preventing the presentation by paying it before it becomes due. If such a custom of application were but partially established in London, it would increase the chances of detection so as to operate as a powerful restraint on the offence. Bank of

England and country-note forgeries there is no possibility of lessening, until discovery be made of a more intricate and better mode of making them, and thereby increase the difficulties of imitation.

It is not, however, very easy to imagine any print or paper which cannot have their like formed. One thing on this subject strikes me as very extraordinary, namely, that at no time of late years has there been a single instance of the maker of bank-notes, or his plate, being brought to the bar of the Old Bailey. Why do, not, it may be asked, the police employ persons to purchase them, and thus reach the principals in this offence? If they know not how to set about it, there are numbers in prison who will instruct them, if applied to in a proper manner. This mode of attacking them appears to be the only one left open for their adoption; for as long as the notes are to be purchased, and their prices low, there will always be buyers in this great town.

EMBEZZLEMENT.

The term embezzlement formerly implied any kind of peculation or robbery committed by servants on the property of their employers. It is now defined in law (and in common acceptance of the word is so understood) to be, the unlawfully and feloniously, contrary to the statute, appropriating money entrusted to a servant's charge, for the use and business of his master, to his own purposes. An act of parliament, known by the name of Sir Thomas Plomer's Act, makes this offence punishable with fourteen years' transportation, without regard to the amount of money embezzled. All other kinds of robbery by servants are treated in law as common felonies. Who it is considered that immense sums of money are constantly passing from hand to hand in this metropolis, and that thousands of clerks, shopmen, apprentices, and even porters, are employed in conveying cash throughout the town, it is a matter of surprise, and a very consolatory reflection in the present degenerate state of morals and principles, that there should be so few cases of embezzlement brought to the bar of the Old Bailey. However, more cases of this kind of crime are either forgiven or compounded, than of any other known offence against the laws.

There are many reasons why it should be so. Perhaps the offender may have been an old and faithful servant up to the period of the commission of the crime; and the recollection of former services are put into the scale against one act of dereliction from honesty. In other cases, the culprit's family are known and respected by the offended party, when considerations for the feelings of the innocent prevail. But more frequently the love of money triumphs over all other causes, the prosecutor agreeing to forego the proceedings if the lost property is restored.

The causes which lead to this offence involve the moral state of the metropolis; I shall therefore conclude my remarks under this head with relating one case, which is too remarkable to be omitted.

A youth about seventeen years of age was entrusted with 470*l.* by his master, for the purpose of paying it into the banker's; when he reached the house it was closed, being after five o'clock. As he returned home with the money in his pocket, it suddenly came into his thoughts that he would rob his master of it: he therefore went home, as if he had paid the money regularly into the banker's hands. At night when he went to his bed-room, having previously procured some paste and sheets of blue lining-paper, he fastened all the notes by pasting their edges against the interior of his clothes-box, and then covered them in the same manner with the blue lining-paper; in the morning replacing his clothes as usual.

In the course of the following day it was discovered that the money had not been paid into the banker's, when he said he had lost it, and was afraid to mention it to his master. He was given in custody, but still persisted in his having lost the notes. On the trial, there being a total absence of any proof of his having stolen the notes, or that he had appropriated them to his own use, his story, which was artfully told, was believed by the jury, and he was acquitted. The mother of the youth now made an application for her son's clothes and box, which were refused, more out of annoyance than for any other purpose, as the officer had searched the box when the boy was taken into custody. A letter was written threatening to bring an action for the recovery of the box

and clothes, which induced the prosecutor to restore them to the lad, who on his shoulders carried the 470*l.* out of the house, after having been tried and acquitted for stealing the same. The boy, during his residence in Newgate, had learnt enough of law to feel assured that he could not be tried again for the same offence; and his mother assisting him, the notes were all rendered available; and I have been informed that she opened a shop of business with the money.

DUFFERS AND RING-DROPPERS.

These offenders were at one time very numerous, and both crimes usually practised by the same persons, but their tricks are now too stale to catch many. Persons who reside in town are generally cautioned against these traps early in life; but when time has rendered the crime, from desuetude, forgotten, there are always some ready to revive it, and feel the pulse of the public on the subject: this has been the case with the duffers, who are persons dressed in the habiliments of seafaring men, assuming a blunt kind of honest, straightforward manner. Their object is to impose a common, home-made article, on the public for a valuable foreign one, under pretence of their being smugglers. To enumerate all the tricks they resort to would be to write a much longer paper than the one now before the reader. In London, their most common practice is, for one of them to go into the street and accost any decent-looking country person, saying, "they have some most valuable articles of foreign make, which they have smuggled, and which they will, being in want of money, sell very cheap." As a countryman, when in town, is anxious to take his wife or daughter some kind of present, he too often falls into the trap, and accompanies the man to some remote public-house, where is sitting another fellow, with a bundle of goods, which is managed with such an air of caution and mystery about the great risk they run of seizure, and the enormous value of the articles, that the countryman generally has the goods crammed into his pocket without scarcely seeing them; when he pays the money for trash, and departs completely pigeoned. A few years since they had resort to another scheme, in which I was once

myself a sufferer. As in the before-mentioned case, a sailor-like, hearty-looking man, goes to a house, and mentions to the first person he sees, that he wants to speak to the master, whom he informs in a whisper, that he and his comrades have just come ashore, and have got seven or eight gallons of Cognac or Schiedam in the neighbourhood, which will be sold, as they are in want of money, very cheap. If they obtain permission to bring it, they put the cask into a sack, and when in the presence of the buyer, take out a gimblet, and, asking for a glass, bore a hole apparently at random; and having served the party with a sample of really good quality, it is most usually sold, and, generally, in such a transaction, the money promptly paid. Shortly afterwards the secret comes out; the vessel is full of water, having a tube and a small vessel made inside the larger one, which contains about a pint of real spirits: the principal difficulty in this deception is, to bore exactly over the tube, which is, however, of course, marked before they bring it for sale. The man who took me in had 25*l.* out of the same town all within a few hours, and got off.

Ring-dropping is, I believe, nearly an obsolete offence. A ring or seal, &c. is placed on the ground, and then, as another person is passing, a man pretends to have found it, saying, "I am lucky, sir! but as you were by at the same time it was found, I cannot but think, in common fairness, you are entitled to half." If the bait takes, a question arises how it can be divided; this leads to an adjournment to some public-house, where the matter may be discussed and the true value ascertained. The party who picked it up now regrets that he has not money about him, or he would at once take the thing and give the other his moiety in cash; however, as he wants nothing but what is fair, he will leave the value of it to the strangers in the room, and take his share in money from the other. These strangers are confederates, who exclaim, "What a valuable article!" and expatiate on their good fortune; a high price is put on it. The finder at length pretending to be very generous, consents to take what the other can raise to get rid of the business; thus taking all the money from the man's pocket for an article probably worth only a few shillings.

STEALING FROM CARRIAGES,
CARTS, &c.

In consequence of the great improvement in the make of travelling carriages, there are now few opportunities for the dragsman to exercise his calling in cutting off trunks fastened behind these vehicles, so that the thieves who have a preference for this mode of plunder, are now constrained to prowl about the streets, following the numerous carts which are daily employed in the delivering of goods in this large city, and who may be termed "cart sneaks." They watch and dog the carts in all its sinuous movements through the streets, till they see an opportunity of seizing any package within their reach, or when the carter is delivering his goods, and is obliged to quit his post for a few minutes. Some very daring acts are committed in this way. It is not many months since a fellow got into a cart at mid-day standing at the door of the Green Man and Still, in Oxford-street, and took out a large basket of linen, called a coach, and drove off; but he was brought to justice. I have known several instances of their being so daring as to roll large barrels, with their contents, away from where they stood in the street. One man stole a piece of carpet from the tail of a cart, with which, after moving a few yards, he found he could not proceed in consequence of its weight; he dropped it against the wall, and positively had the impudence to fetch it away after having gone for a friend to help him; and with which they got clear off. Many acts of the thieves, for coolness of audacity and apparent careless confidence, appear incredible in narration; but the truth is, that, like all hazardous callings, the longer the parties remain in them, and the more miraculous escapes they have, the more confident assurance they acquire, until, like the forlorn-hope man of the regiment, he receives his death-shot at last.

DEPREDACTIONS ON THE RIVER
THAMES.

Before the docks were constructed, and when ships to the number of two thousand and upwards were lying in the river, discharging and taking in their cargoes, the depredations on the property of the shipping interest is almost past belief—even the anchors and

cables of ships were stolen, whilst the vessels were sent adrift. At other times the pirates would cut the lighters adrift, and then follow them to a convenient situation for plunder. The most daring and outrageous piracies were committed even in open day; and it is calculated that, during the eighteenth century, the plunder on the river Thames amounted to ten millions sterling: the loss of the West India trade alone is estimated at seven millions during that period, and that of the coal trade to upwards of 20,000*l.* per annum.

But all this time, it must be remembered, there was no marine police, and the shipping were exposed, during the long winter nights, in the open river, to the piracies of, it is calculated, upwards of four thousand depredators, whom the government never interfered with. After the establishment of the river-police, a resolution was drawn up at a meeting of the shipping interest, wherein it was stated that not less than 150,000*l.* per annum was saved to them by that force.

Nothing can be more striking than this fact of the tardiness of governments to adopt efficient measures for the suppression of crime and immorality. For one whole century do they suffer crime uninterruptedly to run on, without making the slightest effort to stop its course, although the means of prevention existed all the time. At the eleventh hour they interfere, and take credit to themselves for having at length done their duty by suppressing the banditti. But did it never occur to them, that the evil produced by their supineness is in active force at the present moment? By their want of energy and foresight they have raised up a class of marauders, as formidable as the bucaniers were; and which, I fear, will take them a much longer time to annihilate, as their fastnesses are not so tangible.

When the four or five thousand plunderers were, by the new system of river-police and docking the vessels, deprived of the power of continuing their furtive trade, can it be supposed they all turned honest men? No! they spread themselves all over the town, and, to use their own language, only altered their *game*. And here they are, or their posterity, now, on other ground, to carry on over again the same kind of warfare. They have

augmented the number of London thieves, perhaps - by their influence, example, and increased numbers, full one-half what they were thirty-five years ago. It is very much to be regretted that our rulers cannot see these things, and that they are not alive to the fact, that there is no course left open to them but to begin with the children of thieves, and thus cut off the breed altogether, now that they have suffered the body of depredators to accumulate to their present numbers.

At the present day, there is not so

much crime committed on the river, comparatively, as on shore. In this view of the subject, I take the wharfs, warehouses, and all stores on the banks of the river, as property on shore, and it is so considered by the law. There are but few acts of open theft committed now on the river; some loss of property, such as grain, flour, &c., occasionally takes place, by its being delivered to forged orders; and speculations to a considerable amount are always being carried on in the dock-yards and various stores of government.

SCOTIA'S GATHERING.

COME, "honest men!" from Bute to Fife —
 Come, "bonny lasses!" maid and wife —
 Come, gather to the hallow'd strife,
 For country, kirk, and king!
 While bloodless yet your "corn riggs" wave,
 While altars shield your fathert' grave,
 And sabbath-bells yet ring.

Ere Havoc, born in realms afar,
 Let slip 'mid *you* her dogs of war,
 Think what ye have been, what ye are,
 And fain your bairns would see;
 Renown'd for order, worth, and skill,
 Free as the air for aught but ill —
 And freer who would be?

Come all, in garb of black or blue,
 Who, to your kirk and Bible true,
 Still shudder at the godless crew
 That both would sweep away!
 Come ye who o'er your martyr'd dead
 The good old paths still love to tread,
 The headlong torrent stay!

Come ye who win, with manly toil,
 Bright harvests from no niggard soil,
 Come, if ye'd keep your dear-won spoil,
 And in your lairds confide;
 Shoulder to shoulder if ye stand,
 Ye yet may save your fertile land
 From Ruin's backward stride.

Come ye, old Scotia's pride and boast!
 Her poor but letter'd peasant host,
 Whom knaves would tutor, to your cost,
 In Revolution's lore;
 Come from the field, the loom, the plough —
 Come from those hearths so smiling now,
 Which soon may smile no more.

Come ye who climb the giddy mast,
 Heedless of northern tempests' blast,
 And soundly sleep, when perils past,
 Within your tranquil bay:

Pause, ere ye wake a stormier main —
 All hands, save One, would strive in vain
 That blood-red sea to lay.

Come ye who, in war's stirring times,
 Echo'd through Europe's thousand climes
 (Dear to your heart as Sabbath chimes)
 The watchword of your king —
 No puppet of the people's will,
 But a free British monarch still —
 Let "God save William!" ring.

Come, peer and peasant, one in mind —
 If ties can link, or interest bind;
 Come, all to Order's cause inclined,
 The giant bulwark form;
 Which, on the faith of ages stay'd,
 And mann'd by more than mortal aid,
 Shall mock the coming storm!

A DISH OF WHOLESOME PROVERBS.

AMONG the changes that have of late years been fast coming upon us, threatening to turn the world entirely upside down, none perhaps is more ominous to the well-being of the common people, than the gradual banishment from daily use and language of those homely national proverbs and sayings—those quaint aphorisms of experience, and humorous snatches of terse mother-wit—which served our simple ancestors both for guidance in the ordinary concerns of life, and as the root of much mental aliment; besides forming to them a sort of common-sense code, which was much more suitable to their wants and circumstances, than all the complex reasonings of either politics or philosophy. Since, however, the Schoolmaster has been let loose upon the country—if this sort of cant may help to explain some of the late changes—and every unwashed artisan has become political, besides being a philosopher, a perfectibilian, and so forth, it is not to be expected that the worthy catechumen of the new order of things should do aught else than despise the simple saws, nay, even the very language, of his ancestors, to whom he finds himself so much superior; and, instead of making use of those epigrammatic condensations of applicable wisdom which have served as a sort of moral code of direction to mankind, throughout all generations, he should occupy himself chiefly in profound reasonings on the affairs of nations, and

be ambitious of speaking only in elevated language of the Quixotic society, instituted for *the confusion* of all rational knowledge. In former days, before the Schoolmaster broke loose, if you went down into the country and visited the dwellings of the people, in every second house you would find a book or two of the homilies of the church, a delectable tale-book of Sherwood or Inglewood Forests, accompanied with various pleasant "right merry" and pathetic ballads, old and new, over which the rustic or young tradesman would weep or laugh an hundred times; with a bulky collection of national proverbs, all well thumbed and amply dog-eared, marking well the ample edification derived from so useful and valuable a library. But go into the same sort of habitations now, and what will you find? no homily of our faith to comfort the heart of the poor man, and "lead the soul to God," no proverb-book to teach him when to sell and how to buy with his compeers—to help his understanding as to what sort of a world he has come into, and what he ought fairly to expect of life—and to impress him with the practical wisdom of his fathers; but ten to one you shall find he has got his piety upset by the blasphemous trash of Paine or of Carline; the natural discontent of his circumstances inflamed into madness by the knavish misrepresentations of Cobbett, or the worst part of the daily press. Instead of the tales of Robin Hood and Little

John, you shall find on his shelf the inflated romance probably of the Minerva press, or New Burlington Street; and, instead of the Proverbs of Solomon, or of any one else, to "guide his way," you shall have the head of the unfortunate inquirer addled by the theories of Robert M' Culloch and the philosophers, or his brain turned by the innumerable osophys, and onomys, and ologys, and aulics, of the impudent quack of a schoolmaster, in the shape perhaps of tracts from the Society for the Dissemination of Useless Knowledge.

This state of things has worked its natural effect pretty well both here and in France, since the glorious millennium of the first revolution; and where these effects are to lead to, is happily at present hid from our ken; but, in the mean time, one of its secondary symptoms is, that a canny *chield* in the northern end of the island—a humorous enthusiast for his country, who has ridden the hobby of Scotch proverbs ever since he was able to understand their value—seeing the natural tendency of things, and that this species of old-fashioned wisdom was falling into utter neglect, has occupied himself for the last seven years in collecting together the best versions of these quaint sayings most in use in Scotland; and, arranging them in a Christian form, has now ventured to publish them to the world;* just to remind us of the original source of much of the common sense which the changed state of things has yet left us, and that antiquaries, at least, may be enabled, by the possession of his book, to preserve this species of oral wisdom from perishing in total oblivion. Thinking it right also to set before our readers a dish of this wholesome common-sense aliment before the whole is left to be forgotten like an old song, we take leave first, with all modesty, to make a few preliminary observations.

Considering the high respectability of the subject, and that the greatest geniuses, ancient and modern, have not disdained to be makers or collectors of proverbial sayings, it is a remarkable fact, and worthy to be particularly noted, that the learned Scotsmen of the modern Athens should have had so little penetration regarding the decline

and fall of common sense, now for some time in progress, as to leave the restoration of this branch of their national literature to be effected by a plain unliterary portrait-limner in the west of Scotland. Nor have they any right to think this species of bibliography beneath them; for the learned Erasmus in Holland, and Guiccardini in Italy, were collectors and publishers of adages in their day; the great Bacon published a collection of *Apothegms New and Old*, not to speak of the learned and Rev. John Ray in England, the Rev. David Ferguson in Scotland, Archbishop Beaton in the latter country, John Heiwood, James Kelly, A.M., John Daves, George Herbert, the facetious James Howell, Robert Codrington, Thomas Fuller, John Dyke, and numerous others of no small name in their several generations. Indeed, to go further back, there is reason to believe that Aristotle himself, as well as Solomon, wrote or collected proverbs. "Julius Cæsar did write a collection of Apothegmes, as appears in an epistle of Cicero," says Bacon, in the preface to his own collection. "I need say no more," he adds, "for the worth of a writing of that nature." It is a pity his book is lost, for we doubt not they were collected with judgment and choice; whereas that of Plutarch, and Stobæus, and in particular the modern ones, draw much of the dregs. Certainly they are of excellent use; they are *mucrones verborum*, pointed speeches, &c.

These valuable *salinas*, or salt-pits, as Cicero conceitedly calls collections of proverbial sayings, because you may extract salt out of them and sprinkle it where you will, were the objects of our earliest antiquaries. Camden was one of the first collectors of them, publishing a considerable number, alphabetically arranged, in his *Remains* in 1605: but Caxton, the father of English typography, had, in 1478, printed *The Proverbs of Crystine of Pyse*. To go still farther back in our own country, Alfred the Great and Good perhaps led the way first of all, in his collection of proverbs, written probably in Saxon, as mentioned by Spelman; for by this means he was considerably assisted in ameliorating and raising the moral character of our ancestors, which shewed

* Scottish Proverbs, collected and arranged by Andrew Henderson; with an Introductory Essay by William Motherwell. Glasgow, D. Robinson; London, Longman.

him to have been a wiser man than any member of the Confusion of Knowledge Society of our day. Nay, it is even affirmed, that the proverbial sayings and apothegmatic wisdom of antiquity made a chief part of the instruction delivered to the ancient Britons by the Druids, long before the Christian era; the maxims of Confucius or Zoroaster in the East partake very much of the same character; so it is no shame for Andrew Henderson, the worthy and convivial Raphael of the west of Scotland, to have employed himself in these last days in gathering together the pithy and *auld-farand* wisdom of our fathers; for, not willingly to cast blame on the Edinburgh *savants*, Allan Ramsay the barber was no small drink in his day, as hair-dresser, poet, or a citizen of Auld Reekie, and yet he thought it no disparagement, either to the pastoral lyre or the wig-block, to collect and publish the floating moral essays of his country. To be sure, some of the sayings which the worthy author of the *Gentle Shepherd* thus gave to the world in black print, were neither very cleanly in their meaning, nor yet very *gentle* in their allusions; but Allan could not help that, as a faithful historian of the paramorology of his country, and could neither foresee the prudishness of our hypocritical days, nor that his ample collection was destined to suffer castration from the hands of a mere painter, in that cotton-spinning city which the conceited Edinburghians have always held in true metropolitan contempt.

But it is time we should give a round of these proverbs; and the first thing we must observe in reference to the book before us, and our good neighbours the Scots, is, that although they claim the whole of this collection as Scotch proverbs, not one per cent of them, perhaps, are of real national growth, being borrowed, or rather transmitted, from the French, Spanish, Italian, German, and every modern language; which nations had them from the old Latins, the Greeks, the Jews, the Arabs, the eastern nations, made Heaven knows how far back! when Adam himself was nought but a boy: for all nations transmitted short sentences of wisdom to their children. One of these most put forward, by being illustrated with a plate,—the one of the baker's daughter; viz.

If theauld wife had na been in the

oven hersel, she never would have thought of seeking her dochter there —

is only a Scotchification of a well-known Spanish proverb; and, upon the subject of women, the *soi-disant* Scots proverb of

A bonnie wife and a back door,
Often make a rich man poor,

is little more than a translation from the Italian of

La porta di dietro è quella che guasta
la casa.

It is also a Spanish proverb, of very caustic meaning, which is now used as an English saying, and thus rendered,

He that marries a widow and three
children, marries four thieves;

but the pawkey Scotch give it a more liberal and characteristic translation; thus,

He that marries a widow and twa dochters,
has three back-doors to his house.

Most of the short sayings now used both in Scotland and England were current proverbs at Rome in Cicero's days; there are a few, however, that are pure Scots, as,

There's both meat and music here,
quoth the dog when he ate the piper's bag;

which we take to be genuine, forasmuch as that melodious bagful of sound, with its pipes and streamers, is indigenous to the country, or at least has never been brought to such perfection elsewhere as be-north the Tweed. As to this, however, there is no saying with certainty, for that graceful movement vulgarly called the highland fling is nothing else but a Scots alteration of the famous war-dance of the Greeks, originally invented and taught by Theseus the dancing-master, as is evident by the form of the "reel" itself, which constitutes the Pyrrhic dance of the Scottish Celts, as well as by the snapping of fingers, the *whoops!* and *whoops!* and kicking of heels, which form its principal ornaments; and which, in their first exhibition, gave such satisfaction to that classic people, that they erected Theseus into a god, or at least a demi-god; and that was more than the moderns would do for the best professor of dancing that ever "lap" in the Opera-house. Speaking of musical instruments, indeed, we are of opinion, after certain of the profession, that the celebrated lyre of Orpheus and Apollo was nothing but a rude sort of

fiddle, and was played with a stick, which was the reason why the Scots rejected it in favour of their own war-like pipe; for, notwithstanding its classical name and shewy appearance, we defy Pagarini himself to bring anything like music out of the said lyre, without his bow, to draw across the strings withal. This assertion reminds us of the proverb that saith,

He hath got the fiddle without the stick ;
which is many a good man's case in these changeable times ; and talking of the times, another proverb delivers the oracle, that

Fiddlers' wives and gamesters' drink
are free to ilka body ;

just like the house of commons now ; and so it may soon come to pass, as it has been in other bad times, that,

For lack of wise men fools sit on binks ;
because,

All things are good untried.

As for the great advantages to come of what has lately been done in our land, (for we find we have insensibly got upon politics, to which the mother-wit of our ancestors has at present such pertinent application,) truly,

The fish is good if it were but caught :

but for all that, it is a wise proverb that affirmeth

It's not safe wading in strange waters :

At least, so say our ancestors, having further found by experience, that,

All is not gold that glitters ;
and that,

The whelps are ever blind that dogs get
in haste.

According also to the Hebrew proverb of the wise BEN SYRA the rabbi, which may serve for more general illustration,

The bride goes to her marriage-bed with rejoicing, but knows not what shall happen to her ;

and further concerning untried experiments for some fancied good, another Hebrew proverb sayeth satirically,

The Camel going to seek horns lost his
ears ;

a consummation which, we hope, may never follow the change that hath of late been wrought amongst us. And yet sober-minded men have their apprehensions, because it is well known, with reference to certain favourites of the people, that

Dogs bark just as they are bred,

and that

He that comes of the hens must scrape.

Indeed, we have already had several tolerable examples of the truth of the old saying, that

The fish that's bred in a dirty puddle
will aye taste of mud.

And when we know how many dirty puddles there are, and what sort of filth has already come up, we may be excused our apprehensions, even suppose it were not true that

He that rides behind another does not
saddle when he pleases.

And if a man has a little natural pluck, and a little natural sense of right and wrong, if he gets into a certain public house by roaring with the roarers, and pandering to the ignorant demands of the multitude, he will soon find the truth of the pawkey Scots proverb, which sayeth,

He that serves the tod (fox) must e'en
carry his tail ;

and that is neither a pleasant nor a secure office, as many will find to their cost ; so that if the truckler to the worst part of the commonalty wishes afterwards to have a little will of his own, he will further find that he cannot do as he would ; and, moreover, that

He that sleeps with dogs must rise with
fleas ;

a most suitable illustration of many a good old saying, that in its practical operation comes biting home to men's businesses and *bosoms*.

Still worse off will the new M.P. be, if, happening to represent a very low set of ten-pounders, he should be possessed not only of some tolerable intelligence, but of something like gentlemanly feelings ; for, in attempting to oppose any of their crude notions, he will find that there are no people so unmanageable as the unwashed ignorant, who have nothing to lose. In that case, they will soon turn round, and, regardless of his rank or education, be ready to stone him ; for, sayeth the proverb,

Dirt defies the king,

and the queen too, as well it may—a proverb of much wholesome meaning at this precious instant.

Some may think that there is not much danger of all this ; but there is danger, and great danger too, of many more things than we are here speaking

of, upon the simple ground of ordinary ignorance and incapacity in the multitude to see any distance before them, in the complex questions of politics, and the still more complex philosophy of the human character. In truth, sensible persons, who can see the two ends of things, are much more scarce than people are aware of; and, in this respect, the few have greatly the advantage of the many, for, saith the proverb,

The wise man knoweth the fool, but the fool knoweth not the wise man ;"

and hence the impotent nature, in proper circumstances, and the manifest ingratitude often, of public clamour; hence also the difficulty, or rather folly, of applying it to public measures. This truth seems to have been well understood by our fathers, when they made the expressive proverb,

Shallow waters make most din ;

and this is the age of *din*. As to the real pith and quality of all this *din*, however, to be made manifest hereafter—as goes the adage,

We'll say naething, but we'll see,
As blind Pate said to his dog.

A part of the *din* will be echoed, of course, by the knaves of the people's own choosing, who will try to profit by it, to the drowning of the still small voice of wholesome sense, because, like the hens and the scraping proverb, there is another which sayeth,
Who companies with the wolf will learn to howl ;

and some of that howling has already been heard, both without and within the walls of St. Stephen's. As to the great promises that may be made by new men, it is a good proverb which, turning such into ridicule, sayeth —

Cripples were eye great goers—
Break your leg and try ;

because it hath before been found that
A man may spit in his fist and yet do but little ;

which we hope will well apply both to the knavish *tod* and to those who undertake to carry its tail in these ticklish times.

As to the honours of senatorship, truly some of the new men who are likely to be elected would become them about as well as would a cow a cart-

saddle; and as for knowledge of the art of legislation and statesmanship, and the disinterested good that is to be done by such men, we say nothing, but we remember the old proverb—

Pigs may whistle, but they have an ill mouth for it ;

which is quite oracular in a case like this, because, sayeth another proverb,

Souters (shoe-makers) shouldna be sailors who can neither steer nor row ;

for, according to the quaint rhyming adage,

A tinker was ne'er a town-taker ;
A tailor was ne'er a handy man ;
Nor yet a wabster leal o' his trade,
No never since the world began.

But, concerning the decline and fall of common sense in general, and the introduction of the march of intellect before alluded to, it is the opinion of the wise men of Gotham living in our day, that every thing is to be done by the dissemination of " useful knowledge," by which they mean every sort of knowledge for which the poor man has no direct use; and which has no other than a technical, or remote, or pedantic reference to the pursuit he is engaged in. Now we do not mean for a moment to dispute that philosophy and science are a fit salvo for all the evils of life; or the sensible proposition, that the farmer should graze his cattle by natural history, that the tailor should cut his cloth by the conic sections, or that the poor man should cook his victuals by a thorough understanding of the chemical affinities. We only mean to say, that our ancestors thought differently, as we shall presently shew, by quotations from the current wisdom that they sent abroad; and although his excellency Baron Brougham has said, that the study of chemistry, and various branches of philosophy, was to be recommended to "*every man who had a pc^r to boil*,"* should we back this by any opinion in the same strain, we should much fear that the poor man, by taking such advice, might soon find that he had nothing left to put in his pot. At all events, the kind of wisdom that was made to pass current among the common people of former times, like the ready change, suited for their every-day circumstances, was of a very different sort

from that recommended by the society for enlightening the people of our times, as evinced by the excellent saws of shrewd wit and applicable aphorism which "vain philosophy" is now doing its best to displace. The Scots form of the maxims applicable to this point, is—

An ounce of wit is worth a pound of learing
(learning);

or, as the sentiment is to be found in the old proverb books,

An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound
of clergy;

as may be perceived from its known effects, for

The greatest clerks are not the wisest
men;

and sayeth another Scots saw —

A wise man gets learning frae them that
hae nane to themselves.

Though these sentiments are repeated as English proverbs also in various forms, as

A handful of common sense is worth a
bushel of learning, &c.,

we have no more right to claim them than the Scots, for they run through the proverbs of all the continental nations, as

Mieux vaut un poing de bonne vie que
plein muiy de clergie;

or,

Mas vale punado de natural que almo-
zada de sciencia.

What is meant by mother-wit and common sense, may be really worth the inquiry of many who have made considerable proficiency in science and abstract philosophy, and who are yet perfectly ignorant of what it means; but without condescending to a dictionary definition, these, as well as their effects, may be exemplified in the straightforward strong sense, and often by the success of many worthy men, who, besides labouring industriously at their callings, made themselves well acquainted with the men and things with which they had immediately to do, which left them little leisure to study the technicalities of scholastic philosophy.

Doubtless, science and all manner of knowledge are exceedingly good things to all to whom they are good,

because, as the Roman proverb hath it—

Mens hominis alitur discendo;

meaning, in "useful" English, that

The mind of man is nourished by
learning;

but it was wont to be understood, before these enlightened times, that different sorts of minds and different circumstances required different kinds of nourishment, applicable to their different callings and specific mental wants; and that *learning*, in its usual sense, was a sort of nourishment which, from the nature of things, but a small portion of mankind were in a situation to make use of; and for the rest to be eager after it is but, as Eliphaz the Temanite said to Job, like filling their bellies with the east wind, being, after all, but a flatulent sort of aliment in most circumstances, as many have found to their cost.

Doubtless, education and scientific knowledge, and so forth, are very good things when fitly applied; but for the working classes of a country, there are certain quaint truisms, sanctioned by extensive experience, easily comprehended, and that circulate readily from mouth to mouth, which, where they continue in use, have great pith, and, we might say, moral influence in assisting a labouring population to just notions of their position and relative duties, and go farther towards the inculcation of sound and applicable sense, than all the pseudo learning that by any process ever can be driven into the head of a man who has to labour twelve hours a day. Indeed, we are of opinion, that more good may be done by inoculating the common people of any country with common-sense principles, and infusing into their minds such fragments of pithy moralising generally contained in national proverbs, as shall give them habits of reflection and forethought, so important to all ranks, than the zealots for what is called education may be ready to allow. In Ireland, for instance, where a national floating capital of oral wisdom is as thinly spread as any other species of riches, how useful might be an extensive circulation of those proverbs which have helped so considerably to raise the character of their neighbours the Scots, as this,

Who weds ere he is wise will die ere he
thrive;

and also

A light heart keeps no house;
for, saith another Scots proverb,

A wee house has a muckle mouth;
and both the English and Scots use a most useful proverbial saying which we never heard mooted in Ireland, although it expresses the very chief cause of the people's misery, viz.

More belongs to marriage than four bare legs in a bed;

which is nothing but a translation from what is said currently by the modern Italians, viz.

Inanzi il maritare,
Abbi l' habitare.

And so the Scots further say,
Ne'er seek a wife till you hae a house
and a fire burning;

for, as men of experience know,
Wives and water-mills are aye wanting.

The poet Chaucer expresses the same sentiment in the form of a quaint rhyme, which has since become an English proverb, viz.

He that hath more smocks than shirts in
a bucking,
Had need of a good fore-looking.

Indeed, there are honest fellows even on this side of the water, who, having more warmth than wit, would not be the worse for thinking timeously of these and the following old sayings—

Wedlock is a padlock;
so,

Commend a wedded life, but keep thyself
a bachelor;
because

Marriage is honourable, but house-keep-
ing's a shrew;

and hence the English hath a saying of much meaning—

We bachelors grin, but you married
men laugh till your hearts ache;

or even, as the English further say,
Children are certain cares but very un-
certain comforts;

and Lord Bacon avers, that
He that hath wife and children hath given
hostages to fortune;

who thus hath got him fairly in her
power; even as another proverb truly
sayeth,

A man must ask his wife's leave to
thrive;

and we all know that some ladies are rather wilful. But it is rather a caustic representation of the married life which is thus represented in the old English verse; viz. when a couple are newly married:

The honey month is smick-smack,
The second is hither and thither,
The third begins to be thwick-thwack—
then
The devil take them that brought thee
and I together.

And, in illustration of this homely picture, the Scots proverb says, with characteristic dryness,

I winna make a toil o' a pleasure, quo
the man when he buried his wife.

For further comfort the old Scots verse tells us (we partly translate it in the spelling)—

He that has ane lyth horse, soon may he
fall;
He that has ane deaf boy, lowde may he
call;
And he that has ane fair wife, sair may
he dread
Other men's bairns to foster and to feed.

Indeed, the canny Scots seem to have suffered sorely under the hallowed rite of marriage, for they say

Wedding and ill wintering tames both
man and beast;

and they make the query—

If gude marriages are made in heaven,
whare are the ill anes made?

Even John Bull himself, although a hen-pecked man from the day he goes to the altar, and though no mortal loves his wife better, or would more readily fight for her, his natural disposition to grumbling shews itself in nothing more than his complaints against the poor women; for the proverbs of England (and even Scotland) abound more with ungallant things concerning the ladies than those of any nation on the whole continent, as we have amply seen; besides such sayings as these—

A woman's mind is like the wind in a
winter's night;

or, the moralising rhyme of the Scots,

Women and wine,
Dice and deceit,
Make wealth sma'
And want great.

To return for a moment to politics, however: the common people have been taught to say much evil against

many men as well as measures, of the merits of which they are exceedingly ill-qualified to be judges. On this subject a whole essay might profitably be written; but besides the old Roman saying of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, we prefer giving the whole in one pithy proverb:

They who speak of the great, should wash their mouth with red wine, and dry it with a sulken towel.

Or suppose we say that "men are but men," why

All are not thieves that dogs bark at;

or admitting, for argument's sake, that certain of the Tories have had a little of the Jobbry flesh and blood about them, will the matter be mended by the introduction of the demagogues? Truly, it is exceedingly questionable, to say the least, and not to speak of Lord Grey's doings already before our eyes: even if the devil was as bad as he is called, it is a pawkey rhyme which sayeth—

Set a stool in the sun,
When one knave rises
Another sits down;

for, as another proverb sayeth in excuse of Mr. Jobbry,

He's an auld horse that winna nicher
when he sees corn.

And as for this great rant about reform, there are more things than charity that ought to begin at home, for, says the proverb quaintly,

Sweep before your own door;

and

Prate is prate, but the duck lays the eggs.

We have much more to say, if the space would permit, upon the pleasant and instructive subject of national proverbs, but we may merely observe here, that although our good friends the Scots have no right, in gathering the collection now before us, to claim the whole for their own, no more than they have a right to claim as theirs many of the immortal Italian airs, which David Rizzio and others planted in a Scotch soil, and which now are, with pardonable vanity, included in their national music, assuredly they have a genuine turn for the invention of proverbs, and have made many of excellent humour and special meaning, for which they deserve a vote of thanks

from more sensible men than belongs to the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge. There being, however, no society of the kind in ancient Rome, the Romans spoke much in proverbial language, as may be seen from the great number and variety of their oral maxims and sayings; but their proverbs handed down to us, though pithy and sometimes profound, are stately and dry, like themselves, and very destitute of the picturesque allegory of the east, the antithesis of the French, the grave wit of the Spanish, and in particular of the broad humour and characteristic nationality for which the Scots proverbs are so eminently remarkable. For a random instance, take the subject of idleness: while the Romans would content themselves by saying, in lofty didactics,
Nullum in remitte tempus.—Never be idle.

or,

Nihil agendo malè agere discimus.—By doing nothing we learn to do ill,—

the Scots would say—

Idle dogs worry sheep.

Naething is got without pains, but dirt and long nails.

He that gapes till he be fed, will gape till he be dead.

Or, colloquially,

A begun turn's half ended, quo' the wife when she stuck the spade in the midden;

or reproachfully to the idle, as

You're like the lambs, ye do naething but suck and wag your tail;

or they would call in the aid of the devil, the worthy representative of every thing that is bad, and say—

An idle brain is the deil's smiddy;
or,

When the deil finds a man idle he sets him to work;

or they cast their homely precept into rhyme, as

The foot on the cradle, the hand on the reel,

Is the sign o' a woman that means to do weel.

But no personage is more useful, or called in oftener to clinch a home truth, than the "gude muckle deil;" and many are the quaint sayings imputed to his worthy satanic majesty, for, as the proverb says,

**The deff's a busy bishop in his sin . . .
diocese :**

and the proverb-mongers are greatly indebted to his accession to power and popularity, which may account for our superiority over the Greeks and Romans, who had no devil to swear by. Accordingly, Mr. Henderson, the honest collector of these morsels of Scots humour, being a painter, has thought proper to favour his readers with an etching, among others, representing "the mickle horn'd deil" in the midst of the vain attempt to cut a fleece from the back of a pig, in illustration of the well-known proverb, which sayeth—

**Mickle din and little woo,
Quoth the deil when he clipped the soo.**

Before parting with this subject, it is time we were a little more serious, for there is matter enough in the proverbial sayings of all nations to excite serious thinking, and there are many of the quaint rhymes and short reflections on human life and things, that have a deeply sombre and instructive meaning, conveyed in language that is sometimes almost pathetic. Of this sort, more particularly, are the bulk of the proverbs written down in 1586, by John Maxwell, Laird of Southbar, in the west of Scotland, which were printed some years ago in the *Paisley Magazine*, (a publication of which our readers haply never heard before this blessed minute,) and now reprinted, with their original spelling, in the body of Mr. William Motherwell's elaborate preface to Henderson's Collection, as

**The finest cloath is soonest eaten with
moaths.**

The fairest silk is soonest soylede.

**There is no perpetuity to be looked for
in mortal estate.**

The sunne being at the highest declyneth.

The sun being at full tide ebbeth.

Under most green grass lye most great
snakes.

Or, as the sentiment is more poetically expressed, for the humbling of human pride, and the checking of human exultation,—

When hope and hap,
And health and wealth,
 are highest,
Then woe and wrack,
Disease and death,
 are nighest ;

but though

**Be you weel, or be you wae (sorrowful),
You will not be aye sae ;**

and though

Thair is no sune shyneth so bryte but
clouds may ouercast it ;

yet

**Trouble and adversitie make quietness
and prosperitie far more pleassante ;**

and

He knoweth not the plesour of plentie
quho bath not felt the pain of pe-
nurie;

as many of the gorged of the earth know to their cost, notwithstanding of the commonness of the truism.

In this collection there are some pleasant rhymes about the weather, which came upon our cockney feelings with the freshness of the day, when ourselves used to choose the morning mist, or

~~—~~ run about the brae

When summer days were fine ;

as in these maxims of a mountain country —

When the mist takes to the hill,
Then gude weather it doth spill;
When the mist takes to the sea,
Then gude weather it will be;
Sae mony mists in March ye see,
Sae mony frosts in May will be.

Of the importance attached to proverbial sayings from the historical circumstances arising from the invention or the use of them, we are sorry that we cannot avail ourselves at the present writing; neither may we take space to point out the use that Shakespeare has made of them in several of his plays. The story of the use of a proverb, giving a member of the noble house of Douglas the *sobriquet* of Archibald Bell-the-cat, is well known, as well as the favour that that wood-ranging family had for the maxim —

**Better hear the Javerock (lark) whistle
than the mouse cheep ;**

which we ourselves consider an exceedingly wholesome proverb. The celebrated saying of the Master of Glamis to James VI. when a boy, at the raid of Ruthven, viz.

Better bairns greet than hearded men.

is connected with important historical circumstances; and the partiality of the learned monarch, for proverbs is well marked by the national saying —

Pesoe gie wi' ye, as King Jamie said to
his hounds ;

as well as by the story told in the *Muses' Threnodie*, of the occasion when the king, seeing a gallant of the court asleep in the garden of the palace, with a riband he had given the queen tied round his neck, deceived out of his jealousy by the ready wit of one of the queen's ladies, who, whipping the riband from the neck of the sleeper, had it placed on her mistress's toilet, before his majesty reached her closet to tax her with the infidelity, he is said to have exclaimed, at sight of the cause of jealousy in so unexpected a place,

Deil tak me but like is an ill mark !

which was only taking the devil's name in vain to season the proverb.

But we have done : the latter story, as well as several valuable matters, are told in a pains-taking preface placed at the beginning of this volume of Scots Proverbs, and written by our trusty and well-beloved William Motherwell, editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and a fellow-labourer of good pluck in the worthy old cause ; besides being a poet of no small promise, and as laborious an antiquarian as ever blew the dust off an old book, or picked the moths out of black letter. It quite refreshes us to see, dished up among modern spelling, the old rhyming saw of

" Joly Clerk Jankin," to the scolding wife of Bath :

Quho so biggeth his hous all of swallowis,
And pricketh a blind horse ower the fallowis,
And suffereth his wife to go seken hal-
lowis,
Is wordie to be hanget on the gallowis.

But as the gallows makes an ugly finale, we prefer ending with a more suitable old saw, that to us is quite touching :

Eat thy meat merilie,
Serve thy God truilie,
Do thy turn wyelie,
So shalt thou liefie ;
Gif God send thee povertie,
Thank thou him rychelie,
For he may mend thee suddantlie,
And no man to grief ;

—reminding us forcibly of the beautiful " Angler's Wish " of quaint Isaac Walton, where the good old man desires that one day he may be suffered, " with his dog Bryan, and his book," to

Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
Then sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morrow to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

VOL. VI.

PART II.

THE CHOËPHORI: FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

ORESTES.

ELECTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

EGISTHUS.

GILISSA.

PYLADES.

Servants.

A Messenger.

Chorus of Captive Women (probably Trojans.)

The Scene is laid in the Court-yard of the Palace at Argos. On one side is the Tomb of AGAMEMNON.

ORESTES. PYLADES.

ORESTES.

Thou subterranean God ! whose care it is
 Over the dead to watch, who guardest now
 My sire's remains, mine only heritage —
 Watch o'er my safety, Mercury ! protect
 And favour me in all my undertakings.
 At length I reach this land — return to Argos —
 And on this sepulchre invoke my father
 To hear me. * * *

* * First, to Inachus
This lock, and pledge of my eternal mourning;
I consecrate this second to my father.

But what do I perceive ? — a train of women,
Moving this way, in sable mantles clad ?
What may this mean ? Haply some new misfortune —
Some death within the palace ! Or, perhaps,
They come with pious offerings to my sire ;
Libations to the dead. 'Tis as I say,
And nothing more ; for with them is my sister —
At least it seems Electra by her grief.
Jove, let me vindicate my father's death !
Aid me, oh, aid me ! — Pylades ! awhile
Stand we apart, that I may know the cause
Of this procession of sad suppliants.

ELECTRA. CHORUS. — *Strophe I.*

Here from the palace are we sent to pay
 A funeral rite ; move in funereal train,
 Sisters ! and let us join in some sad lay,
 Beating our breasts. Ah, me ! the grief and pain
 Of many a recent furrow, many a stain,
 Crimsons them yet. My only food is care.
 Shall we for others mourn, who sigh in vain
 For our lost country ? At that thought I tear
 My veil, my mantle rend, and weep in my despair.

Antistrophe I.

Terror, accompanied by many a sound
 Of fearful presage, many a fearful sight,
 That shakes the guilty sense in slumber bound,
 With hair erect, and shrieks that well might fright
 The queen, came howling in the noon of night
 From his own darkest hell ; and those who know
 To read the future, and interpret right
 Her dream, announce the wrath of those below :
 And hence the murd'ress feels a new and keener woe.

Strophe II.

What funeral dirge could chase her dreams of night ?
 What lustral waters cleanse her guilty stain ?
 And how shall I perform the ungrateful rite ?
 Would all the rivers that all lands contain —
 Would all the mingled waters of the main,
 Wash out that spot of blood, or heal that wound ?
 Fallen house of Atreus ! passed on earth your reign.
 A palpable night, darkness without a sound —
 A gloom as of the grave enshrouds your palace round.

Antistrophe II.

The majesty supreme, the mighty power
 That pierced the mind and ear of all, the sway
 That struck with awe, like Jove's, has had its hour.
 A life of bliss would be divine — but, say !
 What mortal here can count upon a day ?
 Yet Justice reigns to vindicate man's right.
 Some she cuts off at morning's opening ray ;
 Some tardier fall at evening's closing light ;
 And some at midnight's hour sink to eternal night.

Strophe III.

A spot of blood sinks not into the ground ;
 Indelibly it remains, and must remain,
 And calls for vengeance. Grief that knows no bound,
 And eating care, and unconsumed pain,
 And sleep that brings no rest, shall she obtain —
 That faithless one, that heartless parricide.
 Could all libations expiate that foul stain ?
 Could all the streams of earth, or ocean's tide,
 Wash out her husband's blood, in which her hands are dyed ?

Antistrophe III.

Ah for my country's wounds ! since that dread hour,
 When from my native home, a slave forlorn,
 I was deliver'd to a tyrant's power,
 What have I known but grief ? Nor less I mourn,
 That all her acts of evil must be borne
 Without a sigh ; nay, I have been taught the art
 Of smiling when my bosom swells with scorn.
 Then, too, a tear will ease its bitterest smart,
 And in my cloak I hide the throbblings of my heart.

ELECTRA.

Maidens! as you are come with me to make
 Propitiatory sacrifice, I beg
 You will assist me with your words; advise,
 In pouring on my father's tomb libations,
 What grateful prayer I must address to him —
 My father how invoke. Shall I tell him that
 My mother, that a loving wife has sent them
 To her loved husband? No! I cannot bring
 My heart to say so; nor, in offering
 These pious gifts, can I tell what to say.
 Haply I ought, following the world's usages,
 To pray he will return to her who sent
 These coronals a worthy recompense,
 Such gift as suits the giver. Or, perhaps,
 It would be better to perform the rite
 In indecorous silence, fitting well
 The manner of his death, upon the ground
 Hurling the chalice; and with backward steps,
 And eyes reverted, like to one who throws
 Dust in the air . . . Communicate your thought —
 We bear a common rancour, equal hate,
 To all within this house. Then do not shut
 Your feelings in your heart for fear of any.
 The freeman and the slave must meet their doom:
 Both have their hour.* If, then, your mind suggests
 More profitable things, declare them freely.

CHORUS.

Adoring, like an altar, as I do
 Your father's tomb, since you command me, I
 Will tell you what I think and feel.

ELECTRA.

Speak! as
 Your reverence for my father's tomb inspires.

CHORUS.

Invoke, as you the offering make, success
 To all who wish us well.

ELECTRA.

What friends have we
 To invoke? Whom must I name such?

CHORUS.

First,
 Yourself; next, all who hate Egisthus.

ELECTRA.

Then
 Must I desire a happier fate for me
 And thee?

CHORUS.

Thou know'st it, reason as thou wilt
 Upon the words.

ELECTRA.

What shall I add?

CHORUS.

Remember
 Orestes in your prayer, though far away.

ELECTRA.

'Tis well — the thought is wise: I like your counsel.

CHORUS.

And then, upon the guilty of the murder . . .

ELECTRA.

What?

CHORUS.

That to them some mortal or immortal
Be sent, may come —

ELECTRA.

To judge or punish ?

CHORUS.

Come,

If I must say it, to give death for death.

ELECTRA.

But is it pious such an imprecation ?

CHORUS.

'Tis just that evil be repaid with evil.

ELECTRA.

O subterranean Mercury ! hear my prayer,
And let it bring to listen the dread powers
That watch over the families of men ;
And Earth, mother divine of all things — she
Who nourishes and takes back to herself
Her children, others ever reproducing
When she destroys : thee, father mine I call.
As I pour forth this lustral stream, invoke
Thy pity for myself — pity for dear
Orestes. Send, Oh ! send him home to us,
And let him reign in his paternal land ;
For we are sold by a remorseless mother,
Who in exchange for thee has taken one,
The accomplice in thy murder. Here I stand,
A miserable slave ; my brother driven
To exile, all his rights usurp'd, whilst they
Revel in pomp and pleasure at thy cost.
Oh ! in a fortunate hour restore to us
Orestes ; bring him here, and keep, oh ! keep
My heart and hands spotless and chaste, unlike —
Ah, how unlike my mother's ! This for ourselves :
But for our adversaries, may it please thee
To send, in thine own season, some avenger,
O father ! to repay, with a just death,
Those who gave death to you. Such imprecations
Against thy murderers mix I up with vows
Of happy omen. Grant us all good things
Abundantly ; — may the blessing of the gods,
And earth, and justice, that victorious power,
Be ever upon us ! Thus as I pray,
I pour the pious offering forth ; and you,
With piteous accents and complaining notes,
Sing to the spirit of the dead a hymn
Of praise, and ratify the solemn rite.

CHORUS. — *Strophe.*

Give tears and dirges to our king,
As you pour the lustral flood ;
To evil may it evil bring,
And good unto the good.
My soul is dark — O hear our prayer !
Make us, O mighty shade ! thy care.

Antistrophe.

What warrior shall redress our wrong ?
What hand shall set us free ?
In lance and poniard tried and strong,
Some Scythian let him be.
Dark is my soul — O hear our prayer !
Make us, O mighty shade ! thy care.

ELECTRA.

Great guide and saviour of the dead and living !
Lo ! the libations to my sire are paid . . .
Look, look, companions ! what may mean this strange,
This wondrous sight ?

CHORUS.

What mean you ? Speak ! my heart
Throbs wild with fear.

ELECTRA.

There ! there ! upon the tomb !
Whence is this lock of hair ?

CHORUS.

Whose can it be ?
A man's, or woman's ?

ELECTRA.

'Tis not hard to judge.

CHORUS.

Though more in years, we would be taught by you.

ELECTRA.

None but myself would make an offering
Of hair.

CHORUS.

Since *they* are enemies to the dead king,
To whom should such an act of grief belong ?

ELECTRA.

It much resembles in appearance . . .

CHORUS.

Whose ?

ELECTRA.

My own.

CHORUS.

What ! might it — could it be the gift,
The furtive present of Orestes ?

ELECTRA.

Ay,

Thou hast said well ; it has indeed the semblance
Of my dear brother's hair.

CHORUS.

But how would he
Have ventured thus to Argos ?

ELECTRA.

Possibly,

He sent it here in homage to my father.

CHORUS.

It would to us cause grief — ineffable grief —
If he no more should set his foot in Argos.

ELECTRA.

And me, a wave of bitterest agony
Would overwhelm, and, like a mortal arrow,
Pierce with its deep and deadly barb my heart.
See ! from these eyelids, erewhile parch'd and burning,
A flood of tears unspeakable flows fast,
In looking at this hair. To whom but him —
Whom of the Argives, other than himself,
Could such a lock of yellow hair belong ?
It cannot be that parricidal wife's —
My mother's — that iniquitous woman has
No feelings of a mother for her children.
Can I be sure they were his offering ?
Oh, no ! and yet I feel within my bosom
The soft caresses of sweet hope. Ah ! would
That this dear ringlet had a voice, that I,

No longer wavering in incertitude,
 Might cast it from me, if it should belong
 To some unfriendly head ; and yet, if it
 Should be my brother's — come, inviting me
 To weep with him in honour of my father,
 A tribute of affection to his tomb !
 To end our doubts we must invoke the gods —
 Conscious in what a troubled ocean toss'd,
 And buffeted by the waves like mariners,
 We float withal — if we might yet be saved ;
 If from this little seed we should behold
 A mighty plant shoot forth. Look ! a new germ
 Of hope ! Behold these foot-prints, like to mine —
 These were his steps, and these — and those, and those
 Of some companion. 'Tis the very impress,
 The form, the shape of mine ; — my soul is troubled,
 My brain bewilder'd !

ORESTES. PYLADES. ELECTRA. CHORUS.

ORESTES.

Pray to the great gods
 All may succeed according to your wish.

ELECTRA.

What favour should I ask of them ?

ORESTES.

To view
 A face which you so oft have prayed to see.

ELECTRA.

Whom knowest thou that I have most invoked !

ORESTES.

Orestes : he is nearest to your heart,
 If I mistake not.

ELECTRA.

What would prayers have done
 To draw him hither ?

ORESTES.

I am he : look not
 For any other who can love you better.

ELECTRA.

Stranger ! you surely practise some deceit
 To do me injury.

ORESTES.

I should injure, then,
 Myself in so deceiving.

ELECTRA.

You would mock
 My sorrows.

ORESTES.

I my own, if I should make
 A mockery of thine.

ELECTRA.

Speak I then to —
 Orestes ?

ORESTES.

Seeing as you do myself,
 And still you disbelieve ; yet when you saw
 Only a lock ~~from~~ off my brow, observed
 The impress of my feet, you were all hope,
 And thought I stood before you. Now examine
 This head — it is your brother's, like to thine ;
 And bring that ringlet hither, and confront it
 With that from whence 'twas taken. Nay, behold

This woven scarf, the work of your own hand :
 Do you not recognise the embroidery —
 The drawing — the design — the lions in it ?
 Compose yourself — be tranquil ; let not joy
 Subdue your better sense. I know — you know,
 What bitter enemies are those who ought
 To be most dear, and are most near to us.

ELECTRA.

O dearest ! best beloved ! all that I love
 Of this our father's house, my only hope
 Of safety, so long sighed for, hoped for, prayed for !
 In valour unsubdued, you shall regain
 Your father's heritage. O sweetest friend !
 To me four persons are combined in thee,
 And I must tell it thee. Thou art my father ;
 In thee is centred all the love I owed
 My mother — mother justly so abhorr'd :
 In thee the affection that I bore my sister,
 The sacrificed Iphigenia ; last,
 Thou art my brother, bearing light to us,
 And glory. Ah ! may Strength and Justice bring
 Their aid to thee, and third and mightiest, Jove !

ORESTES.

O Jove ! turn thy regards on us ; behold
 The eagle's young robb'd of the parent-bird,
 Who died enveloped in the knotted folds
 And spiral grasp of an insidious serpent :
 A gnawing hunger tears his orphan'd brood,
 Who are too weak to bring back to the nest
 Their father's hunted game. Such thou seest me,
 My sister such — my dear Electra — both
 Orphans ; and, like that unfledged eyrie, both
 Driven from their father's home and heritage.
 Desert us not ; if you forsake us, leave
 The innocent children of a sire to perish,
 Who so much honour'd, offer'd up to thee
 So many victims, heaped upon thy shrine
 Such precious gifts, with ever-bounteous hand ; —
 If all the eaglets be destroy'd, no more
 Canst thou send happy auguries to mankind ; —
 When all the branches of the royal stem
 Are dead and wither'd, who, on solemn days,
 Shall make thine altars smoke with sacrifice ?
 Take us beneath thy wing, nor hard for thee
 To raise a fallen house to its old greatness.

CHORUS.

My children ! saviours of your father's house,
 Speak lower, that none may hear, and make report
 Of all they hear to those in power — to those . . .
 Ah ! would that I could see them burning now
 Amid the smoke of the pyre's curling flames !

ORESTES.

No ! never can it be that great Apollo,
 Or that his oracles should betray ; his mandate
 Bids me to brave all dangers, threatening
 My heart with horrid pangs, should I neglect
 To follow up the murderers of my father,
 And pay not with an equal death their crimes
 To him, and me, deprived of my just rights.
 Many and many an evil, said the god,
 Will some dear soul befall ; and many a sting
 Of bitterest anguish must assail his heart,

If he should fail to make the just atonement.
 Nor shall the land escape ; — it, too, shall feel
 The wrath of the dread manes unavenged,
 Making his foes rejoice to see it blighted ;
 And a foul leprosy, gnawing with sharp tooth,
 Seize on the flesh of all his citizens,
 To wither and corrode, and blanch their hair
 With an untimely frost . . . Nay, more ; he speak
 Of other vengeance of the furies — they
 Who in the darkness roll the lurid eye,
 Clear-seeing — said, the arrow wing'd with black,
 Of him who is iniquitously sent
 Below the ground by those most near to him,
 Inflicts remorse, and that false apparitions,
 A fearful phantom of the night pursues,
 And drives along, with scourge of bronze, the cursed one,
 Spotted with such a plague ; to him, forbidden
 To share the cup with others, or partake
 In the libations of the gods, his father's
 Invisible anger interdicts the altar :
 None shall receive him in their houses — none
 Loosen with him the sail ; but all-deserted,
 Held in abomination, rack'd with torments,
 He shall at last die miserably. We
 Must put our trust in the oracular voice ;
 And trusting not, still must the deed be done.
 Nor is there wanting much might goad me on
 To consummation of the work : I feel
 That many things combine to the same point.
 The injunctions of the oracular god — deep sorrow
 For my lost sire — my own usurp'd domains —
 All, all conspire, and force me not to leave
 A people brave and glorious beyond others —
 Conquerors of Troy — the subjects of two women.
 Two ! — for a woman in his heart he is —
 That caitiff wretch ! as we shall quickly see.

CHORUS.

O consummate the work, ye Fates ! and, with
 The sanction of the gods, where Justice guides
 Conduct him ; to insidious tongues oppose
 A tongue of treachery. Justice calls aloud
 On you to vindicate his right — to shed
 Their blood for that they shed. Who evil does,
 Shall pay — the law is oldest, wisest, best.

ORESTES.

Father ! O wretched, wretched father ! what
 Ought I say or do, here from afar
 Coming to visit you ? And what art thou ?
 A light enwrapt in shadows — where ? The tomb,
 The darkness of the grave, has closed thee round.
 Well may we pay the tribute of our tears,
 All we have left, to our lost lord and sire.

CHORUS.

My son ! the funeral pyre's devouring flame
 Cannot consume the spirit ; beyond the tomb
 The feelings of the dead remain — their wrath
 Breathes from their very ashes : tears are their due.
 But keep in memory that the assassin lives,
 And the just groans of a lost father call
 Aloud for vengeance, and obtain it not.

ORESTES.

Then, father, listen also to my groans ;

Behold my tears. Upon your sepulchre
Groan both your children — weep together — both
Abandon'd, suppliant ; Oh ! let thy tomb
Greet us with friendly welcome. In this life
What good have we received ? What evil ever
Has fail'd us ? Have not both our lots been evil,
Even from our very birth ?

CHORUS.

But Jove can turn
Accents of sorrow into notes of joy ;
For funeral dirges, festive hymns may greet
That object of our fondest, dearest love —
A son returning to his father's courts.

ORESTES.

Oh hadst thou fallen, my father, before Troy !
Fallen by the spear of some brave Lycian warrior,
Leaving the fame of glorious deeds in Argos,
And founding for thy sons an envied lot,
They would have raised for thee a lofty tomb
Upon that stranger-shore. Thy loss to us
Had then been more endurable, and lain
There mid the corpses of thy friends, who died
A happy death — thyself a friendly corse,
Thou hadst a royal shade below the earth,
Gone to be held in highest honour by
The kings of hell — a king thyself, for here
Thou wert a king, who govern'd with his nod,
And powerful sceptre, many a subject people.

ELECTRA.

But not beneath the walls of Troy, my father,
You fell ; nor hast thou on Scamander's banks
Thy sepulchre, with many an Argive hero.
Would that thy foes had fallen by the same death,
And thou hadst living heard of their last fate !

CHORUS.

More precious far than gold, my son, a lot
More blest than is the Hyperborean's, hast
Thou augur'd for thy sire ; but for worse grief,
Misfortune's double-thonged whip cracks round
About our heads. Below this earth stand they
Who love to torture human hearts — the hands
Of powerful enemies are not used to works
Of piety. My thoughts are bitterness ;
But bitterer those of Agamemnon's children.

ELECTRA.

Your words pass like an arrow through my heart.
Jove ! on these impious mortals send from hell
Thy vengeance long delay'd ; and let me shriek
For joy upon the pyre, the crackling pyre
Of a slain husband, and a slaughter'd wife.
Why should I hide the movements of my heart,
When on my brow glows visibly the hate,
The rancorous fire, that burns within ? Great Jove !
O lay thine hands on their audacious heads !
Make justice reign at last. Hear me, great Dis !
Protector of the dead !

CHORUS.

One drop of blood
Shed on the ground demands another drop.
Erinnys shrieks aloud for vengeance : death
Couples with death.

ORESTES.

Where are ye, powers of hell ?
Ye furies of the dead ! Behold ! reduced
To nothing, exiled from their homes, in want
Of all things here, this remnant of the Atridæ.
Where, and to whom, Jove ! shall we have recourse ?

CHORUS.

I feel my heart at such a sad appeal
Beat violently ; now lost all hope,
My spirit sinks in darkness — now returns
A moment's dawn, and sorrow clears away.
Ah ! will the radiance of a happier morn
Shine through this night ?

ELECTRA.

What more remains to say ?
What beam can dawn on us ? Haply our sufferings
From an iniquitous mother may become
Lighter by time. Vain hope ! no blandishment
Can soothe her heart. Like a ferocious wolf's
Is the fell heart of my ferocious mother.
Ferocious was her deed — her aspect like
Some warlike Cissian dame's — her arm as hers
In battle ; stroke on stroke, in her blind fury,
She lanced against him, whilst afar replied,
Struck by my hands, this miserable head.
O barbarous — furious — sacrilegious mother !
Did your hostility outlive his death,
• That thou shouldst dare — no funeral rites paid to him,
No mourning train accompanying him — to lay
A king, a husband, thus, without a tear,
Without a lamentation, under ground ?

ORESTES.

O horrible ignominy ! But the time's, at hand,
When she must render an account of all
She owes my father, shall repay his shame
With greater infamy — a work the gods
And I have yet to do. Then haply, also,
My hour may come.

ELECTRA.

Torn as he was, and with
His wounds unwash'd, in such unworthy guise,
So pitiable, she placed him in the tomb ;
And even then, most ardently desired
To render insupportable your days.
Now you have heard all that befell my sire —
His murder and his shame.

ORESTES.

Too well hast thou
Depicted his opprobrious, cruel fate.

ELECTRA.

And from that hour despised, in honour held
By none — excluded from the palace halls,
More like some dog than daughter — readier far
To weep than smile, and whose sole happiness
Was to relieve her bursting heart with tears
And sighs in secret . . . Keep in mind my words,
In your mind's mind ; grave them indelibly
I' the bottom of your heart ; repose them there
Within its quiet depths — it is too true.
Myself must do the rest, and need requires
Inflexibility of purpose.

ORESTES.

Father!

I call on thee to aid thy faithful ones.

ELECTRA.

And thus pray I; and let this company
Unite in the same prayer. Listen, O father!
Rise! and assist us to subdue our foes.

ORESTES.

Let war meet war, and vengeance oppose vengeance —
Just Deities, crown the work with your just deeds!

CHORUS.

In listening to these terrible imprecations,
I tremble. Fate! that hearest from afar,
Come speedily to accomplish their intents!
O cruel hour! when sons and daughters make
Such dreadful vows as these! Atrocious was
The deed — most foul and most unnatural!
Cruel and ever-festering calamity!
Not by thy foes thy life was doom'd to end;
But one, who should have been most dear, contrived
The other's death. Just are their invocations
To the insatiate furies. All hell's deities
Hear! and send them a happy victory.

ORESTES.

Father! who here wert rather dead than living,
More slave than sovereign, give me, I pray,
Dominion in thy realms.

ELECTRA.

So pray I, father!

Let me, escaping death, me put to death
Egisthus.

ORESTES.

A woman! No; all pious mortals then
Would interdict you from the funeral feast:
And much I doubt, if in the joyous banquet
You would escape dishonour.

ELECTRA.

Let it come,
So you regain your heritage. Once restored
To your paternal home — at least, to you —
I shall pour forth libations at my nuptials;
And, more than all, be honour'd, as I pay
My offerings on this tomb.

ORESTES.

Give back thy dead!

Open, O earth! and let my father see
This friendly contest.

ELECTRA.

O Proserpina!

Grant us a glorious victory!

ORESTES.

Forget not,

Father! the treacherous bath in which you perish'd.

ELECTRA.

Remember, too, the net in which they stabbed thee!

ORESTES.

Not with a chain of iron were you taken.

ELECTRA.

With subtle meshes, with insidious toils.

ORESTES.

At the remembrance of such shameful outrage,
Do you not wake, my father?

ELECTRA.

Raise you not

Your venerable head ?

ORESTES.

Send to your friends —

Send an ally in Justice. On thy foes

Return the punishment they gave ; if vanquish'd,

Thou would'st again be victor.

ELECTRA.

Listen, father !

To this my last, my parting prayer. Behold

A brother and a sister at thy tomb ; —

Have pity on thy children ! let not all

The race of the Pelopidæ be destroy'd :

Thus thou, though dead, shalt live again in them —

Thy son preserve thy name, sustain thine honour —

As do the corks the meshes of a net

From sinking in the deep. Then hear me, father !

These invocations are for thee, if thou,

That praise and honour may attend thy tomb,

Second our prayers with thine, thy self wilt mend

Thy cruel fate, nor unlamented lie.

Brother, away ! since now thou hast a heart

Ready for action, try thy fate, and act !

ORESTES.

My mind is all prepared. Meantime, I wish

To know why she commission'd you to make

These offerings — why, after so long a time,

She seeks to cure the immedicable ill ?

A vile and tardy tribute to the dead

Is this. She cannot care for him, nor I

Divine the occasion of these pious gifts ;

But sure it is that they are useless all .

Against a crime like hers. Vain all libations,

And thrown but on the dust, to wash away

The blood of that one man. Content my wish,

If that thou canst, and speak !

CHORUS.

I, who was present,

And know it every word, can tell you, son !

Haunted by dreams and spectres of the night,

That impious woman sent them to her husband.

ORESTES.

You heard, you say, the dream ; repeat, that I

May know it too.

CHORUS.

She brought forth, as she said,

A dragon.

ORESTES.

" What happen'd then ?

CHORUS.

That new-born monster

Came hissing, like a babe in swaddling clothes,

With open mouth for food ; and in her dream,

She gave it her own breast.

ORESTES.

And was the nipple

Unwounded by the suckling ?

CHORUS.

No : it drew,

Together with the milk, a slime of blood.

ORESTES.

No cheating apparition this, be sure,
Her husband sent her.

CHORUS.

She from slumber leapt,
With loud and piercing shrieks ; and soon appear'd
Light after light within the queen's apartments.
And thus it happen'd that she sent these offerings —
Parental offerings, as a remedy —
For so she hoped, at least — against all evils.

ORESTES.

To this loved earth, and to my father's tomb,
I offer, too, this vow, that through my means
Her dream may be accomplish'd. Every thing
Fully accord^s with it — the very place
From which the monster issued forth was that
Where I was born, and, like an infant, wrapt
And swaddled as myself, it suck'd the breast
That nourish'd me, and with my mother's milk
Drew blood ; whence terrified, she groan'd and waked.
'Tis certain she must die a violent death,
And I the dragon to inflict it. Thus
Reasons the dream ; judge ye, if rightly I
Interpret it.

CHORUS.

And be your presage true.
Now tell us what remains — how one should act,
And how another not.

ORESTES.

Few words are best.
Electra ! go thou in ; hide thy designs ;
That they who put to death by treachery
A great and mighty hero, may themselves
Be taken in the net of treachery,
And meet that end Apollo has predicted.
No erring prophet Loxias. In the garb
Of strangers, my friend Pylades and myself
Will knock at these barr'd gates, and ask admittance
And hospitality ; — we will use the words
That men do in Parnassus, mimicking
The Phocian dialect ; and if no warder —
As is most likely, for all here are sordid —
Receive us with a friendly welcome, we
Will wait until some passer-by shall say,
“ Outside the gate do you keep strangers waiting ?
Did but Egisthus know it — then ? ” And if
I only cross the threshold of the palace,
And find him seated on my father's throne ;
Or if, towards me moving, he should fix
His look upon me, opening his mouth to speak
Ere he can say, “ Who are you ? ” I will plunge
My sword into his heart, and strike him down ;
And then that fiend, with thirst unslaked by gore,
Shall have to drink the third redundant cup
Of hardy* blood. Sister ! within the palace
Watch thou, and follow my instructions well.
To you I silence would enjoin, if need
Require it ; and if not, that you should speak
What only may be seasonable. The rest
I leave† to that great God ; may he direct
The passes of my sword, and guide them right !

* Literally, unmixed.

† Points to the statue of Apollo.

CHORUS. — Strophe I.

War reigns below ! all creatures here
 Nature made fierce and cruel. Earth
 Engenders many a form of fear,
 Many to ocean owe their birth ;
 The lightning comes with sudden glare,
 To blast its unresisting prey ;
 Eagles are tyrants of the air ;
 The buffalo as fierce as they ; —
 All born to work each other woe,
 And foes to man, and man their foe.

Antistrophe I.

Man is more savage far than they,
 And woman — ah ! no tongue can tell
 Those arts by which she lures her prey —
 The fierceness of that fiend of hell.
 A power is hers all powers above,
 That seed of discord here below,
 The frenzying tyranny of love,
 That turns all nature's weal to woe,
 And mingles earth and sea and air,
 Where all would else be peace, in war.

Strophe II.

Who can forget that impious one,
 Althea, who, with treacherous hand —
 Ah, wretched mother ! wretched son ! —
 To wrath by jealous fury won,
 Who lit the fate-presented brand,
 And made its slow-consuming fire
 Companion of his funeral pyre ?

Antistrophe II.

Cursed Sylla ! who, in treachery bold,
 To Minos his beleaguering foe,
 For Cretan necklaces of gold —
 Vile price ! — her father Nisus sold ;
 Parting his vital lock of woe,
 As lay her sire in placid sleep,
 By Hermes led to shades more deep.

Strophe III.

Remember, too, the cause of all our woes —
 That treacherous, deadly war, a wife dared wage
 With one, who, in the bosom of his foes,
 Lit honour, and respect, and awe, and rage ; —
 She who extinguish'd here the sacred fire,
 Althea to her son, and Sylla to his sire.

Antistrophe III.

But first of crimes whose horror memory brings,
 Stands that of Lemnos in the lists of fame ;
 Hers shall be added, and that king of kings
 Gain Clytemnestra an undying name.
 But there are gods — the vengeance of the sky
 Sleeps not : she lives in shame, to die in infamy !

Strophe IV.

See ! Justice points the sword, and with the wound
 By which he died, she shall unpitied die.
 The blood of the innocent sinks not in the ground,
 Nor man insults in vain Jove's sovereign majesty.

Antistrophe IV.

Yes, Justice stands on an unshaken base ;
 Fate's arms are of celestial temper. Die
She must ! — a son shall vindicate his race :
 Blood genders blood — Erinnys seals her destiny.

ORESTES. PYLADES. A SERVANT IN THE PALACE. CHORUS.

ORESTES.

Knock ! knock ! Hallo ! Porter ! stretch out your ears
 To the knock, knocking at the gates. Ola !
 Is nobody within ? I'll rap once more.
 Open the door, I tell you ! if Egisthus
 Be hospitable to strangers . . .

SERVANT (*within*).

Well ! I hear you.

What do you want ? A stranger ! Where do ye come from ?

ORESTES.

Tell

Your masters that a man is at the door,
 Who brings them news. Make haste, and take the message.
 Perceive you not, that night's dark waggon comes
 Hastening along, and that the hour's at hand
 That makes the mariner drop anchor where
 His vessel can ride safely ? Send me one
 Who has command within, or man or woman —
 Man would be best ; that we may lose no time
 In idle compliments. Man speaks to man
 At once, and clearly tells him what he means.

CLYTEMNESTRA. ELECTRA. A SERVANT. ORESTES. PYLADES. CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, strangers ! is there any thing you require ?
 We have abundance here of all that such
 A palace ought to have — warm baths, soft couches,
 And kind and friendly looks of bounteous hosts.
 But if a graver matter be required ;
 That is man's province ; we will then recount it
 To whom it may concern.

ORESTES.

I am a Daulian, from

The land of Phocis. I was on my road
 To Argos, as you see me, when a man,
 Unknown to me, who was unknown to him,
 Meets me, and asks me whither I was bound.
 And with his finger pointing out the road
 (He was the Phocian Strophius, as I learnt
 In talking to him), said, "As you are going
 To Argos on affairs, when you arrive,
 See you acquaint the parents of Orestes
 (Mind you remember what I tell you), that
 Orestes is no more ; and if the wish
 Prevails among his kindred, that he should
 Be brought back to his country, or should have
 His tomb among us strangers, do not you
 Forget to let me know on your return.
 Meantime, the hollow sides of the brass urn
 Enclose his ashes, wet with many a tear."
 If you are of his kin, and those who rule
 In Argos, I know not ; these were his words.
 And this I know, his mother ought to know them.

ELECTRA.

Alas, we are all lost ! O cruel — O
 Invincible fury of this house ! How hast thou,
 With eyes fierce-darting far and wide, sent forth
 Your darts — a quiver full — to strike to earth
 All that is loveliest ! Miserable me !
 Me of my dearest, wretch, you have despoil'd !
 Lo, now, Orestes ! who in time withdrew
 His foot from out the mortal mire — Orestes !
 My only hope of safety and of joy —
 Woe's me ! — has robb'd me of all hope of cure,
 By dying !

ORESTES.

To such worthy folks, in truth,
 I could have wish'd to have been known and treated,
 By bringing 'em better news, for they deserve it.
 Yet what is dearer than a courteous hostess ?
 A wicked thing was in my mind, to tell
 A falsehood to good people ; but I promised . . .
 And so . . . I have been well received. But . . .

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nor
 Shalt thou the less meet with that courtesy
 Which you deserve ; nor for thy news be treated
 Less kindly in this house, less like a friend.
 Another would have told us, had you not.
 And now, the traveller who, like you, has spent
 All the long day upon the road, must need
 Rest and refreshment. Slave ! conduct this man
 Into the male apartments of the palace,
 And with him his companion ; then get ready
 All they require : — these are my strict injunctions,
 See you obey them strictly. I to the King
 Of Argos will relate the news ; and we,
 Our faithful friends assembling, will consult
 On this calamity.

CHORUS.

Companions, all
 Goes well — be comforted : we will relieve
 Our hearts with supplications for Orestes.

Strophe.

Earth ! who didst drink the blood divine
 Of one by treacherous hands betray'd —
 Thou tomb ! revered as is a shrine,
 Where a loved hero's spoils are laid ;
 O make our prince your sovereign care !
 Protect him — save him — hear our prayer !

Antistrophe.

O Mercury ! thou who guard'st the dead !
 In treacherous shades enwrap him round ;
 Nerve his young arm, his footsteps lead,
 And see his sword with victory crown'd :
 O make our prince your sovereign care !
 Protect him — save him — hear our prayer !

CHORUS. GILISSA.

CHORUS.

This guest, as it would seem, is making mischief ;
 For I behold Orestes' nurse come forth
 In tears. Gilissa ! ho ! where are you trotting ?
 You look as though you had been hired by Grief,
 And follow in the train of your new mistress.

GILISSA.

The queen told me to run as quick as I could,
 And call Egisthus hither, man to man,
 That he may from the stranger's lips himself
 Hear better the strange news he brings; meantime,
 She tries to hide her joy before the maids,
 And her eyes laugh with pleasure through their lids,
 * For all she casts them down. What news! what news!
 Pleasing to them, but doleful news to us.
 And when he hears it, how his wicked heart
 Will dance for joy! Ah, well-a-day! What things —
 How many, and what wicked things — in this house
 Have made my heart ache! but all o' them together
 Have never caused the tightness I feel here.
 I bore them all with patience; but Orestes —
 My Orestes — my own sweet love — my darling,
 That I took from his mother, that I nursed
 Myself — ah! woe's the hour! Often and often
 I took him up, and dandled him night after night,
 Wandering about the house with him, up and down,
 And quieted his piercing cries: poor dear!
 Many and many disagreeables
 I've had to suffer, as I could, for thee.
 A child, ere reason comes, is like a lamb,
 And needs, in all his humours, looking after.
 The baby in the cradle is for ever
 A-hungry, or a-thirsty, or has wants
 A puling thing in arms can never tell:
 The stomachs of helpless infants give no warnings.
 I frequently could guess what he'd be doing;
 But many a time and oft have I been cheated,
 And had to clean his linen — two in one,
 His nurse and washer-woman: — for that double
 Office did I receive him from his father.
 Ah, lack-a-day! would I had had some other!
 For now I live to hear that my Orestes
 Is dead, and have to say so to the man
 Who is the plague of all this house. To him
 I carry news indeed. Alack! alack!

CHORUS.

What said the queen? How was the man invited
 To come?

GILISSA.

How come? — anan — say what ye mean.

CHORUS.

Alone, or with armed followers?

GILISSA.

She desired
 That he would bring with him his body-guards.

CHORUS.

Say no such words to that detested tyrant.
 Tell him to come, and quickly, and alone,
 Without the least suspicion. So, take heart!
 There's something hidden in this messenger
 May still set all things right.

GILISSA.

Then you think well
 About their news?

CHORUS.

I do; I hope great Jove
 At last will give a turn to our calamities.

GILISSA.

How! when Orestes, all the hope of the house,
Is dead?

CHORUS.

Not yet; evil would be the prophecy
That so declares it.

GILISSA.

What strange gossip's this?
Perhaps you've heard some other tale to match it.

CHORUS.

Go — follow thy instructions! The great gods
Regard their own concerns.

GILISSA.

Well, well! I'm going
To do as you bid me. May at last good luck
Send happier days! — none can be worse than this.

CHORUS. — *Strophe I.*

O Jove, the father of the Olympian Gods!
Second my vows from thine abodes;
Behold, and grant him a propitious lot.
To those who ask aright, thy favour brings
Wealth, length of days, and all good things:
If just my fervent prayers, forsake him not!
Be thou his buckler in this trying hour,
Yield him not up into the enemy's power;
Within the palace be his guard.
And should he yet regain his father's throne,
Praise shall belong to thee alone;
And tenfold honours be thy just reward.

Antistrophe I.

Loosen the courser's bit, and ease the rein,
That bind him to the car of pain.
And stay his speed with too severe a hand;
Grant that at length his heavy toils may close,
His wearied limbs enjoy repose,
The wish'd-for goal be gain'd, reach'd safe his native land.
Ye deities benign! whose favour brings
Wealth, length of days, and all good things,
If just my fervent vows, I pray
That you will list to us with friendly ear;
Let death no longer gender here —
Give them the death they gave, and blood for blood repay.

Strophe II.

Thou! who mid darkness lovest to dwell
In thine oracular central cell,
Oh, give him free access, make clear his eyes,
Each obscure hiding-place make bright,
Reveal its secrets to his sight:
Come, Maia's son! and crown his glorious enterprise.

Antistrophe II.

Phœbus in darkness loves to veil
His words incomprehensible,
And draws before men's minds the shades of night;
Yet oft his prophecies are clear,
Reveal'd alike to eye and ear —
All mysteries and all crimes his will can bring to light.

Epode.

And when with happy auspices
Thy conquering hand this kingdom frees,

Our hearts shall welcome thee with a glad strain,
 And hail that blest event, and say
 That we have seen a brighter day;
 And bid a long farewell to all our pain.
 Then nobly dare, nor let your courage sleep;
 And when the hour of trial 's come,
 That thou may'st seal their final doom,
 List to an injured father's voice, and keep
 The heart of Perseus in your generous breast,
 That a perturbed spirit may have rest.
 Think of the living, too, and rightly guide
 The passes of your unrelenting sword,
 That guilty blood for innocent may be pour'd,
 And earth receive with joy that redemptory tide.

EGISTHUS. CHORUS.

EGISTHUS.

I am not here by chance. Expressly call'd,
 I come to hear news which some strangers bring,
 Of no unwelcome kind; for they announce
 Orestes' death. Such tidings, if in Argos
 They spread abroad, may prove another source
 Of trouble and alarm, join'd to the old
 And bloody wound that rankles yet unclosed.
 I doubt the tale. Oft times a vague report,
 Raised by the voices of fear-smitten women,
 Swells high in air, and dies as suddenly;
 And, haply, such is this. You, women! say
 If you know any thing about the truth
 Of this report.

CHORUS.

Yes, we have heard it too;
 But if you go within, you can inquire
 Of these your guests — another's words avail not,
 When you can ask the messenger yourself.

EGISTHUS.

Ay, I desire to see this messenger,
 To know if he was present at the death,
 Or if he tells it from the rumour dark
 Of others: he will find it difficult
 To harbour fraud or treachery where I am.

CHORUS.

What shall I do, great Jove! or say?
 Or where begin or end my lay,
 What votive flame to thee shall rise,
 What praise in incense mount the skies,
 If by our invocation won,
 Where slain the sire, you save the son.
 Destroy not all this royal line,
 But let in him his father shine.
 Nerve thou his arm in peril's hour,
 Protect him by thy mighty power;
 His shield and his deliverer be,
 And loose his bonds of slavery.
 His single arm must give the blow —
 He fights against a double foe:
 Listen, O listen! to our vow,
 And let him be the victor now.

EGISTHUS (*within*).

Oh! oh, I'm stabbed! oh! oh!

CHORUS.

Oh! joyous sound!

And is it doing? Friends, stand we apart,
That we may seem not privy to the deed.
The conflict's at an end — the blow is struck!

SERVANTS.

O murder! murder! Alas! he is kill'd!
Our master's dead — Egisthus is no more!
Murder! Be alert, I say! O! en the gates!
Unbar the bolts! We want some sturdy fellow —
But he would come too late to save the dead.
I bawl in vain — the people are all deaf,
Or dead asleep. And where is Clytemnestra?
What's she about? The axe of vengeance hangs,
Like the executioner's, o'er her head.

CLYTEMNESTRA. SERVANTS. CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Who's there?
Say! what has happen'd? Why these cries?

SERVANTS.

The dead

Are killing the living.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oi me! I comprehend —
We are destroy'd by the insidious stroke
With which we slew. Quick! quick! let some one bring
A man-destroying axe; 'twill soon be seen
If we shall be the conquerors, or must fall:
To such a crisis have we come at last.

ORESTES. PYLADES. CLYTEMNESTRA. CHORUS.

ORESTES.

Thee, too, I seek — the other had enough.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And are you dead, my ever-dear Egisthus?

ORESTES.

What! do you love him still? Then you shall lie
In the same tomb together, side by side.
It may not be that you should ever part,
In this world or the next.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! stay thy hand,
My son! My son, respect this breast; 'twas here
You drew, with tender lips, the milk of life,
And here I nursed you so oft to sleep.

ORESTES.

Pylades!

What can I, must I do? Shall I respect
A mother's breast?

PYLADES.

And darest thou disobey
The mandates of Apollo? Whither fled
Your solemn pledge? Oh! rather than the Gods,
Deem all the world your foes.

ORESTES.

I feel your words —
The force of justice conquers. Follow me.
I wish to kill thee there by him, alive
You prized him far before my father — dead,
Thou shalt lie down with him; the more so, as
Thou couldst abhor one whom you should have loved,
And still canst love a wretch like that.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I nourish'd —

I wish to live with you in my old age.

ORESTES.

You live with me! Thou pass thy life with me
The murderess of my father!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Of his death

Fate was the cause.

ORESTES.

Thine Fate too has decreed.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Respect you not my prayers — the prayers of her
 Who gave you life and being?

ORESTES.

You gave me life,

To leave me but in misery worse than death.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I sent you to an hospitable roof.

ORESTES.

I was born free, and infamously sold.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where was the price that I received?

ORESTES.

To tell

Of all our injuries would shame me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tell them;

Forgetting not your father's wrongs to me.

ORESTES.

And shall a woman — one who sits at home —

I presume to tax with wrong or injury him

Who lived and labour'd for her in the field?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To be divided from her own, her husband,

Is equal suffering.

ORESTES.

'Tis the toil of man

Supports you.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, my son! my son! too clearly

You shew me now, you wish to kill your mother.

ORESTES.

'Tis thou dost kill thyself, not I.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Beware!

The spirit-torturing furies of a mother

Behold you.

ORESTES.

How should I escape my father's.

Did I not do the deed?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I see too well,

That on the margin of the grave I shed

Tears and complaints in vain.

ORESTES.

My father's fate

Dooms thee to this of thine.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! wo is me,

In giving life and nourishment to this viper!

My dreams — their presage was too true.

ORESTES.

You slew
One whom you ought not to have slain, and now
Must perish as you ought not to have perish'd.
[*Exeunt ORESTES, dragging CLYTEMNESTRA behind the scenes.*

CHORUS.

We weep for both the mother and the son ;
Yet Fate would have it so. Unhappy son !
And more unhappy mother ! Yet Orestes
Remains to comfort us. May he not perish —
The light, and joy, and hope of all our house !

Strophe.

At length the day of vengeance seen afar,
The wrath of a just heaven was pour'd on Troy ;
And from the house of Atreus, to destroy,
Went forth two lions, or two gods of war :
And one, his labours o'er, return'd in joy,
And bringing joy to his own native land,
And sang a song of triumph for his race,
Redeem'd by his wise councils from disgrace,
Exulting on that pair struck by Jove's mighty hand.

Antistrophe.

But to the warrior came a harder fate,
Insidious weapons and a deadlier foe ;
And Justice, as men call her here below,
Breathing against her foes destructive hate —
Daughter of Jove — was said to strike the blow.
But one all-wise, the oracular deity,
Who in earth's central caverns shined foresees
All mortal things, with happy auspices,
Commanded those who slew should fall by treachery.

Epode.

All honour to the gods belongs of right ;
What can resist the vengeful wrath of heaven ?
We sat in darkness and the shades of night,
And wept in our despair — then hope was given.
And now we see demolish'd in an hour
The mighty fabric of a tyrant power,
That crush'd us in the dust ; and we may say
That now has come a sunny day,
And purified this house from every stain —
We bask in happiness again.
Fortune now smiles that clouded all our skies,
And heaven and all its glories open to our eyes.

ORESTES. CHORUS. ARGIVES.

Scene opens and discovers the bodies of CLYTEMNESTRA and EGISTHUS.

ORESTES.

Look, men and citizens ! on that guilty pair,
The spoilers of my just inheritance —
Your tyrants — murderers of my father — they
But now were proudly seated on his throne,
And (if we argue from this world's affections)
Love still each other ; their sworn faith is seal'd —
Together did they swear my father's death,
And dead together sleep. My oath as well
Is ratified. My countrymen ! ye who know
Their horrible misdeeds — you who saw the snare

In which my wretched father was betray'd,
And tangled, and environ'd hand and foot,
Behold ! explain ! and shew the standers by
That impious artifice, that my sire may see —
Not my own father, but the God of nature,
The sun beholding all things — those fell rents,

[*Lifting up the Garment in which AGAMEMNON was murdered.*

And witness for me, that my mother died
Justly by me. Egisthus needs no words ;
He had the punishment an adulterer ought.
'Twas she contrived the plot against her husband ;
She who had borne beneath her zone the weight
Of a dear offspring — children once beloved,
And afterwards abhorr'd. What seems she like ?
A fierce Mægæonophis, or viper, that
Without a bite kills by its touch alone.
'Twas she who dared devise that fatal snare —
How shall I call it ? a net to catch wild beasts,
Or cloth that shrouds the coffins of the dead !
By either name you may entitle it.
With such an instrument of guilt, the bandit,
Who leads a life of rapine and of murder,
With such a fell contrivance he slays many ;
And as he gloats upon the sight, enflames
His heart to other devilish schemes of blood.
God grant that such a wife may never curse
My bed ! may I first pine of want of children,
And childless die !

CHORUS.

Ahi ! ahi !

Sad deed ! — a horrid death of infamy
Was thine, Atrides ! After-punishment,
Like to some flower that blooms in its own season,
Awaits the guilty.

ORESTES.

Guilty, 'tis true, she was ;

And yet not singly guilty. Lo this robe !
Here passed the dagger of Egisthus through
And through, and dyed it o'er and o'er in blood.
E'en now, the spots with which it was distain'd
Shine through it. Now I triumph in the deed,
Now groan to see this parricidal vest ;
And am distracted at the crime, and at
Its punishment ; and all in all, I mourn
Over the race of Atreus : — thus I reap
No enviable fruit from victory.

CHORUS.

The crimes of man go not unpunish'd all
His life : some early, and some late, must pay
The price of their iniquities.

ORESTES.

Let others

Reflect on that hereafter, I but think
Of what may be my present fate ; and like
A charioteer, who from the goal is dragged
By his mad steeds, my contumacious spirits
Carry me far away out of the course
Already vanquish'd : — Terror in my soul
Rattles a dismal song ; my heart leaps wildly.
Whilst yet I may, whilst reason holds her seat,
I wish to tell my friends and countrymen,
That not without a cause I slew my mother —

That wicked parricidal mother—hate
 Of all the gods. The oracular Deity,
 He, too, was my ally, and urged the blow;
 Pronouncing me, before I dared the deed,
 Redeem'd from taint, and guiltless of offence.
 Nor will I tell you with what dreadful judgment
 He menaced disobedience to his will—
 No words of mine could picture all its horror.
 Now look! this branch of olive in my hand,
 And on my brow this garland, I my journey
 Commence to Delphi, where Apollo has
 His shrine and inextinguishable fire,
 If thus I can escape this matricide.
 The injunctions of the god are these, that first
 I cross no other threshold. I appeal
 To Argos and its citizens, to attest
 The crimes one day committed here; and thus
 An exile, wandering from my native land,
 Living yet dead, and flying from a voice
 I should not hear....

CHORUS.

Ah, no! the deed was just.
 Fear not that foul report upon thy name
 Shall rest; and do not thus forebode disasters.
 Thy country thou hast saved. In happy hour
 Thou hast freed Argos, cutting off two dragons.

ORESTES.

—Ahi! ahi! what do I see? They are like Gorgons,
 Enwrapt in sable cloth. Look, women! look!
 Their hair entwined with clustering snakes! I can
 No longer stay.

CHORUS.

My son, what fantasies
 Bewilder thus thy sense? Stay! prithee, stay!
 Let not fear get the mastery.

ORESTES.

Fantasies!
 They are no fantasies, but the furies of
 My mother these...

CHORUS.

Your hands are dyed with blood,
 With the fresh blood;—and hence this terror weighs
 Like icicles on your heart.

ORESTES.

O king! Apollo!
 The multitude thickens! they together throng!
 And from their eyes drops fast a rheum of gore,
 That makes my spirit shrink with loathing.

CHORUS.

Courage!
 Stand by the altar of Apollo, he
 Will loose you from these terrors.

ORESTES.

Look! do you
 Not see? I see them palpably—they drive!
 They scourge me with their whips of fire! I can
 No longer stay.

CHORUS.

Ah, may good come of this!
 The God watch over you, and succour you
 With providential aid, for vain is ours

CHORUS.

Breathing destruction, this is the third tempest
 That has with its impetuous fury swept
 Over this royal house. A cruel fate
 First fell upon the children of Thyestes.
 The second hurricane was the regicide,
 When Argos lost her sovereign, and he lay
 Weltering in blood in an insidious bath.
 At length there rose a third, and with it brought
 A saviour or avenger; then — there came . . .
 Oh! must I name this last calamity —
 When will the measure of our woes be full,
 And a perpetual calm succeed these storms?

THOMAS MEDWIN.

STATE OF POLITICAL FEELING IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

SOME years ago the opinions entertained by so remote a population as that of the west of Scotland would not have excited any particular attention in the metropolis; but *tempora mutantur, et nos in illis mutamur*. A few months of ardent parliamentary warfare have tended to invest the prevalent feeling on political subjects in every part of the empire with a degree of interest unknown to other, and, as we think, happier times. The great men, both in the senate and out of it — the *sages* of the cabinet — and their masters, the *Solons* of the "Fourth Estate," having decreed that Scotland was enslaved, but shall now be free, there seemed to have been no choice left to the inhabitants of that part of the country between action and repose. Alternative there was none; and it is because of this singular necessity, which has, somehow or other, altered the complexion of society in that part of the world, as effectually as if it had been rubbed over with a dose of Warren's jet blacking, that we now venture to offer some remarks on the proceedings in these parts during the bygone months, with a brief exposition of our hopes and fears for the future. This is the more necessary, since much misconception prevails on this head, and since the radical publications have been industrious in the circulation of not a few misstatements touching the disposition to rebellion which was supposed to have been exhibited by the chief agitators, and the misguided men who were induced to listen to their counsels.

Could any faith be reposed in the statements which appeared from time to time in the leading papers of London, nothing would appear more obvious

than the fact, that the west of Scotland had been the centre of a vast confederacy, the professed object of which was the overthrow of the monarchy, and the dissolution of the existing order of things; and yet, to those who have access to know the truth, no conclusion was ever reached which seemed so little capable of substantiation or of proof. Nothing can be more true, no doubt, than that there is to be found there, as elsewhere, a set of restless and discontented men, whom no kind of political amelioration will ever propitiate, and towards whom it is vain to hold out the right hand of fellowship; but till of late they were insignificant as to power, and worthless as to character. They consisted chiefly of the worn-out radicals of 1819 and 1820, and were (whatever their innate love of mischief might suggest to the contrary) *ipso facto* incapable of inflicting any serious injury on the peace and well-being of society. Mean in their condition, ungracious and sordid in their habits, unpopular in their sentiments, and numerically insignificant, they never could, by any possible concurrence of accidents, have effected any thing by themselves. There was no coherency, no compact, no harmony, amongst them; and unless they had been seconded by a portion of the property and intelligence of the country, they must have lingered out a miserable existence, unaffected by the force of passing events, or overawed by the power of the executive. It was ruled, however, that their issue should not be thus. The Reform-bill infused new life and vigour into this torpid body, and instantly raised the most noisy and besotted of its members into persons of

authority and consideration. The principles of Whigs and Tories were laid aside, as the badges of slavery; and as there no longer existed any counterpoise, in the force of public opinion, to the dissemination of every sort of political heresy, the new doctrines advanced with rapid strides among the unreflecting and the uneducated parts of the population. Proselytism became fashionable with the *eruditum vulgus*, who were delighted to find how important they had all of a sudden become; till, in the progress of a few months, what had been hitherto an orderly and quiet class of men, began to exhibit, under the influence of drumming, trumpeting, speech-making, and tumultuary marching, all the usual effects of radical intoxication. It is unnecessary to say, that these poor people were not one whit wiser after their conversion than they had been before it. They were babes in political science at the time of the apocalypse, and they were only children after initiation into the mysteries of the new craft: but it is a melancholy illustration of the unstable temper of this important portion of our population, that, with all their boasted progress in knowledge, and their fabulous powers of reasoning, they should have mistaken the ravings of sibyls for the inspiration of oracles. Unacquainted with the great matters of state, and unfitted by previous habits for taking either a deliberative or a comprehensive view of the relative positions in which the different elements of society must stand to each other, they submitted, body and soul, to their new task-masters; and in an incredibly short space of time were changed from peaceable and well-disposed citizens into political neophytes of ungovernable zeal, and demagogues of the first water.

It must not be supposed that the number of persons so smitten with the *cupido novarum rerum* was as great as the public prints chose to represent it. We have reason to know that it was in reality small, and that the cases of out-and-out conversion, which would have led to the sacrifice of limb and limb for the cause, was wholly insignificant; but an impetus in a novel direction was undoubtedly communicated to the vulgar mind; and urged as it was by incessant excitement, we should not be surprised that its effects became so conspicuous as occasionally to excite

uneasiness. We ought also to remember, that in every association of men, high and low, there will be some whose ambition it will be to take a lead; and when we consider how influential a little blustering oratory is with an unlettered mob, we should not be amazed that a result was produced which, when considered *per se*, might seem extraordinary, but which, when taken in connexion with collateral circumstances, ceases to leave any permanent impression on the mind.

There has been much wind expended on the question of the probabilities for and against a revolution, had the bill not passed; and the trades' processions in the large towns and manufacturing villages of Scotland, have been appealed to as evidences of what might have been expected from this event: but be it observed, in the first place, that revolution is a very serious matter, in which men do not willingly engage if they can help it, particularly when the resulting good is problematical; and, in the second place, that if these same processions prove any thing at all, they merely prove that the laws of the land were virtually suspended, to accommodate the working classes and the ministry of the day. No sane man believes that they could not have been prevented; but a fool may have wit enough to discern a reason why they were not. Besides, of the thousands who shouted and bawled about the bill, how many were to be benefited by its provisions, and how many really understood its principles, or were qualified to understand them? Few, unquestionably; and if this few be deducted, what positive number shall we assign to that portion of the misguided multitude, constituted, as these were, of the meanest men in society, to say nothing of lads too young to have fixed opinions on any subject, which was resolved to encounter all risks for the accomplishment of a given end? As the case stands (and it is now a portion of history), these people had every thing their own way. There was neither let nor hinderance to their proceedings; but had it been otherwise, and it might have been so, what would the amount of men have been who were prepared to do battle for a purely speculative object? It is impossible to form even an approximative estimate towards the discovery of such a quantity, to use the

language of mathematicians; but regulating our view of the matter by those general considerations which usually influence men in their actions, we cannot but conclude that it would have been small. Nay, we will go farther, and say, that we think too well of human nature, fallen though it be, to imagine that any thing so wild and monstrous as revolution would have resulted from so inadequate a reason. The natural feelings of humanity are opposed to the conclusion; nor can any cause be assigned why those feelings, on the steady operation of which we habitually repose so much confidence, should, in this particular instance, have been inverted or obliterated. There is no man, how insignificant soever he may be in the body politic, who has not something to lose, or who may not have such ties to life as to render a change brought about through bloodshed and rapine infinitely more terrible than any suffering to which adverse circumstances may for the present condemn him; and 'until it be shewn that there is no difference between the *talk* of civil war, and its dreadful realities, we shall abide by the opinion, that the risk of such an event, on the occasion alluded to, was absolutely nothing, though it subserved the interests of a party to make it appear otherwise.

At the commencement of the system of agitation, the radicals and their disciples stood alone; but as the current of events rolled on, they gradually acquired an accession in the persons of men, many of whom, a few months before, would have shrunk from the connexion with abhorrence. If the bill were carried, it was clear that the power of returning members would *virtually* lie with the lower classes,—not because they were numerically superior, for this was not the fact, but because their influence, direct and indirect, over a certain order of voters was great. However extreme, therefore, their opinions might be, and however violently these opinions might be expressed, it was thought necessary, by that class of persons who busy themselves with public matters, and who in virtue thereof call themselves *public characters*, that incense should be burnt before the mob, and that its good-will should, by every practicable means, be propitiated. A union was accordingly entered into, and consummated without delay; and this was all that was

required for the final triumph of radicalism. *Alone, the originators of public confusion would have been comparatively harmless; but, backed by a portion of the property and respectability of society, they instantly emerged from a state of noisy insignificance into one of commanding attention. Headed by people of consideration and of personal character, they assumed the functions, and exercised the powers, of legislative assemblies. They organised societies throughout the manufacturing districts; they issued decrees and published manifestos; they suspended the ordinary business of life, and ordered processions; they collected together crowds from all parts of the country; and while thus usurping the authority, they mimicked the forms, and exhibited all the purposes, of deliberative bodies! No one attempted to prevent these things. The wise and the reflecting of all parties stood aloof, and looked on in amazement, and in many cases with horror; but they could not interfere while the constituted authorities did not choose to do so; for the fate of the magistracy of Bristol was before their eyes, and Lord Grey's ministry lived upon the fruits of common confusion. During the prevalency of this political mania, one would have thought that new powers of mind had been communicated by the same authority which had conferred, or was about to confer, new political privileges; so thorough was the change wrought on the structure of Scottish society by the deluge of folly with which the land was inundated. For a season, the whole frame-work of life seemed to be shattered to pieces; but why, no man could tell. Freedom of thought was as little known as freedom of action. The ordinary maxims of social intercourse were laid aside as antiquated rubbish, though nothing was substituted in their stead which was visible to the eye, or tangible to the hand; and while sentiments and principles were openly advocated, which in all times have appeared to be subversive of the social compact, no solitary cause could be assigned for this apparent disruption of the social fabric. There were magistrates, as before, and judges, in the land—the laws of the realm were not revoked, nor its statutes repealed,—there was a king (*cheu, quantum mutatus ab illo!*), and a parliament, and judicatories, and legal

tribunals; and yet the structure of the body politic was in a state of trepidation, the reason whereof no one seemed capable of explaining. Most assuredly there was no adequate cause for it, or, at all events, no cause proportionate to the magnitude of the evil; but in a country which has long enjoyed the blessings of tranquillity, it is easy to perceive that the appearance of tumultuary change may create terror, and shake the mutual confidence so essential to the well-being of every community; and if this threatened change be accompanied with dark presages of some undefined, but impending danger, it is only natural that a degree of lassitude and dismay should come over the spirits of a society which seemed to be exposed to the *ultima ratio* "*plebis*."

It was at this period that the cry of revolution was uttered by the agitators, and that the fear of it was most deeply impressed upon the mind of the general public; and yet we confidently aver that the risk of so terrible a calamity was not greater then than it is now. Let it be remembered, that an object was to be gained, and that for the attainment of that object no efforts which could be *safely* made were to be omitted. Nine-tenths of the people would not have parted with a toe-nail for the bill. Whatever their opinions on the subject of political amelioration might be, they were not prepared to encounter danger for the purpose of obtaining it; but it was indispensable that it should be made to appear that they were so, and this was adroitly accomplished by the press, which, with few, but these honourable, exceptions, managed to transmute a few thousand blustering and discontented weavers into the whole population of the west of Scotland. The effect of these representations was intended to tell, not on the spot, but at a distance. They did so: Scotland was declared to be in a state of open rebellion, though no overt act of sedition was committed, which a dozen or two of constables, properly supported, could not have put down. Still, the end was gained. Lord Grey kept his seat—the radicals triumphed—and the "*bill*" was passed. *Flagrantior inde vis, plures seditioni duces.*

It is of consequence to recollect, at this stage of the inquiry, that all this folly never could have been perpetrated in a country like Scotland, nor, perhaps, in any other civilised country,

which had been accustomed to the restraints of an established government, by the rabble alone. It was not the "*rag, tag, and bob-tail*," as Sir Daniel Sandford once, somewhat indecently, called his friends, who unsettled all the established usages of life, and introduced a system of terror and intimidation; but the rabble backed by certain of the merchants and manufacturers—men of money, and of some weight, who, strange as it may seem, saw nothing derogatory to their characters in forming one of the most unnatural coalitions which the history of political combination in this country has ever recorded. It is no apology for this grievous miscalculation, that the men who acted thus were ultra-Whigs—persons professing a nondescript regard for the constitution, though violating, in their daily actions, all constitutional precept whatever—for even they must have had a direct interest in upholding what it was equally the interest of these new allies to pull down; while it was obvious at the time, and continues to be more and more so every day, that the uninstructed mass of living beings whom they aspired to govern, were in reality their masters, and always will be so. The shew of submission and of deference was but a shew. The radicals were too acute not to perceive that an advantage would be gained by a junction with people of rank superior to their own; but they knew, also, that no chicanery, and no political strategy, could dispossess them of that absolute authority which numbers and noise will always command in a promiscuous assemblage. It can scarcely be supposed that men who had any thing to lose, could, by any possibility, embrace in all their length the extravagant tenets of the levelers; and we are inclined to suspect that, if the truth were known, there was little sincerity on either side; but the Whigs professed *ab libitum*, and this served, for a season, to appease the leaders of the mob—deluded we cannot suppose them to have been.

The ultimate object of all this incredible folly was to obtain reform, and to advance the great cause of political regeneration; and it was sedulously inculcated, that to overthrow the tyrannous usages of ages, all that was necessary was a demonstration of physical force. Of the value of these demonstrations we have already spoken; but

we cannot help remarking on the unthinking wantonness which could press into its vocabulary the most odious word in the English tongue, and one with the practical meaning of which no living man in this empire has any acquaintance. We shall never cease to deplore the melancholy infatuation which could induce any portion of the better classes in the large towns of the west of Scotland to give any countenance to a system which was at once destructive of good government and good feeling. That the representative system of Scotland was the best which could be devised, is not contended for; but that it was such, that to change it, a revolution should be hazarded (if this ever entered into the serious consideration of the agitators), cannot be admitted. Scotland had forty-five members before the passing of the bill, and she will have fifty-three (or eight more) now. The difference in the mode of election is, undoubtedly, something, and will, of course, tend to assimilate the practice in the north to that which is followed in the south; but how far this is to prove beneficial, remains yet to be seen. Members to large towns, heretofore unrepresented, no one disputes the propriety of; the question, in this case, being one of equity, and revolving, as a consequence, on the disfranchising clauses of the bill. But with all this, it may well be the subject of wonder to any man who is capable of looking with sufficient calmness on the passing events of life to appreciate the vanity of political ambition, or who can smile at the unprofitable bitterness of party strife, that the happiness and prosperity of the present should be periled for a future and a contingent good of so equivocal and paltry a character.

We, as a matter of course, disclaim all participation in the doubtful doctrine, that the immediate prosperity of a nation can be raised by direct legislative enactments, or that a decree of the senate can remove from a suffering population a load of calamity which a combination of external and internal causes has impressed upon it. We do not, consequently, attach any importance to the promised miracles which are to be wrought by the reformed parliament. Things will remain, for a season at least, very much as they are—with this difference, perhaps, that speculative politicians will be more

encouraged than heretofore to play all manner of pranks, which will be followed by the usual amount of disappointment and distress. In time, the political bubble, which is at present floating high in the air, will burst; and the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland, maddened by the destruction of their hopes, will give vent to their indignation in a manner which we cannot think of without shuddering. It will be too late then to reflect that it would have been better to have meddled none with the system of representation; and too late, also, to discover that the old plan of commercial intercourse, which it is now the fashion to stigmatise as illiberal and unphilosophical, was in reality that which raised Great Britain to an eminence among the nations altogether unprecedented. On this point we shall merely remark, that this could not have happened in a country in which industry was oppressed or unrewarded; and we know that it was neither the one nor the other.

We have hitherto confined our remarks to the rise of the radical party into power, and we trust we have shewn how this dangerous sect managed to creep into authority, and what consequences resulted from its union with the ultra-Whigs. This union cannot be lasting, and is already breaking to pieces; but we desire to put our decided conviction upon record, that from this coalition there never could have sprung one half of the danger to the empire which, it was foretold by one party, must inevitably ensue were not all granted which was demanded. Nine out of ten of the better and middle ranks were unequivocally hostile to the noisy and illegal proceedings which distinguished the reign of terror. It is difficult to see, therefore, on what grounds the spirit of disaffection was so broadly charged against the population of the west of Scotland. A fraction of that population was turbulent and unruly, though it might easily have been kept in check had that been the wish of the parties in power, which it obviously was not; but the greater part was sound at the core, and we cannot doubt would have been made available for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of property, had a collision ensued. We grieve, however, to think that the effects of this partisan warfare

are not likely soon to disappear. A great and melancholy change in the constitution of society in the lower walks of life in Scotland is in progress; nor can any man, however gifted, venture to predict where it will end. The grant of political privileges is a trifle, which will not enter into the calculation for much good or for much evil. It is in the social and domestic system that the poison of radicalism and false philosophy will operate its most deadly effects. The working classes, hitherto orderly, though often suffering, cannot now remain quiet spectators of passing events; for they are smitten with the omnipotence of their own wisdom, and cursed with a sullen hatred of every thing above them. The subordination of ranks—an institution so essential to the common good, and which has slowly arisen out of a sense of mutual dependency—is looked upon with an evil and a grudging eye. Want has invaded many of their dwellings, and its bitterness is too often increased by the unhappy imagination that they have the remedy in their own hands, and not unfrequently aggravated by intemperance and wilful negligence. Heretofore religion came in aid of the unfortunate, and was a firm stay against the suggestions of folly or of vice; but it is now becoming, in too many instances, a dead letter, and is either neglected, as a tissue of fables, or is supplanted by a bastard philosophy, which is a worthless compound of all that is most offensive in the French ethical canon, with a few meagre and ill-understood principles of the utilitarian school. Reason is deified, without its being once asked what it is capable of performing; and maxims which, less than a century ago, were confined to the coteries of Diderot and the Baron de Holbach, are now as familiar in many a Scotch artisan's workshop as his hammer or his anvil. He knows nothing of the parentage of these opinions, which he has got by adoption; and probably applauds his own sagacity in having, as he imagines, discovered them, though

they are rusty with age and foul with the odours of decay and putrescency. The knowledge of this class of men has also been perniciously over-rated. It is limited in degree, and inaccurate in its details; but, such as it is, it serves to foster conceit and to engender presumption. If we have a revolution, therefore (which may God of his infinite mercy avert!), it will bring into action thousands of destitute and discontented political bigots, who have sucked in the venom of political hatred from the most polluted sources. Definite aim at present they may not have, but many principles of hurtful tendency are becoming rapidly familiarised to their minds. Of these the favourite ones are, the extinction of the national debt, the destruction of church establishments, the equalisation of property, and the erection of a new Agrarian system. On this subject we speak advisedly; and we would have those who are fond of fostering the unnatural growth of the democratical element of our constitution, to reflect on its consequences ere they go too far.

Amid these gloomy forebodings, it is consolatory to know that the agricultural districts of Scotland are as yet uncontaminated; but how long they will remain so, who can venture to foretell? Hitherto want has been a stranger amongst the humble and contented peasantry, and the pest of politics is fortunately incompatible with their active and industrious habits; but when the meditated changes shall have been brought about by the reforming legislators, and when it shall no longer be an object with landlord or tenant to improve poor soils, or to sustain those already in cultivation, the blight of optimism and discontent will fall upon them and consume them to the vitals. When this happens, the measure of Scotland's misfortune will be completed, and, like the child of Phineas, she shall be rightly called Ichabod, and the glory shall depart from her as from ancient Israel—"for the ark of God is taken."

MISS EDGEWORTH'S TALES AND NOVELS.

WE have thought for a long time of perpetrating an article on "thine incomparable oil, Macassar!" Seriously have we revolved in our mind the deep and elevated things that might be said on a subject so solemn and sublime in itself, and so universally interesting in its application. A pregnant argument, indeed, this in the hands of OLIVER YORKE or Lord Byron: critics or poets of less genius would be unequal to the theme, and sink under its importance. Its greatness would oppress their feeble powers—but an adequate pen would quicken with the task, and glow with ready execution. Beautiful hair! Well! we do admire beautiful hair, in man or woman; such as Milton hath invested the first of each withal—

"Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly
hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad;
She as a veil down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets
waved
As the vine curls her tendrils."

Having delivered ourselves of this classic quotation, we were proceeding to trace out the harmonies of the subject, in the manner of St. Pierre, throughout all the kingdoms of nature, in man and animals—in plants and in trees and vegetables—in sun, and moon, and stars—in all the elements of air and water, earth and fire—in this world and the other—in heaven and hell. But while we were revolving those universal harmonies—acreal—aquatic—terrestrial—and solar—or human, as illustrated in childhood—brotherhood—and the conjugal and animal affections, or the various relations of brute and bird with the infinite insect tribes—we say, while we were revolving those things as ingredients in the composition of a panegyric on the "celebrated oil which generates and sustains in perfection through all stages of existence an ample growth" of whisker and mustaches, those "graces of manhood"—and of "curl and decorative formation"—those "facilitators of female beauty"—yes, while we were thus engaged, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream"—

"And such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!"

Ay, it was of woman—of a woman lovely in her strength: our vision was of her!—the incomparable!—the wondrous strong—and yet a woman. In our search after harmonies, we were, of course, baffled in finding references to the epithet of "incomparable." It was a sheer contradiction in terms—an impossibility in nature—until we thought of MISS EDGEWORTH'S *Tales and Novels*, brought afresh to our minds by the beautiful reprint (intended to match with the *Waverley* novels), now in the course of publication by Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, decorated with drawings by Harvey, who, to delineate with accuracy the peculiar scenery of Ireland, and to illustrate "this attractive edition of the most engaging writer of the age, has visited many of the districts, and been thereby able to introduce into his talented sketches living character, and much of the wild and beautiful scenery of the country."

We have adopted the booksellers' prospectus in what we have just written—yet we protest against its being considered a puff. There are some things which it is impossible to puff. Miss Edgeworth's tales and novels are past puffing—are they not? Was not her *Castle Rackrent* the original of *Waverley*, and so acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott himself? Let censure therefore be dumb, and "come, then, expressive silence, muse her praise."

The Master who disdained not to be taught by female genius, has winged his way to some one of the seven orbs or seats of paradise; yet stayed he long enough to leave this parting testimony, that he should think it PRESUMPTION "to hope to emulate the rich humour, the pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervades the inestimable writings of Miss Edgeworth." Sir Walter Scott thought "something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives

to those of the sister kingdoms, in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their foibles."


Castle Rackrent, published in 1800, is one of the works which all agree in praising. Hazlitt, who speaks of this lady's tales generally as "a kind of pedantic, pragmatism, common sense, tinctured with the pertness and pretensions of the paradoxes to which they are so self-complacently opposed," makes an exception in favour of *Castle Rackrent*, which the critic applauds as "a genuine, unsophisticated national portrait." It was in the year 1782 that Miss Edgeworth accompanied her father to Ireland. Before that time she had not, except during a few months of her childhood, ever been in that country; "therefore," as she says herself, in the conclusion of her father's memoirs, "every thing there was new to me; and though I was then but twelve years old, and though such a length of time has since elapsed," (she was writing in 1820,) "I have retained a clear and strong recollection of our arrival at Edgeworth town." Since that year (1782), things and persons had improved in Ireland, she tells us; but the improvement of things and persons is death to romantic association, and she sought for the materials of her Hibernian tale in a period prior to that important year. The memoirs are represented as being written by an illiterate old steward, who tells the history of the Rackrent family with obvious partiality, and in a vernacular idiom—"in the full confidence that Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh, Sir Ket, and Sir Condy Rackrent's affairs will be as interesting to all the world as they were to himself." Thady Quirk! thou wert not much out in thy reckoning. Honest Thady! thy tale has become interesting to all the world, and the origin of a thousand others, some better, some worse, but *none so good*. Well now mayest thou be called *old Thady*—for this child of thy brain has become the grandfather now of many generations—a whole Waverley series of genuine offspring, and a Brambletye House full of spurious issue. But never mayest thou be rightly named, "*poor Thady*," maugre the long coat of winter and summer wear—though a good word may be said for that too, being very handy, as thou never putt'st

thy arms into the sleeves, which are, in consequence, as good as new,—for thou art *rich* in humour and character. Thy mistakes are ever racy and fresh—and meant for laughter, but not at thy expense. Neither by thee, nor thy fair patroness, shall the shamrock be offended; or if it be, the generous rose shall make honourable amends, and an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, by father and daughter, be admirably penned as an offering to national union. We have heard this essay, the joint production of Miss Edgeworth and her amiable father, spoken of as an ingenious piece of *persiflage*. *Persiflage*! it is no such thing; it is a real-earnest vindication of the national intellect from the charge of habitual blundering—shewing, by an etymological, historical, critical, and poetical investigation, that blundering is common to all countries—that bulls are no more Hibernian than Venetian—that every so-called Irish bull may be paralleled with one from another people, except, indeed, where the supposed bull is no bull at all—but merely a poetic license, a brilliant fancy, a heart-spoken effusion, sufficiently justifiable by the occasion which gave rise to it. In such cases, the glorious offence is an original grace beyond the reach of art, which the great Irish wit is especially privileged to match, and rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

"In prospects, thus some objects please
our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order
rise,
The shapeless rock or hanging precipice."

And who shall say that Thady Quirk's figures of speech are other than these? The family of the Rackrents was one of the most ancient in the kingdom. "Every body knows," says Thady, "this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin; and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick. Sir Tally-hoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him; and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter, and his life at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that

day, for the estate came straight into the family upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it, that he should, by act of parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent."

And in this style Thady goes on to tell how Sir Patrick, on coming into the estate, gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; and how, from one year's end to another, he had his house full of company as it could hold, and fuller. But Sir Patrick died one night just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers; he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. He was succeeded by Sir Murtagh Rackrent; but the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman—empty cellars, no open house. Thady was ashamed, and knew not what to say for the honour of the family, but he made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at his lady's door, who, he suspected, had Scotch blood in her veins, and was of the family of the Skinflints. Sir Murtagh was fond of law; every thing upon the face of earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He never was so much himself as when he had sixteen suits pending at a time. Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen. But these suits cost him a power of money, and, in the end, he sold some hundreds a-year of the family estate. But he was only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on his suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carriick O'Shaughlin, about which he was very sanguine. He lost it, however; it would have been plump 2,000*l.* a-year  his way—but he had dug up a fairymount against the advice of Thady, and had no luck afterwards. In a dispute with his lady, Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel; and, in spite of law and five physicians, died and was buried.

Sir Murtagh having no *childer*, the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who, after the sporting season, grew tired of the place, and went off in a whirlwind to town. Sir Kit Rackrent left all to

his agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honour of his country abroad, which Thady was proud to hear of, yet they at home were ground by the middle man to the dust. Not but that the agent took notice of Thady and of his son Jason. Jason Quirk was a good scholar from his birth, and a very acute lad, and got the agent's accounts to copy, and soon after a good farm at a low rent for his trouble. But Sir Kit was a little too fond of play, and the money went fast, and the drafts came thick, and no more cash could be raised on bond or mortgage. So out went the old agent, and in came the new, in the person of Jason, Quirk. Anon Sir Kit married the grandest heiress of England, and came with his bride to Castle Rackrent. She was a *Jewish*. They quarrelled before the honeymoon was well over; and upon the lady retiring from pig-meat to her own room, her husband, to make sure of her, turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. Her conjugal imprisonment lasted no less than seven years; at length she was nigh dying of a broken heart, nay, was reported dead. She, however, was not so, but the report killed her husband; for three ladies quarrelling about who should be his second wife, he challenged any man who should dare to question his conduct. He met and shot the first lady's brother; and the next day called out the second, who had a wooden leg, which sticking fast in a ploughed field made the duellists friends. By the third of his adversaries, however, he was killed, and his lady was set at liberty. And Sir Conolly, commonly called for short among his friends Sir Condy Rackrent, succeeded as heir-at-law to the estate.

Now, be it known, that the history of Sir Condy Rackrent is full of the most wonderful, that is, the most sublimely Irish doings in the wide world. He was, after all, but a remote branch of the family, born to little or no fortune of his own, and bred to the bar; at which, says Thady, having many friends to push him, and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would, in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made king's counsel at the least; but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then

made no figure *for want of a fee, and being unable to speak in public.* In fact, seeing how "Sir Kit and the Jewish lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rackrent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him, and secretly many of the tenants, and others, advanced him cash upon his note-of-hand value received, promising bargains of leases, and lawful interest, should he ever come into the estate." Upon coming into the Castle Rackrent estate, accordingly, "he could not command a penny of the first year's income; which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses." By the help of Thady's son Jason, Sir Conolly was made to understand that his great nominal rent-roll was almost all paid away in interest; "which being, for convenience, suffered to run on, soon doubled the principal, and Sir Condy was obligated to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. Whilst this was going on, my son, requiring to be paid for his trouble and many years' service in the family gratis, and Sir Condy not wishing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres, which fell out of lease, at a reasonable rent. Jason set the land, as soon as his lease was sealed, to under tenants, to make the rent, and got 200*l.* a-year profit; which was little enough considering his long agency. He bought the land at twelve years' purchase two years afterwards, when Sir Condy was pushed for money on an execution, and was, at the same time, allowed for his improvements thereon." Jason wanted a convenient hunting-lodge also, but Sir Condy talked of setting it to a Captain Moneygawl, who was just come into the county. This captain had a sister, Miss Isabella, who had fallen desperately in-love with Sir Condy, from the first time that ever her brother brought Sir Condy into her father's house to dinner. But Sir Condy had conceived an attachment for little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of Thady; nevertheless, "it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disoblged all her relations for his sake, as he remarked;

and then she was locked up in her chamber, and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was, as he observed, as good as theirs, at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year." And so Sir Condy tossed up to see whether he should marry poor Judy or Isabella — and fate decreed in favour of the descendant of the Moneygawls, who, in addition to her other recommendations, was an actress. She made the barrack-room into a theatre, and went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow, and fell into hysterics when her husband drank too much punch, and was only brought out of her tantrums by having to get up a play for her relations.

Things came at length to a bad pass; but Jason was a sharp lad, and knew where the land lay, and so he put in a word again about the lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase-money, to relieve Sir Condy's distresses, which Sir Condy was fain to take. To increase these distresses, he had to stand the expenses of an election, in which, however, he luckily succeeded. Jason meanwhile played a shrewd game, and bought, in conjunction with a sheriff's officer who had come to arrest his master, Sir Condy's debts for little or nothing, and then took out a custodium over all the estate. Then came Sir Condy's parting with his lady (an inimitable scene), and his giving her a memorandum for a clear 500*l.* a-year jointure off the estate afore his debts were paid. Then came the execution down, and Thady's son Jason was among the grippers; and Sir Condy was fain to go to the land, and to leave Castle Rackrent, and to put up with a retreat in the lodge. Here he kept his bed, and fell into a sort of sham disorder, and was reported dead. Then came the wake, and then he got up to drink with the wakers; it was a merry night. The next morning Sir Condy was visited by Judy M'Quirk.

"I forgot to notice," says Thady, "that she had been married long since, whilst young Captain Moneygawl lived at the Lodge, to the Captain's huntsman, who after a whilst listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two; and being smoke-dried in the cabin, and neglecting

herself like, it was hard for Sir Condy himself to know her again till she spoke; but when she says, 'Its Judy M'Quirk, please your honour, don't you remember her?' 'Oh, Judy, is it you?' says his honour—'yes, sure I remember you very very well—but you're greatly altered, Judy.' 'Sure its time for me,' says she; 'and I think your honour, since I seen you last, but that's a great while ago, is altered too.' 'And with reason, Judy,' says Sir Condy, fetching a sort of a sigh—'but how's this, Judy?' he goes on; 'I take it a little amiss of you, that you were not at my wake last night.' 'Ah, don't be being jealous of that,' says she; 'I didn't hear a sentence of your honour's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would have been at it sure—but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over; but,' says she, 'it won't be so, I hope, the next time, please your honour.' 'That we shall see, Judy,' says his honour, 'and may be sooner than you think for, for I've been very unwell this while past, and don't reckon any way I'm long for this world.' At this, Judy takes up the corner of her apron, and puts it first to one eye and then to t'other, being to all appearance in great trouble; and my shister put in her word, and bid his honour have a good heart, for she was sure it was only the gout that Sir Patrick used to have flying about him, and that he ought to drink a glass or a bottle extraordinary to keep it out of his stomach, and he promised to take her advice, and sent out for more spirits immediately; and Judy made a sign to me, and I went over to the door to her, and she said, 'I wonder to see Sir Condy so low! Has he heard the news?' 'What news?' says I. 'Didn't ye hear it, then?' says she; 'my Lady Rackrent that was is kilt and lying for dead, and I don't doubt but its all over with her by this time.' 'Mercy on us all!' says I, 'how was it?' 'The jaunting car it was that run away with her,' says Judy. 'I was coming home that same time from Biddy M'Guggin's marriage, and a great crowd of people too upon the road coming from the fair of Crookaghnawaturgh, and I sees a jaunting car standing in the middle of the road, and with the two wheels off and all tattered. 'What's this?' says I. 'Didn't ye hear of it?' says they that were looking on; 'its my Lady Rackrent's car that was running away from her husband, and the horse took fright at a carrion that lay across the road, and so ran away with the jaunting car, and my Lady Rackrent and

her maid screaming, and the horse ran with them against a car that was coming from the fair, with the boy asleep on it, and the lady's petticoat hanging out of the jaunting car caught, and she was dragged I can't tell you how far upon the road, and it all broken up with the stones just going to be pounded, and one of the road-makers, with his sledge-hammer in his hand, stops the horse at the last; but my Lady Rackrent was all kilt and smashed, and they lifted her into a cabin hard by, and the maid was found after, where she had been thrown, in the gripe of the ditch, her cap and bonnet all full of bog-water,—and they say my lady can't live any way. Thady, pray now is it true what I'm told for sartin, that Sir Condy has made over all to your son Jason?' 'All,' says I. 'All entirely?' says she again. 'All entirely,' says I. 'Then,' says she, 'that's a great shame, but don't be telling Jason what I say.' 'And what is it you say?' cries Sir Condy, leaning over betwixt us, which made Judy start greatly—'I know the time when Judy M'Quirk would never have stayed so long talking at the door, and I in the house.'—'Oh!' says Judy, 'for shame, Sir Condy, times are altered since then, and its my Lady Rackrent you ought to be thinking of.' 'And why should I be thinking of her that's not thinking of me now?' says Sir Condy. 'No matter for that,' says Judy, very properly; 'its time you should be thinking of her, if ever you mean to do it at all, for don't you know she's lying for death?' 'My Lady Rackrent,' says Sir Condy, in a surprise; 'whv its but two days since we parted, as you very well know, Thady, in her full health and spirits, and she and her maid along with her going to Mount Juhet's town on her jaunting car.' 'She'll never ride no more on her jaunting car,' said Judy, 'for it has been the death of her, sure enough.' 'And is she dead, then?' says his honour. 'As good as dead, I hear,' says Judy; 'but there's Thady here has just learnt the whole truth of the story as I had it, and it is fitter he or any body else should be telling it you than I, Sir Condy—I must be going home to the childer.' But he stops her, but rather from civility in him, as I could see very plainly, than any thing else, for Judy was, as his honour remarked at her first coming in, greatly changed, and little likely, as far as I could see—though she did not seem to be clear of it herself—little likely to be my Lady Rackrent now, should there be a second toss-up to be made. But I told him the whole story out of the face, just as Judy had told it to me, and he sent off a messenger with his compliments

to Mount Juliet's town that evening, to learn the truth of the report, and Judy bid the boy that was going call in at Tim M'Enerney's shop in O'Shaughlin's town, and buy her a new shawl. 'Do so,' says Sir Condy, 'and tell Tim to take no money from you, for I must pay him for the shawl myself.' At this my shister throws me over a look, and I says nothing, but turned the tobacco in my mouth, whilst Judy began making a many words about it, and saying how she could not be beholden for shawls to any gentleman. I left her there to consult with my shister, did she think there was any thing in it, and my shister thought I was blind to be asking her the question, and I thought my shister must see more into it than I did, and recollecting all past times and every thing, I changed my mind, and came over to her way of thinking, and we settled it that Judy was very like to be my Lady Rackrent after all, if a vacancy should have happened."

The subsequent conduct of Judy did not exactly please Thady, who began to think that she meditated marriage with his son Jason in preference to Sir Condy. Lady Rackrent's accident, however, was not fatal, though, in anticipation of it, Jason had taken care to buy up the lady's jointure. The purchase-money unfortunately led to Sir Condy's death, for, in the agitation of his heart, drinking with the excise-man and-gauger for a bet, he killed himself. "Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," were the last words he spoke; to which Thady adds, "he had but a poor funeral, after all."

Such is Thady's plain unvarnished tale of Sir Condy Rackrent, to which we know nothing equal save—what?—Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More! Nothing in either is "sacrificed to the sounding of a period, or the pointing of an antithesis; no conclusions are drawn from the facts related, anecdotes being simply poured forth, and conversations detailed, with all the minute prolixity of a gossip in a country town." The humour of the piece principally arises from the equal unconsciousness of the biographer whether to the wit or the absurdity of his remarks. Innumerable are the traits of this sort that we have been compelled to omit in our brief sketch, which we have endeavoured so to draw up that the reader may catch at once its spirit, though unacquainted with the work itself, if there should be such a reader in existence. These are

the touches which, in conjunction with the characters, make this Hibernian tale an historical romance. The facts may be sworn to, and so may the manners, as belonging to the Irish squirearchy of the period, from internal evidence. It is not the introduction of historical names, by way of characters, whether royal or heroic, which constitutes the claims of a romance to the title of historical: these may all be given, and yet the manners of the age and country left untraced. In what respect then can the romance be historical? To superinduce names and personages known in story, may add, indeed, somewhat to the *vraisemblance* of the composition, and fix its date and locality; but, at best, it is but an accidental advantage, and one to which exceptions have, not without reason, been taken. But even on this ground Miss Edgeworth's tales are entitled to the name, since she has introduced historical personages by name; Marmontel and Rousseau, for instance, in *Ormond*. The Laird and the Baillie of Bradwardine, the idiot rhymist David Gellatly, Rose Bradwardine, Flora Mac Ivor, Vich Ian Vohr, and all the other household names of the Scotch novels, are as historical personages as the heir of the Stuarts and Rob Roy. Some of the characters of the Scotch novelist are, indeed, reproductions on a larger scale, and in a form more artificial, (such, for instance, as the Laird and the Baillie of Bradwardine), of "the drunken Sir Patrick, the litigious Sir Murtagh, the fighting Sir Kit, and the slovenly Sir Condy." These characters are also of an historical kind, as belonging to a race long since extinct: at the time of Miss Edgeworth's writing, she says, "they were no more to be met with in Ireland than Squire Western or Parson Trulliber in England." They are also as unlike as possible to the heroes of later novels on Hibernian subjects. That they are not marked by the savage features which distinguish more recent attempts at delineation of Irish character is, however, mainly owing to the superior genius of the artist. Genius is essentially kind and sympathising; it has a fellow-feeling for the whole human family, in all its varieties—a sense for whatever is nature, whether cultivated or wild. Without those qualities it cannot exist; for it would be to belie its very name, which implies, and, in fact, to him who

is able to pluck out the heart of the mystery involved in the appellation, expresses them all. Verily, so much does Genius enter into the soul of things, and so intimately identify itself with the subjects of its skill, that in its most successful exhibitions of passion and apathy, of wisdom and folly, it is apt to be suspected of irony; as having survived feeling, and as reproducing, in sportful reminiscence, the results of former experience. There is some truth in this; but the apparent indifference in the poet himself, while exciting in others the most powerful emotions, may also be ascribable to his own exquisite feeling of those emotions—the perfect unity of his soul with the effect awakened in other minds—the calm possession by a superior intellect of that by which the inferior suffers itself to be possessed—its complete oneness and intercourse with the circle of human existence, and its instinctive communion and equality with all states of enthusiasm and accessions of inspiration. In this spirit of kindness, wherein it lives and moves and has its being, Genius will bring out the most harmonious proportions of what it associates with, set forth their moral fitness, and make manifest whatsoever shall render them loveable and praiseworthy, leav-

ing it to mere talent to congregate the hateful and savage, however effectively produced, in works addressed to diseased imaginations. Whatsoever Genius touches, it redeems, and elevates the rudest and rankest of created existences above the natural condition in which it finds them, into a region of its own, and there restores them to their original brightness and purity, with like powerful art as that whereby philosophers

“Bind
Volatile Hermes, and cull up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the
sen,
Drained through a limbeck to his native
form.”

In all this the Edgeworths and the Scotts are as unlike as possible, thank Heaven! to the Morgans and the Bulwers. All love their works, because they seem to love all; and in a universal spirit of benevolence to hold out the hand of good fellowship, like descended deities, to all sorts and conditions of men, rich or poor, high or low, good or evil, in virtue of their common humanity, without respect to clime or time, or blood or creed. Such minds are of such capacity, that, as into the Holy of Holies in the Paradise of Hades,

“Innumerable companies
Of the diluvian and the after-time,
According to their orders and degrees,
Enter the cloistered space.

We must conclude the quotation, maugre the change in the mood of the verb:

“Men of each clime,
Of every creed, the righteous and the good,
Have entered now the nine-fold gate sublime
Here in one court that great assembly stood,
Inner as outer, for the wall was not
That made distinction of belief and blood,
Partition obsolete—a catholic spot!”

Catholicity is indeed the peculiar characteristic of Genius—an exclusive spirit is the sign of a narrow and little mind, the concomitant of a contracted and stunted understanding, which, incapable of comprehending the deep mysteries of life, and the full extent of creation, would reduce every thing to the measure of its own paltry concep-

tions. True Genius, like Christianity, on the contrary, enlarges and exalts even the minutest and meanest of objects, by imparting to them its own greatness, and inter-penetrating them with those harmonies of universal being and power and truth, which entertain the soul with spiritual communications,

“Deeper by far than the mysterious swell
Of ocean's diapason, tender made,
Like Memory, in his imitative shell,
And finer than sphere-music, and displayed
E'en more divinely in the calm recess
Of simple hearts, hid in the quiet shade,
Who make their own world, and, though dead to this,
Live in that other, and sweet visions see,
Pensive as thought, and grave as earnest bliss.”

In this divine and sacred spirit are conceived Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*. This is the great charm of *Ennui*; a story of the redemption of a soul, glorious in design, and almost faultless in execution. In the character of the *ennuyé* she finds nothing to condemn in all that the world would censure, but contemplates it all as parts of that mysterious process by which the salvation of a human being was worked out with fear and trembling. We grant that we are taking more religious ground than the novelist expresses in the tale, but not more than she implies—but not more moral—and what are morals but the external signs and witnesses of a pious will, if not of the essence of piety itself? The Earl of Glenthorn, bred up in luxurious indolence, and saved the trouble of thinking and acting for himself, found that he was without motive for exertion, or object to desire. On the pinnacle of glory, he had nothing to do but to sit still and enjoy the barrenness of the prospect. Oppressed with insuperable listlessness, he sought relief in gaming, and married, not for love, but to avert the consequences of his imprudence. He then sought in the pleasures of the table a remedy for his old complaint—but vainly. Awearied of the sun, though only just entering his twenty-fifth year, he was prevailed on by his lady to spend the summer at Sherwood Park. But here an event happened to him which threw a colour on his future life. The Earl of Glenthorn had been born in Ireland, and nursed in an Irish cabin till he was two years old. Retiring from noisy company, with resolutions of suicide, having put a pistol in his pocket, our *ennuyé* left Sherwood House, and took the private way to the forest. Here he was met by his foster-mother, who had come all the way from Ireland to see him—such is the attachment of these people to their foster-children. Casting, in the excess of her sensibility, her arms about his horse's neck, she caused it to plunge and throw its master. In this extremity of his danger, and supposed dead, his lordship is almost as much neglected as was Tiberius, Henry IV. of France, William Rufus, and George II. The old nurse, however, insists upon attending him, and, upon his recovery, he is animated with a wish to visit his Irish territories, having been impressed by her representations with a high idea of his feudal power; a wish, which, upon occasion of Lady Glen-

thorn's eloping with one Crawley, his lordship's agent, he ultimately realises.

From this point the story possesses a twofold interest, the historical and the moral. Irish manners are developed hand in hand with the character of the *ennuyé*. Roused to the circumstances of his country from his habitual indolence, he soon discovers the blessing of having something to do. The modes of posting, and the character of the low Irish, are well indicated. Ellinor (his foster-mother) is finely drawn, and so is M'Leod, a Scotchman, the agent on the estates. He is well contrasted with a Mr. Hardcastle, the agent of a dowager Lady Ormsby, who had an estate in the neighbourhood. There are also Sir Harry Ormsby, and Lady Kildangan and her daughter Geraldine, and her poet-lover Mr. Devereux, and her butt Miss Tracey, and Miss Bland, and Lord and Lady Kilrush, and Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. O'Connor, and Mrs. Lighton, and Lord Craglethorpe, with his surveyor Mr. Gabbitt, and Mrs. Norton and Lady Hanton, representatives in Ireland of London fashion, where, however, Lord Glenthorn had never met them in any of the higher circles—and Lord O'Toole and his chaplain—all excellent portraits; adding to the other attractions of the tale that of the fashionable novel in its best mood, presenting highly-finished paintings of domestic life and good society. With Geraldine our *ennuyé* falls in love, for the first time in his life; and though disappointed, derives advantage from the adventure, in having been excited to feeling and interest in the on-goings of existence. Another adventure is of more serious consequence to him. Certain insurrectionists having laid a plan of making him a captain of rebels, or, in case of his refusal, putting him to death, are anticipated in their designs, and taken captive. Among the prisoners his old nurse Ellinor thinks that there is one of her sons, and pleads for his escape—and on his lordship refusing, threatens him with making it known that he is *not* the right Earl of Glenthorn, but her son, she having, in true Irish fashion, changed him at nurse. Our *ennuyé* determines on a noble deed; he surrenders the estate to the rightful heir, Christy O'Donoghoe, the smith, resolving to betake himself to the study of the law. For Ellinor O'Donoghoe the excess and contrariety of her feelings is too much; and, at her burial, standing on a mo-

nument belonging to the Glenthams family, the *emmyé* informs the multitude of the turn in his fortune, and departs from the country, followed with applause. Employment in an honourable profession effectually cures him of the malady which originated in his having nothing to do; while Christy and his family, abusing, as a matter of course, the unexpected gifts of fortune, realised only the evils attendant upon their new condition. His wife would be a lady, and wasted his substance; the castle was burnt down to the ground by his only son John, who, being in liquor, stuck the candle against the head of his bed, as he used "oftentimes to do, without detriment in the cabin where he was reared, against the mud wall," and was smothered with the flame and smoke. Christy is accordingly glad to return to his forge, and gives back again the estate to his foster-brother, who in the meantime having married the ultimate heiress-at-law, is enabled to receive it with a good title, and, having cultivated his understanding, and acquired a taste for literature, to enjoy it with a right relish.

In addition to the characters already mentioned, Michael Noonan, Joe Kelly, Jim Riley, Lord and Lady Y—, and Miss Delamere, are well worthy of study. One incident in the *Emmyé* cannot be too often extracted, as "beautiful exceedingly," and beyond all praise. It is as follows:—

"During the time that my first hot fit of benevolence was on me, I was riding home one evening after dining with Mr. Harcastle, and I was struck with the sight of a cabin, more wretched than any I had ever before beheld: the feeble light of a single rush-candle through the window revealed its internal misery.

"Does any body live in that hovel?" said I.

"Ay, sure, does there: the Noonans, please your honour," replied a man on the road. Noonans! I recollected the name to be that of the pugilist, who had died in consequence of the combat at which I had been present in London; who had, with his dying breath, besought me to convey his only half-guinea and his silk handkerchief to his poor father and sister. I alighted from my horse, asking the man, at the same time, if the son of this Noonan had not died in England.

"He had, sir, a son in England, Mick Noonan, who used to send him odd guineas, I mind, and was a good lad to his father, though wild; and there's been no account of him at-all at-all this long

while: but the old man has another boy, a sober lad, who's abroad with the army in the East Indies; and it's he that is the hope of the family. And there's the father—and old as he is, and poor, and a cripple, I'd engage there is not a happier man in the three counties at this very time speaking: for it is just now I seen young Jemmy Riley, the daughter's bachelor, go by with a letter. What news? says I. Great news! says he: a letter from Tom Noonan to his father; and I'm going in to read it for him."

"By the time my voluble informant had come to this period, I had reached the cabin-door. Who could have expected to see smiles, and hear exclamations of joy, under such a roof?"

"I saw the father, with his hands clasped in ecstasy, and looking up to heaven, with the strong expression of delight in his aged countenance. I saw every line of his face, for the light of the candle was full upon it. The daughter, a beautiful girl, kneeling beside him, held the light for the young man, who was reading her brother's letter. I was sorry to interrupt them.

"Your honour's kindly welcome," said the old man, making an attempt to rise.

"Pray don't let me disturb you."

"It was only a letter from a boy of mine that's over the seas we was reading," said the old man. "A better boy to an old father, that's good for nothing now in this world, never was, please your honour. See what he has sent me: a draft here for ten guineas—out of the little pay he has. God for ever bless him!—as he surely will."

"After a few minutes' conversation, the old man's heart was so much opened towards me, that he talked as freely as if he had known me for years. I led to the subject of his other son Michael, who was mentioned in the letter as a wild chap. 'Ah! your honour, that's what lies heaviest on my heart, and will to my dying day, that Mick, before he died, which they say he did surely a twelvemonth ago, over there in England, never so much as sent me one line, good or bad, or his sister a token to remember him by even!'"

"Had he but sent us the least bit of a word, or the least token in life, I had been content," said the sister, wiping her eyes: "we don't so much as know how he died."

"I took this moment to relate the circumstances of Michael Noonan's death: and when I told them of his dying request about the half-guinea and the silk handkerchief, they were all so much touched, that they utterly forgot the ten-guinea draft, which I saw on the ground,

in the dirt, under the old man's feet, whilst he contemplated the half-guinea which his poor Michael had sent him: repeating, 'Poor fellow! poor fellow! 'twas all he had in the world. God bless him!—Poor Michael! he was a wild chap! but none better to his parents than he while the life was in him. Poor Michael!'

"In no country have I found such strong instances of filial affection as in Ireland. Let the sons go where they may, let what will befall them, they never forget their parents at home: they write to them constantly the most affectionate letters, and send them a share of whatever they earn."

Ormond is especially rich in the delineation of Irish character, and indeed we may say of English and French also. Sir Ulich O'Shane, and Marcus and Moriarty Carroll, and King Corny, and Aunt O'Faley, and Dora, and the White and Black Connals, and O'Tara the cock-fighter, and Dr. Cambray and his family, and Lady Millicent, and Sir Herbert and Lady Annaly, and the beautiful Florence, are all evidences of the fecundity of the author's admirable genius. The creative faculty is alive in every lineament; not a touch but tells, not a line but is a trait of national or individual peculiarity. It is a pleasure to peruse such works as this, in which not a word is thrown away. But the secret of his daughter's success is well painted by the father. "The natural and happy confidence,"—so this excellent individual was, in his seventy-fourth year, able to inform the reader,—"reposed in me by my daughter, puts it in my power to assure the public that she does not write negligently. I can assert that twice as many pages were written for these volumes as are now printed." Miss Edgeworth's works indeed contain sufficient evidence that she had learned the art how to blot. Her father, indeed, was accustomed to blot for her. It was undoubtedly a great advantage to this inimitable writer, and may account for the *manly* character of her works, that she should have been blessed by a wise Providence with such a father. Never were parent and child so fitted for each other. "Whenever I thought of writing any thing," says Miss Edgeworth, "I always told him my first rough plans; and always, with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer the purpose. '*Sketch me that,*

and shew it to me.' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hope of success. It was then sketched. Sometimes, when I was fond of a particular part, I used to dilate on it in the sketch; but to this he always objected; 'I don't want any of your painting—none of your drapery. I can imagine all that; let me see the bare skeleton.'"

"It seemed to me," continues the amiable biographer, "sometimes impossible that he could understand the very slight sketches I made; when, before I was conscious that I had expressed this doubt in my countenance, he always saw it.

"Now, my dear little daughter, I know, does not believe that I understand her.' Then he would, in his own words, fill up my sketch, paint the description, or represent the character intended, with such life, that I was quite convinced he not only seized the ideas, but that he saw, with the prophetic eye of taste, the utmost that could be made of them. After a sketch had his approbation, he would not see the filling it up till it had been worked upon for a week or fortnight, or till the first thirty or forty pages were written; then they were read to him; and if he thought them going on tolerably well, the pleasure in his eyes, the approving sound of his voice, even without the praise he so warmly bestowed, were sufficient and delightful excitements to 'go on and finish.' When he thought that there was spirit in what was written, but that it required, as it often did, great correction, he would say, 'Leave that to me. It is my business to cut and correct—your's to write on.' His skill in *cutting*, his decision in criticism, was peculiarly useful to me. His ready invention and infinite resource, when I had run myself into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate me at my utmost need. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished any thing without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential in the first instance to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation. Such, happily for me, were his powers over

my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished."

Mr. Edgeworth would often advise his daughter to lay by what was done for several months, and turn her mind to something else, that she might look back at it afterwards with fresh eyes—a practice which we know to be beneficial. Accordingly, many things she had written lay by several years, while she was occupied on others; and they were reconsidered by her father,—read again at long intervals, and recorrected with much drudgery of revision. Such are the pains necessary to insure such finished excellence as characterises these tales; a particular in which they are superior to the Scotch novels, which are, one and all, notwithstanding their surpassing merit, marked with many traces of negligence, both in regard to style and conduct.

The preface to the tales of *Harrington* and *Ormond* was written a few days only previous to Mr. Edgeworth's death, which occurred on the 13th June, 1817. The preface is dated May 31. The day before, he had addressed a letter to Mrs. Beaufort, his wife's mother, in which he writes: "Maria's Tales will soon issue from the press. If they fail of succeeding with the public, you will hear of my hanging myself." Thus he wrote in the certainty of their success; in which it was impossible for him indeed to be disappointed. He gave, relative to these works, extraordinary proofs of a father's affection for a daughter. "After days and nights of sickness and pain, such as would have incapacitated any other mind, my father," says Miss Edgeworth, "in the intervals of ease allowed him, heard every evening, with inconceivable eagerness of interest, what had been written for him every morning; he still pursuing the labour of correction with an acuteness and perseverance of attention, of which I cannot bear to think." In a letter of June 8, (five days only before his death), this exemplary parent, in a letter to Lady Romilly, again alludes to these tales:—"In a few days I hope you will receive Maria's new Tales. I do acknowledge that I set a high value upon them. They have cheered the lingering hours of my illness; and they have—I speak literally—given me more hours of pleasure during my confinement than could well be imagined, from the nature of my illness."

Harrington is an instance of what we have before written as to the essential and characteristic benevolence of genius. A Jewish lady in America, conceiving that the Hebrew nation had been treated with illiberality in some of Miss Edgeworth's works, wrote a letter to the gifted novelist on the subject. She readily made the *amende honorable* in this interesting tale. Cumberland and Lessing, the dramatists, had already done justice to the tribe, or tribes; and Shakespeare always, even in painting bad characters, is careful, by some touches, to redeem them within the pale of our common nature. For Shylock, the usurious and cruel-hearted, he demands indignation; but he abjures all prejudices against him on account of his creed and country. As the Jew, he is careful to enter his defence at all points: "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?" There is, nevertheless, much ground for the complaint, that, even in works of genius, objectionable characters are represented too often in the form of Jews. "Not only," says Harrington, "in the old story-books, where the Jews are as well fixed to be wicked as the bad fairies, or bad genii, or allegorical personifications of the devils and the vices in the old emblems, mysteries, moralities, &c., but in almost every work of fiction, I found them represented as hateful beings; nay, even in modern tales of very late years, since I have come to man's estate, I have met with books, by authors professing candour and toleration—books written expressly for the rising generation, called, if I mistake not, *Moral Tales for Young People*; and even in these, wherever the Jews are introduced, I find that they are invariably represented as beings of a mean, avaricious, unprincipled, treacherous character. Even the peculiarity of their persons—the errors of their foreign dialect and pronunciation, were mimicked and caricatured, as if to render them objects of perpetual derision and detestation." But all this was not the work of genius,

but a work of darkness and ignorance, which genius had to surmount, and has surmounted. Stories of Jews, now held too preposterous for the infant and the nursery-maid to credit, were, some centuries ago, universally believed by the English nation, and had furnished more than one of our kings with pretexts for extortion and massacre. Strange to say, however, Shakespeare, in the *Merchant of Venice*, has reversed the circumstances of the historical narration, in which it is the Christian who demands the pound of flesh of the Jew. Nevertheless, the genius of the dramatist, by the means already indicated, has contrived to triumph over the prejudices to which, for the purpose of gaining a hearing, he only seemed to submit. Miss Edgeworth's Jew is as true a copy of Mendelssohn, as Scott's Rebecca is of her Berenice. The character of the Widow Levy, the Irish-woman, is first-rate.

After all, Miss Edgeworth's forte lies in her delineation of Irish character. For this reason, the *Absentee* cannot possibly be omitted in any review of her works,—a work which, as her father observes, is not intended as a censure upon those whose duties, and employments, and superior talents, lead them to the capital, but to warn the thoughtless and the unoccupied from seeking distinction by frivolous imitation of fashion and ruinous waste of fortune. A country gentleman, or even a nobleman, he adds, who does not sit in Parliament, may be as usefully and as honourably employed in Yorkshire, Mid-Lothian, or Ireland, as at a club-house or an assembly in London. We think so too. The kindness of genius, and its freedom from prejudices, is exemplified in the even-handed justice which the writer has exhibited in respect to the Irish agents. Mr. Burke is the *beau-ideal* of what an agent ought to be; and softens the state of things as they might have been under the Garrahtys only. Lord and Lady Clonbrony are excellent in their way. Lord Colambre is generosity itself; but Sir Terence O'Fay is the Irishman in London—the friend of the poor Irish absentee noble. Long life to his memory! for his virtues are *bulls*, and his blunders virtues. His morality is truly Hibernian; he is a good *fellow*, though far from a good *man*.

There are some excellent short tales in the *Essay on Irish Bulls*; *ex. gr.* "Little Dominick," "The Hibernian Mendicant," "The Man who had a Vote and no Vote," "The Landlord with his four bones," (namely, his arms and legs), are all capital—perfect gems. "The Irish Incognito," too, is entertaining. Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales* also contain two pieces of true Irish humour. Farmer Grey and easy Simon, in *Rosanna*, are well contrasted, as illustrative of the two kinds of content,—that which submits day after day to evils which a few hours would remedy; and that which, struggling with adversity with all the strongest powers of mind and body, supports irremediable evils with a degree of cheerful fortitude which must excite at once our pity and admiration. *Limerick Gloves* well ridicules the national prejudice against the Irish,—a task which the authoress might well perform for her countrymen, as she has accomplished it for the Jews; more especially as it was once seriously proposed to assign over Ireland to the Jews, and allow them to establish themselves there as a nation. Well would it be for both isles, if by such, or any ridicule or argument, a prejudice so injurious to either might be put out of countenance for ever. Miss Edgeworth's endeavour was equally patriotic and benevolent; and well might her patriotism be exerted; for she could enumerate native men of genius whose names would justify her regard. "Ireland," says she, "can boast of Usher, Boyle, Denham, Congreve, Molyneux, Farquhar, Sir Richard Steele, Bickerstaff, Sir Hans Sloane, Berkeley, Orrery, Parnel, Swift, T. Sheridan, Welsham, Bryan Robinson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Johnson,* Tickel, Brooke, Zeland, Hussey Burgh, three Hamiltons, Young, Charlemont, Macklin, Murphy, Mrs. Sheridan,† Francis Sheridan, Kirwan, Brinsley Sheridan, and Burke." Yes—an Irish patriot has motive sufficient to be proud of his country, notwithstanding all her calamities and faults. And there are spirits, moreover, who can feel such cause of pride, and sympathise with its effects. Genius, particularly, will always be found ready to receive and extend the sentiment. This, Southey has illustrated by his remarks on the subject in

* Author of *Chrysal*; or, *Adventures of a Guinea*.

† Author of the beautiful moral tale *Nourjahad*.

his Colloquies, and more especially in the ode with which he concludes the first volume. Even while denouncing the Romanist clergy for not having done what they might towards the civil conversion of the lower class, the laureat bears honourable testimony to the people, as "abounding with generous and grateful feelings; who are susceptible, above all other people, of kindness; but who, nevertheless, are committing more unprovoked murders and inhuman crimes than are perpetrated in any other country under the face of heaven." Certain it is, that with such a people, the Romanist clergy of Ireland, as masters and keepers of the consciences of men, might have done much. They might, as the same great writer insists, have enforced upon the gentry of their communion the religious duty of dealing equitably and mercifully with the peasants; they might have made them feel what a sin

it is to grind the faces of the poor. In no other country is the influence of the priesthood so great; but they use not that influence to avert oppression, or to raise the moral character of the poor, contenting themselves with ministering to their physical condition in the season of sickness and the hour of death, for which, undoubtedly, they deserve praise. Might they not, however, use the confessional to prevent crimes, by refusing absolution until a public acknowledgment is made? instead of which, they encourage it, by taking the disclosure, and granting the absolution under the seal of secrecy. This is a sin of omission, for which they merit censure. What, then, is their offence, if it be found that they themselves encourage crime, by fomenting sedition and rebellion? Let us, however, turn from the contemplation of these things—let us pass from politics to letters.

"O thou fair island! with thy sister isle
Indissolubly linked for weal and woe;
Partaker of her present power,
Her everlasting fame;
Dear pledges hast thou rendered and received
Of that eternal union! Bedell's grave
Is in thy keeping; and with thee
Deposited doth Taylor's holy dust
Await the archangel's call.
O land profuse of genius and of worth!
Largely hast thou received, and largely given!
Green island of the west,
The example of unspotted Ormond's faith
To thee we owe;—to thee
Boyle's venerable name:
Berkeley the wise, the good:
And that great orator, who first
Unmasked the harlot sorceress Anarchy,
What time, in Freedom's borrowed form profaned,
She to the nations round
Her draught of witchcraft gave:
And him who in the field
O'erthrew her giant offspring in his strength,
And brake the iron rod.
Proud of such debt,
Rich to be thus indebted,—these,
Fair island, sister queen
Of ocean, Ireland, these to thee we owe."

Miss Edgeworth has likewise been very successful in delineating English manners. Her *Modern Griselda*, *Leonora*, *Belinda*, and *Patronage*, are great works, consider them as we will. Their ethical merit is not to be doubted, and the spirit of their characteristic sketches not to be exceeded. They contain, it is true, but few full-length portraits; but this is a defect amply compensated by the variety which distinguishes her

picture gallery, and the general *vraisemblance* of the likenesses of which it is composed. Her *Modern Griselda*, who is the direct opposite of the ancient one, is chiefly remarkable for the evidence which it bears to the manliness of the writer's genius. She seems to shew no sympathy toward the failings of her sex; but, like a true friend to it of another, to point them out for correction. In the words of Milton, she

warns the husband, "who to worth in woman overtrusting, lets her will rule." This the modern Griselda, Mrs. Bolinbroke, had been permitted to do, to her husband's cost and her own. Jealous of every person and thing capable of diverting, for a moment, her husband's attention, she resents his assertion of free agency, sometimes by reproaches, sometimes by sullen silence; at length she proposes a separation—it is accepted. This lady's character is contrasted with Mrs. Granby, an amiable and complying wife, but the object of the heroine's envy. The *Leonora* is an exquisite production as to style; but the subject is simple, and the *dé-nouement* is out of keeping. The husband's conversion to conjugal fidelity should have been brought about by purely moral means, and not by the accidental interception of Olivia's letters. This the reader is led to expect by the heroine's expressed and repeated resolution, that she shall trust to no weapons in reconquering her husband's heart but such as virtue and discretion would supply. This would indeed have been a triumph, in which the reader would have placed entire confidence. A change of mind is better than a circumstantial deliverance from evil. The epistolary style of this novel is indeed excellent. Lady Olivia's letters trem with French and German sentiment: her metaphysics are admirable in the way of self-deception. Leonora's are amiable as her own disposition, candid as her mind, generous as her heart. Those of the duchess, her mother, are of a lofty English character, and so penetrative, that Olivia's jargon of virtue and sensibility is at once detected for pretension, when examined in the light of her understanding as transferred into her correspondence. That of the confidante, Gabrielle de P——, an *intrigante* and *élégante*, will be admired in proportion as the difficulty of drawing the character shall be rightly appreciated. General B.'s letters are exceedingly characteristic—full of good sense and a knowledge of the world, bluntly expressed. It is evident that considerable pains were taken upon this little work. Mr. Edgeworth begins a letter to his daughter thus:—"Your critic,

partner, father, friend, has finished your *Leonora*. He has cut out a few pages; one or two letters are nearly untouched; the rest are cut, scrawled, and interlined without mercy. I make no doubt," he adds, "of the success of the book amongst a *certain class of readers*, PROVIDED it be reduced to one small volume, and provided it be polished *ad unguem*, so that neither flaw nor seam can be perceived by the utmost critical acumen. As it has no story to interest the curiosity, no comic to make the reader laugh, nor tragic to make him cry, it must depend upon the development of sentiment, the verisimilitude of character, and the elegance of style, which the higher classes of the literary world expect in such a performance, and may accept in lieu of fable, and of excitement for their feelings. These you well know how to give; and your honest gratitude towards a favouring public will induce your accustomed industry to put the highest finish to the work. For this purpose, I advise you to revise it frequently, and look upon it as a promising infant committed to your care, which you are bound by many ties to educate, and bring out when it is fit to be presented. The design is worthy of that encouragement which you have always received; it rests on nature, truth, sound morality, and religion; and if you polish it, it will sparkle in the regions of moral fashion. You will be surprised to hear, that I have corrected more faults of style in this than in any thing I have ever corrected for you. Your uncle Rutton's criticisms have, except one, been adopted by me; and I hope, when you have corrected it again, that he will have the goodness to revise it a second time."

One extract like this, from such correspondence, is worth a volume of criticism.

Belinda is a work of length, though called only a moral tale—"the author not wishing to acknowledge a novel." An incident in *Belinda* gives rise to a point of criticism, which Miss Edgeworth has, however, anticipated. The story of Virginia and Clarence Harvey was suggested by the circumstance of Mr. Day's* educating

* Mr. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, and a pleasing poem called the *Dying Negro*. He was a singular character. At the time of Mr. Edgeworth's first acquaintance with him, he lived with his parents at Barchill, in Berkshire. He visited at Hare-hatch, during an Oxford vacation: his exterior was not prepossessing:

Sabrina for his wife; and many other hints for invention were furnished to Miss Edgeworth by the incidents and characters which her father had met with in his youth, and which he related to her. But, in many cases, she adds, the attempt to join truth and fiction did not succeed; and, in her opinion, the story of *Virginia* was a failure. To avoid representing the real character of Mr. Day, which she did not think it right to draw, she used the incident, with the fictitious characters, which she made as unlike the real persons as she possibly could. Her father observed to her afterwards, that in this and other instances, the very circumstances that were taken from real life are those that have been objected to as improbable or impossible. For this, as he shewed her, there were good and sufficient rea-

sons. In the first place, anxiety to avoid drawing the characters that were to be blamable or ridiculous from any individuals in real life, led her to apply whatever circumstances were taken from reality to characters quite different from those to whom the facts had occurred; and, consequently, when so applied, they were unsuitable and improbable: besides, as her father remarked, the circumstances which in real life fix the attention, because they are out of the common course of events, are for this very reason unfit for the moral purposes, as well as for the dramatic effect of fiction. The interest we take in hearing an uncommon fact, often depends on our belief in its truth. Introduce it into fiction, and this interest cases—the reader stops to question the truth or probability of the narrative—

he seldom combed his raven locks, though he was remarkably fond of bathing, and he was of a grave and melancholy temperament. Suspicious of the female sex, and averse to risk his happiness with them, he delighted, even in their company, to descant on the evils brought upon mankind by love. Yet he expected that, with a person neither formed by nature nor cultivated by art to please, he should win some female wiser than the rest of women, who should moreover feel for him the most romantic and everlasting attachment. He was perfectly moral, incalculably generous, and enthusiastically patriotic. He conversed on literature of all sorts, but principally on metaphysics; his reasoning was profound and logical—stated with eloquence. The *Dying Negro* was written in conjunction with Mr. Bicknell, whose share in the work is pointed out in Dr. Kippis's Biographical Dictionary. In 1768, Mr. Day accompanied Mr. Edgeworth into Ireland. Dublin struck the fastidious visitor with surprise and disgust. The streets were, indeed, wretchedly paved, and very dirty. The poor were squalid, and their tones discordant. The hackney-coaches, their horses, and, still more, their drivers, were alike uncouth. The hovels—the black tracts of bog—the unusual smell of turf fuel—went far to shake Mr. Day's deep-seated prejudices in favour of savage life, which he had derived from certain philosophers of the time, in London and Paris. The scene and inconveniences of a contested election had no tendency to raise his notions. On the other hand, Mr. Edgeworth's father was much annoyed at Mr. Day's want of politeness in conventional intercourse. His sister, however, found out the stoic's merits, and was inclined to accept him as a lover. Upon the two friends quitting Ireland, the lady was left studying metaphysics, and the philosopher went to London to study the graces. They, however, soon understood that they were not suited to each other, and Mr. Day resolved to put in practice the scheme alluded to in the text.

This eccentric individual determined to breed up two girls, as equally as possible, under his own eye; hoping that they might be companions to each other while they were children, and that before they grew up to be women, he might be able to decide which of them would be most agreeable to himself for a wife. From a number of orphans he selected one girl, to whom he gave the name of Sabrina Sydney, and in a few days after went to the Foundling Hospital in London, and chose another, whom he called Lucretia. He took them with him to France, and resided a considerable time at Avignon, where he excited much surprise by his mode of life and by his opinions; but his simplicity of conduct, strict morality, uncommon generosity, and excellent understanding, soon made him respected. He took care that his pupils should not learn French, leaving thus their minds open to such ideas and sentiments only as he desired to implant. Fashion he permitted not, and was not desirous of cultivating their understandings. Their ignorance was, with him, a security for their innocence. He taught them by slow degrees to read and write; by continually talking to them, by reasoning, and by ridicule, he endeavoured to imbue them with a deep hatred for dress, and luxury, and fine people, and fashion, and titles. One of his pupils, being invincibly stupid, he disposed of to a husband with a fortune of three

the illusion and the dramatic effect are destroyed; and as to the moral, no safe conclusion for conduct can be drawn from any circumstances which have not frequently happened, and which are not likely often to recur. In proportion as events are extraordinary, they are useless or unsafe as foundations for prudential reasoning. Besides all this, there are usually, as Miss Edgeworth judiciously remarks, some small concurrent circumstances connected with extraordinary facts, which we like, and admit as evidences of the truth, but which the rules of composition and taste forbid the introducing into fiction; so that the writer is reduced to the difficulty either of omitting the evidence on which the belief of reality rests, or of introducing what may be contrary to good taste,

incongruous, out of proportion to the rest of the story, delaying its progress, or destructive of its unity. In short, it is dangerous to put a patch of truth into a fiction, for the truth is too strong for the fiction, and on all sides pulls it asunder.

Miss Edgeworth found that her *Patronage* was liable to a similar objection, in regard to some incidents. In her defence she pleaded their truth. A considerable estate, for instance, had actually been regained by the discovery of a sixpence under the seal of a deed, which had been coined later than the deed. The story is related at length by Mr. Edgeworth of his own immediate ancestor. Upon the death of his grandfather, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "My father, who was then an orphan of but eight years old, must have lost

or four hundred pounds. His other pupil, Sabrina Sydney, was, at Mr. Day's return from France, a very pleasing girl of thirteen. Her countenance was engaging. She had fine auburn hair, that hung in natural ringlets on her neck; a beauty which was then more striking, because other people wore enormous quantities of powder and pomatum. Her long eyelashes, and eyes expressive of sweetness, interested all who saw her, and the uncommon melody of her voice made a favourable impression upon every person to whom she spoke.

How ended this philosophic romance?

In a pleasant house at Star Hill, close to Lichfield, Mr. Day pursued his plan of education with Sabrina, until she was too old to remain in his house without a protectress, when he removed her to a boarding-school at Sutton Colfield. During the early part of the year 1771, however, her guardian conceived an attachment for Miss Honoria Sneyd (afterwards Mrs. Honoria Edgeworth), and was in a fair way of acceptance, when he proposed such hard terms as the conditions of his marriage, that the lady was compelled to decline the offer of his hand, and transferred him over to her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, who succeeded in converting the cynic to some of the assiduities of social life, but could not reward him for his exertions with her heart.

In the meantime, he became really attached to Sabrina; but she neglected, on some occasion or other, to attend to certain peculiar fancies of his as to her dress, and he, considering the circumstance as a criterion of her attachment, and as a proof of her want of strength of mind, quitted her for ever! He afterwards married a Miss Milnes; but previous to his marriage, by way of preliminary, there was no subject of opinion or speculation which he did not discuss with his intended bride. She was eloquently equal to the task, both before and after marriage. Mr. Day discussed and declaimed, and Mrs. Day replied in chosen language and with appropriate emphasis. The subjects were mostly political and metaphysical. Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth went to see the new-married couple at Hampstead. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow; and, to their great surprise, they found Mrs. Day walking with her husband on the Heath, wrapped up in a frieze cloak, and her feet well fortified with thick shoes. They were accustomed to debate together in the fields. He afterwards bought a house and a small estate, called Stapleford-Abbot, near Abridge, in Essex. Wanting to enlarge the house, he bought Ware's *Architecture*, but to little purpose. While deep in a treatise on French agriculture, the mason desired to know where he would have the window of the new room on the first floor. Immovable in his chair, he directed the wall to be built first,—the window could be cut out afterwards. It was intended for a dressing-room for Mrs. Day: it however never had a window, and candles were lighted in it whenever it was used. It was subsequently converted into a lumber-room, and the estate was in the end resold without any window having been made.

Mr. Day was at last killed by a fall from his horse, which he had endeavoured to train himself, having observed that horses suffer much in the breaking from the brutality of common horse-breakers.

his whole property, had not Mr. Pakenham, his guardian, taken care of him and of it. Mr. Pakenham, though related to my father only by the half-blood, was as kind to him as it was possible for the most affectionate parent to be. Perceiving that my father was of an uncommonly steady disposition, Mr. Pakenham had advised him to go to the temple, at eighteen, instead of going to college. This prudent counsel my father followed, and by application to business, and by making himself master of his own affairs, he recovered a considerable part of his estate, which had been unjustly detained from him by some of his own family. He told me a singular detection of fraud in one of the suits in which he was engaged. A deed was produced against him which was witnessed by a very old man, who was brought into court. His venerable aspect prepossessed the court strongly in favour of his veracity : he said that he was an ancient servant of the Edgeworth family, and had been accustomed to transcribe papers for the gentleman who had executed the deed. He began by declaring, that he had foreseen, from the particular circumstances of the deed, which went to disinherit the heir of the family, that the transaction might hereafter be brought into dispute ; he had therefore, he said, privately put a sixpence under the seal of the deed, which would appear if the seal were broken. The seal was broken in open court, and the sixpence was found to be dated five years subsequent to the date of the deed ! The deed being thus proved to be a forgery, my father gained his suit."

The medical case, and the manner in which a bishop is saved from suffocation, in the same novel, are capable of similar verification.

The history of the way in which *Patronage* originated is singular. "In 1787," says Miss E., "my father, to amuse Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth when she was recovering after the birth of one of my brothers, related to us every evening, when we assembled in her room, part of this story, which I believe he invented as he went on. It was found so interesting by his audience, that they regretted much that it should not be preserved, and I, in consequence, began to write it from memory. The plan, founded on the story of two families, one making their way in the world by independent efforts,

the other by mean arts, and by courting the great, was long afterwards the ground-work of *Patronage*. The character of Lord Oldborough was added, but most of the others remained as my father originally described them : his hero and heroine were in greater difficulties than mine ; more in love, and consequently more interesting ; and the whole story was infinitely more entertaining. I mention this, because some people took it for granted that he wrote parts of *Patronage*, of which, in truth, he did not write, to the best of my recollection, any single passage ; and it is remarkable, that they have ascribed to him all those faults which were exclusively mine ; the original design, which was really his, and which I altered, had all that merit of lively action and interest, in which mine has been found deficient."

It would be absurd, at this time of day, to go into the numerous little tales which fell from Miss Edgeworth's pen. It must, however, be noticed, that to the edition now publishing, are added, for the first time, her *Moral Tales*, written for the purposes of education. What this family has done for the education of the infant mind, forms so interesting a part of their merits, that to pretermitt mention of it were an offence to be tried by a jury. In these tales, it may be said, in the words of her editor, that "her comic and playful satire ranks her high in the dominions of humour, while it is combined with a sterling common sense, and a power of picturesque description, which seldom fall to the lot of the wit or the satirist." Her story-telling powers are admirable. Who but herself could infuse so much grace and shrewdness into so small a compass as we find them in the *Moral and Popular Tales*, in "To-morrow," "Murad the Unlucky," and many others ? The present edition, however, we understand will not include any of those writings of Miss Edgeworth which are of a more juvenile character than the *Moral Tales* ; a smaller size being deemed more appropriate. We confess, that while the thing was about, we would rather that the whole of her contributions to the literature of her country were published in the same size and series.

The *Moral Tales* were written to illustrate the opinions delivered in *Practical Education*, a work composed in con-

junction by father, mother, and daughter. It was begun by the former and Mrs. Honoria Edgeworth, about the year 1778, when she, in teaching her first child to read, found the want of something to follow Mrs. Barbauld's lessons, and felt the difficulty of explaining the language of the books for children which were then in use. This formed the first part of *Harry and Lucy*, which was printed literally for his own children, and not published for many years afterwards. He intended to have carried on the history of *Harry and Lucy* through every stage of childhood; to have diffused through an interesting story the first principles of morality, with some of the elements of science and literature, so as to shew parents how these may be taught, without wearying the pupil's attention. A design of this kind was then new, scarcely any English writer of eminence, excepting Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld, having up to that time condescended to write for children. Mr. Day's *Sandford and Merton* was intended for a short story, to be inserted in *Harry and Lucy*; the completion, however, of which was delayed in consequence of Mrs. Honoria Edgeworth's death. Meantime Mr. Day's delightful story was finished and published. Twenty years afterwards, *Harry and Lucy* was given to Miss E. for a part of *Early Lessons*, when the father exerted himself as an author in encouraging and assisting her to finish *Practical Education*. Other elementary works also they published. In 1802 he sent forth *Poetry Explained, for Young People*; in 1816, *Readings on Poetry*; and at various times, different parts of *Early Lessons*. He also explained and illustrated his method of teaching to read, in a small tract called *A Rational Primer*, to the construction of twenty pages of which he devoted more time than it would have cost him to write an octavo volume on another subject. In 1808, he published, *Professional Education*, of which an ex-

cellent criticism and analysis, and of Mr. Edgeworth's general principles of education, are to be found in *Rees's Encyclopaedia*, in the article "Moral and Intellectual Education." No edition of Miss Edgeworth's works should omit these productions of her father. His memoirs, also begun by himself, and concluded by her, should be added, to make the publication complete.

Such were the means and purposes which the Edgeworth family had in view as the end and aim of their literary exertions. To such purposes is fiction peculiarly fitted. The ancient form of parable was for the instruction and conviction of minds that, in regard to knowledge, were in a state of infancy. That attractive medium was adopted to allure such into a perception of truth, until they were sufficiently developed to receive its communication undisguised and unembellished with fable. This great object of all fiction should be steadily kept in mind by every romancer or poet, of whatever degree; and if pursued, would make the labours of even inferior genius and talent acceptable. It is this which gives a higher kind of merit to Miss Edgeworth's novels than they could otherwise claim. It is their greatest charm, as it is that of the Scotch novels. The pages of both writers are sanctified—are hallowed—with a moral and religious spirit, which secures to them a power of pleasing, even in passages of otherwise ordinary excellence. Miss Edgeworth's tales were worthy precursors of the Waverley romances: in picturesque effect, however, as in antiquarian lore, they are much inferior to Sir Walter Scott's productions. They are, indeed, equal in nothing save in accuracy of style, in which they are (let the truth be spoken) superior. Thus, the elder Bacon anticipated, in his *Opus Majus*, the more elaborate and extensive system of experimental philosophy, destined, in the succeeding generation, to be set forth in the *Novum Organum* of his noble namesake.

THE CURSE,

——— "The deed was foul,
But grievously the forfeit has been paid."

ASTOLPHO.

I AM again free—free, save from the torture of my own thoughts, which, like the furies of old, are ever present to lash me. I am once more in the deserted home of my fathers—I am no longer a fettered maniac, crouching spaniel-like before the glare of my savage keeper. There is no one to whom I dare open my mind. It may be a childish morbid feeling, but still I dare not, cannot do it. The presence of man is hateful to me—all seem to look on me with loathing and hatred. I must unload my breast—I must give some vent to the fire which burns within me, and record my tale of desolation; any thing is preferable to unbroken silence; and it is matter of consolation that when I am gone, some perchance may pity me, when they peruse the strange record of my blasted fate.

The second son of a family more distinguished for unblemished antiquity than possessions or wealth, I was early thrown, in a great measure, on my own resources, and sought in foreign climes that fortune which there was no chance of finding at home. I was successful beyond hope or expectation; and, ere my health had been lost and strength wasted by the withering influence of a tropical clime, I was on my way homeward, rich almost beyond my wildest desires.

"Now am I indeed happy," I exclaimed as the palm-clad hills of Bombay faded from my sight—"now am I happy indeed." For home, with all its ecstatic associations, rushed full and strong on my mind; I had a father whom I revered—a brother whom I loved as brother never was loved before; I was going to see them, to live with them, never more to part. But there was one in whom was concentrated the love of father and of brother, and more than both—one who for years, ay "even from my boyish days," had ever formed a part of my musings by day, my dreams by night; the thoughts of whose love and constancy had been my guiding polar star in all difficulties, the zest of my prosperity, the solace of my darker hours;—deprived of whom life seemed but a "salt-sown desert," though invested with all that was glo-

rious or great, and with whom a crust of brown bread and a squalid hovel seemed richer than the banquet of a Roman emperor, or the palace of an eastern magician whose slaves were mighty genii, and to whom the elements themselves were ministering spirits.

Helen Vere—my hand shakes like palsied age as I trace her name—Helen Vere was my first, my only love; I loved her before I knew what the passion was, and it grew with my years, and strengthened with my strength. I see her at this moment before me, plain and distinct, as if she "were still in the flesh." Her slender, exquisitely formed person; her glorious bust, faultlessly white as uncontaminated snow, delicately intersected with veins vying with the dreamy azure of an Italian sky; her large dark swimming eyes, where passionate love and maiden bashfulness dwelt, twin sisters; her hand—her—but I injure by this attempt at description—her peerless beauty might be dreamt of, but never, never could be painted by poet or limner.

We were young when we parted—she was but a girl, and I but few steps beyond boyhood—and we loved almost as children love, without a dream of change or alteration. We pledged no vows, made no sworn promises;

"For never having dream'd of falsehood, we
Had not one word to say of constancy."

I never dreamt of change; I would as soon have thought that the sun could cease to shine, or the planets keep their nightly watch among the countless armies of heaven.

I had not heard from her for some time; the communication with the East, especially with that quarter where I was situated, was irregular and uncertain, and many months had passed since I had heard from home. I learned afterwards that a letter had come a day after I sailed—would to God I had received it!—but I must not anticipate.

My passage home was long and tedious, but at last the welcome cry from the mast-head was heard, and in

a few hours my foot pressed the sacred soil of Britian : I felt as if inspired by a new existence ; the air seemed richer and more balmy than the aromatic gales of Ceylon, for Helen Vere breathed it. That delicious moment richly repaid me for years of toil and privation and grief—I was *happy* : how strange the word seems *now* !

I lost not a moment, but pressed homeward ; and soon the proud, free, cloud-mantled mountains of my native Scotland rose before me. The sight brought back my home associations with redoubled force and vividness ; and then, for the first time, the thought struck me, what if Helen be sick—be dead ? I never dreamt of picturing her as changed—my heart swelled almost to bursting—I trembled like a man at whose strength a raging fever has scoffed—a cold clammy perspiration burst from every pore, and though but twelve miles from home, I felt as if I could as easily have travelled a million—I could not go on, were death itself the penalty of my delay.

I turned off the road and entered a little country churchyard. It had long been deserted, the village to which it had been attached having long since gone to decay ; a few grey, moss-covered stones alone remained to chronicle where the house of God had been ; but the hand of time had spared the dwellings of mouldering mortality, and the damp, rude head-stones still remained, to tell that the dust and “dry bones” which they covered had once been living and breathing man. Our hereditary family tomb was here ; a strange, old, gloomily fantastic pile, largely furnished, by some rural sculptor, with angels and cross bones and armorial bearings. It was the last place I had visited when I left home ; and I sat down on one of the projecting angles, and mused on the chances which had befallen me since then. A sabbath-like calm pervaded the scene ; nothing was heard save the slight breeze rustling the clumps of withered hemlock, or, at intervals, the sweet wild murmur of the humble-bee, gathering its treasure from the buttercups and blue-bells. No one can resist the sympathies of nature altogether, and my mind soon grew calm and tranquil as the scene around me.

While I thus sat in my musing mood, I heard some one behind me repeat those noble words of inspiration, “Blessed are the dead who die in the

Lord ;” and, on turning round, I beheld an old man, a peasant as his dress betokened, leaning on his staff and gazing on a little grave almost concealed by the charnel herbage which encircled it on every side. “Ay,” he continued, as if unaware of my presence, “blessed indeed are they who die in the Lord ; but the wicked man and the persecutor has no bonds in his death ; he may flourish for a season as a green bay-tree ; he may enlarge his bounds, and cast forth his arms in his pride ; but the time shall come when they will seek him, but shall not find him, and the place which knew him once shall know him no more for ever :

‘For why’ the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known ;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.’ ”

So saying, he began to clear away the grass and weeds from the little stone ; and having done so, he sat down, as if musing on those who slept below.

Absorbed as I was with my own thoughts, my curiosity at last prevailed, and I said to him, “Good morrow, old man ; I see you are, like my-self, a visitor of the dead : may I ask whose resting-place you contemplate with such an interest ?”

He now for the first time seemed aware of my presence, and, looking up and touching his broad blue bonnet, he replied : “They who sleep here, sir, were those of whom the world was not worthy—the true salt of the earth, even they who wandered about on the earth desolate, afflicted, tormented ; and having come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, are now set down at the right hand of God.” Here he took off his cap, and looked for a moment or two up to the bright blue heavens, as if he beheld the glorious situation he described. “In a word,” he continued, “they who sleep here are two martyrs, who wrote their testimony against the defections of the land and the breaking of the covenant, even in the precious letters of their blameless blood. They fell unknown, unlamented, and unrevenged, by a world lying in sin ; but there is One above before whom even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground unmarked ; and He will avenge the innocent blood even in His own good time ; for the blood of his saints is precious in his eyes.”

My curiosity being excited by this

exordium, I requested him to tell me the story to which he referred. "It's a simple tale," he said, "and little different from hundreds of other passages which our land had the misfortune to see when the bloody giant of prelacy triumphed in his pride and cruelty; but ye are a young man, and who knows but God in providence may yet call you to act in defence of his laws and his prerogative, even as they did! Surely all these things were given as an ensample to us, to act as they did, if ever the stern necessity of the times demand; which may a gracious God in his providence fend!"

THE STORY OF JOHN CRAIG AND
ISOBEL ROSS.

It was in those days when the bloody persecutor of God's saints, Charles the Second, was striving to root out all religion from our land, and when the booted and spurred apostles of prelacy went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour, that John Craig, a singular godly youth, did take to wife Isobel Ross, a maiden fair as to worldly externals, but, what was far better, of an enlightened and sober piety, not in any way tainted with the defections or errors which then so rifely prevailed. They loved and were beloved more than usually falls to the lot of us poor shreds; and, not without reason, they promised themselves many, many days of happiness and joy. But a continuance of prosperity is not to be looked for in this vale of sorrow and tears; every month the persecution grew more and more bitter, and honest men durst no more worship God after the manner of their fathers, but were compelled to pray among glens and the rocks and caves of the earth, as if they were evil-doers, breaking and sitting at nought the laws of the land.

Ye see that tomb there—it is the burial-place of the Erskines of Rath—(here I started—it was the tomb of my fathers the old man pointed to, but I said nothing). Sir John Erskine, who sleeps there, grandfather to the present laird, was one of the most violent persecutors in this part of the country. The folk said he had a looking to some post under the king, which made him the more active in hunting out the rebels, as they were called; and he exceeded even the rude hirelings of soldiers themselves in his oppressions

and violences; some of them indeed clean shrunk from participating in many of his deeds, which however was milk and honey to that blood-thirsty apostate James Sharp, whose appetite for carnage nothing could quench or slacken.

Well, sir, to keep to our tale: word was brought him early one morning that there was a conventicle, or field-preaching, in a glen up among the hills: see yonder it is, where a clump of black fir-trees are growing. This was an opportunity of serving the king not to be lost; so he got his servants to arm, called out the military who were quartered in the village, and set out at full speed to the place. But God had other things in reserve for those at that meeting; for, getting timely notice from a herd-boy who had seen the host advancing, they all escaped save and excepting John Craig, who fell suddenly, before he was aware, into the hands of the persecutors.

Being but a young man, and never before convicted of correspondence with the hill-folks, many thought that he would get free, or a short imprisonment, or small fine; but Sir John was enraged at the ill success of his expedition, and determined to wreak his vengeance on the poor lad, as a fearful example to the rest of the country. So he commanded him to be tied on a trooper's horse, and led him down the hill till they came to his own little cottage, where his wife Isobel was waiting his arrival to breakfast.

It was a fine, calm, clear, winter morning, the ground was covered with snow hardened by a keen frost, and the sun shone brightly and cheerily, as if on a scene of joy and festivity. His wife hearing the noise ran out to welcome her John, and beheld him a fettered prisoner, and in the hands of those whose tender mercies she well knew were horrid cruelties!

But the God whom she served did not forsake her in this her moment of bitterness and despair; she felt nerved with a strength which no human power could ever invest her with; and she went up to her husband firmly and tearlessly, as if she knew not that he was soon to be a bleeding corse, and she a friendless, houseless widow. She whispered a word of courage and consolation in his ear, she chafed his stiff, half-frozen hands, she parted his long brown hair over his brow—for his arms were tied—and with the corner of her apron

she wiped the sweat from his cheek, and the foam of pain and agony from those lips from which she had often drained deep draughts of love and delight.

The murderous ruffian now tendered the test, as the only means of escape from death—instant death; and what a test! a compromise of conscience, a trampling on the tenderest feelings of devotion and principle. The agonised husband cast an eye of bitter meaning on his wife, and she at once understood the appeal, and nobly she answered it. "John Craig," she said, with a voice slightly broken, for the woman and the wife were holding a fearful strife in her breast,—"John Craig, care not for me; I am friendless, I am poor, I have none on earth to care for me but you, but God will care for me, John; He is the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow; He who has cared for me up till this time will give me strength to witness this last trial—to drain to the dregs this cup of unmixed bitterness and grief. We have often prayed together, dear John, when we were safe in our own sweet cottage, when we feared no danger and suffered no evil; and shall we not pray now when the shades of death compass us around, and hem us in on every side? Come, John, let us pray to *Him* who is the hearer of prayer, and who hath not told any of the seed of Jacob to seek *His* face in vain." And he looked on her and was comforted, and shook away the first and only tear he had shed; and there they knelt on the frozen ground, the husband and the wife, and prayed a prayer which made even the rude and thoughtless troopers turn aside and weep.

But Sir John's heart was hardened; he rudely broke in on their devotions, cursed their canting whine, and commanded the helpless and manacled man to kneel down on a little stone, and the troopers to prepare their carbines. He obeyed without a murmur; but when he rose to take his place as commanded, all men wondered at the change which that short season of prayer had wrought on his countenance. His eye was no longer clouded and downcast, but gleamed with an exultation and light which seemed to reflect something beyond the grave—brighter and more glorious than the sun

in his unclouded pride; he kissed the pale and bloodless cheek of his Isobel, and walked with a stately and unflinching step to the appointed place; but, before he kneeled down, he looked steadily at Erskine castle, the windows of which were glittering in the morning sun, and many thought that a shade of sorrow passed over his manly brow. He stood as if entranced for a moment or two, and then spake in tones more sorrowful than angry. "We are commanded to pray for our enemies, and from my soul I beseech that my blood may not be laid to the charge of this man, but I may not conceal what God commands me to speak: I shall indeed fall by your hands, but I will not fall unavenged; you will not see it—none here present will see it—but as surely as I speak, it will come to pass. Yet three generations, and the proud house of Rath will cease to be, and fearful will the curse fall: would I could avert it! but God has decreed it, and what mortal shall stay *His* hand, or say unto *Him*, What doest thou? Farewell, time—farewell, all created comforts; welcome, eternity—welcome, heaven—welcome, eternal life. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Amen! and amen!"*

Here he bent his head and ceased to speak. The troopers unslung their muskets and took aim, and the miserable wife kneeled down also, covering her eyes firmly with both hands. She saw nothing—she heard nothing; and when she came to her recollection, the band had retired, and her young good-man was lying at her feet, with his brains sprinkled over his fair and manly face. She stretched the body out on the snow, for she had now no home—the wretches had burned the cottage to the ground—and after closing those eyes which had never spoken to her but in the language of peace and love and joy, she prayed to their common God, and found comfort such as the world can neither give nor take away.

The rest of the tale is short, and will not tire out your patience. The murdering crew spent the whole of that day in the village, and none dared to visit the widowed mourner, lest they should be suspected of treasonable communing; such was the nature of these fearful times. That night a storm raged, such as no one remembered

ever having witnessed. The wind howled, and swept over the hills and down the glens, as if the prince of darkness had been riding in triumph at the good services rendered him by his liege vassals. The snow fell fast and thick, and the mountain burns foamed and boiled, and roared like mighty rivers diverted from their proper channels. The next morning some pitying neighbours sought the lone cottage on the hill; but what a scene presented itself! There lay the martyr, calm as when he first entered into his rest, half shrouded in the drifted snow, and by his side his young widowed wife, cold and stiff and dead, the big tear-drops frozen on her wan cheek. But they had been tears of holy rapture and joy; she had found comfort in death, for a calm smile still seemed to linger about her mouth, and, like the holy Stephen, those who stood around "saw *her* face as it had been the face of an angel."

* * * *

They both lie here, doubtless in hope of a glorious and blessed resurrection, and in that tomb sleeps their murderer, till the thunder of the last dread trumpet call the oppressor and the oppressed before His throne, who will judge all men according to the deeds done in the flesh, whether they be good or whether they be evil. God alone knows his fate; but, sn, not for all the wealth of the Indies ten times told, would I change that little neglected hillock of earth for yonder proud sculptured tomb. The curse has not yet fallen on the house of the spoiler; but as sure as that noontide sun is shining over our heads, it will come, and that quickly. The blood of Abel cried not in vain from the earth, neither will that of John Craig and Isobel Ross; for precious in God's sight is the blood of his saints.

* * * *

It was long after the old man had ceased to speak, that I looked up, and when I did so he was gone. I was sitting alone, between the patrician tomb and the humble earthen mound, through the long rank grass of which the piping wind whistled in wild fitful gusts, as if the inhabitants of the tombs were lamenting their destinies and woes.

When at last I rose, I felt as if I were recovering from some strange sickness or troubled dream. "*The third generation*," I continued repeating, over and over to myself,—"*the third gene-*

ration. 'Tis indeed come. What if the strange legend of that old dotard should be true? But no! 'tis but an idle tale—the invention of credulous superstition—an old wife's fable, to frighten children withal. May the curse light on the inventor of such an improbable farrago!" But for all this, I felt a kind of nameless awe and apprehension hang over me, and I half wished that I had never seen the peasant, and never heard his tale.

When going out of the enclosure, I saw some farmers ride past in the direction of my father's house, with favours in their hats, as if for a bridal; and between intervals of joyous shouts of laughter, I heard mention made of Rath house, as the scene of some such festivity. I could not prevail on myself to question the many groups as to particulars, but rode on, congratulating myself on my good fortune in reaching home on such an occasion, when all would be mirth, and happiness, and festivity.

Rath house, the seat of my fathers, stands at the extremity of a steep perpendicular line or curtain of rock, which, without break or stay, goes sheer down full twenty fathoms, till it ends in a deep and rapid stream, rushing through a narrow gorge, and scantily studded with a sort of dwarfish stunted brushwood, through which the boiling and bubbling of the water is seen at broken intervals.

Along the ridge of this steep it was the custom, when any marriage occurred in the family, for the bridal procession to ride to church, which stood in a glen about half a mile distant; and on such an occasion the bride and bridegroom rode double, that is, on one horse, the lady sitting behind, on an ancient pad used only for that purpose. 'Twas one of those old antiquated observances which almost every family of any standing has, and which is kept up merely because practised by former generations; and as the ceremony generally took place a little after mid-day, so I fully calculated on meeting the joyous throng, midway at least. "It will be my brother's bridal," said I, "and my father will be there—and my old uncle, Heaven bless him! will be there—and Helen Vere, perchance, will be there as bridemaid. Little does she dream how soon she may ride the principal feature in a similar solemnity. The thought of Helen in-

spired me with new vigour; the legend of the churchyard was all forgotten. I spurred up my horse, and ere long the gray towers and turrets of my fathers rose before me, gloriously sprinkled by the fervid beams of an unclouded July sun. I recognised a friend in every stone, an old acquaintance in every tree. I even thought I knew the crows'-nests which I had so often despoiled; and I could swear to the initials of my name, which, with Helen's assistance, I had feloniously carved out of the smooth bark of a huge chestnut-tree.

But other thoughts now occupied my mind, for I heard the joyous shouts of many a light-hearted boy and maiden; and presently, turning a corner of the way, I saw indeed a bridal procession, advancing in all its glittering circumstance and panoply. My heart beat high. "I will meet them on foot," I said, "as an unknown individual, and their joy and surprise will be the greater." So I turned my horse into an adjoining field, and, mantling my face in my capacious cloak, I pursued my way, filled with a variety of contending feelings, which I can neither analyse nor describe.

On came the procession. My father (according to usage) rode first, on an ancient steed, which had faithfully served him for more than twenty years. The old man was feeble, and more bent than when I parted with him; yet still I was rejoiced to see that time had laid his hand but gently on his honoured head. His eye had waxed dim, however, and he rode past me without stop or recognition. Then came my relations,—distant connexions, whom I had never seen, or, having seen them merely as children, did not know. The ignorance was mutual. I was merely regarded as a spectator of the solemnity of the day. At last the bridegroom appeared, on a gallant piebald steed, which proudly pranced beneath his joyful burden, as if he gloried in the weight. I could not be mistaken; it was indeed my brother, my only darling brother, who, from a laughing lad, had grown up into a noble man,—a man whom in a crowded street you would turn back and gaze upon, as a perfect model of his race. Grace and power were in every motion and look; the light ease of the Apollo was admirably blended with the nerve and muscle of the Hercules.

He rode up, and, as usual, the bride sat behind him, tall, slender, and nobly fashioned, and bashfully retiring as the graceful gazelle. I was about to speak, when a passing gust of wind blew aside her veil, and there I beheld Helen! ay Helen Vere, my first, my only love, and my all but pledged bride. What misery, and despair, and rage, were concentrated in that little moment! All my hopes, all the wanderings, and toils, and privations, became but as empty wind by that look. I seemed in a moment to live over fifteen long years of my life. My first feelings of love—my parting kiss—my dreams of her when far away, danced wildly in my brain. She was another's bride! The sudden shock was too much for feeble frail reason to sustain. I forgot where I was—what I was doing. I rushed forward; I threw out my arms, like one battling with some tempest-vexed sea. I screamed, I laughed, I shouted ha, ha, ha! till the rocks echoed as with the howling of a thousand wolves. My blood felt like liquid fire; my eyes seemed starting from their burning sockets; my veins were swollen to agony, and my heart seemed glowing and crackling, as if the infernal fire of a whole eternity were concentrated in its narrow limits. "Welcome, my love! welcome, my lady bride!" I shouted, "you have kept your troth bravely—we shall have a merry bridal—ha, ha, ha! But who laughs?" I exclaimed, started at the hideous sound of my own maniac voice—"who dares laugh at us—ha! she rides with a demon—'tis death, death himself—see you not the fleshless limbs through the bravery of his crimson robes—down, down fiend!—down, in God's name or the devil's, to your native hell!" And, possessed with the wild fantasy which my whirling brain had conjured up, I rushed at my brother to pull him from his seat. I had the nerve of a giant—I was blind with the fury of raging madness: the horse with its riders were near the edge of the rock—I sprang forward at the imaginary enemy, and oh, horror! horror! horror! over they went, horse and riders, over the naked craggy precipice. All I have described passed in a moment of time—the pair, thank God! never, on this earth at least, knew their murderer.

The moment they fell, my reason returned like a flash of light—I was fascinated, rooted to the spot, gazing into

the abyss of death and horror. I saw, I marked every thing; I saw the steed with its burden dash from point to point; I even noted the sparks which the hoofs of the agonised brute struck from the flinty side of the ravine, and I distinctly heard a low but terribly clear shriek of mortal agony mingling with the sullen crash which told they had reached their grave at the bottom.

The frenzy again came upon me; I lost all thought, all fear: regardless of the tremendous height, I swung myself down by bush and stone, getting footing and holding which in no other circumstances I could have found or availed myself of. I heard a confused murmur of voices above me, the gradual diminishment of which was the only index to my progress; and at length, bruised and breathless, but strong with fever and madness, I reached the bottom.

At first I could discern nothing; my eye was bloodshot and dim—I was dizzy too, and sick and faint; for the first excitement had begun to wear away. At last I saw something dark mingled with white; it grew plainer and plainer, like the phantasmagorical scene of a magic lantern; my sight gradually regained its wonted power—my reason and consciousness returned, and I saw what will haunt me till the spirit hath parted with the flesh—even longer, it may be.

* * * * *

It was very terrible to be sitting there in that wild fastness beside the dead, who but minutes—moments ay, had been rioting in life, and health, and joy—and I had caused the change; but for me, they still had been tenants of this glad and sunny earth, had still felt the blessed freshness of the western breeze which now whirled the withered oak leaves around their unconscious forms. The solitude was awful. I have been in the wild battle, where death held his bloodiest carnival,—I have seen at sea when the masts were sprung, and the breakers a-head were already baptising the bows of the devoted ship,—and I have been in a city whose walls were crumbling, and whose palaces were sinking under the tornado and earthquake;—at that moment I would have rushed into the whole of these united, if that could be, as a blessed refuge from the calm, still quiet of

death and desolation which that lonely gulf now presented.

Helen's face, by some chance, was untouched, unmutated; her head resting on the side of the horse, she seemed as if peacefully gazing at me, as she was wont in bygone years, when reposing with me on the sunny side of some green *govan*-decked hill. I could not believe that what had happened was real—I spoke to her—I grasped her hand yet warm with recent life—I laughed, I upbraided her for her cold apathy and neglect. "What! not one word, Helen, after our long absence! Is this kind? 'Tis but to try, my love—speak, Helen, speak but one word to say that you are still my own little black-haired laughing Helen." My eyes glanced on the fearfully mutilated form of my brother—the damning reality at once pressed upon my brain—for an instant I felt torments to which the severest bodily agony would be pleasure and ease—but madness, blessed madness, came to my relief; and I awoke, as after a long and troubled sleep, in the very room where I had slept when a child.

A strange fancy struck me: I thought for a moment that I was still a boy, that my residence in India, the fearful crag, and the lapse of fifteen long years, were but the visionary creations of the erratic dream of a single night; and I almost expected to hear the laughing voice of Helen Vere outside my chamber-door, chiding me for lying so long a-bed, when the sun had risen two hours before, and the tame stock-doves would be wearying for their accustomed food.

Two old withered hags, sick-nurses I presume, sat on each side of my couch in earnest converse, and I gently raised myself on my elbow to listen. "In truth," said one, "'tis an awful story; 'tis lucky the old man died before he knew it was his son." "What strange fancies he had, to be sure," quoth the other; "because the bride was timersome, and did not like riding a-horseback, he must needs have the bridemaids to take her place: well, well, old folks will have their fancies; the land was ever particular in keeping up the freaks of the family." "I could hear no more—" *She was true then!* "I yelled, and sunk back stunned and senseless, like one stricken by a million thunderbolts.

* * * * *

I found myself naked and chained in a dungeon of a mad-house; it was cold, piercing cold; the night was wild and stormy, a high hoarse-voiced wind shook the dark tall trees which grew around the window, and their shadows, reflected by the bright moonlight, danced and flickered on the roof and walls of my cell like demons laughing at me, and mocking my distress; a great moping screech-owl was perched outside the gratings of the window; and as the neighbouring church-clock chimed the hour of one, it slowly and sluggishly raised its head for a moment, opened its heavy dull eye, and then slumbered as before: the clanking of chains was sullenly heard at intervals; and above, and below, and from every side, came fearful demoniac-like gusts of screaming and laughter, and shrieks of insensate agony, and wild dark blasphemies and execrations.

* * * * *

Thanks be to God, I am again in my sound mind—the fierce remembrance of the above fearful passages has softened down into a settled permanent melancholy. I cannot bear society—I see no one but, the old clergyman of the village, whose pious communings have tended in no small degree to make me bear my lot with patience. But when I look at the desolation which pervades my paternal mansion and lawns, when I look at my worn-out frame, and my hair prematurely gray with sorrow and watching, and think that with me one of the oldest families in the land will cease to exist, a feeling of unspeakable loneliness will ever and anon steal upon me; and I think with chastened wonder upon the ways of that God which are past finding out, and which baffle and put to fault the wisest imaginings of our poor, erring, short-sighted race.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS DISSECTED.*

IN whatever point of view we look at this work of Archbishop Whately, it is a most disgusting performance. Its lightest sin is, that it is as complete a specimen of book-making as ever graced the annals of Grub Street.

It consists of a Letter to Earl Grey, of forty-nine pages, which are introductory to an Appendix, containing three articles: 1. On Transportation, written by Dr. Whately, and published, a few years ago, in *The London Review*; 2. On Secondary Punishments, published last January in *The Law Magazine*; and, 3. An Essay on Colonisation, of sixteen pages long, drawn up, at the archbishop's request, by a friend. Thus, a hundred and forty of the two hundred pages which compose the work had been already published in two London periodicals; and this second-hand ware is now attempted to be palmed off for seven shillings, under the guise of being the original production of an

archbishop—the first fruit of his labours since he was promoted to fill the archiepiscopal throne left vacant by Magee. We repeat it, that a more shameless piece of book-making trickery was never resorted to by the poorest hack who wrought in the lowest departments of literature.

Even of the “original matter” supplied by the primate, the far greater part consists of repetitions of what he had already published in *The London Review* or *The Law Magazine*. A collation of the Letter to Earl Grey, with the Appendixes, if any one were to take the trouble in a matter so perfectly worthless, would reduce its pretensions to originality so decidedly as not to leave ten pages behind. A similar process of striking out passages identical in reasoning, or containing the same facts, from one or other of the articles extracted from the two reviews, would reduce them at least one

* *Thoughts on Secondary Punishments*; in a Letter to Earl Grey. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. To which are appended, Two Articles on Transportation to New South Wales, and on Secondary Punishments; and some Observations on Colonisation. 8vo. London, R. Fellowes. 1832.

half—and the remaining half would be worth nothing. Every where we have the same statements, the same arguments, the same evidence. It is hardly worth while to offer proofs of this at any length, because it must strike the reader at once. We take one example, however, almost at random.

It is a great object in this book to prove that transportation is no punishment; and we are furnished, accordingly, with stories of the happiness, comfort, and prosperity of the convicts. Thus, at p. 75, we learn, on the evidence of Mr. Potter Macqueen, that a young man, transported from Bedfordshire, had written home to his friends a letter, in which he says,

“Norman Hughes (a convict transported for stealing wheat, a most notorious character in Bedfordshire) has taken a large farm in Mr. Quarrie's Harbour, and is doing extremely well. Philip Hibbs (a boy about eighteen, transported for picking pockets) receives 50*l.* a-year wages, as tapster of the Commercial tavern. This letter was read over among the agricultural labourers of Bedfordshire; the effect of it was only this—they were anxious to know what they could commit to entitle them to be transported.”

This occurs at p. 75. Turn we now to p. 126 :—

“Mr. Macqueen (Q. 1351) furnishes an extract from a letter written by a private soldier quartered in New South Wales: he says, ‘Norman Hughes (a convict transported for stealing wheat, a most notorious character in Bedfordshire) has taken a large farm in Macquarie's Harbour, and is doing extremely well. Philip Hibbs (a boy about eighteen, transported for picking pockets) receives 50*l.* a-year wages, as tapster of the Commercial tavern.’ This letter (continues Mr. Macqueen) was read among the agricultural labourers of Bedfordshire:—the effect of it was only this, *they were anxious to know what they could commit to entitle them to be transported.*”

This is iteration with a vengeance. Every second page presents us with something of the same kind. We must again say, that book-making more disgraceful—a more barefaced attempt at extracting seven shillings from us on false pretences, was never exhibited.

Its next most venial sin is the absolute raggedness and barbarity of its style. We did not conceive it possible that any man who had enjoyed a university education, far less a man who

had attained high university rank in such a seminary as Oxford, could write any thing so devoid of every grace of scholarship or elegance of language. Sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, commences with “and;” and that unhappy link is generally employed to hook together sentences or paragraphs which have not any logical or grammatical construction whatsoever. A creeping crawling penury of language is the constant characteristic of every page. It is proper, indeed, that sentiments fit only for the hangman should be expressed in language suitable to the kennel. Take a sentence or two as specimens, though we find it difficult to explain what we mean merely by taking specimens. Nothing short of submitting to the task of perusing the whole book, can convey an adequate idea of the *depression* of thought and language which prevails throughout; but here is a sample :—

“The utter inexpediency of the punishment of transportation, *of which* I have long been convinced, and *of which* all my inquiries and reflections convince me *more and more*, is at present much *more* generally and strongly felt than a few years *back*. The removal of criminals to our Australian colonies was an experiment, *whose* failure, though not anticipated to the extent I should have expected, has, in some degree, been forced by experience on the minds of most. And many, who *still* object to any alteration of the system, do so, not so much from conceiving it [*what—the system, or the alteration?*] to be a *good one*, as from despair of finding a substitute.”

Every vice of a crawling style is to be found in these few lines. Again, p. 37.

“In respect of the kind of labour in which it may be thought advisable that convicts should be employed, I would suggest, that, though it is in itself very desirable that it should be profitable enough to go some considerable way in defraying the expense of their maintenance, this is by no means a point of so much importance as many others, to which accordingly we should be always ready to sacrifice it.”

Such writing would disgrace the meanest penny pamphleteers.

One bit of “ratiocination,” and we shall leave this part of our subject. His grace had taken an opportunity of introducing the corn-laws, of which he is of course an enemy, and he thus ingeniously deals with them :—

"This is not the place for discussing the question of the corn-laws; but it is sufficient for the present purpose that it should be admitted, which is surely undeniable, that they either are, or are not, necessary for the public welfare; that if they are *not*, then, however profitable they may be to any individuals, they ought, at any rate, to be altered; and that if they *are* a public benefit, no one has a right to complain of being obliged to submit to the consequences of them."

A glorious dilemma, and full of practical wisdom.

Other passages are equally brilliant in the article of wit—but it is not worth while to break a cockroach upon the wheel. We shall only say, that if Dr. Whately was the crack author of *The London Review*, we do not wonder at its speedy extinction. We have but a misty recollection of that short-lived work, but we think that it was planned in Oxford, by some dull people whose articles had been rejected by *The Quarterly*. Filled with indignation against Lockhart, they determined to run down Murray; and the papers rejected in Albemarle-street appeared under the patronage of Saunders and Otley, gentlemen who, we believe, had too much sense to venture any money in the concern. It struggled through two or three unhappy numbers, filled with the prosy or disgusting rubbish of that most disgusting set, the political economists, or the rats, of Oxford, and then died of sheer stupidity. It never had any circulation, or made the slightest impression on the public, who clearly shewed that they were of the opinion of the editor of *The Quarterly* "in respect of" the papers he had rejected; and we had forgotten its existence, until it was recalled to our memory by Archbishop Whately's catchpenny compilation; when we certainly felt no surprise, from the specimen before us, that it had so rapidly descended to the tomb.

But, as we have said, the fraudulent book-making, and the ragged barbarism of its style, are venial in comparison with the spirit of the book. We have no hesitation in denouncing it as little short of infamous, when we consider that it comes from an ecclesiastic, especially from one exalted to the highest rank of the prelacy. We have never fallen, nor ever shall fall, into the cry of those who insist that the clergy have no right to meddle in matters purely temporal, or to interfere in the political

discussions of the day. There is no class in society forbidden to interfere in such discussions—none which they do not occasionally interest in the highest. The Divine Founder of our faith shrunk not from deciding the great question of the legality of yielding allegiance to a foreign master, when he directed the payment of tribute to Tiberius. We see nothing in the writings of St. Paul that could lead us to imagine he would have refused, on proper opportunity, to give his opinions on affairs of state. It appears to us somewhat strange to deny to an educated gentleman, sometimes of high, always of respectable station in society, a privilege clamorously insisted upon for the meanest—even for the convict trooper, Somerville. We, therefore, freely concede it to Archbishop Whately, that in writing on temporal matters he did not incur the blame which his Whig associates so liberally cast upon the clergyman who dares to say a word in behalf of those institutions, on the support of which he feels convinced the security of the church is dependent.

But conceding this, we do not concede that the question of *punishment* is that which is the most becoming for an archbishop to select as his peculiar topic. The scriptural authorities to which we have already referred as justifying clerical interference in political discussion, will not bear out a churchman in handling the stern topics of penal law, unless with views of mercy and benevolence. Our Saviour dismissed with impunity the woman taken in adultery; certainly not intending that crime should go unpunished, but as certainly declining to be made the punisher. In our own parliament, custom insists that bishops take no part in the trials involving life or forfeiture, thereby marking strongly the distinction which we have already made. The constitution permits them to deal in politics, but forbids that they should meddle in the punishment of crime. We find in the Bible that St. Paul and other apostles were frequently cast into prison, and underwent the severities of the law: we never hear of them approaching a jail to discriminate whether a penal law was too light in its infliction. We have here a successor of the apostles taking, uncalled for, that task upon himself, and executing it with all the gusto of an amateur.

It is in vain to look through the archbishop's book for any trace of those feelings which we should have expected, *a priori*, from a churchman. Indeed he very early, in his Letter to Lord Grey, takes an opportunity of disclaiming what is commonly called humanity:—

“Neither compassion, we should remember, nor any other feeling of our nature, is, in itself, either virtuous or vicious, but only so far as it is or is not under the control of sound principle, and under the guidance of right reason. But the word ‘humanity’ being applied loosely and indiscriminately to the *feeling*, and to the *virtue*, leads, in many cases, to such conduct as is absurd and pernicious. Those who act from feeling, and not from principle, are usually led to shew more tenderness towards the *offending* than the *unoffending*—i.e. towards the culprit, who is *present*, and the object of their *sensings*, and whose sufferings or apprehensions they actually witness, than the absent, unknown, and undefined members of the community, whose persons or property have been endangered by him. We *feel* for an individual, especially if before our eyes, even though guilty; for the *public* no one has, or can have, any feeling. Public spirit, therefore, implies a benevolent *habit*; and that combined with something of reflective abstraction.”—pp. 13-14.

We may say something about the position laid down in the first sentence of the extract by and by. We have first to deal with the conclusion—and we deny the truth of it altogether.

Public spirit, or what is called public spirit—such public spirit as is referred to by Archbishop Whately—does *not* imply a benevolent habit. It is generally a cloak for cruelty, perfidy, or meanness. The man who boasts that his regard for the abstraction “the public,” deprives him of sympathy with the sufferings of the person whom he sees before him, need not make any boast of his benevolence. A necessary duty is to be done—the laws, and the penalties attached to their violation, must be enforced, else there would be an end of society; but if that duty be performed with a feeling that the ideal public is every thing, the individual culprit nothing, it is performed in the spirit of harshness, perhaps cruelty. According to the theory of the archbishop, the hangman is the most benevolent of beings. In him kindness to the public is a habit; and from a de-

sire to shew more tenderness to the “undefined members of the community,” he ties the knot with “a benevolent habit, combined with something of reflective abstraction.”

Public spirit is, in fact, the ordinary cloak for selfishness. The hard-hearted man can appeal to it in justification of the indulgence of his savage feelings; the scoundrel in private life finds in it a defence for outraging all the laws of honour or morality. Looking round us among those who set up the most noisy claim for public spirit, what shall we find them to be? Swindlers in the funds, worn-out debauchees, the outcasts of the army or navy, convicted liars or acknowledged cowards, fraudulent bankrupts, trading gamesters, profligate violators of all the social ties and domestic duties—men of whose private character no one can speak without contempt—on the honesty of whose dealings no man can rely. Yet see them on hustings, or hear them in the houses of lords or commons, or read them in their addresses to electors, or their letters to newspapers, and you will find them claiming honour and support on the strength of their zeal for the “public.” These are men exactly after the Archbishop of Dublin's own heart. They are all moulded out of that “stern stuff” which makes them feel little for those immediately connected with them; in their own circle inflicting injury, they compensate for it by a diffused generosity, that takes cognisance of the rights of the undefined community.

The archbishop, whose studies do not seem to be scriptural, may perhaps be ignorant that the type of the order exists in the New Testament under the name of Judas Iscariot. He is the very patriarch of public-spirited men. When the woman came to pour perfumes on his Master, the “public spirit” of Judas immediately broke out: he was indignant that such a profligate expenditure should be permitted; and if there had been newspapers in Jerusalem, would, no doubt, have written a leading article, proving the utter infamy of neglecting the general interest. As it was, he invested his argument in a pithy form. “Would it not have been better that this had been sold, and the money given to the poor?” [the argument, *totidem verbis*, of those who now, treading in his footsteps, are clamouring for the spoliation of the

church]. On Archbishop Whately's principles, Judas Iscariot here displayed a patriotic ardour and a philosophical spirit, which entitled him to be ranked among those enlightened benefactors of the human race, who understand humanity so well as to consider the claims of the public beyond that of the individual. The principles of the sacred writer, however, were different. "This he said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bore what was put therein." And such is the character which every man who has not sacrificed his feelings to the Moloch or the Belial of what now passes for political science, will give to him who pretends to zeal for an *abstraction*, and applies the unbending rigour of law without mercy to the individual. "This they say, not because they care for the *public*, but because they are actuated, like Judas, by some base personal motive."

But, to do the archbishop justice, he is at least consistent. No infirmity of feeling makes him quail from pushing the severity of the law to the utmost. Draco framed a code by which all crimes had but the one punishment, and that was death. The grisly legislator alleged as a reason, that as it was the *deviation* itself, and not the quantity of deviation from right, that was criminal, all crimes were equal. The common sense and the common feeling of mankind revolted against this inhuman law. We did not think it was possible that a more ferocious maxim than that on which it was based, could be recommended as the leading principle of legislation—least of all, that it should be recommended by a Christian archbishop. Draco, however, is outdone, in theory at least, by Whately.

In half a dozen places of his trumpet book, he lays it down as an axiom which can admit of no dispute, that the greater the temptation to crime, the greater should be the punishment:—

"Morally speaking, the strength of temptations from bad education and habits, bad associates, strong passions, ignorance, distressed circumstances, favourable opportunities for crime, &c. may be taken into account as palliations of an offence; but if we make allowance for them, politically, as palliatives in the eye of the law, we are encouraging crime, by adding to all these other incentives, the promise of impunity, and withdrawing the salutary check of fear precisely in

the very cases where it is most needed." —p. 25.

The laws of most nations have imposed the punishment of death on robbery. Instances have occurred in our own country of persons having been hanged for the theft of some pence. As we are growing more humane, the price of a man's life is extended to five pounds, which is considered as a great stride of liberality in our penal legislation. Set, then, two culprits before Whately, and invest him with the power of putting his theories into practice. The crime of the first is that actuated by hunger—he stole a loaf. As we are not about to make an oratorical case, we shall leave our readers to supply what aggravations of misery they please—the wife famishing in silence; the children dying of starvation, with a piteous cry to their parents for relief constantly upon their lips, until ~~famine~~ *famine* chokes the voice; the fireless ~~home~~ *home*; the destitution of clothes, of comfort, of decency. We shall leave it, we say, to our readers to supply the aggravations of misery; but let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls, that such things do not exist. He who searches the dwellings of the poor, knows that thousands of such cases—tens of thousands of cases, in the degree of misery only one degree removed from it, exist in the heart of rich, prosperous, pampered, and riotous London. They who want to find them will not have far to go, no matter in what splendid quarter of fashion, in what wealthy mart of commerce, in what trim and comfortable retreat of opulence or ease, their dwellings may be placed. But this is a digression. It is truth also.

"I stole a loaf, for I was starving," says the first culprit to Archbishop Whately.

"Starving!" replies the successor of the apostles; "horrible aggravation of crime! So, then, you admit that the temptation which urged was strong?"

"Strong! it was the strongest."

"Unhappy man! do not aggravate your case, already dreadful enough. The punishment laid down by our humane and scriptural code for theft is death. In other cases there may be palliatives—in yours none. We should encourage crime, did we give you a moment's respite. The temptation from bad circumstances is the worst feature of your

case. Remove him, jailer, and hang him on the first gallows you can find."

Another takes the place of the hungry wretch. He is charged with having forged, i.e. by another species of theft procured, 150,000*l.* He has, perhaps, by his fraud reduced a hundred persons to beggary—to that state of temptation which the archbishop would punish as the grossest sin. The other culprit had deprived one baker of a loaf; he now before us had deprived whole families of bread. He had been rich—had lived like a prince, in the highest splendour, the greatest fashion.

"I forged 150,000*l.*," says this culprit.

"Why?" inquires the archbishop.

"I wanted to have a house at Brighton, another at Cheltenham; to have horses at Melton, ladies in London, &c."

"But you could live without these things?"

"Live!" replies the offended forger—"to be sure. I had five thousand a year of my own. On reflection, I rather think I should have lived happier without them."

"The temptation is small, then," responds the archbishop, "and the 'public' will not suffer by your impunity. Imprison him for a week."

Such, in practice, would be the consequence of the doctrine laid down by Whately. Draco punished the greatest and the least deviation from rectitude with equal severity. This was bad enough; but what will be thought of a legislator who inflicts the *greater* punishment on the smaller crime?

Firm to this scoundrel maxim, however, sticks the archbishop throughout his catchpenny. It is repeated over and over again, in one variety of stupid phraseology or another. Infancy, idiocy, insanity, are marked out for punishment, on the ground, that as those who are weakest in intellect are the most easily tempted to crime, it follows, from the murderous principle laid down in the above extract, they are objects for a severer code. As this will not be believed unless we verify our assertion by quotation, we give the very words of the archbishop:—

"The evils of this [sending children to the soul-destroying contamination of a jail] are so generally perceived, that it is very common, partly for this reason, and partly from a feeling that allowance should be made for the transgressions of children,

for magistrates to dismiss them with impunity, 'in consideration of their youth.' But I cannot conceive a more pernicious practice than this of holding out to children the encouragement of impunity. If there is no proper place or mode provided for the punishment of young offenders, that is a reason for earnestly calling on the legislature to lose no time in providing one, not for leaving them unpunished."

We can conceive a far more pernicious practice than visiting unhappy children with the vengeance of an artificial and complicated system of laws. It is a far more pernicious practice to encourage this Herod-like hardness of heart, which looks upon the poor

"Impitiously, and kills their infant brood."

The archbishop admits that temporal ruin and eternal damnation are the probable consequences of sending children to jail; he admits that there is no other mode at present provided by which they are to be punished—and yet to that desperate peril he commits them without compunction. What salvo has his conscience for this? The usual one with his school. Amend the law for the next generation, but let the present generation perish! O archbishop! the ruin of one child by adherence to your merciless code, will far outweigh, in the eyes of its Creator, all the advantages that you can flatter yourself would be the result of all the legislation of your life.

Having next proceeded to denounce the "pernicious practice" of being lenient to first offences, and inculcating on the minds of magistrates that such leniency is very disgraceful to them, he comes to the consideration of the cases of insane criminals. We have no record left to inform us what were Draco's opinions respecting the mad; but they could not have been more bloody than the following:—

"Obvious as these principles are [some absurd, or rather, indeed, criminal trash, to which we shall presently refer], they are frequently overlooked, not only in such cases as I have already alluded to, but also in those which relate to persons suspected of insanity. Strangely confused notions seem often to occupy the mind both of judges who give directions, and of juries who endeavour to act on them, as to the question, how far a person labouring under any degree of derangement is a proper subject of punishment. I have known judges enter into most perplexed and unintelligible

metaphysical disquisitions, on the question, how far such and such a person was capable or not of 'distinguishing right from wrong,' or was in a 'sound state of mind' at the time of his doing a certain act, &c. And the decisions of juries accordingly have been, in such cases, as inconsistent with each other, as might have been expected, considering that they were not formed on any clear and intelligible principle. No man can be, properly speaking, in a sound state of mind when he commits a crime. He whose passions so prevail over his reason as to induce him to commit murder, for instance; or who coolly and deliberately commits it, fully aware of his own wickedness in so doing; or again, who has persuaded himself that it is *not* a wicked but a meritorious action—like the persecutors of the first Christians, who 'thought that whosoever killed them did God service;'—all these persons are, in some sense, in a disordered state of mind, whether that disorder proceed from any bodily disease or not."

[We omit some stupid metaphysics.]

Qui species alias veri, scelerisque tumultu

Permistas capiet, commotus habebitur —

———— an commotæ criminis mentis

Absolves hominem, et sceleris damnabis eundem

Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus."

HOR.

We did not know that it was a Christian one; but the application of the doctrine to penal purposes, never, we believe, before entered the head of Christian or of stoic. We leave it to the contempt or indignation of our readers. Hang the insane!

But, in truth, the archbishop seems to deal with men as if they were not accountable beings. He is fond of talking of them as if they were brutes.

"We punish," he says, "a criminal on the same principle that we extinguish a conflagration, to prevent its spreading, or destroy a mad dog, that its bite may not communicate the infection. We seek to check the example of crime, and to substitute an example of terror."

Elsewhere:—

"It is not reckoned a useless cruelty, or an absurdity, to attempt to teach a dog, by beating, to abstain from worrying sheep. Any one, therefore, who, well knowing that irrational animals can be trained, by fear of punishment, to check their impulses, yet would proclaim impunity to any man who may be, partially or wholly, reduced to the state of an irrational animal—such a one plainly shews that he is allowing his views to be influenced by irrelevant considerations."

"If a man designs to burn a house, or to do any other act, we have nothing to do with the causes which led to his entertaining such a design. We know, on the one hand, that no one can be, strictly speaking, in a sound state of mind, who designs any crime; and we know, on the other hand, that many, who have been impelled to such designs by the strongest and most evidently morbid aberrations of intellect, have yet shewn, by the precautions they have taken for accomplishing their purpose undetected, that they were fully aware of the particular act they were engaged in; and consequently that they, and others similarly circumstanced, might be checked by the apprehension of punishment."

If God so deals with us as this man would deal with his fellow-creatures, wo to the inhabitants of earth! That the commission of crime is of itself a proof of insanity, is, we know, a stoic doctrine:

Does the archbishop think that other judges or criminals have souls to be saved? 't would seem as if he did not. Once more:—

"It is said that those who train young dogs to attack foxes, badgers, and other such vermin, are anxious that they should not be severely bitten in their earliest attempts, which might have the effect of daunting their spirit for ever: they accordingly muzzle, or otherwise disable the beast which the dogs are first set at; and when they have acquired the habit of attacking it, without having formed an association of pain and danger, they will afterwards not be deterred by the wounds they may receive. Now it appears to me, that to hold out impunity to the young and to first offenders, and thus, as it were, to muzzle the law till they shall have acquired the habit of defying it, is precisely an analogous kind of training, and just what is best suited to breed up hardened criminals."

Is not this wretched language from the pen of a Christian bishop? Is not this constant comparison of man to the brutes that perish, to say the least of it, an indecency? Whately himself, when writing an impotent answer to Paley, could see the futility of such

comparisons. "The moral faculty," says the archbishop, "or power of distinguishing right from wrong, is one of which brutes are destitute. But this Dr. Paley and some other ethical writers deny to man also. The description given by that author of our discernment of good or bad conduct (viz. as wholly dependent on reward or punishment), would equally apply to many of the brute creation, especially the dog." Paley's language cannot be forced into any thing like a denial that man possesses the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong; or an assertion that his discernment of good or bad is dependent wholly on reward or punishment; but let that pass. Whately is but an *impari congressus* to Paley, who may be left to himself. But suppose he *had* confounded the human race, in some of its attributes, with the brute, how dares Archbishop Whately reprehend him for so doing, when his own book is filled with analogies between men and brutes, and recommendations to legislate on the affairs most vitally interesting mankind, on principles drawn from the management of mad dogs or vermin?

Deal with men as with dogs, seems to be the leading maxim of this book. The penitence of the criminal is scoffed at (p. 48); all reference to religion is carefully avoided. The sooner a man is hanged the better:—

"The speediness, again, of the execution of sentence of death, would, I think, contribute, more than in the case of almost any other punishment, to enhance the salutary terror of it. For we should remember, that, as nature has sentenced every one to death, delay, and especially uncertain delay, in the infliction, tends, as far as it goes, to approximate the penalty of the law to the ordinary course of nature, and thus to impair its character as a penalty."

No doubt, nature has sentenced us all to die; but is there nothing after death?—nothing that should make us pause before we send a fellow-creature in a hurry to his last account! We speak not of the chance of mistake—a chance, of course, greatly increased by such speedy doings as those recommended by Archbishop Whately,—but we beg leave to remind him that the prisoner is not the only one interested before God in the result of the trial. The judge—the judge who deals with men as if they were dogs—he too has a tri-

bunal before which he is to appear; and so has the legislator who decrees the infliction of death. The blood of the poor culprit whose life is lightly sacrificed to serve "the public," or to gratify a theory—ay, or to support a system of law not based in justice and necessity—will cry to heaven. Whately may laugh at this if he pleases, but it will be a laugh full of peril.

We are sick of the work, but cannot conclude without noticing his suggestion of the mode of execution. At the end of his Letter to Lord Grey he says—

"All the ends of justice would be answered, and much better answered, by a *private* execution, in presence of a certain number (say twelve) of respectable individuals, chosen by lot to witness the execution, and duly to certify it under their hands. The publication of this certificate would remove all doubts as to the infliction, and the proper infliction, of the sentence, and the many and serious evils which, experience shows, attend public executions, would be avoided."

This is not original; the practice of the Venetian Council of Ten was of the kind here recommended. Their executions were private—how they answered the ends of justice, we leave it to history to tell.

If it were possible that this absurd suggestion could be acted upon;—if twelve *respectable* men could be found to act as aides-de-camp to the hangman, or jurymen of the gallows—the consequence, in no long period of time, would be, that the right of pardon or of execution would rest wholly in them. A poor or obnoxious culprit would suffer; one who by any means (bribery among the rest) could obtain sympathy among the *respectable* men, would only undergo a mock execution. But the thing is too absurd to talk about. Privacy of punishment would convert an execution into a murder. Punishment ought to be public. Even Whately himself, in another part of his ill-digested catchpenny, acknowledges it. In p. 136, he says—"In the arrangement of punishment, *pain inflicted, and not publicly known, is pain thrown away.*" And yet he recommends the privacy of capital punishment in p. 40. How could this man ever have obtained a professorship at Oxford? As for his archbishopric, we know how he obtained that.

We pass by all his remarks on trans-

portation. Whatever among them is true has been stolen; whatever is original is absurd. But we may claim a right to ask why he—an ecclesiastic—wrote on such a subject at all? And this is his answer:—

“I found myself long since, as a parish minister, inculcating moral conduct under circumstances unfavourably disadvantageous; when the law afforded not only no adequate discouragement to crime, but even, in many instances, a bounty on it. When I met with instances in my own immediate neighbourhood, on the one hand, of persons of the best character not only refusing to proceed against depredators, but labouring in every way to promote the escape of the guilty, because the law denounced a death against the offences, and they could not bring themselves to incur even the remote and almost imaginary risk of exposing a thief to that fate; and, on the other hand, of persons receiving letters from relatives who had been transported, exhorting them to find *some means* of coming out to join them, and depicting the prosperity of their condition in such terms as naturally to excite the envy of the honest and industrious labourers whom they had left at home, struggling for a poor subsistence;—when all this, I say, came under my own observation, I could not feel and teach that government answered its end of being ‘for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well,’ while its enactments produced, on the contrary, rather a terror to the good than to the evil.”

We pass by all the verbiage of this rumbling sentence, to ask the Archbishop of Dublin why, if he was so sensitive on the peccadillos of the parish in which he lived, he has not found any opportunity as yet of turning his eyes upon that country of which he is the primate? There in Ireland he will not find those inferior circumstances of criminality—matter calling for secondary punishments, or the minute inspections of the law—but murder upon murder, flagrant throughout the land. He dates his letter on the 25th of July, 1832, at a time when blood was flowing in all directions in Ireland—when, according to Sir Hussey Vyvyan, fifty-seven murders, generally of the most atrocious and barbarous kind, had taken place since he had assumed his command, independent of at least double that number of persons slain in affrays with the police—when rape, arson, robbery, were matters of every-day occurrence—when, in fact, Ireland

presented the spectacle of a country where all the horrors and vices of savage and civilised life were blended in unholy union;—and the Archbishop of Dublin (a great functionary in the island, one frequently appointed a lord justice), who could descend to the smallest minutiae of penal legislation, and dictate the pettiest details of punishment, sits down to compile a treatise deploring the increase of crime in Van Diemen's Land, and lifting up his voice (p. 150) on the progress of prostitution in New South Wales! He may let Australia alone, and turn his eyes upon Kilkenny or Wexford.

We conclude as we began. When we consider that this work proceeds from so elevated an ecclesiastic, it appears to us to be the most disgusting we have ever had the misfortune to peruse. It is odious to see the churchman taking upon himself the task of the executioner, and entering the wretched abode of the prisoner, not to soothe with spiritual hope, or bring to a better mood of thought by the solemn announcement of spiritual dangers, but to ascertain whether the jail be sufficiently hard, the lash duly administered, the portion of food not too freely doled forth, the rope net too scantily called into operation. There are those on whom such offices fitly devolve, and by whom they are properly administered; but we do not think that they become the rank of one who sits with dukes, or the order of a preacher of the Gospel of mercy. Of that Gospel, however, not a word is mentioned in the archbishop's book—not a passage can be found in it to indicate his persuasion that man is better than a dog, or to be treated otherwise than as a dog.

The design and purport of the Gospel was to elevate the human kind, to imbue us all with sympathies one for another, and to teach us that each individual man is an object of care to the Almighty Creator of all. The design and purpose of the archbishop's book is to inculcate the necessity of consulting the convenience of “society” as the prime end of every thing; above that his eyes never can soar. With him “*no other feeling in our nature, is virtuous or vicious, but only so far as it is or is not under the control of sound principle, and under the guidance of right reason.*” A churchman might have been expected to have looked to another sanc-

tion than the vague words, "sound principle" and "right reason." But God is no where in the archbishop's book ; and it is no wonder that his name should have been forgotten here. It is not worth while, however, to continue a criticism which we never should have begun but for the station of the writer. The work itself, catchpenny in form,

grovelling in style, cruel in sentiment, godless in feeling, absurd in reasoning, and, when the rank and order of its author is considered, revolting in choice of subject, calls only for attention as affording a lamentable proof that "liberal politics" may degrade an archbishop to a state of thought and feeling not higher than that of a hangman.

NIGHT.

A Fragment.

NIGHT ! on thy face of beauty I have gazed ;
 But 'tis not always thus — would that it were !
 Thou hast thy terrors also. When thine eyes
 Of starry light are closed, and from thy throne,
 In the black womb of space, thou frownest grim —
 No beam upon thy forehead — then thou art
 An awful deity. The very calm
 In which thy darkness floats is terrible.
 Rocks, temples, mountains, whose huge outlines stood
 In bold relief against the azure sky,
 Are hidden in thy gulf, and cast no shade.
 Columns and towers, like guilty angels, stand
 Amid the gloom. The palaces of kings
 Dissolve from sight, as if they never were.
 Earth's ruins are more ruinous — and Heaven
 With all her lights seems to have fled away,
 Affrighted, from the universal chaos.

* * * *

Such art thou, O Night !
 A changeful spirit, veering in thy course
 From sad to beautiful. When thou puttest on,
 King-like, thy bridal garments, spangled o'er
 With stars for jewels, and upon thy crest
 Wearest the silvery moon — 'tis then thou art
 Adored of Nature, and thy placid reign
 Gladdens the sons of men. But when with wrath
 Thy front is clouded, and thy lustrous gems
 Are laid aside — a fearful monarch thou !
 Day is but thy creation ! from thy womb
 He rises up, to scatter o'er the world
 His gaudy beams. His empire is but short.
 Like all things beautiful, he will decay ;
 While thou wilt last for ever ! The last trump
 Is his and Nature's dirge — when into naught
 All things, save thy dark kingdom, shall dissolve !

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

ZOHRAH THE HOSTAGE.*

"HATRED after hatred has been manifested by thee, O tyrant chief! and thy secret rancour has been revealed." Such is the author's epigraph to his amusing tale, which will enhance the literary character of Mr. Morier. We are under great obligations to this gentleman. He followed, in publishing *Hajji Baba*, in the wake of the author of *Anastasius*, the vivid descriptions and powerful delineations of which had awakened a general curiosity for further insight into the manners of the East. Mr. Hope was too strong an antagonist to cope with, and Mr. Morier very sensibly aimed at a lower mark; but as with all true modesty talent is usually combined, so Mr. Morier's attempt was eminently successful, and he immediately established himself as a novelist. His journals, however, had previously thrown much light on Persia, which, taken with Sir Robert Ker Porter's work, Sir John Malcolm's *History and Sketches*, the *Kuzzilbash*, and the novel before us, enable the Englishman to acquire an extensive knowledge of the moral, political, religious, and intellectual condition of the country.

Mr. Morier confesses, that in the present novel the quantum of history is very small in comparison with that of fiction. "It may be compared," he says, "to the small canal by means of which water is made to meander through a cultivated field in the East, fertilising the tract through which it passes, but without which it would be barren and without value." We take all as he gives it—there may be little of truth and much of fiction in his narrative; but it contains a succession of personages, the modes of whose thoughts, actions, and deportment, tally with the strict letter of existing facts and circumstances in Persia. The narrative runs in an even, unpretending style, yet forcible withal, and detailed in a masterly manner. The hero and heroine of the tale are fabulous; but the Shah, the Humpback, and the faithful and generous Sadek, belong to history. The enormities committed by the royal troops at Asterabad have their parallel in the siege of Kerman, as set forth in Malcolm's history. The country is faithfully described, and a

clear insight given of society. Novels of this stamp and character are valuable additions to literature, and worth a thousand of those frothy productions of slipshod authors of whom Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have been so vastly fond, and in whose society they have so foolishly, we think, for their own pockets, indulged. Time, we hope, will make one of them wiser and more prudent. He will then find us as ready to praise as we have hitherto been to condemn his labours.

The morning sun had already begun to be sensibly felt in the close atmosphere of Tehran, when Sadek, a Georgian slave, the chief valet to Aga Mahomed, tyrant of Persia, with Hashim, his deputy, occupying a small room adjacent to the saloon wherein his master reposed, awoke out of his broken sleep to the greatest alarm. Beautiful, by the way be it observed, was the abode of the Shah, being one of the principal *imarehs*, an octagonal building, placed in the centre of a vast shrubbery, divided by extensive walks, shaded by avenues of tall poplar and large *chenar*-trees, and refreshed by ever-splashing fountains. The air around was impregnated with the balmy odour of rose-trees, of which thick plantations were scattered over the garden, and hence the lovely spot derived its name of *Gulistan*, or the Rose Garden. The octagonal building was the shah's place of repose for the summer months: it was open on all sides by doors and casements, having in its centre a large saloon of curious construction, with many retiring corners, where the occupant could withdraw to enjoy the passing breeze, from whatever quarter it chanced to blow, and surmounted by an ample cupola, rich in arabesques, and covered with paintings emblazoning the shah's exploits. Herein lay the tyrant in uneasy slumber.

Sadek should have watched the live-long night; but he had fallen asleep—an example which had been devoutly followed by his friend Hashim. The former had been a faithful servant to the shah and his family. He was a man of firm purpose and tried courage, a lover of justice, and holding in de-

* By the Author of *Hajji Baba*. 3 vols. R. Bentley, late Colburn and Bentley.

testation the cruelties of his master. His fidelity, however, he knew was of no avail against his master's anger towards himself; so when he started from his inadvertent slumber, he shook his companion, and the two sat down on the steps leading to the shrubbery, until it should be time to awaken their lord. From their conversation we gather that the shah was about to depart on a hunting excursion. The following extract contains a good description of Aga Mohamed Shah, and of his gozoo or shaver, a humpbacked, plotting, keen-sighted, quick-witted, malicious, avaricious, conceited knave. This last character is not according to the letter of history; the author's design, we suppose, in portraying such an imp of darkness, is to lay before English readers a picture of concentrated Eastern villany. Both characters are admirably sustained throughout the whole narrative, without one false position or phrase, yet with exceeding dexterity and ease. The scene descriptive of the gozoo's fate, in the third volume, is the work of a master-hand. The artist seems, so to speak, to have worked with a few simple colours, and to have given but a few strokes of the pencil—and lo! we have a consummation of appalling effect. Fatteli Ali Mirza is intended for the present shah of Persia.

"Nature, in forming Aga Mohamed Shah, intended to have installed a mind of uncommon vigour into a body capable of seconding its energies, by making it full of activity and strength; but the whole scheme was frustrated by the cruelty of man. Whilst the sharpness of intellect was preserved, it became diseased with ill-humour and moroseness, for every time that his body became an object of contemplation, he entertained such disgust towards himself that the feeling finished by placing him at enmity with all mankind. What would otherwise have been tall and erect, was now bent with the curve of apparent age;—what would have been strength of muscle and breadth of shoulder, seemed blighted and shrivelled. His face, particularly in a country where beards are universally worn, appeared like a blotch of leprosy, for it was almost totally hairless,—it could only boast of a few struggling bristles, which here and there sprouted at irregular distances, like stunted trees upon a poor soil. The skin which covered it resembled wetted parchment, hanging in buggy furrows down the cheeks, under the chin, and about the neck. This

spectral countenance, for so it might be called, was, however, lighted up by a pair of small grey eyes of more than human lustre, which, from under two ragged curtains of eyelids, flashed all their intelligence abroad, and as they expressed rage, jealousy, or cruelty, made those who were exposed to their fire feel as if they were under the fascination of some blood-seeking monster. But with all this there were moments when this face would smile, and would even relax into looks of pity and benevolence; but so treacherous were these symptoms esteemed, that at length they were only looked upon as signals of some extraordinary disaster, or as beacons to warn those in danger to be upon their guard.

"The shah had scarcely dismissed his attendant, before the humpback glided into the apartments, bearing in his hand the silver basin, the towels, and all the apparatus for shaving. There was in the appearance of this being something so mysterious, and at the same time so hideous, that it was generally supposed the shah had selected him for his important office, in order to keep himself in good humour with his own deformities. His immense head, placed in a snug nook between his high shoulders and a protecting hump behind, supported on a pair of slender legs, and accompanied by arms and hands of immense length and strength, put one in mind of an ill-conditioned scarecrow. The expression of his face was scarcely human—heavy eyelids giving protection to a flashing eyeball; lips of the ape, overshadowed by a profusion of hair; and a cunning and malignancy of smile which made the skin to creep and the heart to loathe.

"He went doggedly about his work, like one much at his ease though full of design,—it was the rhinoceros waiting upon the crocodile. Being a sort of privileged attendant, he was the depository of many of his master's secret thoughts, the instrument of many of his acts of tyranny, and was therefore hated as a spy, and dreaded as an informer.

"The barber took possession of his master's head as a commodity peculiarly his own, washed it, shaved it, trimmed it with a dexterity and courage, considering to whom it belonged, which none but a being of his audacity could have ventured upon. Few words passed between them, but such as were spoken were full of import, and characteristic of the terms upon which they were.

"'Baba Khan goes to-morrow,' said the shah.

"'As I am your sacrifice, yes,' said the humpback: 'he goes.'

" 'There is no harm in that boy,' said the king.

" 'No, none, now,' answered the barber in a suppressed croak, laying some stress on *now*.

" 'And why *now*?' said the shah.

" 'He will soon feel that he is to be a king,' said the humpback, 'and that makes a difference.'

" 'By the head of the shah,' said the king, stopping the barber's hand, 'let him keep his eyes open; I allow none to be ambitious but myself in my kingdom. What crooked thoughts are passing in thy crooked carcass.'

" 'Your slave spoke of those around him. The meat may be wholesome, but the garnish may be poison.'

" 'You must keep watch upon those who surround him,' said the shah, after a moment's thought; 'I must know who and what they are.'

" 'Upon my eyes be it,' said the humpback; 'there is one, however, of whom none but the shah can speak.'

" 'What words are these,' said the king; 'who is that?'

" 'He has a sister,' said the malignant imp.

" 'Hold your impious tongue, scoundrel!' exclaimed the monarch. 'Let none speak of the Lady Amima unless with that respect due to the only thing which the king loves upon earth. The dust of her feet is collyrium for my eyes.'

" The imp cast a sidelong look of malice at his master, and having finished his operation, he stood before the king in an attitude of humility. 'May I be your sacrifice!—it is done. Am I dismissed?'

" 'Yes: see that all things be in readiness for a week's absence. Let the chief astrologer come, and tell him that I mount my horse in an hour, and that the stars must be in readiness.'

Long ere the dawn had broadened into daylight, the hunting procession left the lofty porticoes of the palace of Tehran. First came a richly equipped *takhtaveran*, shrouded over with crimson cloth, embroidered with the sun rising behind a lion couchant (the royal emblem of Persia), and falling over a frame of gilded lattice-work. This was carried between two mules, superb in their rich caparison and housing of red cloth; other mules were in attendance. The litter was spread over with the softest cushions, and guarded by several women on horseback, some clad in crimson cloaks, with the privilege of exposing their faces (which is a license allowed only to the females of the royal

household), while others were wholly covered by impenetrable veils of white muslin. Then followed, richly harnessed, horses led by grooms, and mules bearing rich yackdars or trunks; and eunuchs, whose eyes were peering after any unhappy contemner of the *Corook* that had been proclaimed, which carries instant death to any audacious subject coming on the path of the shah's women. Thus travelled Aga Mohamed's niece, the Princess Amima.

Next came the tyrant himself, with the fulness of barbaric pearl and gold, and oriental magnificence. As he issued from the gate of his palace, there was a general commotion: the grooms drew up their beautiful train of led horses in front; the running footmen were on the alert; the pipe-trimmers, shoe-bearers, cloak-bearers, spear-carriers, with officers and courtiers innumerable, were all in readiness. Next you might see the mounted guard of gholams, composed of young men of rank, in glittering attire, and on steeds of the choicest Arabian or Turcoman blood; and then a body of 200 camels, called *zamburek*, each bearing a small swivel gun on its back, which were to be fired as the royal foot touched the stirrup. Further on were the *mirzas*, or men of the pen, being parcel of the secretary of state's attendants; whilst the heralds and chief executioner's officers were mustering the whole body and arranging them in order. The hunting equipages had already proceeded—only a few favourite hawks were seen perched on the wrists of their keepers, hoodwinked and noosed, for the amusement of the king, who was particularly fond of the sport which they afforded.

Forward came the shah from the inner apartments with slow pace and solemn look. The vizirs, the secretaries of state, the chief executioner, the governor of the city, the chief mollah, with his congregation of priests, and the locust crowd of courtiers, bent in adoration before him. He approached his own horse, by the side of which stood the astrologer-royal, looking intently on his watch, to give him the auspicious second when his foot should touch the stirrup. The second came—the shah vaulted into the saddle—the swivels from the camels were discharged—a multitude of drums, cymbals, and hautboys, poured forth their sounds, which were drowned by

the acclamations and prayers of his subjects.

The hunting excursion is described in very animated terms, particularly the pursuit of the wild ass. The shah aims at one of these animals, which was standing on the very apex of a lofty rock, and misses it. Fattéh Ali, a lively and handsome youth, Amima's brother and the shah's nephew, aims a shot, and the animal comes tumbling to the ground. The anger of the tyrant was instantly enkindled, and the sports ceased. The youth was ordered from the field, while the shah with difficulty swallowed his rage, which would have annihilated the audacious Fattéh Ali, had his uncle possessed any other relative who might be his heir. When he reached the encampment of Bagh Shah, he inquired after the prince, when he was told that he was passing the evening with his youthful companions and servants in firing at a target. No information was worse timed. "Aye, Bakkakht!" he exclaimed, "oh, the ill-favoured youth, what dirt is he eating! Is it not enough that he should have bearded me to my nose this very morning; and now he wishes to proclaim my defeat to the whole camp, by reminding them at every shot of his victory." He orders Sadek to conduct him to his private tent, while he commanded the humpback to place *the* box under his pillow in the tent of secrecy.

Therein sat the shah, with two tapers before him, as the prince stepped in with all the innocence and confidence of youth.

"'Fattéh Ali,' said the shah, in no very agreeable-toned voice, 'sit!' This was an unheard-of privilege; however, in obedience, he sat down. 'Fattéh Ali,' repeated the king, with a strangely solemn air, 'you are young—you are heedless, 'tis true; but young and heedless as you are, you must be taught that if you once lose respect for those to whom respect is due, you may in time commit acts of the most reprehensible nature,—acts which, if not rebellious, may border on rebellion, and leave me, your lord and master, no other alternative than that one of depriving you of the power of so doing.'

"'For the love of the Prophet! for the love of Ali!' exclaimed Fattéh Ali, 'what words are these? I am your sacrifice, my uncle! Whose dog am I, that should think of rebellion? By your sacred head, by your salt which I have

so long eaten, I was carried away by the ardour of the chase in what I did to-day—had I known that you would have been displeased, I would rather have cut my finger off than pulled that ill-fated trigger; pardon—oh pardon!'

"'All this is very well, Fattéh Ali! but before we part, I have something of importance to communicate to you. Prepare yourself for a sight which will require all your fortitude to behold—this is no child's play—the king is in earnest.' And saying this, he drew forth a small though strongly secured box, at which he looked with an expression of malignity and mystery that no pen can describe, and applying a key to the padlock with which it was closed, drew forth a parcel wrapped in a silken handkerchief.

"Fattéh Ali expected at least some gem of value, or some curiosity precious, from the manner in which it was preserved. His impatience was excited to the utmost, when wrapper succeeded wrapper, and still nothing appeared that in the least came up to his expectation. It might be a choice Koran, which on his departure his uncle might be anxious to give him, knowing how careful he was to let the world understand that he was a zealous promoter of his religion, and one of the holy prophet's most devoted sons. But no—the inside package had no appearance of any thing so substantial, or it might possibly be the juka, the ornamented jewel to wear on the head, the ensign of royalty, which, now that he was about more closely to represent majesty in his new government, his uncle might be inclined to give him with his own hands,—this too did not appear to be the object of so much care. The shah paused as he came to the last wrapper. It evidently was no gift: kindness and generosity had nothing to do with the operation—the face of the actor bespoke neither—on the contrary, it bespoke passions of the most angry nature. At length, at one effort the shah pulled off the last covering; but what was the youth's horror and surprise, instead of a splendid gift, to see an old handkerchief clotted with blood displayed before his eyes.

"'Do you see this?' said the king, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rug, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon. Fattéh Ali, with fixed muscles and blanched cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure.

"'Boy!' said the king, with increased earnestness, 'does not this blood speak?' Fattéh Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. 'Speak, boy!' said the tyrant, 'do you know this?'

" ' God forgive me,' he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, ' I know nothing of blood.'

" ' Ill-fated that thou art,' exclaimed the shah, ' this blood is the blood of thy father.'

" At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremour convulsed his frame. ' My father!' he exclaimed.

" ' Ay, thy father,' said the despot, ' and my brother! He was amiable, like thyself, therefore I loved him; he was thoughtless and heedless like you—I suspected him; he became ambitious and rebellious, therefore I slew him. There, go! Thou knowest the worst—thou knowest me—remember this night's lesson. Such as I acted towards the father, so will I towards the son. As I treated my brother, so will I my nephew. Go, you are dismissed—ponder deeply on this—and ere to-morrow's dawn be you on your road to Shiraz.'

" During this speech, this victim of passion had exhibited symptoms of the profoundest feeling. As he described the love he bore his brother, tears, actual tears, sprung from sources which had seldom known such weakness, and gave an indescribable expression of inconsistency of blended softness and harshness to a countenance which long habit had imprinted with nothing but the most uncompromising sternness. But he soon recovered himself—this transient gleam of the truth of nature's feelings was quickly overclouded, and the youth, in looking up at his uncle's face, could discover nothing but its own usual impenetrable gloom. A long silence ensued. The astounded youth, swelled with every conflicting emotion, unprepared as he was for such a disclosure, his whole being appeared to be struck by imbecility—he would have spoken, but words stuck in his throat, and he rose to go; but so overcome was he by the misery of his situation, he said,

" ' And am I thus to leave you, without one soft word—recollect I am fatherless—my only hope is in God and you. Amima and I are orphans—we are the creatures of your bounty—we live by your countenance, and are less than the dust of the field if you deprive us of it!'

This appeal to the name of the beautiful hanou produced a change in the countenance of the eunuch monarch; but his passion had not sufficiently subsided to leave space for acquiescence; notwithstanding which, the prince implored him to grant him a short interview with his sister. But she was the

banou, the chief jewel of the Anderoon, and it was not lawful that she should even see her own father face to face. " Be it then, oh, my uncle!" exclaimed the youth, " behind a curtain, or let her be veiled. I wish once more to hear the sound of her voice before we part for ever." The shah's mind was agitated, his jealousy—the never-failing companion of one constituted as was this man—instantly took fire; for his love towards his niece was ardent; but still, to suffer the youth to depart without an interview with his own sister, might perhaps be visited by severe upbraidings upon himself. He therefore consented to the meeting in the presence of the chief eunuch, and confined it to a certain number of minutes. Fattah Ali was about to depart, in joy of heart, when the shah, calling him close to him, and looking on him with eyes ready to annihilate him with their deadly wrath, he whispered, " If one word of what you have now seen or heard transpires, know, boy! that instant I am no longer your uncle, and you die!"

The khajeh bashi accompanied him to the lodgings of the royal women. He was introduced into a small room, carpeted with travelling furniture, which communicated with another by a door covered by a silken curtain. He interchanges with his sister vows of unfading love; and even, while the khajeh absents himself for a moment, endeavours to embrace his sister. He gains a half glimpse of her figure, which seemed the concentration of loveliness. He departs for his government of Fars, the capital of which is Shiraz, while the shah in state continued his hunting excursion. He had come to the large village of Ferouzabad, the frontier town to the wooded and forest-girt Mazanderan. In this neighbourhood are certain ridges and belts of rocky mountain, celebrated in ancient and modern times under the name of Pylæ. The plain whereon the village is situated, extends, with some slight undulations, to the foot of a perpendicular rock, acting like a curtain, that runs in a straight line almost across it. Its elevation is so great, that it seems the dwelling for antelopes and wild goats only, with which the tract abounds; but a rent or pass from top to base, and sufficiently wide for two horsemen to go abreast, opens an avenue to the traveller. This, after running 200 yards,

leads into a basin of narrow dimensions, surrounded by the same kind of rock. This again has another channel, broader and more beautiful than the last, containing a stream of purest water, fringed by refreshing verdure. This passage again leads into a basin similar to the first, but of considerably larger dimensions. Here had the shah ordered the pavilion of the Lady Amima to be pitched. The day had just dawned, and the heavens were suffused with the beautiful crimson peculiar to the skies of Persia, when a female form was making its last prostration, while another stood by in silence.

"She was fast ripening into womanhood, but her forms were almost infantine; different from the generality of her countrywomen, she was fair, at least she might be so called where all are decidedly dark; her hair, flowing down her back and over her temples in the greatest profusion, was brown, but rendered auburn by a slight tinge of khenna; her skin was whiter, and of a more delicate texture, than that of the most refined Circassian; and her eyes were of so dark a blue that they were occasionally taken for the usual black eye of the country, and being deeply set, they possessed a double force of expression. Her movements were full of grace. There was an earnestness in every thing she said, which enhanced the value of each word, and gave her an appearance of sincerity unusual to her countrywomen. She was richly though simply dressed in the costume of spring, that is, chiefly in shawls, which were disposed in folds round her person, whilst rows of buttons, each possessing a stone of value, drew tight to her shape the short but graceful vest which covered her body. Her head-dress was composed of a turban of shawl, of a round and picturesque form, two long tresses, after the fashion of Persia, falling from her temples in rich clusters nearly as low as the swell of her bosom. This fair creature was the Princess Amima, niece of the shah, and sister to the Prince Fetteh Ali. Possessing an almost unbounded sway over her uncle, she never took advantage of it but for the best of purposes, always tempering her zeal in favour of the unfortunate victims of his rage or ambition by a wisdom and discretion beyond her years; and which, in fact, was the secret of her influence. She was almost adored as a saint by the whole country, particularly by those who immediately surrounded the person of the monarch; for if any one of them incurred his displeasure, they always had recourse to her good offices, and she

seldom failed in restoring them to favour. This young creature, as indeed all Persian girls do, had lived in such total seclusion from the world, that she had never spoken to man save her uncle, her brother, and the attendants of the seraglio, and consequently her heart had never known any stronger emotion of affection than for one or two of her own sex. Her mother had died when she was very young; her father, as we have seen, was said to have fallen a victim to his own ambition, and to the vindictive rage or policy of her uncle; and, excepting an old nurse, whom she always called Dedeh, and her companion or waiting-maid Mariam, both of whom she loved with the greatest affection, she had no attachments.

"It was Mariam who watched the tent, watching her mistress as she prayed. She was about ten years older, and was as dark as her mistress was fair; with strong marked features, eyes full of fire, arched eyebrows, and hair of raven black. She was sister to Sadek, the shah's valet, and acted towards her mistress more as companion than as servant, being the confidant of all her feelings, and a partaker of her joys as well as of her griefs."

The two maidens having permission to stroll about without their keepers, proceeded from the pavilion and explored the pass. Presently they came to a small projection, within which was a very narrow outlet, which had been hidden from their view, the rocks lapping over each other like the folds of an Indian screen, hiding what could only be seen on near approach. Through this they bent their steps, gradually ascending, until they stood on an eminence which overlooked an immense range of savage country. In the extreme distance were discerned the crests of the forest-trees, which, in an unbroken, impenetrable mass, clothed the sides of the mountains that surround the Caspian Sea, and form the boundaries of Mazanderan. A wild intermixture of low wood, rock, soil, and broken country, took up the intervening space, and were held in repute as a chase full of game, and often honoured by the presence of the kings of Persia. The majestic and snowy cone of Demawend was to the westward. The only sounds heard were the shrill scream of the hawk, or the deep dull cry of the eagle. The first rays of the sun were glancing from hill-top to plain, and clothing all things with heavenly lustre. The maidens were

alarmed, and would have retreated, had not Mariam's curiosity induced her mistress to proceed a little further, to a rock whence they hoped to obtain even a better view of the country. They reached it, and turned an abrupt angle, when they were startled by the growl of a dog, which rose from the ground, and revealed a man's form extended on the grass. A hawk, hood-winked, was perched over him. He was awakened by the poise made by the dog, and proved to be a fine handsome youth. He rose and addressed them, and evinced by his manner his admiration for Amima. He informed them that he also was hunting, when, being benighted, he passed the night under the rock. The shah now came up with a party of horsemen, who had been pursuing an antelope, and in his rage at the transgression of the corook, and the impiety of a wretch polluting by his presence the eyes of Amima, he ordered the youth to instant death. His word is on the point of being obeyed, when the youth proclaims himself to be Zohrab. Every weapon was lowered—the shah bursts forth into exultation, orders him to be bound and taken to the camp, whither he himself hurried, forgetful of his niece. She and her attendant effect their retreat, but not before the youth has, by his look, shewed what an impression her beauty has made upon his heart. Then, letting loose his hawk, and ordering his dog away to Asterabad, a sign which the animal obeys, he allows his arms to be pinned behind him.

Zohrab was the son of Zaul Khan, who had long been a rival in power and ambition to the shah. During the wars of Kerim Khan and his successors, they had been allied for their mutual safety. Both were Kajars, a tribe holding its principal seat in Mazanderan, and they then looked on their alliance as a family compact. But Aga Mohamed, not only for his individual talents, but as a descendant of a family possessed of a right to the throne equal to that of Kerim Khan, had been regarded by Zaul Khan as his superior; though, as adventurers have immemorially been occupants of the throne of Persia, he suffered his imagination to entertain the hope that even he might one day wield the sceptre of the shahs. He was celebrated for his strength, determination, and unwearied perseverance. To these qualities he

added vigilance, valour, and the arts of conciliation and negotiation. No wonder, then, that he acquired great influence among the Turcomans inhabiting the country bordering upon Mazanderan.

Zaul had been greatly instrumental in placing the shah upon the throne. For this he received the government of Mazanderan, which, however, might be called an hereditary possession; and he continued to reside, as he always had done, at Asterabad. The great king, however, became so puffed up with after-successes, that, forgetting his obligations to his former friend and brother in arms, he vexed him with unjust exactions. These were resisted—the shah would have dispossessed Zaul of his government, when the latter openly defied the monarch, and repelled the approach of the governor.

Zohrab was about two-and-twenty years of age, and the wonder of his countrymen for bravery, beauty, intelligence, and strength. To obtain such a prize had been one of the earnest desires of the shah. His capture put an immediate stop to the sports, and all were ordered to return to the camp at Ferouzabad. The king despatched a special messenger to Tehran, to Hajji Ibrahim, his prime vizir, whose prudence, wisdom, and native goodness of heart, were the prop of the throne and the safeguard of the people, against the cruelties of the shah. Meanwhile, with some difficulty did the shah withhold himself from violence towards Zohrab. "What!" he would exclaim, "is this burnt father's whelp to beard me in my very camp—to defy my corook—to invade my territory, and to laugh at my beard, without receiving the punishment due to his crime!" At length arrives the vizir, who advises moderate measures.

"Who am I, that should venture to speak my mind before the king of kings!" said the vizir. "I am less than dust! Still the commands of the king are absolute. Your slave's opinion is this—that, instead of treating the Mazanderani with violence, he ought to be treated with kindness; that he should be detained as a hostage, but that his detention should be made as agreeable to him as possible. Let your majesty give him some one to wife: let future advancement at court be promised to him; and he will probably be reconciled into a faithful servant, instead of being the means of keeping alive a

warlike spirit among a portion of your majesty's subjects, whom it is for the interests of Iran should be conciliated. Your slave has spoken what he had to say; for the rest, it remains in the royal breast to judge whether he has spoken wisdom or the contrary.' *

"If the prisoner were confided to the care of the shah's chief executioner, Zerb Ali Khan, who would be responsible for his safe custody, to be for the first year confined to the walls of his house, until he was duly settled by marriage, and installed in office at the shah's gate, the shah's government would thereby be benefited. A hostage of his consequence requires more watchfulness and precaution than a common hostage."

The shah consents—sends for the chief executioner—places Zohrab under his especial charge, and commands him to give his own daughter in marriage,—“a daughter beautiful, large-eyed, a person of great dignity, and the mistress of a good understanding.” The king then ordered the youth into his presence. Sadek, who had taken compassion on the prisoner, and whose office it was to introduce persons into the khelvet, or private apartment, forewarned Zohrab of his fate, and cautioned him as to maintaining a prudent behaviour before the tyrant. When he appeared, such a torrent of personal abuse was levelled at him by the lips of the shah, that he hardly curbed his boiling wrath; but when he heard his father reviled, drawing himself up in the majesty of innocence and manly intrepidity, he answered—

“‘I am in thy hands, 'tis true, an unprotected man, and thou hast the power to do with me what thou pleasest, but hearken to my words! Whatever thou hast said concerning me I forgive thee; thou mayest tear me to pieces, thou mayest make me food for dogs, or thou mayest give me up to thy slaves to be tormented, and I will not complain; but when thou abusest my father, he who is thy equal, and to whom thou partly owest thy elevation, he who, compared to thee, is as the finest gold to the vilest copper, then I will speak; then I will tell thee, base dog! that I throw back thy odious words to thy face, and that I spit upon thy odious presence. And now do thy worst.’”

The springing of a mine, or bursting of a volcano, were poor comparisons to the fury of the shah, who uttered every term of abuse that condensed anger

could suggest. He half rose up, grasped his dagger, and would have plunged it into the youth's heart, had not the vizir entreated on his knees Aga Mahomed's forbearance, arguing that the interests of his throne were too precious to be thrown away on so insignificant a life. He succeeded, and Zohrab was removed from the royal presence. What follows we must give in the author's own words:

“It will be easily imagined, that in the temper which the shah then was, the vizir did not fail to enforce what he had to say in language the most palatable to a despot's ear. He succeeded in his object, but he did not go far in allaying the storm of anger and mortification which the words of the youth had raised, and which would not fail to sink deeper and deeper in the tyrant's mind as he dwelt upon them. In order to direct the current of his thoughts from their present channel, the vizir allowed applicants on business, or other pursuits, to be admitted to the king's presence. Among others appeared the Shikar Bashi, or the chief huntsman. He was a heavy-headed man, with a copious appendage of black beard and mustaches, large eyes, and shaggy brows, mounted upon herculean shoulders: coarse and rough in manner, he little knew the forms of a court, and although the king in the field allowed much latitude in the quantum of homage which was due to him, yet in general he was very punctilious when seated on his musnud, being aware that half the terror attached to his high situation, among a people greatly alive to outward shew, would vanish were he ever to allow of one step which had the appearance of intimacy.

“In order to comprehend the nature of the chief huntsman's present intrusion at court, the reader must be informed that it was frequently the custom among the kings of Persia, after a great and successful hunting party, in which game of all descriptions, such as antelopes, deer, wild goats, boars, and wild asses, were slain, to erect a pillar, upon which the heads of such animals were fixed, either in niches, or on exterior hooks. There is a specimen of one such pillar now to be seen at Guladun near Ispahan, the record of a hunt of the famous Shah Ismael, which, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, still exhibits numerous skulls and horns of wild animals. Agah Mohamed Shah on this occasion had determined to leave a similar record. His hunting excursion, to the moment of Zohrab's seizure, had been extraordinarily successful; and when this unlooked-

for piece of good fortune had befallen him, on the impulse of the moment he determined to erect a pillar of skulls, a *kelleh minar*, as it is called, in order that he might place the head of his prisoner, or, as one of his courtiers had called it, of his finest head of game, on the summit; thus to commemorate the great success of this eventful day. The order was given to the Shikar Bashi on the field, and not having been countermanded, was so quickly executed, that the monument had been erected, and all its niches duly filled with the heads, before any fresh order on the subject could be given. An iron spike was seen to issue from the summit, as if waiting for its last victim.

"As soon as the chief huntsman appeared before the shah, he made an awkward prostration of the body, and, without taking off his boots, which, in fact, is etiquette for men of his profession, began his speech before the king had even deigned to look upon him.

"This want of respect put the match as it were to the still active combustion of the king's mind, and set fire to a train of angry epithets, which burst forth in the following manner:

" 'Who art thou, dog? whose cur art thou? why dost thou stand before me with that head of thine, which ought long ago to have been food for a bomb? Must the shah continue to partake of disrespect, as if he were a Jew or a Frank? Am I no one in my own dominions? bearded by a Mazanderani boy—now butted at by a cow who would call itself a man! Speak, Merdiki, speak! wherefore standest thou there? The rough forester, little expecting such a reception, stood like one impaled, with his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and at first could scarcely utter beyond his '*arzi mi kunum*,' until after various attempts, fear having almost paralysed his senses, he exclaimed, 'The pillar is ready to kiss your feet; it is ready; the skulls have all been placed; there is only one skull wanting at the top—only one skull, by the head of the king! only one skull.'

"Whether acting under the influence of a eunuch's waywardness, or whether the king was struck by the coincidence of the chief huntsman's exposition, 'one skull, by the head of the king,' is not to be explained; but certain it is, that he yielded at once to the temptation of spilling blood, which was circulating in the fullest vigour throughout his frame, and exclaimed, 'One head thou wantest?' 'Yes,' said the huntsman, 'yes, one head, may it so please your majesty.' 'What head can be better than thine?' roared the tyrant, in savage

merriment. 'Here, off with his head. Ay, *Nusackchi*, executioner,' he exclaimed to a man of bloody deeds, who was always in attendance, 'here, go complete the *minar*.' There was a hesitation amongst the attending officers in the execution of this atrocious deed. The man called upon to act went doggedly to work, and innocence spoke so powerfully in favour of the poor wretch, that every one present seemed to expect that so barbarous an order would be countermanded; but, no! the animal was rife for blood, and blood it was determined to have. His horrid face broke into a demoniacal expression of fury when he saw that there was hesitation in obeying his commands. The ragged skin which fell in furrows down his cheeks began to bloat; the eyes seemed to roll in blood, and the whole frame, from which in general all circulation seemed to fly, wore a purple hue; he would have darted from off his seat, and not only have executed the fatal sentence upon his victim himself, but would have extended his revengeful fury to those who had refused to be the ministers of it, had not the *nasackchi bashi* in person (worthy servant of such a master!), who had just reached the scene of action, with a light and cunning step, crept behind the victim, and with one blow of his deadly black *Khorassan* blade, severed the unfortunate man's head from his body. The heavy corpse fell with a crash on one side, whilst the head bounded towards the despot, the eyes glaring horribly, the tongue protruded to a frightful length, and streams of gore flowing and spouting in all directions. The vizir, who was upon the point of again endeavouring to allay the passions of his dangerous master, had been too late to stop the executioner's hand; but well was it for him that he did delay, for nothing but the appalling scene that now presented itself could have counteracted the violence of the king. The moment he saw blood, he seemed at once to be soothed into quiet. In the most wicked of our natures there must be a revulsion from evil to good. Conscience will raise her voice, although she may at first be refused a hearing. The lion gorged with his spoil, at once is tamed. This was the case with the shah."

Letters are despatched by the vizir to Asterabad, requiring Zaul's submission, on condition of his son's release, by a *gholam shah* (king's slave). The person is a dandy of the finest water; submissive to his superiors, insolent to his equals, and to those beneath him, a boaster, an intriguer, and a liar of the first magnitude. Such characters

are common in Persia. Shir Khan Beg is his name. This personage is admirably drawn, and his exploits are an excellent contrast to the serious portions of the work. The inhabitants of Asterabad were already warned of something evil having befallen Zohrab, from his hound running into the city and into the harem, where he expires at the feet of Ayesha, the hero's mother. The tidings which Shir Khan brings confirm the worst fears of Zaul and his friends, and they determine on using stratagem for the release of Zohrab. Accordingly they despatch the messenger with soft words, and a promise that Zaul, and his friends and relatives, will proceed and offer submission at the foot of the throne.

Meanwhile, Zerb Ali Khan, the chief executioner, enters the prison of Zohrab, to inform him of the shah's commands as to his marriage. But he refuses Zulma, Zerb Ali's daughter, however, ardent in love and hate, passionate, beautiful, and of a ready wit, determines upon captivating him; for she had at first fallen in love with the hero, for his marvellous exploits, which was confirmed when, screened behind a wall, her eyes had been lost in admiration at the handsome person of the youth, as he walked in the court-yard of his prison. Salek, in compassion, allows Zohrab an attendant, who is Ali, the son of the butchered huntsman, and whose mother has been taken under Amima's protection. From him he learns that he is not indifferent to Amima (who had fallen desperately in love with the hero), and, under this certainty, he resolves to brave the worst that the shah may ordain, rather than wed the executioner's daughter. Zulma hearing of Zohrab's resolve, purchases the assistance of the humpback; but he is of no avail. The shah orders the youth to be well beaten by the ferashes for his disobedience. They are about to obey his orders, when Zulma appears, and obtains his release. He is sent back to prison, where he is joined by Shir Khan, who, after a multiplicity of fair words, informs him that the deputation from Asterabad is about to arrive, and he hopes that he may be appointed mehmandar to Zaul Khan and his party. The request is granted.

Zulma obtains entrance into Zohrab's prison; and by every shew of wit, and her own personal charms, she endeavours to win the affections of the hero,

but in vain. Meanwhile the deputation comes to Tehran. The shah is seated on his throne, in all the shew of magnificence, to receive the embassy. The Asterabadis and Turcomans arrive; are ushered into the royal presence; when the shah in fury cries out, that he is mocked, since Zaul Khan is not of the party. Mustafa, Zaul's brother, alleges an excuse. Aga Mahomed, however, is about to order the whole party to instant execution; when a mysterious dervish makes his appearance, convinces the monarch of his supernatural knowledge, and is the means of obtaining a respite for the members of the deputation, during which time is hoped Zaul Khan will appear. Amima is consuming with secret love for Zohrab; and the dervish, who had acquired celebrity for his knowledge, is consulted as to the best means of curing her. He is allowed an interview, and tells her, to her consternation, of her love for Zohrab. After this Amima gets worse and worse; and the faithful Mariam thinks of an expedient for curing her of her hopeless dependency. Ali, at her suggestion, brings in his mother to Zohrab's prison, and clothing him in woman's attire, leads him into the harem, when an interview takes place between him and Amima. They are disturbed by the shah, whose officer tries the outer door; and not knowing where to hide Zohrab, they ascend to the top of the tower, where, after an affectionate farewell between the lovers, during which Amima gives the hero an armlet, as a pledge of love, Zohrab slings himself down by a rope made of shawls supplied by Mariam.

Zulma observes Zohrab floating in the air, and instantly suspects the cause. She is in despair, goes to the dervish for advice, and he prevails on her to introduce him to the captive's cell, under promise of working a charm to accomplish her wishes. He is accordingly introduced, and turns out to be Zaul Khan. He leads his son from prison, and by ropes the two descend from the towers of Tehran, and reach their own country in safety. As the youth, however, was about to leave his prison, he dropped the armlet, and the humpback and Zulma find it; when they vow Amima's destruction, and the former presents it to the shah.

"The shah had no sooner received it into his own hand and cast his eyes upon it, than his whole nature seemed to undergo a quick revulsion. It was his turn now to tremble—but it was the tremor of jealousy, of rage, of abhorrence, of maddening fury. Breathing short, and evincing much prostration of strength, he said slowly to the humpback, 'So you found this in Zohrab's room?'

"'As I am your sacrifice,' said the crafty wretch, 'I did.'

"'And where?'

"'Near the youth's pillow,' answered he, with a significant look. The king drank these words as if poison had been mixed with them. He said nothing. His head sank dejectedly on his breast. Every sort of feeling, from the deepest tenderness to the most deadly revenge, ran in quick succession through his frame. At one moment his beautiful and retiring niece stood before his imagination in all the modesty of her nature; at another he saw her in the arms of his young prisoner, whilst he felt that he himself was the object of their derision. It was but a short time since, with his own hands, he had given her the armlet, which had belonged to her father: to find it restored to him in this manner, and with this story attached to it, was more than he could bear. His first impulse was to order instant execution upon her who had excited his wrath; but so malignant were his present feelings, that he seemed to have pleasure in dwelling upon them, in order that he might devise a more sweet and perfect revenge. The pause, the awful pause, which ensued during these his cogitations was felt by those present as if they stood on the verge of eternity—as if they were awaiting the signature of their death-warrant, so sure were they that none but the most dire results could accrue from the delay. The eyes of all present were turned towards the dreaded awardee of their fate, in deep and breathless silence; it seemed as a mockery upon their misery, if the leaves of the surrounding trees even ventured to be agitated by the breeze, or the splashing fountains to throw out their refreshing waters.

"At length rousing himself from his apparent stupor, like the deadly boa rising from torpor, and preparing for a fresh victim, he wreaked the first effects of his rage upon the poor *keshekchi*. 'Strike his neck,' he roared out to the full extent of his terrible voice, as he looked upon the offender. 'Go, and let others know what it is to be negligent of the shah's affairs.'

"Upon this a *ferash ghaseb*, a most ferocious monster, stepped up, and with one blow of his sword severed the wretched man's head from his body.

"We will spare our readers the horrid acts of cruelty which succeeded this iniquitous execution. After he had begun the exercise of his power in his inner apartments, the tyrant transferred himself to the great *Dewan Khaneh*, at his usual mid-day hour of giving audience, called the *Salam i Aum*, and there, clothed in his blood-coloured cloak, he gave full scope to the sanguinary dictates of his nature.

"By this time the deputy of the *kbajeh bashi* had also been brought in, and he being a man of nerve, said, with all the humility possible, that if any thing of the sort had taken place, it must have been when there was so much difficulty in making way to the turret-chamber through the banou's apartment, when the shah last visited the Lady Amima.

"These words excited all the shah's curiosity; and when the chief guardian, upon recollection, confessed that he had seen a collection of shawls tied together, hanging from the window-frame in the turret, and that he had suspected that all was not right, conviction flashed upon the shah's mind that the sacred precincts of his harem had been betrayed, and that his niece was guilty.

"He required no further investigation—his mind was convinced—he dismissed every one from his presence, and he seemed to court solitude as a relief;—but far from being a relief, it was increase of pain. The fire which raged in his breast only burnt the more fiercely from the constant excitement of his own thoughts—a thousand resolves passed in quick succession through his mind; they all terminated in violence; but no violence which he could devise appeared to him sufficiently seasoned by revenge. It must be said, that the sort of passion which he entertained for his niece was in no wise that of a lover for a mistress; it was a devoted tenderness, a sense of gratitude towards her for allowing him to feel that at least there was one creature in the world who cared for him. This hope he now learnt was a mere illusion of his brain; a false hollow sentiment; and the consequent reaction, added to that of the offended pride at the violated sacredness of his dignity, and of every other feeling which can most wound a Persian's honour, worked him up almost to phrensy. 'She dies—she dies!' he was constantly repeating to himself, as he rested his head on his hands, occasionally rising from his seat and walking to and fro. He devised many schemes for putting his intention into execution, but none accorded with his feelings. He thought of the turret as a fitting place to hurl her from; but he dreaded lest her cries might alarm the harem, who would rise in her favour.

At one moment his fury roused him to do the deed himself. At another, he would have seen it perpetrated before his eyes, in order that he might enjoy her sufferings; but when the moment for decision came, he found that in fact he was afraid of confronting her, so much did he feel how completely he was in her power when they were face to face.

"At length he made up his mind as to the best mode of effecting his purpose, and this was, to order her destruction without again seeing her. Sadek was a man in whose fidelity he knew he could trust, for he had never deceived him. His dogged resolution and courage were proof against every thing, and to him he determined to intrust the accomplishment of this dark deed. Accordingly he summoned him, and when he had ascertained that they were entirely alone, and no ears within hearing, he caused him to approach almost within whispering distance, and then, in a low and suppressed tone, he said, with all that earnestness of manner for which he was famous—

"'Sadek,' he said, 'I have ever been satisfied with thy services. Thy king now requires a proof of thy devotion, which he can intrust to none other than thee.' The words which he was about to utter appeared to choke him. Calling up a long-drawn sigh, and using great violence upon himself, he said—'Amima dies! I have said it. Take her hence this night—never let me see her more. Go—shew her this—(giving him the armlet)—it will explain all.—Go'—

"He would have said more, but respiration almost failed him. Sadek, in wild consternation, would have answered and remonstrated at this cruel order; but the king made him signs, such as belong to a maniac, to be gone; and knowing what the reaction might be if he pressed the matter too hard, he kissed the ground and left the presence."

Amima is summoned suddenly from her apartment, mounted on a horse, under the guidance of a figure muffled up, and forced to quit the city. Her conductor is Sadek, who had determined on her rescue from death, and who leads her into the great salt desert, a wilderness of the most appalling nature. Here their speed was increased; and, by break of day, he deposits the lady near a hut, where dwells a blind old man. This man turns out to be Amima's father, who had been deprived of eye-sight, and also delivered over to Sadek for execution; but the generous-hearted man had periled his life in saving that of Hussim Kuli, and

brought him to this wilderness, where he drawled out his days until some favourable charm should again restore him to the world.

Mariam, the executioner's wife, and Ali, make their escape to Asterabad, and carry the bloody news of Amima's supposed fate to Zohrab. He is lost in affliction, when tidings arrive of the shah's approach with a mighty armament, having vowed the annihilation of the rebels. A diverting incident is introduced, in which figures the admirable Shur Khan, who, in the disguise of a wayworn and ragged traveller, gains admittance into Asterabad, sticks up the shah's firman against the mosque, bribes Mirza Shireen Ali, the moonshee of Zaul Khan, and some mollahs, and then makes his escape. For this exploit he is rewarded by his master with a dress of honour, a jewelled dagger, and the command of a thousand men. Zaul Khan and Zohrab, on the other hand, send by the hands of Ali a bribe to the gozoo.

On the shah proceeds—his army is routed—and guns taken and spiked by a sudden assault of the Asterabadis, headed by Zohrab. The shah apprehends treason; and his suspicions are confirmed. Zohrab had again despatched Ali to the humpback.

"The day was drawing to a close. Ali was perplexed what to do; he felt inclined to address the woman, who would inform him where the humpback was to be found; still, he had misgivings that in so doing he might fall into difficulty; for women, he knew, were creatures of impulse, and a cry of alarm from a female voice, he knew might make itself heard from afar, and he might be seized. However, all things considered, he determined to approach her, whoever she might be, and endeavour to interest her in his behalf. This he did not venture to do at once and by surprise, but when within hearing distance, he began to exercise his axe upon the root of a tree, a habit natural to a Mazanderan peasant, and at the same time sang an air common to the Persians. These sounds attracted the woman's attention, who turning towards him, in a tone of encouragement, asked him who he was, and whence he came?

"Ali, pleased with his success, answered, 'I am a poor lad, sent by a sick mother to seek a doctor. As ye be a true believer, tell me, where lives a certain gozoo, who is said to perform marvellous cures?'

"Zulma, for she it was, having ap-

proached the youth, with that quickness of apprehension for which she was famous, at first glance discovered that it was Ali himself, and without betraying the smallest emotion, the true object of his coming at once revealed itself to her mind. She did not allow him to perceive that she disbelieved his story. On the contrary, she encouraged him to think that she espoused his interests, and with dexterity led him on to give her his confidence, enchanting him by the softness of her voice, and the fascination of her manner. His youthful blood was in a ferment at a reception so flattering from one so charming; for although she studiously avoided shewing her face, yet she so advantageously put forth all her arts, that she had secured his admiration before he knew whether he stood upon heaven or earth. Gradually she drew him from the rock towards her tent; he willingly followed, still adhering to his first story of a sick mother. When they had reached it, he found another woman within the tent, a maiden whom Zulma had brought with her as her servant and guide.

"'By your soul now,' said she to Ali, 'describe the ailments of your mother; for we, by the blessing of Allah, are skilled in medicine, and perhaps may stand in lieu of the *gozoo*.'

"'As I am your slave,' said the youth, 'we also have women practitioners in our village, and my mother too knows much of simples, but it is not that we want; it is the skill of man, and of this man, who he said to be equal to *Galenus* himself.'

"'In truth,' said Zulma, 'he is all that, and a great deal more. Although his back be crooked, he has the straightest head of any man in Iran, and, as you have probably heard, can tell you what your mother requires, as well from this mountain, as if he were by her bedside; but I am his scholar; he has taught me his art, and when you speak to me, you speak to him. What do you want more?'

"'I should want nothing more,' said Ali, 'if it depended upon your slave, and a talisman written by your hand would not only cure his body, but make his soul touch the skies; but, (he speaks with respect,) he fears that his mother the woman would not be so satisfied.'

"Zulma, finding him too wary to be driven out of his story, burned with curiosity to know what could be the object of his errand, certain in her mind that he was despatched by Zohrab. She determined to ascertain this, even should she be obliged to use force, denounce him to the shah, and extract from him the object of his visit.

"Then turning to Ali, she said, 'It

will be difficult to find the *gozoo*, and should you go among the troops you will be siezed and ill-treated. Stay here, and I will send for him. Upon which she whispered a few words to her maid, who, wrapping herself up in her veil, left the tent, whilst Zulma continued to throw the net of her fascination over him. She led him on to talk of Asterabad; and he had begun to give some account of their mutual idol Zohrab, when three *ferashes*, the strongest and most powerful of their kind, rushed in and seized upon the unsuspecting Ali. To throw him down, to tie his hands behind his back, and to secure his person, was but the business of a few seconds; and when this was done, Zulma said to him, with the same kind manner—'And so, Ali, your mother is sick, and you want a talisman. Boy, you may have deceived us once, but do not hope it a second time. Now tell me, what is your business with the hump-back? Speak the truth, and not a hair of your head shall be touched! Delay but for an instant, and you die!'

The prisoner is searched, Zohrab's letter is discovered, and, in exultation at speedy vengeance on the *gozoo*, Zulma hurries to the tent of the shah. The barber is hanged.

We have not space to follow up minutely the remainder of the story. Asterabad falls by the treachery of Zaul Khan's moonshee; Zaul is slain, his body carried off by the son; and he is himself, after a series of desperate acts of bravery, and having slain the traitor Mirza Shirem, taken, bound, ignominiously treated, and condemned to death. The city is abandoned to a general massacre, and every cruelty usual to oriental warfare is freely exercised on the inhabitants. At this moment arrives Fattah Ali, ignorant of his sister's fate; and the tyrant is puzzled as to the mode of informing him what has happened.

"'Come forward,' said the shah, as he entered, the shah being seated in the corner of a small room, lighted up by only two long tapers in the midst, and covered with a cloak of a dark colour.

"'You have no doubt heard wherefore we have called you to our presence,' said he, in a tone very different from what a nephew might expect from so near a relation.

"'As I am your sacrifice,' said the priest, 'the reason has not been made known to me.'

"'Has no one by the road-side hinted the reason of your recall?'

"'By the head of the king, no!' he

answered. 'Not till this very morning was your servant aware that he had incurred the shah's displeasure. In the administration of his province he has followed every instruction which he has received, and, by the blessing of Allah! the plains which were before uninhabited are now flourishing; the shah's *maliat* or revenue has increased; and, owing to the royal wisdom, men are happy at Shiraz. If the tardy arrival of your slave is the reason, by the salt of the king, and by the head of the prophet, I swear that I never turned longer on the road than to rest, myself and horses; that I did not even abide a day at Ispahan; that I did not go to Tehran, where I might have heard some account of my sister, for whom alone I think life worth the keeping; and that I came on in the greatest possible haste, as soon as I heard of the state of the war in Astabad. What more can your servant say?'

"The king sat in silence for some time, uncertain even to the last in what manner to break the horrid intelligence to his nephew. He was disappointed that he entertained not even a suspicion of Amima's death, and found that he had to undergo the whole misery of a first disclosure. At length, crushing every good feeling, which in spite of himself would rise to the surface of his thoughts, he determined to have recourse to his constant refuge in all difficulties of conscience,—to assert the despot and the tyrant.

"The reason of your recall has no reference to the business of government," said the shah; "upon that head we have nothing to say—but it is one which touches you still nearer. It is the conduct of your sister."

"Allah! Allah!" cried the astonished youth, "what can she have done?"

"Hear!" said the shah, evidently much agitated: "I have treated you both as my children: you as the heir to my throne—she as the head of my house, my companion, and my confidant. What did I ever keep secret from her? Did she not know my inmost thoughts? Did she not even lead me as a child? Was there a favour which I ever refused her? Had she not her will in every way? and in that most ill-fated event, when she met the unsainted Mazanderani youth—a proceeding which, according to the rules of Mahomedan life, would have carried her condemnation with it in any other harem—did I not forgive her freely, and bury every thing in oblivion?"

"As Mahomed is the prophet of Allah, this is all new to me!" said the astounded Fattah Ali.

"Give ear and have patience," said

the king. "What will you say when I tell you, that notwithstanding this indulgence, in the very face of her duty to me, of her obedience to the injunctions of our holy prophet, she was convicted (can I find words to say it?), she was convicted of receiving this very Mazanderani in her apartments!"

"That I declare," roared out the prince in a voice of thunder, "is false! Amima has refused to embrace me, her brother—would she debase herself with one she knew not?"

"Hold, young man," said the shah, having been sufficiently roused by the violence of his nephew's manner; "hear me to the last."

"What have you done with her?" said the prince, with a tone in which contempt and tenderness were mingled. "Have ye murdered her?"

"As you value your own life, be silent," said the king, his passions kindling into a flame. "Your sister has paid the forfeit of her crime—she is no more!"

"Curses be on your head, murderer of your own blood!" said the indignant and grief-stricken youth, his words choking his utterance, and leaning against the wall from sudden weakness. "May the maledictions of an orphan fall upon your head! Slayer of my father and your brother, murderer of my sister, add my murder to the list of your crimes, and it will be well!" And without further thought concerning the dreaded man before whom he stood, he turned his back upon him, and left his presence.

The shah's excited passion by this time had broken out into one of the most violent paroxysms of a tyrant's fury; his face was convulsed—his frame shook with rage—words could not issue from his eager mouth. At length, the last act of the prince's contempt restored him to his full utterance; and, roaring out in the voice of a demon to his attendant officers, he said, "Seize him! bind him! Sadek, as you value your life, go thrust that dog's son into utter darkness. By the head of the shah, we will have revenge! After all, am I not a king?"

"With the greatest reluctance, Sadek, accompanied by two ferashes, took the heart-broken prince into custody, at the same time shewing him every respect in their power, whilst he followed without exhibiting the smallest resistance."

Fattah Ali cares nothing for death; but the supposition of his sister's dishonour rankles in his breast like a poisoned arrow. Sadek is ordered to assassinate Fattah Ali: "Do you hear?" said the shah; "from thee the shah requires his blood." Upon hearing these words, the naturally impassive

slave fell rudely and boldly at the shah's feet, and said, "Your slave is too great a lover of his shah to commit such an act. Let the shah kill him, but let him stay his hand from the blood of the innocent youth."

Restored to the solitude of his chamber, the shah becomes convinced of disaffection prevailing among his subjects.

"Drawing forth from under the pillow where he sat the *calemdán** usually deposited there, with a roll of paper, on a slip he entered a list of those whom he determined to destroy, at the head of which he inscribed the name of Sadek, adding his assistant the young Hussein, being determined to change those servants who were immediately about the person. He then inscribed others whose influence was prejudicial to him. Hajji Ibrahim, his vizir, he also added and then erased, as wishing still to acquire some further conviction of his disaffection. The prince's name was separate from the others."

Scarcely had he done this, ere Sadek entered, and the shah hurriedly hid the paper under the pillow, and then, forgetting it for the moment, proceeded to the harem. Sadek, in preparing his master's couch for the evening, finds the paper, and immediately forms his determination. That night, assisted by Hussein, he stabs the tyrant to the heart. Then, taking the fatal list from the shah's pockets, severing the head from the body, and wrapping it in a napkin, he proceeds to the grand vizir's apartment, and silently places the burden near his couch. He then departed from the city—was soon lost in the gloom of the forest—Fatteh Ali is proclaimed king—Zohrab is released by the youthful shah in person, and received into friendship. Sadek hastens into the wilderness to Amima.

"It was her custom, at the close of day, to ascend the mound under which was situated their hut, and after having offered up her evening prayer, there to watch the gradual descent of the sun into the extended and unbroken horizon, her eyes passing over that long region of wilderness which she had crossed with such rapidity on the night of her arrival. She constantly turned her eyes and her thoughts in that direction, frequently indulging in the fond hope that perchance some kind being, hearing of her situation, might find his way to her, and

make her recollect that she still belonged to the community of man; she often mistook some reed that thrust its head more prominently into the air than another, for a living being, and watched it with all the ardour of intense hope and expectation.

"Often and often as her hopes had been disappointed, still she continued to gaze. It was at the close of an oppressive day, when the sultry south wind had blown with more than usual violence, accompanied by the most dispiriting howling, that Amima had taken post as usual on the hillock. The clouds threatened a stormy night, and long streaks of lightning were throwing uncertain gleams over the bleak wilderness, when her eyes of a sudden fixed themselves upon a small black spot on the very verge of the horizon. She had too long been deceived by the deceitful appearances of the reeds, to mistake this for one, and as she had studied their bearings and distances, she was certain on this occasion she could not be mistaken, particularly as she remarked that it changed its position, sometimes disappearing altogether, at others re-appearing, whilst it increased in size at every moment. At first she imagined it to be an illusion, for frequently had she gazed and gazed until she could bring herself to believe she could see a whole army approaching; but still the object was there, a dark spot, changing place and increasing in size. At length she became quite certain that it was some live thing. Was it a wild beast—or a stray horse—or a lost camel? She conjectured that it might be any thing, save one of her own species. She did not venture to hope so much happiness. But still it approached, and there seemed intelligence in its action. It appeared to be making for the mound. At length, all doubt having vanished, the blood forsook her face, and trickled in cold channels through her veins, when her astonished and delighted eyes beheld distinctly a cavalier urging on his steed in a straight line to where she sat. Her step faltered as she rose to retreat, and her eyes were suffused by sudden dimness, until they were relieved by tears. As soon as she could walk, she hurried onwards to her home, and with great eagerness called to her father. 'In the name of Allah,' she said, 'come, father, come!—a horseman speeds towards us from the west.'

"'How!' said the old man, with intense agitation; 'is there one who knows how to find the broken Hussein?'

"They had scarcely said these words,

* "A small painted case containing pens and ink."

when the unusual sounds of horses' hoofs confirmed Amima's words, and were heard trampling towards the door of the hut. The youth, Ali Murad, rushed out to see who it might be, and soon the stern and hollow voice of a stranger was heard.

"Where is the khan?—Where is the lady banou?" said the voice.

"The boy led the stranger in. He was a tall figure, his dress greatly weatherworn and dusted, and he was armed at all points. The last gleams of day scarcely glanced into the dark room, and there was difficulty in distinguishing his features. The stranger's first impulse was to rush towards the old khan, to seize his hand, kiss his knee, and then bow himself before Amima, exclaiming at the same time, '*Salam alekum*, peace be unto you!'

"That is Sadek's voice," said the blind prince, 'as I live, that is the voice of an old servant.'

"Allah preserve us," exclaimed Amima, as she looked upon him, 'it is indeed Sadek! Welcome to you—welcome, Sadek Beg—long have we expected you—what news? Sit.'

"Her agitation strongly manifested itself as she spoke, tears trembling in her eyes, and the nervousness of tears giving agitation to her voice.

"The feeling was communicated to the rough man before her, and he could scarcely speak, from the variety of sensations which at once pervaded his breast. Assassin of his king, he became the saviour of the beings before him. He was voluntarily throwing himself into exile, when at the same time he restored them to the world, its delights, and its honours.

"The news I bring," said he, 'is this: the shah is dead—Fatteh Ali reigns—and Zohrab lives. I come to conduct thee to Tehran.'

All is joy in Tehran. The last ceremony of the king's inauguration is about to take place.

"Every one was struck with the beauty of the young shah, of his grace, his inimitable, attractive manner, and the felicity of his expressions, as he presented the emblematic sugar to each congratulating noble. All were happy to behold their favourite grand vizir among them again. 'But who,' said they, 'is the youth who rides on the right of the king? Who ever before saw so noble a countenance, so Rustam a form, and such charm of appearance? As soon as they knew him to be Zohrab,—the great and celebrated Zohrab, all others were neglected to gaze upon him, and never had Tehran seen a sight in every way so agreeable—a young and

beloved king, a wise vizir to direct his councils, and an invincible warrior to guard his throne.

"The cavalcade proceeded with great dignity, amidst the joyful cries and happy faces of the multitude. The king crossed the threshold of the city at the proper hour prescribed by the astrologer in chief, and seated himself upon the throne, amidst the roar of cannon, the din of the *nokaru*, and the prayers of the assembled *ullemah*.

"The next day was appointed for the formal investiture of the sword of state by the *mushtehed*, who had come expressly from Kom, his usual seat, for that purpose, as well as to bind on the armlets of royalty, and to present the crown.

"The day came with all its solemnities. The great court, situated before the open hall, supported by columns, in which was placed the marble throne, was early crowded by the principal officers of state in their most brilliant brocades, arms, and jewels; every avenue to the palace was lined by troops; the *zamburek* camels, with their gaudiest trappings, were placed in long rows in the maidan; the elephants were astonishing the crowd, their rich *hondars* glittering with mirrors and trappings of cloth of gold. The whole city was gathered in and about the palace at noon; when the young king appeared staggering under the splendour of his dress, covered with jewels of such astonishing value that every other sovereign might blush for poverty. The *mushtehed*, an old man of dervish-like appearance, his white beard sweeping his breast, was brought forward, together with a brilliant sword, which he buckled on the side of the king, uttering a prayer for its success. The armlets, the celebrated *koh noor* and *deriah noor* were then fastened on his arms, and the crown placed upon his head; and then, when fairly seated on his throne, the *Fatkeh* was pronounced, and the ceremony concluded by the din of artillery and the shouts of the multitude, which told the city and Persia that they now possessed a king installed with every due formality."

"During the ceremony, Zohrab, in the dress of a soldier, stood on one side of the throne, and the grand vizir on the other. The shouts of joy were still ringing through the air, when a sensation of stir and curiosity was felt throughout the assembled courtiers, by the appearance of an old blind man, leaning on a staff, slowly making his way through the crowd, conducted by a youth of lowly appearance, and followed by a female who, though closely veiled, exhibited the most beautiful and attractive form.

This little group was allowed to proceed, headed by an officer of the household, who with a voice of authority ordered a passage to be cleared. It gradually made its way to the throne. The sensation it produced became stronger and stronger at every moment. Some of the older soldiers and attendants recognised the once famous Hussein Kâli Khan in the stranger, and ran to kiss the skirt of his garment. The cry of 'Hussein Kuli Khan,—the king's father,—Aga Mahomed's brother!' rose little by little, and at length struck the ear of the grand vizir. The young king soon caught the sounds; Zohrab's eye fell at once upon a form too strongly imprinted upon his memory ever to be forgotten; and almost without consent they jointly hastened towards them. 'My father, my father!' cried Fattah Ali, and his brilliant and graceful figure was seen to rush forward, and fall upon the old man's neck, with all the ecstasy of filial love."

Sadek departs, to spend the remainder of his days in his native village in Georgia—Zulma in despair marries Shir Khan—while the nuptials of Zohrab and Amima are performed in a style of magnificence unknown even to the East.

We trust that Mr. Morier will, ere long, treat us with another oriental romance; and further do we wish that Mr. James Baillie Fraser, our namesake, would leave off inditing rapid descriptions of smuggling and hunting in the Highlands, and give us something in the shape of the *Kuzzilbash*. As for Mr. Bentley, we remember that his excuse for publishing the parcel of trash with which for two years he has been inundating the public, was, that he was obliged to make good engagements entered into by his partner. We now speak to him in terms of friendship, and advise him to be cautious about what he does publish. A few sterling good volumes are better than a hun-

dred of flimsy construction or pernicious tendency; and the extended circulation of the few will reward him better than the poor sale of the many.

The *Quarterly Review* has, we are happy to find, at length taken notice of novels of fashionable life—to condemn them. We have been doing so for some considerable time; and the *Quarterly* has been rather too tardy in its duties as *censor morum*. We remember well the effect produced by our first strictures against fashionable novels. Some laughed at us for our ignorance—others jeered us for our impudence—while a third party at once put down our animadversions to the score of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. We were, however, nothing daunted—we continued the even tenour of our way, amid faint laudation and considerable abuse, and we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that our opinions have had great effect upon general taste; and that publishers have not had so ready a market for the trash which they were accustomed to palm upon over-credulous readers. We are proud in these labours to receive the assistance of the *Quarterly*, and beg to direct the attention of our subscribers to the admirable article on the subject under consideration. That novels of fashionable life have done mischief to morals, we are certain; they have painted in too glowing colours the laxity which prevails in the aristocratic circles, and made the nobodies of the day emulous of the vices of their betters; they have dissipated the attention and time of the public; they are bad specimens of art, because written by men who scribble books from necessity, and without previous exercise in composition. A change, however, is operating; and it shall be our effort to ameliorate the taste of the public in these matters as much as possible.

THE FREE-TRADE QUESTION

BY JOHN GALT.

LETTER I.

To Oliver Yorke, Esq.

SIR,

It will be held hereafter among the remarkable things of this innovating age, that, although the question of free trade has excited an interest only less universal than that of the reform, no compendium of the principles upon which it has been advocated has yet been laid before the public, nor have the adversaries of the policy been more considerate for their adherents. I do not propose to supply this desideratum, but only to offer a few general observations, that may be read by both parties with some advantage.

To the theory of the free-tradist objections cannot well be made, for the truths from which it is deduced are as indestructible as the radical principles of the rights of man, and as impracticable, too, in the present state of society, and the condition of the communities into which the world is divided.

The variety of endowment which distinguishes individuals is a demonstration by Providence that the establishment of the abstract right of equality is obnoxious to society. The simple fact, that a law which would attempt to enforce it could not be carried into effect, inasmuch as its tendency would be to make legal criminals of those marked out by nature with any superiority, sufficiently proves the truth; all, therefore, necessary to a right understanding of the radical question is, to consider the measures that would be requisite to be accomplished, before effect could be given to the establishment of such a law. The utter impracticability of it demonstrates the absurdity of imagining the thing possible.

Something akin to individual endowment, is that inequality in the condition of nations which renders the attempt to establish the policy of free trade among them as preposterous as the attempt to introduce laws derived from radical doctrines into the usages of society; but, before I endeavour to point out the similarity between the radical-political question and that of the radical-commercial, it is necessary to say a little

more as to the former; for, unless the similarity is made very unequivocal, it will not be in my power to make my observations so perspicuous as a subject so much agitated, and of so much importance, requires.

It admits of no debate, that all men inherit equal rights; Nature, in the question of rights, shews no partiality; some men are born with different qualifications—some with greater strength, others with greater talent; some with one species of intellectual ability, others with another; some with activity, others with indolence;

"While some affect the sun, and some
the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they
take
In journeying through life."

BLAIR.

The effect of this contrariety and mixture of different elements is the social system—as much a development of the co-operative effect of the qualities of individuals on each other, as the result of any chemical process in which different ingredients produce a new substance. The social state is as much the consequence of the several natural qualities of man, as the fruit is the offspring of the seed: it would be just as wise to treat the bud with the same tenderness as the full-grown fruit, as to apply to man in the social state the same principles of government that he requires in a state of nature, or to regulate the manners of savages by the etiquettes that smooth the intercourse of polished life. It is the object and the nature of society to refine itself by science and the arts which reflection and genius suggest for improvement, and to improve the fittings of those restraints or social obligations which from time to time are found requisite to be assumed.

The restraints alluded to take the names of usages, customs, and laws, which the development of circumstances regulate and modify. No two epochs in respect to them are exactly alike. In the feudal time the laws which

were most efficacious, and in their purpose worked with the best effect, became, in the course of succeeding ages, causes of oppressive bondage. It was not until the utility of the feudal system had declined, that the usages and customs under it were deemed detrimental to mankind; but it did not follow, that because it had been once beneficial, that it should therefore be upheld. It has been the study of the wisest legislators, not to continue what is ancient so much as to adapt it to the change that has tended to impair its efficacy.

The feudal system, for example, may, about the time of William the Conqueror, have been in harmony with the social notions and habits of that age; but its usages, customs, and laws, could not in the present time be revived. It is not, however, a judicious philosophy that makes reform consist of substitution, that is, of removing the old to make room for the new. The tact of the statesman consists in discerning the degree of change which is necessary from that which may happen to be demanded, and the wisdom of his measures lies in the justness of his adaptations. It is not obvious, in discussing the questions which arise in such a crisis as the present, that we should go back to natural principles, as the French did in their revolution; it is only necessary to ascertain, in the first place, what dilapidations or corruptions have taken place in those things which require reform; and, in the second, to make such repairs upon them as the spirit of the age requires. If we do more—if we run before the age—confusion and anarchy must inevitably ensue; for we are no longer under the dictates of nature, but the rules of society; and our danger does not so much arise from the extent of change that the multitude require, as from the substitution of something new, founded on natural right. The community of mankind is a flowing stream, always seemingly the same identical element, but for ever depositing its original component parts, and deriving new qualities from every fresh tributary,—always apparently the same, but ever changing.

Man in society has no rights; he has only such privileges as the community to which he belongs chooses to allow. In passing from the natural state to the social, he exchanges all his natural

rights for the privileges and protection of society; and until he can persuade his compatriots to improve their circumstances, he must submit to those usages, customs, and laws, which they had previously established.

It is not with reference to the natural rights of man that the value of political immunities should be estimated; the social privileges and protection enjoyed are the criteria. Impartiality is, however, as essential to the laws of society as equality is to those of nature; but society admits of many things which nature does not recognise. Society, for example, in this country, considers orders, ranks, and classes, as necessary to its well-being, whereas nature does not recognise them at all. In considering, therefore, what is for the advantage of the community, we are not to look at what nature suggests, but to what society requires. Nature, for example, abhors, as she does a vacuum, the order of nobility; yet the genius of our society not only considers it as necessary, but even consecrates the members of the order with superiorities, and bestows upon them a condition and privileges which make them almost another species in the genus of man.

But to return from this digression, which I have chiefly introduced to apprise the reader how close the similarity is between the doctrines of the *free-tradists* and those of the political *revolutionists*. I shall now attempt to shew, that it is quite as inconsistent with the nature of things that the natural habit which time and circumstances have given to commerce, should be altered by law, as that society should be changed from its nature by the same process.

It is a fact not admitting of dispute, that the world consists of different independent communities under the name of nations. These communities resemble the individuals of which a society consists; some of them are stronger, others weaker—some more intelligent, others the reverse—some industrious, others indolent—and so forth. Now, the community of nations is an existence as definite as any community of men; but it so happens, that the community of nations has as yet made very little approximation to the state of a community of men regulated by law; it is a community but little removed from that condition in which

we consider society when in the savage state. The strong nation treats the weak as remorselessly as the strong savage does the weak—the industrious seeks advantages from the indolent, and the intelligent from the ignorant. It is not necessary to prolong the comparison, the reader can do this for himself. The inference, however, is very obvious. Without the majority of the community of nations acknowledging an authority that shall be predominant over them all, it is clear that any attempt to lay down a law that all shall obey, must be as futile as the endeavour of an individual in a society where the law is infirm, attempting to regulate his neighbours by his will. For, granting that what he proposes be wise, there must exist in those he addresses a degree of knowledge which will enable them to appreciate that wisdom. Thus, before there can be any thing established like a reciprocal system, such as that of the free-tradist, there must be previously, if not a supreme tribunal to which all nations can appeal, a code which all nations must obey. Nothing can be more evident; and yet the practice with the free-tradists has been in contempt of this truth. They have proceeded upon the idea, that we were the most intelligent, the most industrious, and the most powerful of all nations; and they have offered to all nations a free participation in what we possessed. No doubt, other nations were pleased enough to partake of what we were thus generously disposed to give, no obligation being laid on them to allow us to share with them in what they possessed, but only a supposition, that because we opened our ports to them they would open theirs to us. This was the spirit of the policy, whatever was the practice. I do not say that there was actual guilt in this policy; but I assert that it could only have been induced by the greatest ignorance of human nature. Nations are actuated by the collective spirit of their people; and gratitude, which is the only obligation on which we rely, is among individuals one of the least obligatory. But it is needless to enlarge on the unphilosophical minds which conceived the free-trade system, and to which the very nature of man is necessarily opposed. Let us therefore leave the abstract question, and look at its natural operation.

Circumstances which require no il-

lustration have laid very heavy burdens upon this nation; far heavier, indeed, than those under which any other equal number of individuals on the face of the earth suffers. These burdens, or taxes, must be raised from our commerce, some by direct imposition on articles prepared for consumption abroad. The price at which these articles sell, and the cost of the raw material, with the other charges to which they are liable before they can be sold, constitute the grounds of a fund from which many of the taxes or burdens are supplied. It is, therefore, an object to go with our goods to where they can be best sold, rather than to those countries from which we take articles not essentially necessary. For example, we have ships, colonies, and commerce, by which we obtain the materials of the fund alluded to; I should therefore be glad to learn how our ships can be increased by permitting the ships of foreigners to come to our shores, and buy those articles in our ports, which our own ships used to carry to theirs, without consenting to a diminution of our shipping. We used to send our colonial produce by our own vessels to, we shall say, Rotterdam; by the free trade, the Dutch send their own ships to our ports to take to Rotterdam the very same goods that would have been freighting to ours. Does not this system clearly shew, that our shipping must be damaged by the process? and as certainly as three subtracted from six will only leave three? One example is as good as a thousand; and therefore I infer from this, that in every case where we give the foreigner leave to compete with us, no matter in what article, we must be sufferers. Or, in other words, as every country which requires colonial produce must be supplied, to a very great extent, from us, it clearly follows, that if they employ their own means of conveyance for the removal, our means must be thrown aside, as obsolete rubbish or useless lumber. It is no answer to say, that under this system our shipping on the whole has increased since it was established; for that may be owing to our participation in the general increase of the commerce of the world; but inasmuch as a foreign vessel now carries goods from our ports, which she could not have done before, so must our shipping interest suffer in proportion. Whatever the purchaser carries from the market

his own cart, is a saving to him, at our expense, of the freightage which he formerly paid to us; which freightage went towards the formation of that general fund already spoken of, but which being thus reduced, the supply for it must be drawn from some other source within ourselves; but in this question, example is better than precept, and therefore I would beg leave to quote

In 1826	The No. of vessels was	1719	of	206,636 tons.
1827	1285	...	144,812
1828	1474	...	166,396
1829	1321	...	140,913
1830	1140	...	116,872
1831	1039	...	103,031

or nearly, a decrease of half the vessels, and more than half the tonnage, since 1826. Is that decrease to be attributed to the free-trade system? I think it is; for the increase in the commerce of the world is notorious; and why should there be this decrease in the commerce of the British empire,

	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
1826.	24,605	2,540,216	163,535; and on the 31st Dec.
1830.	22,297	2,429,999	147,018

being no less than a decrease per register of 2308 vessels, containing 110,217 tons and 16,517 men; and yet in some branches of our trade with foreign countries, and with our own colonies, it is well known there has been an increase. But although there has been an increase in branches, there has been, without doubt, a decrease

from the very able speech of Mr. George Richard Robinson, in the House of Commons, May 22, 1832, on the trade, commerce, and navigation of the British empire.

He states, from a return shewing the number and tonnage of vessels built in the British empire during the last six years, that

were it not to be attributed to the introduction and patronage of the free-trade system? But in addition to that statement, Mr. Robinson backs it with another which is still more terrific: he finds, by an account which he quotes, that we had on the 31st December,

upon the whole. Mr. Robinson does not rest his evidence of facts upon the documents we have quoted, but he goes on to prove the encroachment on our commercial marine by those states with which reciprocity treaties have been concluded, and refers to the following table of British and foreign tonnage entered inwards:

1826.		1831.	
British.	Foreign.	British.	Foreign.
Sweden . .	11,709	11,007	37,276
Norway . .	7,834	2,049	106,247
Denmark .	22,650	6,552	62,190
Prussia .	100,918	78,783	136,244
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	143,111		341,957
			<hr/>
Decrease of British		44,120
Increase of Foreign		83,820

These tables demonstrate the existence of two facts: 1st, that since the year 1826 there has been a decrease in British tonnage and an increase of foreign tonnage; and 2d, that, notwithstanding the decrease of British tonnage, there has been an increase in the commerce of the world with which the shipping of Britain formerly contended. These facts cannot be denied, and those consider but lightly the effect produced who look only at the difference of tonnage and the decay of

shipping. But precisely in the time that British tonnage has been decreasing, and that of the nations with which we have concluded reciprocity treaties increasing, it has so happened that the well-ordered realm of England has been shaken to its centre by nightly insurrection. Do we ascribe, it will be asked, these tumultuous proceedings to the free-trade system? I at once say Yes! and I defy the advocates of this ruinous policy to contradict me. I do not say that the rioters

who have bred such alarm in the kingdom were the first who felt the effects of the free-trade system; but I assert and maintain, and court contradiction, if it be possible, that the evils arising from the free-trade system have pressed upon the vitals of the empire, and have caused the outbreaking of the sores and calamities which we so much deplore. It may be said by those who look at the sores alone, and do not see that they are the result of morbid and deep-seated causes, that they are not owing to the free-trade system, but spring from other state ails which the Reform-bill will cure. Shallow politicians! ascribe to one cause effects which are manifestly owing to another! But I demand of them to shew that so great a decrease as that which has taken place in our shipping would not affect other interests. Could 16,517 seamen be added to our sufficiently numerous labouring classes without any effect? and yet we know that that has been the case. Was that number not calculated to diminish the employments of others in the various lines of labour? Was it not calculated to diminish the enjoyments of the whole, or rather, let me say, to increase the privations of all that class who have but their labour to depend upon? And yet I speak but of the sailors. I have not said one word of the various artisans employed in the fabrication of the 110,217 tons which have fallen off—I have spoken but of the sailors; and all the tradesmen and all the labourers who made their bread by the 2,308 vessels I have not once alluded to. But I crave from the friends of that consuming system, the free trade, an answer to the question. The 16,517 sailors were consumers of our produce and manufactures; their wives and their children were also consumers of our produce and manufactures. Has their absence in the markets produced no effect? Have they done nothing to swell the number of paupers who must be maintained on the property of their more opulent neighbours? And where is the profit of the merchants that was derived from that multitude when they were buyers in the market? Is there any thing in the Reform-bill that can cure this evil, unless it be that under it we shall obtain wiser statesmen and parliaments that will not be cajoled by the speeches of theorists and mere orators.

I will now refer to the first part of

this paper, where I draw some comparison between society as it exists and the existing community of nations. You will recollect that I then made this distinction between them: a society or nation I described as a body of mankind acknowledging one head and one system of usages and law; but the community of nations I described as not yet having attained to this state, or, rather, I considered them as in the savage state, where individual strength has a natural predominance. Now, if there is any truth in this distinction—or, rather, let me say that the practice which we apply to society fails when we would apply it to nations—the means do not exist by which they can be regulated, like society, according to law; and until we shall have established among them, as in society, an authority to which all may appeal, our logic is defective when we would represent the community of nations as similar to the society of a nation; and I think that the great error which the free-traders have committed, is not in keeping this distinction sufficiently in view.

I do not deny to them science, but I deny to them art. There is a wide difference, for example, between the science of political economy and the art of governing politically. This distinction cannot be mistaken. But the whole error, in my opinion, has originated in confounding them together; and thus it has happened, that the theories of the political economists have been substituted for the expediences of managing mankind. Nothing is more certain than that it may not be convenient or requisite to explain an expedient of government; and yet, for the ends of good government, that inexplicable expedient may be necessary. In the same manner, nothing may be so difficult as to point out a fault in theory, and yet nothing may be more impracticable than to establish that theory. Without, therefore, inquiring whether the theory of the free-traders is right or wrong, it is maintained that, as the world is constituted, the rightness or the wrongness of the theory is not the question, but only whether it is adapted to the existing circumstances of the world; and all that we have to consider is that point. It is not contended by the political economists that a wrong theory of commerce cannot be introduced and acted upon by any nation: on the contrary, they maintain that the theory of all nations has hitherto been wrong,

and that it cannot be too soon set aside, chiefly because they see that it does not harmonise with their radical notions. Now, those who are opposed to the free-tradists think differently. We do not at all say that your theory is wrong: we even go so far as to allow that it may be scientifically right; but we say that it is not adapted to the existing system of the world, and therefore cannot be established under that system without entailing faults in policy that disgrace the art of government.

But we go further, and say to the free-tradists, that whatever may be the merits of your theory, it is but a part of the system that we require;—we require, in addition, a system adapted to the existing subdivisions of mankind, and cannot, as the world is constituted, appeal to it but as a code of abstract principles by which the modified principles which regulate society may be appealed to. In a word, we would banish from the discussion all theory, and have recourse alone to practice. You allow that the world is divided into nations or communities; you also allow that there is neither law nor tribunal which these nations or communities can appeal to against the aggressions of another. The common sense of mankind may, it is true, oppose some check on the arrogance and injustice of the strong, for the protection of the weak; but all history shews that this is an inefficacious restriction, and that there is no presiding authority in the concerns of nations as a community. If this be clear, as we maintain it is, then, we add, the theory of free trade is impracticable in the present constitution of the world, merely because, if one nation choose to adopt it, there is no power in existence by which the remaining nations may be coerced into the practice, at all equivalent to that force which exists in society, compelling one man to accede to the laws which all other men in the same society have acceded to; and therefore, till we are able to make all the trading community of nations accede to the same rules of commerce as ourselves, it is but an idle waste of paper to make enactments on the subject. It no doubt must be conceded, that reciprocity treaties will have the effect of increasing the commerce of the world: we do not dispute this; but we say, that in that increase the poor nations

absolutely; and we aver that the

rich do not gain the same advantages. We even go further: we assert that the poor gain something at the expense of the rich, and that the benefits of the reciprocity go all on one side. It is a curious fact, and deserving of the greatest consideration, that all the nations with which we have concluded reciprocity treaties are among the poorest in the commercial world. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia, are the countries with which we have concluded reciprocity treaties, and from them we do not want one single article. We are even obliged to bolster up the errors which we have committed in allowing them to participate in our good things at the expense of our colonies. Our statesmen, for example, to conceal the error which they committed in permitting these poor countries to frequent, with their shipping, our ports, on the reciprocal system, were compelled to bring forward that wooden measure with respect to the North American colonies—we mean the timber-duties—to conceal the effect of their ignorance that the world consisted of separate communities which acknowledged no paramount law.

Every nation which has had any thing to spare, either for our consumption or materials for our manufactures, has rejected our reciprocity system, because they well knew that we should in our own vessels bring home the articles with which they supplied us by their vessels when they prohibited the entrance of ours;—this, too, under the heavy burdens with which, in debt and taxes, they knew we were weighed down. But the cause is obvious: these countries are rich in every thing but vessels; they furnish every thing for cargoes, but no nautical stores; and the consequence is, that the cost of their vessels, to their means, is nearly as great as the burdens which we must bear are to ours. Look at the map, and see if this be not the case. Shall we, then, persevere in an error at variance with the system of the world, and which so many things openly condemn? But, with all this, remember that we do not condemn the free trade as a scientific doctrine; while we insist that it is not fit for the present circumstances of the world, that the introduction of it was foolishness, and that perseverance in it betrays at once ignorance and guilt.

Yours, &c.

JOHN GALT.

STANZAS BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO * * *, * *

THE serpent is shut out from paradise—
 The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
 • In which its heart-cure lies:
 The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower,
 Like that from which its mate with feigned sighs
 Flew in the April hour.
 I too must seldom seek again
 Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

Of hatred I am proud—with scorn content;
 Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
 Itself indifferent.
 But not to speak of love, pity alone
 Can break a spirit already more than bent.
 The miserable one
 Turns the mind's poison into food,—
 Its medicine is tears—its evil good.

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,
 Dear, gentle friend! know that I only fly
 Your looks, because they stir
 Grievings that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die:
 The very comfort that they minister
 I scarce can bear—yet I,
 So deeply is the arrow gone,
 Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
 Why I am not as I have ever been.
 You spoil me for the task
 Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene—
 Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
 Of author, great or mean.
 In the world's carnival I sought
 Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

Full half an hour to-day I tried my lot
 With various flowers, and every one still said,
 “She loves me—loves me not.”*
 And if this meant a vision long since fled—
 If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
 If it meant,—but I dread
 To speak what you may know too well:
 Still, there was truth in the sad oracle.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
 No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
 Whence it no more would roam;
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
 Burst like a bursting heart, and die in peace,
 And thus at length find rest.
 Doubtless there is a place of peace,
 Where my weak heart and all its throbs shall cease.

* See Faust.

I asked her yesterday if she believed
 That I had resolution. One who had
 Would ne'er have thus relieved
 His heart with words—but what his judgment bade
 Would do, and leave the scorner unreprieved.
 These verses are too sad
 To send to you, but that I know,
 Happy yourself, you feel another's wo.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

THEY who have possessed themselves of the last edition of the *Waverley Novels*, should forthwith purchase the illustrations furnished by our friend Tilt—a man of great enterprise and good, sound, solid taste as a publisher. Herein we see exemplified, by pencil and burin, the picturesque conceptions, the high and wild imaginings of the author of *Waverley*. His, reader! was a pure soul—and deeply, dearly, enthusiastically did he love to commune with nature, and with the mystic spirit of antiquity. Sir Walter was born in a dismal corner of the city of Edinburgh†—his father having his abode at the head of the College Wynd, a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate to the gate of the college. His dwelling was in the third story. Early opportunities, however, were afforded to the infant poet for beholding the opening beauties of mountain and of lea, and the blue expanse of the dome of heaven, which in after-years were to be sources of inspiration to his heart. Delicacy of constitution obliged his removal; and he lived for a considerable period at Sandy Know, under the care of his paternal grandfather. The old gentleman held this farm, which was situated on high ground near the bottom of Leaden Water, and overlooking a large portion of the Vale of Tweed. In the immediate vicinity stood the border fortlet of Smailholm Tower. This was the earliest pastoral scene in the recollection of Scott, and beautifully has he recurred to it in the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*, inscribed to his friend William Erskine:—

“ Thus, while I ope the measure wild
 Of tales which charm'd me when a child,
 Rude though they be, still with the chime
 Return the thoughts of early time;
 And feelings roused in life's first day
 Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.

Then rise those crags, that mountain
 tower,
 Which charm'd my fancy's wakening
 hour.
 Though no broad river swept along,
 To claim, perchance, heroic song—
 Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
 To prompt of love a softer tale—
 Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
 Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed,
 Yet was poetic impulse given
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
 But ever and anon between
 Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
 And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wallflower grew,
 And honeysuckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
 I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
 The sun in all its rounds survey'd;
 And still I thought that shatter'd tower
 The mightiest work of human power;
 And marvell'd as the aged hind
 With some strange tale bewitch'd my
 mind,
 Of foragers, who, with headlong force,
 Down from that strength had spur'd
 their horse,
 Their southron rapine to renew,
 Far in the distant Cheviot's blue;
 And, home-returning, filled the hall
 With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
 Methought that still with trump and
 clang
 The gateway's broken arches rang;
 Methought grim features, seam'd with
 scars,
 Glared through the window's rusty bars;
 And ever, by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of wo or mirth—
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms—
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold—
 Of fater fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland
 height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.

* Published by C. Tilt, Fleet Street. 2 vols. 1831.

† Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, Supplement, Oct. 6.

While, stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er;
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd southron fled be-
fore.

Still with vain fondness could I trace
Anew each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire,
From the thatch'd mansion's gray-hair'd
sire—

Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age quick, clear, and keen,
Shew'd what in youth its glance had
been;

Whose doom discording neighbours
sought,

Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint.
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke;
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grand-dame's child;
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd."

Here, in the fulness of boyish glee,
he dwelt beloved by all who saw and
knew him; while in deep observation
he treasured in his mind the remem-
brance of every fitful change in the
heavens—the bloom of every heath-
flower that peered in modest beauty
from its mossy couch—the thrilling
cadence of every sweet songster of the
grove—the gleam of the azure waves of
the beautiful river, while it hurried on-
wards to give its tribute into the lap
of ocean—or the scream of the hawk
as it hovered over the ivy-clad towers
of the gray fortlet. All these things
were seen and noted by the quick eye
of the youthful poet. We see every
where in his after-years these treasured
recollections of boyhood, enriched by
the accessions of advancing period, la-
vishly scattered among the pages of all
the labours of the novelist.

Every man who sits down to the
perusal of Sir Walter's works, let him
select at random from poetry or prose
as he please, must shut the volume
with the deep conviction that the author
was, in the fullest sense of the term, a
good man. In point of religion, the
writer does not intrude one word of
sceptical import to mar the solemn
conviction of the devout and pious.
On the contrary, he mentions the name
of God with heart-moving reverence.

He is full of love to his Maker, and
love to that Maker's creatures. Per-
fect nobility of soul was his character-
istic. He was conscious of his own
dignity as a man—conscious of his de-
pendence on a beneficent Providence
—conscious of the duties he owed
to his fellow-man, according to the
behests of that charity which Pro-
vidence has enjoined to all its crea-
tures. These were the blots on Byron
and Shelley. Scott was meek and
modest, kind-hearted, humane, benevo-
lent, generous, hospitable. Allan Cun-
ningham, in a short memoir that he
has given of his life in the *Athenæum*,
introduces the following simple and
moving passage:—"His great genius
hardly equalled the kindness of his
heart and the generosity of his nature.
I do not mean that he stood foremost
in all subscriptions which were likely
to be advertised: I mean that he aided
the humble and the deserving; he as-
sumed no patronising airs, and wished
rather to be thought doing an act of
kindness to himself than obliging others.
To his friendship I owe so much, that
I know not the extent of what I owe.

*Through him two of my sons are en-
gineer-officers in the East India Com-
pany's service; and he did this, 'be-
cause,' said he, complimenting and ob-
liging me in the same sentence, 'one
Scottish makker (poet) should aid ano-
ther.'* I never heard him say an un-
kind word of any one; and if he said
a sharp one, which on some occasions
he did, he instantly softened the im-
pression by relating some kindly trait."
Regard him in all the private relations
of life, and his conduct is worthy of
praise and imitation. As a husband
and father, he should possess the ad-
miration and love of all men; as a
subject, he was a true Tory, like our-
selves; and as one overwhelmed with
misfortunes, he is the very prototype
of honour. To his anxiety for dis-
charging debts which were not of his
own contracting, he sacrificed his life.
Look where you will in his works, and
you will find traits of a noble disposi-
tion at peace and charity with all men,
and of a heart overfraught with the
cherished affections of humanity.

He who is enamoured of the beau-
ties of nature must of necessity be a
good man. In the contemplation of
the magnificence of heaven and of
earth, man must feel his own insignifi-
cance, and be humble;—humbled, he

must feel his own dependence on a greater power, and on the creatures of that power;—feeling this dependence, his bosom must be the receptacle of virtue. Wonderful and simple, though true, is the philosophy taught by our religious Wordsworth, who works on the idea set forth by Pliny in his History, “*Rerum natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.*”

“ And though to every draught of vital breath

Renew'd throughout the bounds of earth or ocean

The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion ;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and intrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust ;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps,
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.

Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky,

The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive ;

Thus in the train of Spring arrive
Sweet flowers—what living eye bath view'd

Their myriads?—endlessly renew'd,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray—
Where'er the subtle waters stray—
Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares

Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!

That to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
Prefer'd at a garland cull'd from purple heath,

Or blooming thicket, moist with morning dew,—

Was such bright spectacle vouchsafed to me?

And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented votary
Such melody to hear?

Him rather suits it, side by side with these,

Wrapt in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn tree,

To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsied sense
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,

To the soft murmur of the vagrant bee.
A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doth to the soul exalt it with the chime
Of all his years—a company
Of ages coming, ages gone
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping);
But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure suck'd from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells,

Where she, a statist prudent to confer
Upon the public weal a warrior bold—
Radiant all over with unburnish'd gold,
And arm'd with living spear for mortal fight—

A cunning forager
That spreads no waste—a social builder—one

In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight,
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!”

Sail upon the placid bosom of the lake—such an one, for instance, as Barrett has, in the *Illustrations* before us, set forth in his delineation of Mirkwood Mere—and look upon the distant mountains, the tops of which the setting sun has anointed with the glow of sapphires;—follow the ray as it descends from crag to crag, over heather and broom, and proud-topped larches, and pensile birch-trees, and young hardy pollards, until it enclothes the banks with a show of light and glory;—look around you, the luxuriant woods shew forth a thousand colours, while the bushes that overhang the rounded banks are reflected in the blue wave; and as you gaze into the depths you see depicted a smiling and magical world—a dwelling-place for happy and reposing spirits;—hark to the loud scream of the mighty eagle, as he wheels his majestic flight in the air, fatigued with the circuit of some thousand miles, and sails towards his eyrie, perched on the loftiest pinnacle of the distant mountain:—look on a scene, a scene like this, and will you not feel your heart melt with every cherished and affectionate remembrance?—will you not feel your heart lighten as it beats with more jocund movement?—your limbs more pliant as the blood more freely circulates, and comes warm and gushing to the heart?—will you not feel your being depurated of its accustomed weaknesses and faults?—will you not feel you walk as a man, and become more sensible of the dignity and

duties of humanity? If you, a casual visiter, shall feel these emotions, what think you were the feelings of the man whose imagination conceived, fancy enlarged, and hand described such scenes as Sir Walter has in the fervour of language? If you feel you are a better man for witnessing such scenes, to him who described them goodness must have been habitual; for, look at any, or all, of his descriptions, and there is no forced expression, or hardness, or knottiness in the sentences, or hammering at ideas; but the train of language runs in a smooth and polished yet fervent and heartfelt tone. Take, for instance, the following spirited scene from *Redgauntlet*, illustrated with inimitable softness and beauty by Copley Fielding.

"I mentioned in my last, that having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who shewed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turreted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

"The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall, and still louder acclamations when any of the

party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air; carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding."

So in *Rob Roy*; with a few touches of his pen we have the scenery of Loch Ard placed before us. The illustration, by Robson, is eminently beautiful, shewing forth the enchanting variety of the scenery with fidelity. So, of endless passages from the author's novels. Let the reader turn to where he will, and he must be satisfied of the justness of our observations. It were useless to quote passages and scenes familiar to every one.

It has been observed of Homer, that any one of his descriptions will afford ample materials for the labours of a painter. Homer, no doubt, in this excellence transcends every poet of antiquity. No description existed in literature for him; with discursive eye was he compelled to note down the lineaments of nature's face—the varied beauties of her glowing form, and illustrate them in his deathless pages. It is remarkable, that the earliest poets of all countries have been conspicuous for this power, while it seems to have faded as civilisation and corresponding indolence advanced. Lucretius, Dante, Chaucer, have all expatiated on the beauties of nature with unerring hand. In this Scott was an exception to the rule. His pictorial expositions are worthy of the Homeric touch, and severally convey a conspicuous image of light and shadow, of freshness and harmonious colouring, to the minds of the least congenial of readers. In the pages of Scott is transfused as diversified knowledge as has fallen to the lot of one man to acquire. In particular branches of knowledge or learn-

ing, he may have been second-rate; but in no one man do we remember having witnessed such a perfect combination of what imagination, pure poetic feeling, and intense study and investigation, could collect. Genius, unaided by personal labour, is too frequently doomed to wither—certainly never to acquire pre-eminence. Years of hard study aided Milton and Dante. Sir Walter Scott in his youth was slow to learn, and of an idle habit. No one would have prognosticated his greatness. Even Burns, when he pronounced “that the lad would be heard of yet,” seems, in our opinion, to have done so in the spirit of compliment, and not of sober seriousness. So much the better, think we. Too much cultivation of the young plant would have adapted it only, perchance, to the atmosphere of the hot-house: too much praise has been worse than hemlock to the youthful mind. Genius depends wholly on the circumstances of life. Byron is the least exemplifier of this. What a youth shall be, depends on his own industry and his own resources. Genius, if left to itself, unaided by circumstantial appliances, is like a fair flower unsheltered, and exposed to every change of the atmosphere. It may flourish or may fade—the dews of heaven may irradiate it with beauty—the fatal blight may scorch up its moisture and rob it of loveliness and life. Knowledge of all kinds is necessary to its strength, and, thus aided, no task will be difficult of performance. Thus are poets formed, and they must of necessity become the most accomplished of characters. A true poet, like a true prophet, must be essentially a good man; the operations of his mind are destructive of all wicked thoughts or purposes; for it dwells not on the cloudy tabernacle of the world; it ranges from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth—identifies itself with all knowledge, all created objects. These it seizes upon and appropriates to its own uses,—in its soaring career it defies the malicious attempts of the mundane spirit that

rules over the material and prosaic world,—it consecrates every thing it approaches with the sunshine of its bosom. All these observations apply to Sir Walter Scott, and we consider him second only to Shakespeare.

Of the *Illustrations* before us, which have called forth these observations, we have to speak in terms of unqualified praise. Turn where you will, the eye is delighted at the fancy of the poet and the skill and workmanship of the artist. We have turned up at random, and we have before us Fielding’s illustration of the dead waste of Cumberland. The theme was uninviting to the author and the painter; but both have seized on its characteristics with fidelity. It is a wild and uncultivated tract of country near the borders. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass—the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other: immediately around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; it is, nevertheless, dull and barren in the extreme. “If India,” says the author, in *Guy Mannering*, “be the land of magic, this, dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods; sounding cataracts—hills which rear their scathed heads to the skies—lakes which, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses.” So speaks he of Windermere and the adjacent country; and Mr. Westall has done ample justice to the heavenly scenery.

Unlike Schiller, whose descriptions in *William Tell* are entirely the effect of reading and research, Sir Walter always visited the country which his pen was about to illustrate. While he thus gathered stores for his novels, these communings with silent and universal nature made him a better and a wiser man. From a multiplicity of contributions on the subject we have selected two of the effusions to the memory of the deceased, which we hope will be acceptable to our readers.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Thy wand, O Magician! is broken—
 Thy book in the ocean is buried—
 The spell of thy soul hath been spoken—
 And thine angel to heaven hath hurried!

His last lay the Last Minstrel hath chanted —
The last words of the Chieftain are over;
And Silence still lists, as if haunted
With the sounds that it heard, like a lover.

Thy Genius, Romance! is seen weeping
By yon abbey in ruin majestic,
Where the Wizard of Scotland is sleeping,
'Mid the wilds that to him were domestic.

His soul was at home on the mountains —
His heart in the caves had much treasure;
By rivers, ravines, vales, and fountains,
He wander'd with Fancy and Pleasure.

No more shall the visions of faery,
No more shall the dreams of the Highlands,
From chambers ancestral and aery,
People continents, oceans, and islands.

O England! thy language his spirit
Long, long will enshrine and shall cherish;
And thy sons and thy daughters inherit
What their sires have decreed shall not perish.

O Scotland! revere the Departed —
Forget not the fame he hath brought thee;
To thy offspring too often false-hearted,
By his glory be gratitude taught thee.

What mother in death has forsaken
Her hero in battle victorious? —
O Scotland! with shame thou art taken,
If the Dead shall in vain have been glorious!

Then joy to the soul of the Poet!
Haste away to the land of the leal!
Thy country reveres thee — O, know it,
Where the happy alone is the real!

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTERSCOTT.

Our fathers boasted ('twas an honest pride)
The muse had done her best when Shakespeare died;
Told us that other bards would rise in vain,
For none would look upon *his* like again:
The Muse, half-piqued, their boasting to belie,
Another moulded ere she broke the die;
Once more her mighty energies brought forth,
And gave a second Shakespeare to the north.

Oh! who but they could soar from zone to zone,
And paint alike the cottage and the throne;
Joy in her wildness, anguish in her throes,
The rich man's splendour, and the poor man's woes;
Nature, the same in all her various climes,
The picture of all countries, and all times;
Feelings that still from every bosom flow,
Yet flowed the same a thousand years ago —
Warming each heart to soar on fancy's wings,
And making peasants intimate with kings.

Be this his highest praise,— by Shakespeare's side,
To sail on fame's illimitable tide:

Though past from hence, his own 'proud song denies
 That nature's worshipper, the poet, dies ;
His spirit lingers on his native shore,
 Though there the minstrel's footsteps rove no more.
 Oh ! as each tale came pictur'd from his pen,
 What interest hung on each sequestered glen ;
 Enraptured thousands, kindling as they read,
 Desert the banks of Arno for the Tweed.

Thousands must fall to build a nation's fame —
 Yet living thousands swell the hero's name ;
 'Twas *his* a country's glory to uprear,
 Unstained by blood, unsullied by a tear !

All are *his* debtors ! — not that land alone
 O'er which he sheds a halo, all his own ;
His name is blazed in many a distant land,
 By foreign tongues *his* magic words are scanned ;
 Millions unborn, those raptures to partake,
 Shall learn the language for the poet's sake :
 Him, too, shall virtue mourn, whose muse forgot
 " No line which dying he could wish to blot ;"
 Who mingled in those tales so wild and bright
 A love of goodness,—where he flung delight ;
 The master-spirit, whose unequalled mind
 Could draw the sympathy he leaves behind !

Now from the bard a moment turn, to scan
 The softer virtues that adorn the man !
 Kind to the meanest, courteous to the end,
 Of humbler worth the never-varying friend ;
 Even in the close of life, when racked with pain,
 Whose blame or praise was never asked in vain ;
 He who could lull, with most peculiar art,
 The poet's envy, or the critic's smart ;
 And boast, 'midst all the fame that man can know,
 He-passed through life without a single foe !

Oh ! had ye seen him heave the generous sigh,
 Where anguish groaned, and death stood threatening by ;
 Seen how his glance in gentlest pity fell,
 To soothe those pangs his pen could draw so well ;
 Or, where the circle closed around the fire,
 Known the fond husband, and the indulgent sire ;
 Warm from your hearts would flow the kind regard,—
 Ye'd love the Christian as ye prize the bard !

Even when he wandered on a foreign shore,
 To seek that health that must return no more,
 Even then, from that worn frame no groan was rung,
 No fretful murmur faultered on that tongue ;
 But one fond wish his native land to reach,
 And fix his dying eyes on that loved beach ;
 That land his childhood roamed his manhood prized,
 The land *his* genius has immortalised !

Peace to the minstrel !—little reck's his dust,
 Who rears the storied urn or imaged bust ;
 Yet, if his shade, from yonder fields of bliss,
 Can deign to glance upon a land like this ;
 May not his spirit look complacent here,
 Where thousands shed the homage of a tear ?

NEW EDITION OF WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.*

THE appearance of yet another edition of the works of William Wordsworth fills us with much pleasure. Pretty things are these four little volumes to look at. There is some hope for poetry while such things are! Yes, we have poets in these days!—a gratifying circumstance this; for we hold with A. W. Schlegel, that, although our admiration of the ancients as excellent models of composition is not to be condemned, yet that it may be, and has been, carried to a pernicious extreme. "The learned," he says, "maintained that nothing could be hoped for the human mind but in the imitation of the ancients; and they only esteemed in the works of the moderns whatever resembled, or seemed to bear a resemblance, to those of antiquity." To this prejudice the best poets have been fain to submit; but the greatest among them—Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, Milton—at the same time were careful to vindicate their own originality;—hard task, but well achieved. Yet we may remark with the German critic, that "what preserves the heroic poems of a Tasso and a Camoens to this day alive in the hearts and on the lips of their countrymen, is by no means their imperfect resemblance to Virgil, or even to Homer; but in Tasso the tender feeling of chivalrous love and honour, and in Camoens the glowing inspiration of patriotic heroism."

Inferior poets, however, have been crushed by the weight of authority; and, in particular, the poets of France, being apparently deficient of natural power and original genius for poetry, possessed little more than what they acquired from classical sources. The practice of our earlier poets might have taught their successors that such authority was not altogether without appeal, and might even be departed from with advantage; and that the models which it exhibited were not incapable of additional grace and imaginative improvement. The circumstances of the times, however, had for a while obscured those morning stars of our literary firmament. The puritanic spirit was opposed to the cultivation of fine art

and liberal study; and the tastes and pleasures of the court of Charles II. were as inimical to pure poetry as to sound morality. Poetry, divorced from religion—with which naturally it is so intimately connected, and by which, it would appear, it was originally animated—lost depth and elevation; and only the surfaces and shadows of things were left, to which it condescended to accommodate "the desires of the mind," instead of "submitting to them," as is demanded by Lord Bacon, "the shews of things." Not only were they alien from Nature's God, but Nature herself also they made themselves strangers. Nature they forsook, not for a refined art, but for the most sensual indulgence and the most wanton dissipation, which were deemed not unfit subjects for a shameless muse that, no longer careful of "moralising her song," made melody in her heart unto Belial, and sang a joyful hymn to Bacchus. Dryden might well exclaim—

"How far have we
Profaned the heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Whose harmony was first conceived above
For tongues of angels!"

Meanwhile, however, the purer models of our elder poets had vanished from the memory of a degenerate age. "So faint and limited," Mr. Wordsworth rightly remarks in one of his prefaces, "was the perception of the poetic beauties of Shakespeare's dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his edition of the plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice." The writers of his day were merely imitators; they depended not on their own perceptions or feelings, but, "looked at nature through the spectacles of books;" and regulated their expressions, not by their emotions, but by their reading. Not seldom they used the language of passion when none was felt, and the diction proper for representation of the sublime and beautiful in thought and thing, when neither had been present to their imagination; their works, in

* The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. A new Edition, in 4 vols. small 8vo. London: Longman.
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fact, being merely productions of the understanding, that, referring chiefly to a system of verbosity, dealt almost exclusively in collocations of phrase. They were, for the most part, composed of centos, from the remains of antiquity, both of style and subject.

Pope himself had a taste for imitation, and too frequently indulged it in his own productions, and expressed every thing with a certain mechanical uniformity of rhyme, rhythm, and expression. But he was the machinist of our poetical diction, and an accomplished artist in the balancing of his numbers and the construction of his periods; and devoted his life to the polishing of our verse, with a patience and a success which not to praise would betray either ignorance or envy.

The exclusive attention paid to metrical arrangement, however, has tended to induce ordinary readers to conceive of poetry no otherwise than as verse, and many only as rhyme. But verse and rhyme are merely the ornament of poetry. What poetry itself is, most writers have found it difficult to define. The orator, the philosopher, the priest, the fabulist, may be poetical in the mode of treating their appropriate subjects; and we are always ready to acknowledge the presence of the attribute thus induced upon their productions. But it is not of poetry as a *quality* that we find it necessary to inquire, but what it essentially is. As a quality, we easily understand it; hence our readiness to recognise poetical diction as poetry, and, in days when there is a dearth of genius, to accept it for more than a substitute for the power, whose pleasure it was to appear thus appalled to the grosser senses of ordinary humanity. The *Telemachus* of Fénelon, and the romances of Sir Walter Scott, though not metrically written, are conceived in the spirit of poetry. It is not to be expected that the perception of every individual shall be capable of detecting the creative principle, which, like the principle of life, escapes the knife of the dissector the very moment it is approached. We know not, indeed, whether the eye of the philosopher be most competent to the trial,—for divine poesy requires a poetical eye—one “that has the senses in the sight to relish what it sees,”—to be susceptible of its peculiar beauties and more delicate distinctions.

Mr. Wordsworth, however, as both a poet and a philosopher, clearly combines in his own person the attributes which are requisite to enable an individual to detect and apply the principles of poetry and criticism. Mr. Coleridge, also, a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard, has endeavoured, and we hope not in vain, with drops of “true poetic dew,” to soften the rugged bark of metaphysical disquisition. Of these authors, we have a right to mention the names in connexion, they having co-operated in the production of the lyrical ballads, which led to the discovery of the philosophical laws by which their school of poetry is distinguished, but which existed before in the works of the great poets of all ages and countries, and in none more than in those of Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton, although overlooked by men who were afraid of trusting to their own impulses, and contented with the imitation of inferior models,—the works of taste rather than of genius.

It has been asserted that “allusions from the intellectual world to the material are more pleasing than from the material world to the intellectual.” Mr. Stewart illustrates this by two examples. “Mason, says he, in his *Ode to Memory*, compares the influence of that faculty over our ideas, to the authority of a general over his troops:

‘thou whose sway
The throng’d ideal hosts obey;
Who bidst their ranks now vanish, now
appear,—
Flame in the van or darken in the rear.’”

“Would the allusion,” he asks, “have been equally pleasing, from a general marshalling his soldiers to memory and the succession of ideas?”

“The effect of a literal and spiritless translation of a work of genius has been compared to that of the figures which we see when we look at the wrong side of a beautiful piece of tapestry. The allusion is ingenious and happy; but the pleasure we receive from it arises not merely from the analogy it presents to us, but from the illustration it affords of the author’s idea. No one, surely, in speaking of a piece of tapestry, would think of comparing the difference between its sides to that between an original composition and a literal translation.”

In opposition to these two examples,

we would adduce an instance from s. 69—72, inclusive. He is writing Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iv. of the cascade of Velino, which he calls

"The *hall of waters* ! where they howl and hiss
And boil in *endless torture* ; while the sweat
Of their *great agony*, wrung out from this
Their *Phlegethon*, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in *pitiless horror* set,
And mounts in sprays the skies."

"How the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with *delirious bound*,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his *fierce* footsteps, yields in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on !"

"Look back '
Lo ! where it comes *like an eternity* !"

"But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like *Hope* upon a *death-bed*, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the *distracted* waters, bears *serene*
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn ,
Resembling, 'midst the *torture* of the scene,
Love watching *Madness* with *unalterable* mien."

We ask with confidence whether there is nothing pleasing in this reference from the scene of tumult occasioned by a magnificent waterfall to the world of thought and passion,—“endless torture” and “great agony,”—and “pitiless horror,”—and “delirious fierceness,”—and “eternity,”—and “dying hope,”—“distraction” and “serenity,”—“love” and “madness?” It may be a proof of the genius of Lord Byron ; but this instance appears to us to form an uncommon and most complex example of imaginative power. It is impossible to read the passage without emotion and delight. The instances adduced by Mr. Stewart are but ordinary specimens of *fanciful* analogy. The original comparison of the tapestry is good ; but it is unfair merely to transpose the circumstances : it is not in reality giving us the converse of the coin, but only the rough model without the workmanship. A writer of genius, by means of the poetical diction before recommended by the author, might render the comparison equally pleasing. He has laid before us the materials and slumbering elements of art, omitting that genius wherein is the spark of animation,—that divine energy which pervades, exalts, which wakens into life, and invests with power. Had this sacred vigour worked about the

comparison alluded to, it would have kindled it into the beauty whence pleasure is derivable. But then the comparison would have been rather a subject for the imagination than the fancy, as we could demonstrate, if this were the proper place, or there were occasion for it.

If poets are to be deprived of all privilege of reference to the intellectual world, we should be obliged to take away from Mr. Wordsworth the characteristics by which he is particularly distinguished. In truth, the essence of his poetry (and indeed of all poetry) consists in a perpetual reference from all that is mutable and material to something better,—more permanent and perfect, in the realms of thought ; it may be sometimes not expressed, it is always implied. But the examples of this exercise of the imagination are not confined to the works of the moderns,—ancient poetry is impregnated with this spirit, and the mythology of the old world is but an emanation therefrom. “An Iris sits,” said Byron, in the passage we quoted, “amidst the infernal surge.” But Iris was a deification of the rainbow,—the latter being only a material phenomenon, but the goddess a creature of the intellect, to which it was referred by the imagination of the “mighty poets dead.”

A reference to the states of the mind

in the act of dreaming is a favourite one with our author. The following is an instance, from the *White Doe of Ryl-*

stone: the passage is valuable also, as intimating one of the principles on which his poems are written.

"Then, too, this song of mine once more could please,
Where anguish, *strange as dreams of restless sleep*,
Is temper'd and allay'd with sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep
Even to the inferior kinds; whom forest trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair creatures, to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love has given."

Lately, the comparison with dreams has been adopted by many versifiers, and some poets. Mr. Proctor, better known by the name of Barry Cornwall, an elegant, and frequently a powerful

poet, in his *Maid of Provence*, has a pleasing instance of this allusion,—it having, as it would seem, become common property in the republic of verse.

"While on a reedy stream,
Which murmur'd and far off was heard to full,
The swan went sailing by, like a white dream."

With the Roman poets, it was usual to designate whatever was happy by the metaphor "*white*,"—a form of speech adopted by some of our own classical poets. Here it is introduced finely, and invests with much beauty and effect an allusion that, from its frequent use and abuse, would else have been "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and, in two words, blends the material and intellectual worlds, giving form and colour to the dim creations of sleep, and to the queenly walker of the waters the shadowy loveliness and peace of a felicitous vision. It was probably suggested by the following passage from the *White Doe of Rylstone*, in which this interesting creature is thus described:—

"Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes sliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine, sailing far away,—
A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."

Wordsworth frequently refers the meanest forms of the material world to the sublimest resemblances in the intellectual. Byron sometimes, as in *Don Juan*, reduces the noblest sympathies, the purest feelings, to a level with the basest propensities, the most polluted passion, or to an apathy worse than all. Now he "opes the sacred

source of sympathetic tears," and unseals the fountain of living waters but to mix them in his enchanted cup with the poison-juice of madness and the lymph of death, though not of oblivion. Now he disturbs, as it were, the dark floods of Styx, and, plunging into its sanguine billows, enters by that gloomy passage the regions of his poetical paradise. Situations of anguish and agony are to him motives for mirth and occasions of laughter. Wordsworth, on the other hand, would extract from the ridiculous itself emotions of a contrary character. So far from laughing in a vale of tears, he would weep at the jokes of a clown, and find matter of solemn musing in a Christmas gambol and a morris-dance. To him a scene of the broadest humour would suggest the most serious reflections. With true imaginative power, every thing he touches he exalts,

"And with the lofty sanctifies the low."

It will not be uninteresting, perhaps, if we record here the original occasion which conducted to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

"During the first year," says Mr. Coleridge, "that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry,—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known or familiar

landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect), that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections, by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavour should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."¹

Of these things of every day, not the least neglected is the animal creation; and against some particular class of animals, indeed, there appears to be an almost inveterate prejudice. Readers of taste, who would willingly consent that the White Doe should be linked with their ideas of "the heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb," will object to the introduction of the pony and the ass, and other creatures of like humble character.

This difference is principally to be accounted for by the law of association. In the beginning, all the objects of

nature must have been equally capable of becoming poetical; but from these objects the earliest poets could not do otherwise than make a selection. This selection was governed, no doubt, by the mode of society and way of life in those first ages, which were of a pastoral character. Having been adopted by human genius, and identified with human interests, the objects thus selected would be rendered *more* poetical; and they accordingly formed the sterling subjects of metrical composition. In process of time, as men withdrew from the presence of nature into towns and cities, these subjects became the property of poetry with such as wrote according to precedent,² rather than by the light of their own inspirations. In later days poets have delighted to revert to those pastoral times, and attempted their description. In this attempt they trusted not to any original exertion of imagination, but, on the contrary, were confessedly guided by the authority of Theocritus and Virgil. The lamb is peculiarly a pastoral object, and is invested with abundantly numerous associations, not only poetical but religious, by both of which the emblematic companion of "the heavenly Una," in her wanderings, is hallowed and endeared.

But such objects as did not happen to come within the observation of the poets of old, are for the most part bare of poetical, and altogether devoid of classical, associations. They could not, therefore, be expected to obtain a place in the imitative productions of what has been not inaptly termed the Augustan age of English literature, or the Augustan age itself. But it is clear, that if our poetry is not to deal with other objects than those already consecrated by ancestral intellect, the most that we can do is to repeat what has already been accomplished in language, perhaps, more concise or elegant. This is exactly what was done in the eras of which we have spoken, and shews that, in each country, the poetic art had then arrived at a certain stage of progression. But it was impossible for the mind to stop there—it must have something new, and it *will* create; for even in imitation it is not satisfied with a mere copy. Imitation has its limits, but creation has none. There is more to be found in nature than in

all the books that have ever been written. Genius, therefore, soon felt the desire to disenthral itself from the boundaries of imitation, and dared to expatiate freely over the universe of matter and spirit. It is to this stage of progression that poetry has now arrived; and it is laying up materials, for a future age to refine the rude, and to contract the diffuse.

Our associations are not only frequently inveterate, but deal as much with words as things. To words we attach from habit feelings of the grave or the gay, the lively or severe, the ludicrous or solemn, whereto the things of which they are the signs are not intrinsically liable. We are prepared, by the sublime descriptions in Job and Homer of the war-steed, to welcome his introduction into verse as an object of high poetical interest; and in the mere annunciation of his name all that is majestic and spirit-stirring is at once awakened; but it is with very different feelings that we hear or read of the humble pony, a creature of no pretensions but on the score of utility. If there were no objection to the pony from the meanness of its nature and employments, still its name is such as to suggest images of the ludicrous to the fancy, which, however capricious in its mode of operation, contents itself with objects that are definite and fixed, which it combines without effecting any change in their composition. The general reader, in his perusal of a poem, will be found to exert this faculty most, which may be accounted for both from its inferiority and its greater activity. In treating familiar objects, or such as we are accustomed to contemplate with a certain degree of contempt, a deserving not only of serious meditation, but as appropriate subjects for elevated poetry, the poet has an important inconvenience to overcome, which is much increased if any sense of degradation attach to the appellative by which they are distinguished, which is not seldom the case. The rhyming words of the following verses by Sir Benjamin Backbite, in the *School for Scandal*, produce of themselves a ludicrous effect:

‘ Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
 Other horses are clowns, but these
 macaronies.”

But in the ballad of the *Idiot Boy*, poet determines to lift this incon-

siderable animal above the rank which it commonly holds in vulgar estimation, by the influence of his own “imaginative will”—a task in which he has succeeded better than might have been anticipated. For this purpose he endeavours to elevate it in our regard by every possible means, and to subdue all associations inimical to a favourable impression. It is a

“Pony that is mild and good,
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.”

And he is careful to inform us, that

“Of this pony there's a rumour,
 That should he lose his eyes and ears,
 And should he live a thousand years,
 He never will be out of humour.”

And adds—

“But then he is a horse that *thinks*.”

Of the ass it has been said, that “the degradation of its name will for ever prevent it from attaining in the works of our English poets the rank which is secured to it on the canvass.” If this be true, it is no less strange than true, for it is remarkable that its picturesque interest is altogether of a poetical character. “Its agency in the fables of Æsop, and in the exploits of Don Quixote—the comparisons with it in the similes of Homer—the frequent allusions to it in Holy Writ—the pictures which it recalls to us of the bye-paths in the forest, where we have so often met with it as the beast of burden, and the associate of the vagrant poor, or where we have stopped to gaze on the infant beauties which it carried in its panniers;—in fine, by the circumstances which have called forth in its eulogy one of the most pleasing efforts of Buffon's eloquence,—its own quiet and inoffensive manners, and the patience with which it submits to its life of drudgery”—invest it with so much poetical interest, that it is justly said, that “few animals have so powerful an effect in awakening associated ideas and feelings.” Mr. Stewart further observes that, “It is worthy of remark that this animal, when we meet with it in painting, is seldom the common ass of our own country, but the ass ennobled by the painter's taste, or copied from the animals of the same species, which we have seen in the patriarchal journeys, and other Scripture pieces of eminent masters.” From

the majority of these premises, however, one, we think, should be rationally led to a different conclusion than his regarding its applicability to poetical purposes. Mr. Wordsworth, at any rate, has made the experiment, and we shall shortly see how far he has succeeded, if at all; and shall endeavour to explain the reason of his occasional failure,

where we may find cause for suspecting that he has fallen short of complete success.

But our poet is not without precedent for the introduction of this animal in English poetry. The heavenly Una not only leads in a line a milk-white lamb, but even rides upon an ass—

‘A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lovely ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that mly mourned, so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow,
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she led.”

In this passage the ignoble nature of the beast does not, as it at least appears to us, interfere with those lofty feelings with which we come to the perusal of the *Fairy Queen*. This inclines us to suspect that the fault lies not so much in the pony or the ass, as in the human beings with whom they are connected. We can scarcely conceive any thing more difficult than to execute the subjects of Mr. Wordsworth's choice, so as to satisfy the writer's judgment and the reader's taste. In Mr. Wordsworth's case the task was peculiarly arduous. He had to divest himself of all classical prepossessions, and the objects of his study of all adventitious associations, whether of the lively or severe, and, in their place, to impute

“A sense of joy

To the bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.”

He denuded nature of all the drapery with which humanity had invested her from the dawn of the creation, and contemplated her in her nakedness; and he divested poetry of the gorgeous clothing in which her immortal limbs had been arrayed, ever since she was recognised as “the language of the gods.” Thus unassisted, he dared to trust his almost unembodied creations with a public that had for a long time been in the habit of esteeming the form above the substance, and sacrificing the spirit to the letter. To a contrary course Mr. Wordsworth's religious faith and feeling gave his genius a decided tendency. This tendency, however, he was willing to counteract, for purposes laudable in their origin and beneficial in their effects.

Whatever the rank or condition of life poetry elects to work upon, it is its duty, no less than its privilege, to select the “happiest attitudes of things,” and represent them rather as they are in the idea than in the reality. Every thing, therefore, that tends to give them too much the appearance of being matter of fact should be avoided. For this reason we should decidedly object to the name of Betty Foy, and the description of anile dotage, when the workings of the maternal affections in humble life might have been equally as well depicted in an action of more dignity. Such characters and actions appear to us insufficient to their own support; they may answer well as reliefs to a more weighty argument, but do not seem of enough importance to form the subject of a detached poem. Davie Gellatly, in the novel of *Waverley*, is an idiot boy; but he is modified by the other characters, and pleases by contrast. The author, also, has not thought it fitting to deprive him of every vestige or indication of intellect, but gives him a shrewdness which redeems him within the limits of our intellectual sympathy. It is with the gleams of intellect that we sympathise; from the unmitigated gloom of idiocy and insanity we must turn with aversion, and no art of the poet can render it agreeable. Mind can only sympathise with mind; and it is a pleasure to detect even a few glimpses of it, as exceptions to the prevailing obscurity, which in fact lends them a vividness that they do not naturally possess:

“Brightest of all the sun's bright beams,
When between storm and storm he
gleams.”

We would therefore hold, that though for the very smallest manifestations of intellect we may feel an interest, yet that the entire absence of mind is not to be contemplated with any pleasure. This is our feeling; but we confess that the benevolence of that poet must have been divinely extensive that could despise these disadvantages, and with any delight endeavour to pierce "the dim-discovered tracts" of an idiot's mind. This benevolence cannot be too much admired; and the genius must be great, in proportion to the difficulty of the task, that could grope its way in so dark a chamber. But we are afraid that the light which can be let in upon it is very little either by philosophy or poetry.

We acknowledge, however, that it is from the imbecility of our imaginations and the defect of our sentiments, as readers, that we do not properly appreciate the heart of that poet who can embrace even human beings so low in the scale of life and intellect, not only as his brethren and kinsfolk, but as worthy of lyrical celebration. It is with the same feeling, also, he selects the lowest forms of nature, that he may demonstrate to such as are capable of perceiving the truth, that nothing is insignificant in itself. The meanest flower—as the daisy,

"Which oft alone in nooks remote,
We meet there like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted."

"A nun demure of lowly port,
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations,
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops with one eye,
Staring to threaten and defy,—
That thought comes next, and instantly
The freak is over;
The shape will vanish, and behold,
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover!"

—the small celandine, or common pilewort, which he thus apostrophises—

"A prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorn'd and slighted upon earth—
While the patient primrose sits,
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou a flower of wiser wits
Slipp'st into thy shelter'd hold;"

—the briar-rose—and the "little careless broom" that survives the haughty oak, which she had rebuked with this moral lesson—

"Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all;"

—the humblest creature—as the reptile glow-worm, that is likened to those "glow-worms of the earth, who, having shone meekly amid their native dust, shall ride transfigured through that fresh abode, when the spangled floor of ancient ether shall have vanished"—the butterfly, the historian of the poet's infancy—the redbreast,

"pious bird,
Whom, by some name or other,
All who know thee call their brother,"

and the green linnet, that seems "a brother of the leaves"—the skylark, the "drunken lark, who soars to his banquetting place in the sky.

"Joyous as morning,
Laughing and scorning,—
Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain
river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty
Giver!"

—the pet-lamb, to which little Barbara Lethwaite sang the song, which, when the poet repeated it, "seemed as if but half of it was her's"—the kitten, playing with the fallen leaves—the nightingale,

"A creature of a fiery heart"—

—and the stock-dove,

"Whose voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

—are alike to him objects of intense interest and meditation. "He finds his wisdom in his bliss," and would

"Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought."

The "very sparrow's nest, with its "bright blue eggs," awakens associations of thought and feeling worthy of being preserved in verse, of which he was afterwards bold enough to write,

"And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die."*

One particular characteristic of Mr. Wordsworth's poems, (and which his parodists have found it convenient to overlook,) is, that they, however simple the subject, invariably involve a *purpose*. We would distinguish, as peculiarly entitled to admiration, "The Old Cumberland Beggar," "The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband," "Lucy Gray," "Ellen Irwin," "Louisa," "The Last of the Flock," "The Affliction of Margaret," "The Emigrant Mother," and, though last not least, the exquisite poem of "Ruth."

The tale of *Peter Bell* is of a more elevated order than most of these, and of greater length than any. It is not properly liable to any of the objections that have been advanced against the *Idiot Boy*. The hero is an agent of considerable interest, and the argument is of much importance. This poem, not inappropriately, is addressed to Mr. Southey, as a contrast to the *Thalaba* and *Kehama*, "having been composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life."

"Long have I loved what I behold,—
The night that calms, the day that cheers:

The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me, her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield,
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!
Repentance is a tender sprite.
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

Peter Bell, a potter, or hawker of hardware—a wild and woodland rover, having a dozen wedded wives—was travelling, one beautiful November

night, alone, along the banks of the river Swale. Chancing to espy a path that promised to shorten the way, he left the common road; which path, instead of leading to the road again, ends at an old quarry; through which he presses, and arrives at a little field of meadow-ground—a deep and quiet spot, encompassed with rocks, under which, noiseless and invisible, flows the river Swale. Here he finds a solitary ass, which the loneliness of the situation excites a desire in him to steal. He leaps on the poor creature's back, but cannot, either by kicking or beating, induce him to move; the only motion to which he can compel him is, to "turn round upon the pivot of his skull his long left ear." "At length, yielding to his ill-treatment, the uncomplaining ass dropt on his knees, then fell on his side, and lay by the river's brink, patiently turning his shining hazel eye on his persecutor, whose further cruelty is unavailing to make him rise. He now perceives that the poor animal is gaunt, and lean, and wasted to a skeleton, and is almost irritated to throw him into the river, but is alarmed by the braying of the ass. He, however, consoles himself, that should any one come and see him there, they will think he is helping the dying brute; but, stooping again to seize the ass's neck, he is startled by a sight in the pool, which strikes him with such terror, that, after giving a loud and frightful shriek, he drops down apparently lifeless.

Awaking from his trance, our hero, having raised himself on his elbow, surveys more curiously the drowned man, whose apparition had thus overcome him. He endeavours to raise the corse from the water, whereat the faithful ass instantly regains all his animation, and stands close by Peter's side, until the body is recovered. Then the meagre shadow knelt, in order that Peter might mount on his back. Though the miserable beast had passed four days and nights fasting, he bears Peter onward with a firm step and a stout heart towards the cottage of his master. Turning aside into the thicket,

* There is an incorrect rhyme in this poem of the *Sparrow's Nest*:—

"She look'd at it as if she fear'd it,—
Still wishing, dreading to be near it."

This offends our critical ears. Mr. W., in the present collection of his poems, has re-written, in a more elevated style, his poem entitled *Beggars*. We wish he had corrected these lines.

the rover is startled by a burst of doleful sound ; it proceeds from " a blooming woodboy," the son of the drowned man, who has wandered forth to seek his father. To the listening ass, " that intense and piercing cry " has " some intermingled notes that plead with touches irresistible ; " but to Peter it seems to threaten a vengeance and a visitation worse than ever had befallen him before. He is sorely conscience-stricken ; the surrounding scenery appears to change countenance. The faintly-rustling sound of a dancing leaf disturbs his too sensitive apprehensions, and Peter exclaims,—

" Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me,
So huge hath been my wickedness."

And a drop of blood on the ground, proceeding from a wound where he had struck the ass's head, throws him for awhile into a comfortless despair. He thought of the poor creature's master, who had been seized with sudden death, and of the faithful animal ; and darting pains passed and repassed through his bosom.

The spirits of the mind are active with Peter Bell. He endeavours to reconcile himself to his situation by the reflection, that the poor man never but for him could have had Christian burial, and that he is not the man who could have thought that an ass like that was worth the stealing. But while knocking in a light and careless way upon the lid of his tobacco-box, he is appalled by a singular incident. The ass turned round his head—and *grinned* ; but Peter grinned in his turn, and shewed his teeth in jocose defiance. The muffled noise and rumbled sound, made by a troop of miners some twenty fathoms under the earth, disturbed his temporary satisfaction ; he

" Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake."

They reach a spot,

" Where, shelter'd by a rocky cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove.

" Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
The building seems, wall, roof and tower,
To bow to some transforming power,
And blends with the surrounding trees."

And Peter recollects that in such a ruin he married his sixth wife. They pass an inn, brimful of a carousing crew ; but their drunken joys, once gladsome and welcome, *now*, with a stifling power, compress his frame. The following stanzas deserve perusal :

" Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course ;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

" But more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one almost a child,—
A sweet and playful highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild.

" A lonely house her dwelling was,
A cottage in a heathy dell ;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

" But many good and pious thoughts
Had she, and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain
or snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every sabbath-day.

" And when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life,
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

" A mother's hope is hers, but soon
She droop'd, and pined, like one forlorn,
From Scripture she her name did
borrow,—
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She call'd her babe unborn.

" For she had learn'd how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part ;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

" And now the spirits of the mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping with a prevalence,
More terrible than magic spell.

" Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad high-
way.

" And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other ;
And hears her crying, as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
' My mother ' oh, my mother !'

"The sweet poured down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision."

While Peter is thus afflicted and conscience-stricken, he hears the voice of a fervent Methodist, clamorous as a hunter's horn, re-echoed from a naked rock:—

"Repent 'repent' he cries aloud,
While yet ye may find mercy, strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to Him, seek Him day and night,
And save your souls alive."

"Repent 'repent' though ye have gone
Through paths of wickedness and woe
After the Babylonian harlot,
And though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow."

These words melt Peter into tears,
and he

"grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin."

Then it was that he noticed the cross
scored on the shoulders of the meek
beast which bore him. At length they
approach the poor man's house, and
meet his little daughter Rachel.

"She to the meeting-house was bound
In hope some tidings there to gather,
No glimpse it is—no doubtful gleam—
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
'My father' here's my father."

"The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched mother—

Her joy was like a deep affright,
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another."

"And instantly upon the earth,
Beneath the full-moon shining bright,
Close at the ass's feet she fell."

Having raised her up, Peter tells
his tale—

"A piercing look the sufferer cast
Upon the beast that near her stands;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same,
She calls the poor ass by his name,
And wrings and wrings her hands."

"Beside the woman Peter stands,
His heart is opening more and more,
A holy sense pervades his mind;
He feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before."

The woman sends her daughter to
borrow a horse from the first friend
she meets with.

"Away goes Rachel, weeping loud;
An infant waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a restless cry
And Peter hears the mother sigh—
'Seven are they, and all fatherless!'"

"And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And nature through a world of death
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of
spring."

"Upon a stone the woman sits,
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start,
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief."

"But roused, as if through every limb
Had passed a sudden shock of dread;
The mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stair she hies,
And to the pillow gives her burning
head."

"And Peter turns his steps aside,
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not
how,
With his hands pressed against his
brow,
And resting on his tremulous knees."

"There, self-involved, does Peter sit,
Until no sign of life he makes;
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long
asleep."
The trance is passed away—he wakes.

"He turns his head, and sees the ass,
Yet standing in the clear moonshine,
'When shall I be as good as thou?
'Oh would, poor beast, that I had
now,
'A heart but half as good as thine!'"

The little orphan boy, who had been
out to seek his father, returns, and,
without any misgiving, fondles the
gentle ass; and with his affectionate
action so touches the feelings of Peter
Bell, that he sobs even like a child.
These incidents have such an effect
on his mind and heart, that after ten
months' melancholy he became a good
and honest man.

It is impossible to read the tale of
The Waggoner, without being forcibly
reminded of *Tam o'Shanter*. Ben-
jamm, like Tam, is a "frail child of
thirsty clay;" by his infirmity he had
once before lost the command of his
waggon; but his master finding that
"jolly team" would work for nobody
else, restored them to the mild guid-
ance of their old driver, who, along
Rydal Mere and over Dumuaille-raise,
conducted them safely, without vexing,

or straining, or forcing them to bear unworthy stripes. The poem recounts another trespass of this waggoner, which led to his final separation from the wain, and indeed to the loss of the wain itself; for no guide after him could be found sufficient to the task. The perils into which his ebriety betrays him, are not of the supernatural kind as in *Tam o'Shanter*, and are therefore more probable or humanly interesting, unless we understand Burns to have intended his machinery as being shaped forth of the drunken brain which is fuller of such fancies than the sober one, and more apt at projecting them into a state of objective reality, and giving them outward form and body. We have no

"warlocks and witches in a dance"—no "auld nick in shape o' beast"—no "winsome wench and waly" among the "withered beldames, auld and droll, rig-woodie hags;"—but we have, instead, the sailor's wife and her baby, —and the lame and limping rough veteran himself, with his ass and his ship "of lusty size—a gallant, stately man-of-war,"—"and fifty things beside;"—and Benjamin's famous team, and the ill-conditioned mastiff, on whose head the half-incensed ass inflicted the fatal hoof-mark, which occasioned the dismissal of the charitable Benjamin.

The following description, at the opening of the poem, of a sultry June evening, is very beautiful:—

" 'Tis spent—this burning day of June '
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing,
The dor-hawk, solitary bird,
Round the dim crags on heavy pinions wheeling,
Buzzes incessantly a tiresome tune:
That constant voice is all that can be heard,
In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon.
Confiding glow-worms, 'tis a night
Propitious to your earth-born light!
But where the scattered stars are seen,
In hazy straits the clouds between,
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Seems changed into a pallid spot.
The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot, and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze—
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease:
The mountains rise to wondrous height,
And in the heavens there is a weight;
But the dews allay the heat,
And the silence makes it sweet."

Burns was rather the poet of feeling—Wordsworth is rather the poet of intellect. Burns had more of the heart—Wordsworth has more of the head of a poet. Burns transmitted the impression immediately as he received it—Wordsworth lays it up in his representative treasury, to be excogitated as his own thought on some future occasion. Thus Burns always speaks from present sensation—Wordsworth from knowledge. There is the freshness of new feeling about the former—the glistening tear in the eye of wonder irradiates its perceptions, like the dew upon the morning leaf, and nature is a perpetual novelty; but in Wordsworth there is the sobriety of more advanced day; and the glories of the morning are but as "recollections of early childhood," which, having endured unto the deep still noon, more than suggest "intimations of immortality." The poetry of

Burns is that of a man who has surrendered himself to the allurements of sense, being, at the same time, worthy of better things; but, in despair of attaining them, determining to make the most of what he has, and turn necessity into a virtue. That of Wordsworth is of one to whom "years have brought the philosophic mind;" and who, under better discipline and happier circumstances, has worked in the freedom of a noble nature and the wise spirit of an enlightened will. Burns constructs his poetry out of the infirmities of human conduct, and detests hypocrisy worse than he dislikes license—Wordsworth celebrates what is excellent in man, and urges him on to perfection; or, when he condescends to other themes, as in the *Two Thieves*, it is to excite pity for the condition of those who are reduced to such desperate straits, and to fortify himself and his readers in better pur-

poses. This comparison rather affects their characters as moralists than as poets; but whether as either, we can as little part with the one as the other. For, as Wordsworth well observes, in his letter respecting Burns: "It is the privilege of poetical genius to catch, under certain restrictions, of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found, in the walks of nature and in the business of men. The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war; nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love, though immoderate—from convivial pleasure, though intemperate—nor from the presence of war, though savage, and recognised as the handmaid of desolation. Thus raising a poetic on the basis of his human character, Burns, as in *Tam o'Shanter*, like a true poet, penetrating the unsightly and disgusting surfaces of things, has unveiled with exquisite skill the finer ties of imagination and feeling, that often bind these beings to practices productive of so much unhappiness to themselves, and to those whom it is their duty to cherish; and, as far as he puts the reader into possession of this intelligent sympathy, he qualifies him for exercising a salutary influence over the minds of those who are thus deplorably enslaved."

There is a moral purity in the writings of Wordsworth, when perhaps may find no sympathy in the bosom of many of his detractors, but which will meet with a congenial echo in the hearts of the "gentle and the good;" and a philosophical majesty in his ideas to which the conceptions of few can be elevated. In his works, poetry and philosophy, too long divorced, and too seldom conversing, are reconciled and wedded in a happy and immortal marriage. He has *riscu* "to truth and moralised his song," and made an essay more important and extensive than any hitherto attempted in the proper study of man, investigating the springs of action and the mysteries of character, with a felicity seldom equalled, and never surpassed, except by Shakspeare. But it is not the changeable and external in human motives and manners that he prefers to portray, but the permanent and primitive; he desires not to expose the mere animal mechanism, but the spiritual arcana: and it is in

this sense, and this only, that he can be properly called a metaphysical poet. He reduces our nature to its elements, examines them in their simplicity, and presents them, thus analysed, to our contemplation. He is, however, not the worse poet for being a philosophical one; metaphysics have not had the effect on him that they had on Schiller. They impede not the freedom of his movements, nor does he work the less in the liberty and light of nature. The reason of this appears to be, that he was *born* as much a philosopher as a poet; that his reason and imagination were coevally manifested, or nearly so. Schiller's philosophy was *acquired*; he was not a *genial* metaphysician; it was "an art" which he desired to convert to "a second nature." His peculiar defects have no reference to the system in which he studied, but to the fact of his having studied a metaphysical system; and the reason that this sort of knowledge prejudiced his later poetry was, that neither "the gods" nor nature had made him metaphysical; but he endeavoured to make himself so, and, to speak the truth, not in vain. His fault was, that he wished to effect at the latter end of his life what was sufficient to occupy, and has occupied, the largest term of human existence. Not so with Wordsworth. His principles sprung out of his freshest feelings, and those suggestions from within which speak most plainly in early life. He perceived at once the instruments about which his mind was employed, in the exercise of that art to which his boyhood was devoted. He looked into his own heart and into his own mind, not into any theory contained in a book, and called "the invisible stars from their hiding-places" in the soul; he penetrated the recesses of his being, and made discovery of the forces and laws by which it was impelled and governed. The knowledge thus acquired he proceeded to harmonise in verse, and illustrate in fable. Imagination gave it shape and form, and fancy, by means of her innumerable associations and analogies, consistency and fellowship with the realities of being and of nature. It should never be forgotten, that there is no essential contrariety between poetry and philosophy: of the ancient philosophers many were also poets; and Milton was no less philosophical than poetical when he wrote—

" Know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion."

Shakspeare also happily blends the characteristics of both kinds of genius in the following passage :—

" I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains
And shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact !
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman, the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt,
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy,
Or, in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear !"

Mr. Wordsworth holds some peculiar opinions relative to the diction proper for poetical composition. There, however, seems to be as much reason that verse should differ from prose, as that eloquence should differ from familiar conversation; and in fact, upon examination, it will be found, that the diction of Wordsworth is not of the low and rustic kind that some pseudo critics seem to imagine. He, indeed, proposes to purify the common language of ordinary life from all rational occasions of disgust; he reserves to himself the right of selection and the order of arrangement—a reservation which would only make it differ from classical language inasmuch as it was less copious. But the diction of Wordsworth is remarkably copious: he must therefore have added, to the vocabulary of rustic life, words derived from the works of philosophers, and the conversation of polished society. This is, in truth, what he has done. If that which appeared so plausible in theory had been practicable in execution, still we conceive the author would have been in error, for insisting on the general adoption of the language of rustic life. To rustic life it might be appro-

priate; but surely would not be so in poems in which higher agents were introduced and loftier arguments developed. But we are confident that this writer has been misunderstood; his only intention was to redeem our poetry from an arbitrary and capricious diction, extrinsic to the passion which it pretended to represent, to a language which should be dependent on the thoughts and feelings of the poet. In so far as he has accomplished this object, he has effected a benefit for our national poetry, for which he deserves the gratitude of the present age, and will obtain that of posterity. Indeed, the theory, when understood, reduces itself to a few truisms, which only require to be properly expressed to be immediately acknowledged. These are: 1. That the language of passion should not be used when none is felt. 2. That personifications of abstract ideas should not be introduced as mere mechanical artifices of style. 3. That words should be fitted to the importance of the ideas to be conveyed. 4. That all descriptions should be true to the object professed to be described; and, 5. That such expressions, though beautiful in themselves, as have been foolishly re-

peated by bad poets, till inexpressible feelings of disgust are associated with them, should be avoided. This is the extent of the theory. These rules, as they are those of good writing in general, are common both to prose and verse; and only so far can they be identified, and no farther. Divine thoughts demand a divine dialect; and there is a spontaneous harmony that will accompany the expression of sublime ideas, and break forth in an eloquent vehemence, of which there is music in the very rumbling of the thunder. They are not to be expressed in pedlar's language; and if it were Mr. Wordsworth's desire to reduce them to its capacity, we have only to read the *Eicursion*, to be satisfied that they *will* have a diction of their own, and snatch at phrases which no pedlar ever conceived, and are illustrated by associations existing in none but classic minds.

Mr. Wordsworth's theory, however, was particularly deserving the notice of the pastoral writers in our language. The system of this kind of composition in general precluded the representation of the pastoral manners of any but a classic age and country; it might describe how shepherds conversed in Arcadia or Sicily; but with their way of life and conversation in the valleys of "merry England," it left the reader undelighted. The rural manners of our native land were objected to, because they were deficient in the language and associations of antiquity; but if Theocritus and Virgil had argued in the same way, the language and associations of ancient Greece and Rome would never have become classical. In fact, there was a conspiracy to render the very feeling for a national pastoral ridiculous; but the *Eclogues* of May, in which this was attempted, produced a contrary effect. It is only necessary to refer to Mr. Southey's English *Eclogues*, to demonstrate the practicability of producing a British pastoral of high poetical interest and much dramatic value. Some of the new poems in the edition under notice are of great beauty, and others written in a style of fancy more lively and less reconcile than usual with the author. The tale of *Vadracour and Julia*, however, gave us such a conception of the rest of the

poem,* that we shall not be easily satisfied with any inferior effort of his genius, until we have the pleasure of perusing the whole of this great production. In the meantime, our recollections recur to those perfect specimens of English pastoral, *The Two Brothers*, *Michael*, *The Old Cumberland Beggar*, and *The Female Vagrant*, — poems written in a sustained and elevated style, upon subjects of which the perusal will make the reader wiser and better. He has in this collection made many alterations, as it would appear, in some instances, for the purpose of elevating his style; in others, for the amendment of the subject. Of some of the latter class of corrections we approve; most of the former do not please us. The poems are chiefly valuable as specimens of the peculiar style that the poet originally proposed to exhibit; though, doubtless, also meritorious as displaying the working of the affections and the procedure of the faculties. There is a little alteration of this sort in the *Sailor's Mother*, in the last stanza. The original, speaking of her son's singing-bird, runs thus —

"He ~~is~~ a fellow lodger's care
Had left it to be watched and fed,
Till he came back again."

Our author now writes, instead of the line last quoted,

"And pipe its song in safety."

Our readers will at once feel, that the reference to the sailor's return to his home is more touching than to the safety in which the bird might pipe its song.

The poem entitled *Beggars*, has received more extensive correction, in some instances judiciously; but the first line, as it is now printed —

"Before me as the wanderer stood,"
is unmeaning when compared with the original one —

"She had a tall man's height, or more;"
but this is compensated by an alteration in the next stanza, which now runs thus:

"Her s'm was of Egyptian blown;
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own high, to a distance thrown.
She towered — fit person for a queen;
To head those ancient Amazonian files,
Or ruling bandit's wife among the
Grecian isles."

* We believe that this tale is or was intended to be part of one of the remaining portions of the *Recluse*.

The fine line,

"Pouring out sorrows like a sea,"

is substituted with,

"Forth did she pour in current free,
Tales"——

And for,

"Sweet boys, you're telling me a lie"—
we have the theatrical fustian of

"Sweet boys, Heaven hears the rash
reply!"

which is such a reply, as, we are sure, Mr. Wordsworth would not have made to a beggar boy. There is an additional stanza of classical beauty introduced, as part of the description of these boys.

Yet they, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air :
Wings let them have, and they might flit,
Precursors of Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers ; though happier far, I ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green."

An intelligent reader cannot peruse these volumes without feeling, that if the poet prefers the walks of unadorned nature, it is not because he is incapable of classical associations. On the homeliest subjects, some of the sweetest sprinklings of antiquity, "like dews of Castaly," may be found scattered. Take, for instance, the description of the team on its return home in the morning, towards the close of *The Waggoner*. Another instance, also, of this classical endowing of his subject, occurs in the poem composed at Cora Linn :

"The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain,
Or tread the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian pass,
Where stood sublime Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

"Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with oar or sail
Beneath the piny wood,
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
Their thirst in tyrant's blood."

"The Haunted Tree" is replete with these associations, and "The Browne's Cell" furnishes a beautiful example :

"Wild relique ' beauteous as the chosen
spot

In Nyssa's isle—the embellished grot ;
Whither by care of Lybian Jove,
(High servant of paternal love),
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;
Where bud and bloom and fruitage
glowed,

Close-crowding round the infant god ;
All colours, and the liveliest streak,
A foil to his celestial cheek !"

The ode to Lycoris, also, commences in a style mythologically enriched :

"An age hath been when earth was
proud

Of lustre too intense

To be sustained ; and mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.

Who then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed,
While on the wing the urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade ?

Enough for one soft vernal day,

If I, a bard of ebbing time,

And nurtured in a fickle clime,

May haunt this horned bay,

Whose amorous water multiplies

The fitting halcyon's vivid dyes,

And smooths its liquid breast—to
slew

These swan-like specks of mountain-
snow,

White as the pair that slid along the
plains

Of heaven, when Venus held the
reins !"

But all examples fade before the calm majesty and pensive beauty of *Laodamia*.* There is a closeness and brevity in the diction and expression of this poem, which forcibly recall the statuesque descriptions of Dante. With what faith the widow's fervent love endows her spirit, and how finely is it expressed in her dilating form ! Nor is her faith in vain ; for the infernal gods grant her prayer, and restore her slaughtered lord to her desiring eyes. Let the reader compare their colloquy with the scene between Hamlet and his "father's spirit in arms," and we can promise him that he will have a clearer

* The first stanza of this poem has been corrected, and the two lines -

"Spake as a witness of a second birth,
For all that is most perfect upon earth,"

have been judiciously exchanged for—

"Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued."

perception of the beauties of both. Protesilaus has not a tale to unfold of "lust, though to a radiant angel linked," that "sated itself in a celestial bed, and preyed on garbage;" but a

story of heroic and patriotic emotion, and fervent faith and matrimonial fidelity, and pictures of elysium, and lessons of fortitude :

" This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.— Earth destroys
Those raptures duly— Erebus disdains :
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

" Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion ; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul ,
A fervent, not ungovernable love."

The love of Laodamia was pure, and in self-government too slow," she would yet she perished. Her " mortal yearning " subdued her nobler affections. have detained the dear shade, when re-summoned by Hermes to " the realms that know not cartilly day."

" He through the portal takes his silent way —
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.
By no weak pity might the gods be moved ;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet mid unfading bowers."*

Dion, and *Artegall* and *Elidure*, are written in the same chaste and lofty spirit, and with the same severe sim-

plicity of style. We cannot resist extracting the introductory portion of the former poem :

" Fair is the swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on, while, proudly sailing,
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake .
Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs,
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows !
— Behold ! as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendant rock? , where'er in gliding state
Winds the mute creature, without visible mate
Or rival, save the queen of night,
Showering down a silver light
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite !"

The remainder of Mr. Wordsworth's works is composed chiefly of sonnets ; a form of composition that must be a decided favourite with every true lover of poetry, and in which it has been the custom of the most eminent poets to give a ready channel to those brief and evanescent impulses of thought and feeling

by which the imaginative mind is continually agitated. Some of these short compositions are among the most delightful of this author's essays. His " *Miscellaneous Sonnets*" furnish a view of his habitual state of mind and heart, and daily life, calculated to exalt him in our estimation, not only as a

* This passage is a very proper alteration of the original, which appears to have been written in error—Virgil placing the shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy lovers. It also enforces the moral better.

poet, but a man; and his "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty," vindicate his character as a good citizen and zealous patriot.

Mr. Wordsworth has written several inter-dependent sonnets, and shewn, better than was done before, how capable this form of composition is of bestowing grace on continuous narrative or didactic poetry. Of these the first published was *The River Duddon*, in which the poet paid that just tribute of admiration to the memory of Robert Walker, the curate of Seathwaite, a man, we should think, after the poet's own heart, and who, perhaps, would have made a better hero for the *Excursion*, than the philosophical pedlar; but it is probable that the one is equally a character from real life as the other. But charming as some of these sonnets are, they yield both in beauty and sublimity to the *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. Read any one of these singly, and perhaps it may not strike as being very remarkable; but, taken as a whole, they surpass every thing of the kind for magnificence, both in style and subject. There is no straining after effect; all is indicative of the writer's steady confidence in his own ability to do the subject full justice; he therefore declines to go out of his way to catch a perishable and meretricious embellishment, but rises to the importance of his theme, and justifies the sublimity of his own individual genius.

There are also several sonnets of considerable fancy in the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, as well as some lyrical pieces of undulating melody, from which we would single out, as having particularly pleased us, "The Italian Itinerant and the Swiss Goat-herd," and "The Three Cottage Girls," the latter of which has a welcome reference to "The Highland Girl," pleasantly associating it with that attractive poem.

The ode, as it is the earliest form of poetry, is also only next in dignity to the epopee and the drama. Pindar's dithyrambic strain celebrated gods, god-descended kings, and heroic contention; Anacreon sang of love and wine; Horace the pleasures of wit and friendship; it was reserved for Wordsworth, in no unworthy verse, to illustrate the desires of the soul and the joys of reason. With what delight could we dwell upon every line of the "Vernal Ode," and "The Pass of Kirkstone,"

and most especially of that, the finest of all, "On the Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of early Childhood." This, however, we have not space to do.

It has been well observed, that the progress of improvement is never in a right line, but serpentine and gradual:

"The road the human being travels,
Doth follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings"—

and "is frequently forced back towards its fountains by objects which yet cannot be otherwise evaded or overcome, but with an accompanying impulse that will insure its future advancement." This is, in fact, the case with every individual mind. In the acquisition of every new language, we begin again with the alphabet and accidence. In every fresh accession of knowledge, we are carried back to the elements of all knowledge, and start afresh to arrive again at the point of confluence, whence the united waters flow on with accumulated force. It is the same with the species as with the individual, of which the latter is but the type. It is the same with all science and all art—with every thing depending on human ingenuity or contrivance. But not until the rock is smitten can the fountain be detected. Thus, for the most part, is accomplished either by the sudden inspiration of some great occasion, or the accidental collision of some mind, of extraordinary though latent energies, with the productions of another age or country; by which (as has frequently been the case, in religion, morals, politics, and literature), the dormant intellect of a nation may be awakened from a trance of centuries. In the latter case, the influence of the imitated model will be apparent. In the earliest relics of English song, the Norman ballads—the influence of the French poetry is apparent, and the French metres are borrowed. Perhaps, but for the Italian writers, the poetic genius of Chaucer himself would never have been manifested. There is no doubt that the influence of their works, from which he made large transcripts, contributed to awaken and kindle within his mind the electric seeds, which only waited for the finger of the lightning to be "touched to fine issues." The fire in the stricken flint having thus shewn itself, it burned with a brighter and broader flame in the works of Spenser. Shake-

speare found the language of his native land improved into an instrument capable of becoming the exponent of the sublimest ideas and the intensest feelings. Compelled by the circumstances of his education, no less than by his own impulses, he looked into nature and his own bosom for the source of inspiration, and found their oracles as authentic as those of Delphi and Dodona. Milton soared upward on the wings of antiquity, and drank of the classic fountains on Helicon and Pindus, as well as of

"Silva's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

Then came Dryden. Less presumptuous, he cultivated the art of versifying, and gave modulation to heroic numbers. Pope turned his attention, with exquisite mosaic skill, to the composition of a poetical diction that should unite the utmost polish with the most faultless arrangement. Thomson, though he had an eye and a heart for nature, was held in check by false Delilahs of style, sentiment, and illustration. Collins wandered into the region of abstractions, and became a painter of allegories in the gardens of Elysium. Darwin sacrificed every thing to the mechanism of an artificial style of language and versification. Cowper recalled us to thought and feeling; but still his walk was in the limited parterres of art, not over the wide champaign of universal nature. For Wordsworth it was reserved to take us into the green fields, among valleys, and mountains, and lakes, and to shew us the unsophisticated children of nature in their primitive simplicity of thought, and feeling, and action. Whatever may be thought of the peculiar forms in which these have been embodied—in whatever modes they may have been manifested—still he has presented them to us in a "questionable shape;" he has redeemed us to the healthy respiration of the common air, and the devout enjoyment of "the blessed light, and the arch of the whole

heaven." And this is praise enough. It is left for some "adventurous bard" to combine, in immortal verse, an equal feeling for the natural and the true with the artificial and formal. The merit will remain with Mr. Wordsworth of having demonstrated, that it is possible to construct fine poetry without the aid of supernatural machinery or artificial stimulus. We have now no occasion to fear that some future Tasso will introduce "the beautiful wonders" of ancient mythology into a subject of modern history; or that another Boileau will seriously inquire whether the walls of Namur were built by Apollo or Neptune, or describe the god of the Rhine as contending against the French. No Voltaire will again introduce the ghost of St. Louis to terrify the soldiers, or to send the god of sleep to his hero; nor again summon the demons of discord, fanaticism, and war, to assist at a duel of his epic persons, and then to be driven away by a good angel brandishing the sword of God.

Some great genius possibly may arise, who will combine the simple elements, detected and brought into distinct consciousness by our author, in some magnificent poem, suited both in style and subject to the best and brightest endowments of the human spirit, and to lips kindled with live coal from the sacred altar of inspiration. But should this consummation, so devoutly wished, be accomplished, we venture to assert, that there will be many a pale and pensive student of the muses who will revert to these earlier blossoms, and will inhale, with renewed freshness, the fragrance, and behold, with sensations of primitive delight, the "beauty of promise," which shall be their perpetual dower—that excellence of dawning being,

"which sets
(To take an image that was felt, no
doubt,
Among the bowers of Paradise itself,)
The budding rose above the rose full
blown."

OUR FIRST DOUBLE NUMBER, AND THE REASON WHY.

LETTER FROM FRANKFORT—COUNT S. A. ZABIER'S TRANSLATION OF FRASER INTO POLISH—STATE OF ICELAND—W. G. L.'S CONTRAST—ODE TO THE PETREL—CUSHILA-MA-CHREE—R. M.'S SONNET TO EARLY GENIUS—SHETLAND ISLAND EPI-TAPHS—BAYLY'S SUSAN SUTTON—G. F. H.'S FLEETIC BLISS—WORDSWORTH'S ODE ON A PIMPLE—POEM ON REGINA—THE TERRIBLE CRINCHMAN, A SONG—POTTS GINGER VERSUS THE MODERN PYTHAGOREAN, WITH A REPLY—THE TWATAM MAGAZINE AND BOLSTER OF CORA—A LOT OF OTHER MATTERS—ENDING WITH A SELF-LAUDATORY ODE ON REGINA, BY OLIVER YORKE IN PERSON.

Our natal moment was pitched in a happy hour, but an unlucky month—for we saw the light in February. The consequence has been, that while the numbers of our sale have kept on their regular course (of increase), the numbers of our series have most irregularly refused to quadrate with the ordinary arrangement of the year. Our January number, instead of opening the annual progress, has hitherto closed it; and our Christmas, so far from winding up the long labours of the twelvemonth, was celebrated within eight sheets of the conclusion of a tome.

“A fault like this should surely be amended,”

especially in times like these, when blots and anomalies of all sorts are about to be removed by the most summary process; and knowing not how else to bring ourselves into the order of the calendar, we have here published a *DOUBLE NUMBER*.

Henceforward, therefore, O most gentle reader! thou shalt find the order of thy binding undisturbed by deviations from the due routine of the months. The procession of our Magazine equinox, which has hitherto placed our Aries in the position of Pisces, and given to Scorpio, in lieu of Libra, the lead and guidance of the second half of the year, is now put an end to, and our months flow freely as they should. This first of our duplicates—which may, in all probability, be followed by many others—would afford us a fair opportunity of addressing the public, were it not that, at the present moment, on the eve of an election, the public is as sick as a glandered horse of all addresses whatsoever, and rejects pledges with as much horror as if it dreaded being mistaken for a pawnbroker.

We therefore wave the ceremony of informing our readers that we are God-fearing Tories, who defy Whiggery and Radicalism in all their various branches—that we wish for the support of the institutions that have been the main cause of the happiness and freedom of our country—that we despise those political economists who swallow the jargon of Malthus or Macculloch with good faith, and pure ignorance of the consequences of the doctrines they preach; and that we hate, as the enemies of the human race, all those who promulgate such doctrines with a knowledge of what must be their results—that we have a feeling for the free-traders, the metallic-currency men, and their coadjutors, allies, and abettors, which would sink to the deepest depth of contempt, were it not for the knowledge of the mischief which they inflict upon us, and that makes us feel they are any thing but contemptible—that we desire to preserve the churches at home, and the colonies abroad—that we are in general inclined to peace, and that, beyond question, if we were to deviate from our pacific principles at all, it would not be to engage in a war to upset all the principles of English policy, or to restore the chances of French supremacy in Europe—that, in short, we are opposed tooth and nail to the present ministry in all their views, projects, and designs, and that we do not see any particular probability that our opinion will ever alter.

Let this programme suffice as a sketch of our political creed; and those who will not understand it from what we have here set down, would not be a whit nearer to it if we were to extend the explanation over as many protocols as those which have been requisite to settle the never-to-be-settled Belgian question. As for our literary affairs—our prose and verse—our gaiety and gravity—our tales and homilies—our essays and epigrams—our cookery and criticism—our puns and pathos—our tragedy and comedy—our wit and wisdom—our science and

our *cetera*,—these, too, we pass with flying finger and volant plume, being perfectly contented with the position which we hold in public esteem—a position which we boldly say was never yet obtained by any other periodical whatever in double the time of our existence; and even if we were not so contented, being from long experience perfectly convinced that no amount of palavering—no matter how genuine in quality, or how dexterously applied—would suffice to induce an unwilling public to believe that talent abounds where stupidity hold the sway. Not all the puffing of the *New Monthly*, for example, can make people mistake a blown-up bladder for a mountain.

Having therefore decided to be silent on our merits, political and literary, leaving them to be lauded by our friends, and depreciated by our enemies and ill-willers, we recur to our double Number—the prime reason for the publication of which, *viz.* to rectify the range of the months, to set our calendar in order, in the manner of Julius Cæsar, Pope Gregory the—we forget what number—and others we have already mentioned. There lurks, however, another behind. We wished excessively to bring the heap of excellent contributions which are monthly strewn all over us, *plens iniquibus*, into something like a manageable mass. Jerdan, we recollect, some years ago, when he was pleased to be facetious, declared that he had several ton of MSS lying by him in his office. Unluckily, some matter-of-fact calculator, who took Jerdan at his word, made a mathematical survey of the crib in which the *Literary Gazette* then flourished—

(Seek not its site—alas! 'tis gone,
From pantile to foundation-stone;
Chunee is shot, and L. E. L.
In other mansion tunes her shell.
Ape, critic, packass, poet, monkey,
Punster, philosopher, and donkey—
Cross's and Jerdan's well-train'd band—
To other haunts are sent to range,
And our great mother of the Strand
Has, like its authors, got no change.)

[Pardon, dear reader, that fit of poetical fury, which seized upon us as a similar attack came over the company of voyagers congregated in the caverns of Bakkuk the priestess, after having heard the Panomphian word of the divine and infallible oracle.]—we were saying that some mathematical computer found that in Jerdan's crib, under Cross's menagerie at Exeter Change, now ruthlessly demolished, there was not room for half a ton in the space where J. had located twenty. Now, we do not wish to imitate our friend in his exaggeration; but nothing can be truer than that we were sadly oppressed by our quantity of *matériel*, and laboured under an embarrassment of wealth. This we have in some measure endeavoured to dissipate.

There remains some very considerable arrear of correspondence, however, in spite of all our efforts, to pull up, and we willingly devote this last half sheet to get rid of as much of it as possible.

We give precedence to foreign affairs. The following has been received from a friend in Frankfort:—

Frankfort.

There are certain folk amongst us sadly overstocked with sympathy. It overflows on all occasions, like the cordiality of a gentleman that has been too free in his potations. Politics, to those unused to imbibe them, we know to be most intoxicating stuff; and now that illicit distillation of this compound is as general as that of whisky amongst our neighbours, we marvel not at beholding so many heads turned. It is, after all, but the epoch of 1792 come back again—the same scene and same play, with different actors. Then, too, anarchy and revolution formed the aim, and philanthropy the excuse. Our neighbours, the French, then as now, led the way, and we followed till we were well nigh in the slough. At present, our "sweet voices" are "all for war"—now for Italy with Austria, then for Poland with Russia, lastly with all the North in behalf of divers little hitherto unheard-of states along the Rhine, and which our political writers dignify with the appellation of Germany.

Now, about this supposed Germany, the whole press had been inflamed for the last month, and, as is evident, without knowing more about the reason than about Kamschatzka, as we shall prove (please the Fates!) in this pithy letter. For

ourselves, we love Germany too, and are no enemies to its liberties, which we wish to see expand and grow to that extent which is alone compatible with the duration of them. Moreover, we should wish to see the growth of the said liberty gradual and healthy—not starting up by fits, to fall straight into consumption, nor swollen into exaggerated dimensions from the effort to imitate “neighbour ox.”

In order to be fully comprehended in this, we would ask, in what age or period of civilisation is Germany, politically and socially? Be pleased to recollect that the feudal system is there still in full vigour—that the aristocracy enjoy the old seigniorial rights, their courts of justice, their right of issuing ordonnances, and their independence of common jurisdiction;—this, even where they are *mediatised*, else they are sovereign princes, with all their privileges aggravated. There the peasant has but just emerged from the *serf*, nor has he yet altogether ceased to be one. The poor Bavarian is still bound by the *corvée*, and is, singular to say, far better off in despotic Austria than in free and constitutional Wirtemberg. Have you ever observed on the Continent—you could not have travelled without doing so—entire hordes of Germans wandering westwards, with wives and chattels, in the intention of emigrating to America, and wisely bringing thither their chairs and tables, lest wood should be scarce beyond the Atlantic? Well, these are slaves flying from oppressive tyrants, you think; they are Austrians, Prussians, Danes. No such things;—they are from Baden, Bavaria, the Palatinate, but inevitably from some constitutional land, where freedom has dissolved the feudal tie of mutual protection and respect betwixt landlord and tenant. These countries are, in fact, dittoes of Ireland,—that country where the blessings of freedom have become curses, because not in harmony with the civilisation or the intellects of the people.

It is certainly requisite that upon such a region light should be let in gradually; and the Congress of Vienna took the best mode of effecting this. It established states or representative assemblies with open doors, free to the reports of the press. This, in our opinion, was a great, an immense step—the one precisely requisite after despotism, and the best intermediate betwixt it and a free state that could be devised. No country can pass from a despotic government to a free one at once without peril. Wherever the thing was tried, it failed. Need we adduce France in 1790? We will also adduce France in 1815. Had she not freedom—freedom with a vengeance!—freedom incompatible with monarchy, with order, with social superiority of any kind, as it has proved? Yet France began, in 1815, precisely with that measure of liberty which the sovereigns of Germany are still willing to leave to Germany, viz. freedom of debate and reports, and freedom of the press, with a preliminary censorship. More than this is impossible for the present. Why? Because all means of punishing or restraining the excesses of the press after publication are impossible. The only known mode is by a jury: for if it be left to judges, that is considered more cruel than a preventive censorship, because it is a trap. Now, juries work as ill in France as in Ireland; the institution does not suit the people; they will pay no regard to an oath. In acquitting or condemning, such a thing as conscience is totally uninfluential, and feeling alone decides. Now, to what side the feeling of a jury lies in political matters, need not be pointed out. Without a censorship, then, or something tantamount, the press cannot be kept, in countries lately liberated from despotism, from mastering both people and government. The proposition we affirm to be as true as one of Euclid, and scarcely less important. Had the government of the Bourbons in France been sufficiently convinced of it, they had still been upon the throne.

To us, as Englishmen, a censorship is the most odious species of tyranny, as it would be the most idle. But our liberty dates some centuries; and our minds are proof, at least we trust so, in a great degree, against the poison of the press. In new states, however, the poison works without the antidote; and it is then but wise to allow the former to be vended but in moderate doses.

Our lovers of German liberty and license, however, do not stick to these distinctions. Freedom is with them an element which they would impart to all, like air and water; they deny the need of precaution,—the possibility of meting it. They never enter into the consideration of the social state of any people. Bavarian or Lusitanian—all are *due*,—two chambers and a free press are the nostrums to be administered, without ever taking into account whether the countries afford materials for the first, or may be in a state of health to support the second.

Passing over these general considerations for the time, let us come at once to the accusation which is put forth in front against the Federal Assembly of Germany. It has overstepped its powers,—has interfered with the constitution of independent states, and has overturned their laws, in defiance of oaths and right. Unfortunately, as far as the press is concerned, these accusations fall powerless against facts. In Wirtemberg, the censorship of the press exists sanctioned by law. In Bavaria, the king has ample power, given him by the constitution, to suppress the journal that he

pleases—a power that he did employ, of his own free will, before the Diet interfered or pronounced its verdict. Baden alone remains. It certainly did enjoy a free press, the licentiousness of which called down the special prohibition of the Diet against its more violent organs. Here, at least, exclaim the liberals, the great powers and the Diet overthrew the independent constitution of the duchy. But let us turn to that constitution—to the written and recorded *chartè* granted by the late Duke to his subjects, and promulgated on the 29th of August, 1818. Is the liberty of the press by it declared indefeasible? “The liberty of the press,” saith this fundamental law, “shall be definitively regulated by the decrees of the German Diet.” Such are the precise terms of the *Magna Charta* of Baden. Can any one assert that they are infringed upon by the late decree of Frankfort? On the contrary, are they not faithfully acted upon, and scrupulously followed?

Where the Diet, however, certainly made a blunder, was in ruling that the refusal of the budget was unconstitutional and to be of no avail. A sovereign, whether individual or collective, never yet gained by putting forth such dogmas. It was quite soon enough to apply the remedy when the evil occurred; and there were a hundred more adroit ways of avoiding this, than thus denouncing, and, in fact, provoking it. The German papers, indeed, of the Conservative party, have endeavoured to establish a distinction between the absolute withholding of all funds, and the conditional or partial rejection of the budget. The latter, they say, is what the Diet by no means pretends to abrogate or oppose. But where is the line to be drawn? The truth is, that the Austrian court limited its views to restraining the press; but when the Duke of Baden remonstrated, that were he to interfere with the papers of his duchy, his states would stop the supplies, the additional article respecting the budget was adopted by the Diet.

Do not suppose that I stand alone or am singular in taking this view of German affairs. Believe me, the great body of the Constitutional Liberals of that country think precisely after the same fashion, and that they were as much aghast at the Jacobinism of the editors of the *German Tribune* as Metternich himself, or the Baron Von Turckheim. For twenty, thirty, forty years, what the German press demanded was tolerance, rather than freedom,—an enlightened and forbearing censorship. And that German governments can be forbearing, the *Augsburg Gazette* is a proof. Here is a journal published in Central Germany, which circulates through every state, which receives from time to time communications from every cabinet, which consequently receives the best information, and which, nevertheless, is decidedly a liberal paper. We may safely assert, that the *Augsburg Gazette* has done, and is capable of doing more for the progress and eventual freedom of Germany than all the Maratism of Wirth, &c.

One of the articles of the final act of the Congress of Vienna, was the obligation to bestow representative governments on all the kingdoms of the Confederation. We believe that the sovereigns were sincere, and that they would have, ere this, conceded the promised boon, had France gone on in peace and prosperity under her constitution. But it too soon became evident that the Bourbons could not hold their seats over that unruly people—that a democracy would sooner or later prevail there—and that it would not fail to stretch the arm towards such spirits as Germany contained—and where are they wanting?—who would be ready to abet anarchy and revolution—any turmoil, in fact, where restless ambition might procure itself advantage. Thus, even as far back as ten years ago, suspended the progress of liberty in Germany; and the final accomplishment of revolution, in July 1830, has put all mention of the name and chance of the thing out of every sage head in that country. The liberty, that is to thrive, must not come of French growth. They will have no grafts from that tree. And better it is to defer the progress, or the commencement of representative government beyond the Rhine, until the people on this side have proved, by their crimes and excesses repeated, and by their inability to form a government or preserve order, that freedom has need of some more fixed basis than the abstract one of the people's right to sovereignty, in order to render it durable and safe.

YACER.

We are much flattered by the intention of Count Stanislas Auguste Zabier to translate *REGINA* into the Polish tongue. He may depend upon the Magazine being regularly transmitted to him to Warsaw, according to his directions.

The article from Iceland, on the Polarisation of Light, though better adapted for a scientific journal than for ours, shall have an early insertion. The author may get a sight of the first, or indeed of any volume of *REGINA*, by applying to the Rev. Olaus Stromeyer of Diotsdeindt, who is in possession of the work from the beginning.

We cannot find the heart to refuse insertion to the following letter :—

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

SIR,

With fear and trembling and reverence I approach the exalted REGINA—that bright paragon of periodicals, that lovely goddess, so justly celebrated for her wisdom and excellence. May I dare to hope that her gracious Majesty will condescend to bestow *one* smile of approbation on me, and that she will not withhold the "light of her countenance" from the *heartful* inspiration of a young poet? The glory of success will fully compensate for the reluctance I feel to make the attempt; and if the enclosed verses are deemed worthy of insertion in the pages of REGINA, the honour will never be forgotten by your humble and obedient servant,

W. G. T.

We hope this publication of his prose will satisfy W. G. T., for we can only afford the first four lines of his poetry :—

THE CONTRAST—A FACT.

I saw her ' she was lovely as the rose
In fullest bloom; fair e'en as mortals paint
Heaven's angels; beauteous as Byron's Haidée—
The very masterpiece of Nature's forming, &c. &c. &c.

This must be sufficient.

Many of our poetical contributions are pretty enough, and yet we are obliged to reject them in reams. We have saved half a dozen; it is rather a pity that Barry Cornwall (whose English songs we must notice by and by) should have written on the same subject as the following :

TO THE PETREL.

Proud sea-roamer ' whither away '
Hath then the land no charm for thee ?
Lov'st thou alone the ocean-spray,
And the deep sea ?
Hast thou no nest upon the cliff,
To lure at times the wanderer home,
As Evening sees the laden skiff
And hither come ?
Or is it thine o'er lonely seas,
Untired in wing, to cleave thy path,
Loving alike the gentle breeze
And tempest's wrath ?
O, a wild life and stern is thine,
Bird of the free and fearless wing '
Thou dost not haunt the leafy vine,
Nor moss-deck'd spring.
Thy home is on the restless deep,
In tempest terrible and wild,
But in its quiet like the sleep
Of happy child.

A learned correspondent quarrels with some of our "Bits of Classically," making, especially, various complaints against the version of *Cushla-ma-chree*; in all which, however, he is wrong, as we could easily prove if it were worth while. We give his own version of the important poem :—

O corculum ! videsne, me scelestus ut
Tractarit hicce carnifex ?
Aquam profudit, atque fregit urceum,
Hinc basiavit conjugem,
Natamque repuit. Sic vides, O corculum,
Tractarit ut me carnifex.

His other bit is not worth printing.

R. M., T. C. D. has a good ear for sonnetising; but we trust he will neither imitate Chatterton in his life, nor Keats in his poetry.

SONNET—EARLY GENIUS.

Art thou a blessing or a curse ' O thou
That givest very children mastery o'er
The men of might and mind and learned lore '

Thou kindler of the inspired eye and brow,
 Before whose young bright dawn mankind do bow,
 Like the fire-worshippers enrapt before
 The sun-god of their love ! * * *

No more, no more
 Deem it a precious gift — a blessing now !
 Poor CHATTERTON ! it was thy lot to teach —
 Thy mournful lot — the exquisite misery
 Man may inweave amid that garment rich
 That God had given thee for a majesty
 Before thy fellows ' Vainly didst thou preach ; —
 Another* was to wander, perish, preach like thee !

G. F. H.'s poetry is too long and too grandiloquent for our humble pages. We cannot sufficiently admire the mysterious sublimity of the third verse ; — such glorious bursts of nonsense are preferable to the dull sense of many worthy people.

Electric bliss beam'd from her placid eye,
 Where *stagnant* oscillations flow for ever ;
 As up she gazed upon the star-lit sky,
 Where circumambient love is silent never !

The ninth stanza is equally magnificent :

Huge buoyant behemoths, with jubilant wings,
 Shall sink declivious from the dew-lapped skies ;
 And lulled by diapasons' murmuring,
 Shall slumber on the hills of paradise.

LETTER FROM MR. T. H. BAYLY, WITH A SONG.

SIR,

May I request the insertion in your excellent Magazine of the following song, which I think may with great propriety be set to music, and sung in the kitchens and chop-houses of the metropolis. Erewhile has my lyre been strung to themes of the drawing-room — now I strike it in a lower key, but one I trust not less acceptable to those for whom it is attuned, or less true to nature.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. H. B.

SUSAN SUTTON.

Most lovely Susan Sutton,
 You're exceedingly genteel ;
 I prefer you much to mutton,
 Or even to good cow-heel.
 More sweeter far than custard,
 More spicier than mustard,
 More statelier than the bustard —
 Your charms I deeply feel.

No pie or Christmas pasty
 Can be compared to you ;
 You are by far more tasty
 Than sorrel, sage, or rue ;
 Than sugar you're more sweeter,
 More sparkling than saltpetre,
 Than the queen herself more neater —
 My own beloved Sue !

Some speak of Moggy Martin,
 The cause I know not why ;
 But thus I know for certain,
 Let men of her be shy.
 When seemingly most placid,
 And well-behaved and tacit,
 She's as hot as Prussic acid —
 Ah ! she is all my eye.

Upon my soul, Miss Sutton,
 Upon my soul I do
 Not care a single button
 For any girl but you !
 Not water-melons twenty,
 Or sausages so dainty,
 Or oyster-sauce in plenty,
 Would I compare with Sue.

LETTER FROM MR. WORDSWORTH, WITH A POEM.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for the last Number of your Magazine, in which is my portrait. Of the likeness I shall not myself speak, although it is considered a striking one by my family and friends. As a slight return for the handsome way in which you have spoken of me in the double capacity of poet and man, I send you the accompanying stanzas, which I composed in a not ungenial mood, for the purpose of shewing how out of the most apparent trifles (I say *apparent*, for that cannot really be called a trifle from which proceed great results) " deeds ominous "

John Keats.

may spring forth. "He serves the Muses erringly and ill," as I have elsewhere remarked, who omits any occasion of demonstrating this profound and deeply philosophical truth.

Yours faithfully,

W. W.

ON A PIMPLE.

Should John Fraser
A sharp razor
On his chin e'er chance to lay,
May he never
Be so simple
As to sever
The huge pimple
That stands—a mountain—in his way.
I can't say, sir,
How John Fraser
Got the pimple on his chin—
But he passes
Hours in draining
Quarts, pots, & glasses,
All containing
Beer or brandy, ale or gin.

Cut this mountain,
And a fountain
Of red blood will straightway squirt,
Hugely spoiling
Chin of Fraser,
And thus soiling
Both the razor
And the clean collar of his shirt.
Thus may mortals
Through the portals
Of Imprudence never go.
Men from simples
Draw much sorrow;
And even pimples
May to-morrow
Convert our present joys to wo.

We beg leave to say that this John Fraser is not of our tribe—we know not his tartan.

We have received the following stanzas from Coventry. They are rather complimentary; but we cannot for our souls refrain from printing them.

Ye ladies fair of Timbuctoo,
Ye gentlemen of China,
When you have nothing else to do,
I would advise you to peru-
Se adorable Regina.
She's better than the Monthly New,
Or Blackwood of Edina;
On this account I trust that you
Will have the good taste to peru-
Se immaculate Regina.
Had I the wings of a cuckoo,
I'd fly to Carolina,
With this sole object in my view,
That I might tempt folks to peru-
Se incomparable Regina.
She's game all over, through and through,
Like gallant General Mina;
And loves to flagellate the stu-
pid animals that wont peru-
Se invincible Regina.

If men of sterling genius true
Are destitute of rhino,
They've but to write a paper goo-
D enough to please those who peru-
Se ecstasical Regina.
Ye letters-black and ladies blue,
From Lapland to Medina,
O! never miss the opportu-
Nity, but—when you can—peru-
Se our own beloved Regina.
Of doing so you'll never rue—
There's *tertius in uno*;
But not so much as in the view-
S you'll see each month, if you peru-
Se our matchless fair Regina.
Then let us all, both I and U,
With willing hands entwine a
Dull poppy wreath of sullen hue.
For those thick heads that wont peru-
Se her pages, dear Regina!

We were nearly terrified to death on reading the following communication from Belfast, entitled "The Terrible Frenchman." A rum fellow he must have been, in all conscience!

Monsieur de Papillon was a Frenchman stupendous;
The size of his cocked hat was absolutely tremendous.
Upon his Wellingtonian nose huge spectacles he wore,
And proved himself, where'er he went, a most infernal bore.

With his strut so big,
And his well-frizzled wig,
Sure since the world began there was never such a prig.

He walked the Boulevards with an aspect so heroic,
As would have fill'd with huge respect Diogenes the stoic;
He was so tall, so fierce, so strong, so terribly well knit, sir,
That all the *petits maitres* were frightened out of their wits, sir.

"If dat dere Papillon
(And they) will not begone,
By Gar, dere isn't none of us vill have a sound bone!"

For eating, fighting, swearing, drinking, no one could come near him ;
The ladies loved him secretly—the men did nought but fear him.
Though he could deign at times to look extremely apostolical,
The least affront from friend or foe soon made him diabolical.

He took snuff with an air
Tout-à-fait militaire,
And said rude things with a *nonchalance* as beautiful as rare.

In short, no one could conquer him, till Cupid from his quiver
Took out a shaft, which pierced his heart, and ruin'd him for ever.
In crucible of fiery love he floundered, pined, and roasted,
Then perish'd like a turnip, or potato when 'tis frosted.

Now he lies in *Père la Chaise*,
Very much at his *aize*,
And will not answer you, although you hawl as loud 's you *plaise*.

Apropos of *Père la Chaise*. We have received an assortment of epitaphs from a correspondent in Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland isles. Take the following as a sample of our northern friend's lycubrations on this *grave* subject :

ON THE REV. D. GUNN.

Here lies poor Gunn, who preach'd himself to death,
And in the pulpit died for want of breath.

ON MYSELF.

If I'm not dead, I should be dead—for here
I have been buried for at least a year.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

Here lie the bodies of two children dear ;
One buried in Dundee—the other here.

It strikes us we have seen something like the last elsewhere : no matter ; it is worth reprinting. We add another pair, which we are told are in Liverpool :

ON JONATHAN CRUM.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Crum—
His soul has gone to kingdom come.

ON TIMOTHY DREW.

Here lie the remains of Timothy Drew,
Who died 1st March, 1802.

We must, however, put a stop to any further acknowledgment of our poetical favours, and take some minor correspondence at random.

The Tua-Tam Magazine and the "Cork-screw."

DEAR OLIVER,

A word or two with you, if you please. It was in the year of grace 1826, that John Bolster, a bibliopole in the "beautiful city called Cork," established a magazine, which bore the two-fold title of *The Magazine of Ireland, and Bolster's Quarterly Magazine*. It acted famously—served, I should say, as a literary safety valve. From John Shea to Patrick Meagher, from Shelton Mackenzie to Joe O'Leary, from Jack Windle to Stephen Moore (all of them, I assure you, great men in the circles of the metropolis of beef and butter), the writing population of Munster gladly, and gratuitously of course, (for Bolster was far too wise to *pay*, like ancient Pistol), contributed to the ninth wonder of the world (Gil Blas was the *eighth*, you know)—this magazine at Cork : mind, I don't mean *the* magazine at Glasheen [consult Crofty Croker on the locality], but Bolster's.

Well, the Quarterly went on famously—regular in nothing but the irregularity of its appearance. I have heard that one quarter was as long as nine months : I do not believe the slanderous insinuation. I think that there were never more than eight months and three weeks between the appearances of this Quarterly ! After a while, it one day died ; John Shea went to America, Meagher to Carlow, Mackenzie to England, where he now is a newspaper editor, somewhere in the North ; and the rest to the devil. By the way, I may as well tell you a very palpable bit that Richard Lalor Shiel—he was a poor sketcher then in the *New Monthly*—one day made. The younger Bolster asked him for some contributions to the *Maga*—it had not yet appeared then. "You don't pay?" "No."—"Have you named the work yet?" "Why, not quite : we have two or three titles that we shall pick and choose from."—"Well, I am sorry I cannot give you an article, but I shall help you to a name. call the magazine the *Cork-screw*!" And having said this, he went about the Four Courts, communicating, with wonderful industry, the effort of his genius.

You may ask, what the mischief I am driving at? Why, an Irishman does come round-about-ish a little. You know *The Metropolitan*. Well, in the number for this blessed month of August there is a poem, in fine large type, as if they were proud of it, "On a picture of Napoleon in his robes." This identical poem is plagiarised, conveyed, thieved, stolen, copied without acknowledgment, from the first number of *Bolster's Magazine* (published in February 1826), pp. 75, 76. Now, don't you see what I am at? I shall not comment on this pretty little theft; will not you? At any rate, if you don't insert this letter, may I be happy if I ever write to you again.

St. Giles's.

Yours,

PATRICK O'CALLAGHAN.

Campbell has been humbugged, very clearly.

Hibernicus complains that the *Cambrian Quarterly* has pillaged his discovery of Sir S. Meyrick's turning Ned Conid the stone-mason into a god of the sun, without any acknowledgment that it had appeared in FRASER. We may look to this, if worth while; but it is too late this month.

Oxford, Sept. 12, 1832.

My compliments, Mr. Editor, to your friend the Pythagorean. I beg leave to recommend him the "Freshman's Bible," the which, if he reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests it, will teach him that there are no such animals within ninety miles of Oxford as (*Brazen-Nose*) wranglers.* By the by, I think that some time ago, he or one other of your quills talked of an Oxford medallist—a creature equally apocryphal. Another, too, of your hands, in reporting the proceedings of the stulto-mirifico-scientifico conclave of literati, sends them to dinner in what he is pleased to denominate *the new College Hall*—"the (where there are some two dozen) new College Hall" as if Alma had but one refectory wherein to refresh her sons. Never—notwithstanding the Pyth.'s *short streets and cross streets*—never, I will venture to say, loomed the nose of either sumph over Magdalen Bridge—*Ne sutor*, &c. Trivial accidents these, I allow: but *Et pede Herc.* Besides, "if these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry;" if the Tory organ, on matters of its own cognisance, brays out such "noteless pipings," what wonder is there at the thorough bass of the Penny Rads—the ignorance and misrepresentation of Asmodeus, Figaro, and Co. Kit North, I reckon—the floored of Fraser!—kens Magdalen Tower too fealty to commit any such peccadillo; and as you are this month on the subject of comparison between Mag. and Reg. (Hyperion to a satyr), just, for your own edification, set side by side old Ebony's "*Horæ Germanicæ*" and your late Schiller papers. If that don't disabuse you of your infatuation, "God help thee, Noll!" Why, a schoolboy would have been flogged for the versification; and wo to the contributor who had dared present them to Blackwood—North's clutch would have annihilated him.

In the name, then, of Torvism—which is but another word for common sense—do, noble Nolly! do sink that eternal chaffering about REGINA's infallibility—by your account she is verily another Pope Joan. Remember yourself hath said, "Self-praise honoureth no man;" and yours is in truth, like the Eisteddvod, the extreme of absurdity. Allow me, *en passant*, to offer my humble commendation to you for the knouting you have bestowed on your rejected correspondent—a weather-cock who writes for *Blackwood* and the *New Monthly* at one and the same time, is deserving of the extreme penalty of the law.

As an old subscriber and loyal subject of REGINA, I have presumed to say my say; and trusting that the hint, however worthlessly conveyed, may not be altogether useless,

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

To Oliver Yorke, Esq.

POTTS GINGER.

Potts Ginger, a plague upon you! Why, in the name of Christ-Church, Baliol, and Brazen-Nose, do you cram so many subjects into your epistle? As it is, we know not whether to answer you calmly, or flay you alive for your confounded hypercriticism. Don't you see that the Modern Pythagorean was bawming you Oxonians with his *Brazen-Nose wranglers, short streets, cross streets, &c. &c.*? The fact of the matter is, that Oxford has not the honour of being the seat of the tremendous nasal encounter at all. This awful event took place in the classico-commercial town of Greenock, in Scotland. The hero of the tale was an English student, and the barber one Neil Miller, who resided in Great Hamilton Street. Neil had a tremendous nose, the memory of which is still preserved with veneration over the west of Scotland; but the story of the

* This refers to the Modern Pythagorean's tale, "The Victims of Susceptibility," the September Number.

proprietor of this glorious feature having been *burked*, is an invention of the ingenious author, who, in his "Philosophy of Burking," seems to have taken an odd fancy to this amusement, now exploded by the operation of the Anatomy Bill. Such are the facts sent us by the Pythagorean in the letter now before us, which accompanied his tale. We may add that the Greenockians are mightily tickled with the Nose, but bitterly deplore its transfer from Greenock to Oxford. Having settled this point good-humouredly, we have a mind to apply the knout to your learned shoulders, most erudite Potts, for the contumelious way in which you speak of our "Schiller Papers;" but let it pass for the present, since this is our double-number month, and we are more than usually good-tempered. The next part of your epistle is absurd; and did we not suspect you to be somewhat of a clever fellow, we should be apt to pronounce you æniony. We must (the deuce we must!) give over talking about REGINA's infallibility. Pooh, pooh, Ginger, this is all spoony! We grant it would be very ridiculous for the *New Monthly* and *Metropolitan* to put forth claims to such a pontifical quality; but we never heard it doubted (till by your learned self) that REGINA was as infallible as the Pope, all over. So, be a good fellow, and no more garpmmon. You may depend upon our infallibility—that point, like O'Connell's courage, or Joe Hume's impudence, is settled for ever.

P.S. If you see any blunders in REGINA, depend upon it they are intentional, and meant to serve a purpose.

We return our best thanks to our *cordial* friend at Tobermory for his flattering compliment, and still more for his valuable present—a prime addition to our *spiritual* gifts. It is indeed an excellent *article*. He is a contributor after our own heart. We shall be happy to receive from him occasionally such a *spirited* effusion as the present; and we beg leave to assure him that we shall drink his health with all the honours at our next symposiac—when we shall not forget to toast the fair maids of Mull, who, our friend informs us, peruse with much profit and delectation our matchless REGINA in their hyperborean retreats.

We have read Dr. M. O'D.'s excellent letter on Cholera, but cannot insert it, as we have devoted a considerable space to that subject in a recent Number. We respect the doctor for his profound contempt of the standard orthography.

"The Ghost of the Doctor" in our next, if possible.—"Negro" be hanged.—F. St. J. N. will do.—B.'s answer to Moore in the *Metropolitan* is better intended than executed.

SIR,

Are you aware that the *Lady's Magazine* monthly introduces a long paragraph among its advertisements, purporting to be an extract "from *Fraser's Magazine* for June," in which a fulsome panegyric is bestowed on its own columns? It *did* appear, I believe, as an advertisement, in your periodical; but the proprietors are inducing the public to imagine it was the editor's own opinion. It commences: "We wish to recommend to our readers the *Lady's Magazine*." As the work in question is now united with the *Lady's Museum*, and has consequently a large circulation, I thought it right to acquaint you with this fact for your government.

I am, sir, &c. &c. &c.

We were not aware that any such fraud had been perpetrated, but we shall lose no time in looking into it. Perhaps, as the people say at the police offices, this public notice may be sufficient to deter impostors.

But our space is exhausted. We must therfore check our hand, but certainly not dim our fire; for there they go—po! a cargo of contributions in the back of the chimney. Heavens! what a blaze! it is no wonder that this should be called the year of the comet.

"Come," however, some of our poetical contributors may say, "as you have made so free, Mr. YORKE, with our verses, why you surely ought to give us a chance of criticising yours, in return."—Well! we have no objection. It is a long time since we wooed the Muse, and we are not quite sure that she will be favourable; but, to oblige our readers, we shall try for once. Turn over the page, then, good people, and read—

*A Self-Laudatory Ode.*By *Oliver Yorke.*

SOME sneer at us because we can't
 Shew Bulwer's vast gentility ;
 But what care we for such vile rant,
 We have—and that is all we want—
 Profound infallibility.

Old Lucifer himself we dare
 Defy to shew a particle
 Of error in REGINA fair ;
 Or, with malicious finger, there
 Point out a faulty article.

Our verse is famous, and our prose
 Is so extremely sensible,
 That it quite charms our friends, and throws
 Into hystericals our foes
 With power incomprehensible.

What wonder then wise men peruse
 Our pages with avidity ?
 If any mortal should refuse
 The pleasant task, we can't but choose
 To curse him for stupidity.

Our litt'rateurs are men of might,
 And wond'rous perspicacity ;
 On this account, what they indite
 Is never wrong, but always right,—
 So huge is their sagacity.

As for ourself,—the sapient YORKE,—
 (If self-praise be defensible)
 At getting briskly through our work,
 With pen, sword, pistol, knife and fork,
 We're absolute—invisible.

Quite matchless are our tales,—our wit
 Is sharp as blade of Saladin :
 Our courser needs nor spur nor bit,
 And when we're mounted upon it,
 We seem a mighty Paladin.

Encounter us no mortal can,—
 Not even the Guard *Preven-ta-tive* ;
 We'll meet Tom Campbell's Ritter Bann,
 Or any other mortal man,
 In tourney argumentative.

For philosophic *nous* profound,
 And native wit unteachable,
 We are unmatched ;—no line can sound
 Our mighty depths, or touch the ground,—
 For that is quite unreachable.

Our temper is extremely good,—
 Spleen or the blues ne'er smother us ;
 We're never in a peevish mood,
 And envy and her canker'd brood
 We don't allow to bother us.

To change the moon to Stilton cheese,
 Make mutton chops from syllabubs,
 Or good champagne from beans and peas,
 Might all be done with greater ease
 Than give NOLL YORKE the mulligrubs.

O. Y.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXVI. DECEMBER, 1832.

VOL. VI.

WHIG FOREIGN POLICY.

IN Whig hands, the foreign policy of this empire is naturally taking that direction which is the most repugnant to wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy.

It requires small penetration to perceive that a nation, like an individual, must, in its intercourse with others, take care of its own interests, if it wish to escape ruin;—that, like the individual, it must guard against rivals and enemies, cultivate beneficial friendships, avoid injurious connexions, and disregard evil examples, or be any thing rather than prosperous and virtuous.

That which is so exceedingly self-evident dictated the principle so long devoutly believed in by both Whig and Tory, but especially the former, that England and France were natural enemies. France was the rival of England in trade, colonies, shipping, and national influence: restless, ambitious, and unprincipled, she was ever seeking to aggrandise herself and derange the balance of power; in the eyes of many, her noxious manners and principles gave her a hostile character. As a necessary accompaniment to this principle, it was held that England was the natural friend of such states as were the most in danger of being seized and controlled by, or the least disposed and able to restrain France. It was also thought indisputable, that England was the natural friend of those nations which rivalled her the least and bought of her the most.

The policy here comprehended has been reversed from beginning to end; to justify the reversal, the Whigs assure us that England and France are now natural friends and allies. The grounds of a change so great and vital necessarily deserve severe scrutiny.

Physically, France is less the rival of England, in commerce and colonies, than she was formerly; in spirit, she is unchanged. Allowing the Whigs to make the most of this, it is wofully counterpoised in other matters.

Regarding power, she is far more formidable than she was before her republican revolution. No one now dreams that Austria, or any other state, can contend with her singly; or that she can be duly restrained by any thing less than a combination of the other leading powers. In her own resources, and the alliances or neutrality she can command, she has almost grown into a match for the rest of Europe.

In geographical situation, France is unchanged. She is still seated in the centre of Europe; she yet occupies that position which places various smaller states at her mercy, enables her to treat the great ones in detail or by distance, makes her influence predominate, and gives her advantages equal to mighty armies and revenues.

In ambition and rapacity, the thirst for war and conquest, she is no doubt greatly changed; but it is to be more odious and dangerous. Formerly, the blame rested principally on the government, but now the larger portion

sits on the people. Rulers who, as the heads of party, gravely insist that she has a natural right to despoil and tyrannise over other states, are yet unable to keep pace with the demands of their subjects; at the risk of official existence, they have to struggle with popular enthusiasm to avoid breach of treaty, war, and national plunder. In vain may the sainted Whigs rail against war in the abstract; the Gallic Liberal finds it too dear to his heart to hear them, and his vanity cannot mistake them for schoolmasters instead of puppets. Change, in respect of the form of government, has only brought the subject to aid and impel the ruler; touching the functions, it has replaced the expelled Bourbons with successors who, on the points before us, surpass them, and given to these successors for freedom of choice the bonds of official tenure and state necessity.

France is mightily changed in regard to the employment of her gigantic power and mischievous ambition, but the change is only calculated to give it the most baleful operation. She no longer intermeddles and attacks as one of the independent powers resembling the rest, and seeking only her own aggrandisement. Exalting herself into a kind of judge and dictator to all Europe, she makes it both her duty and right to keep every nation in order; nothing is to happen, whether it affect her or not, but she is to take cognisance of it: French influence is to predominate every where, and French armies are to enforce her decrees in every direction. This is to be the case, not alone for her own direct, exclusive benefit, but wherever rebellion may shew itself amidst other states, it is to have her countenance; whenever one part of an empire may attempt to separate from the other, she is to aid in the dismemberment; and every effort to overthrow the governments and institutions of the rest of the world is to find in her a friend.

It signifies not how far she may be for the moment softened in word and crippled in deed by intestine troubles. The liberal and ascendent part of France, which is intended by the Whigs to have perpetual ascendancy, makes all this matter of open avowal. What are its claims for appropriation, on the score of situation and boundary; or its dogmas on the necessity for

French predominance; or its present use of French armies; or its conduct when any part of Europe displays rebellion; or its language regarding the institutions of other states? If ever her present rulers could form themselves into a constantly prevailing middle party (which I hold to be, in the nature of things, impossible), it is abundantly manifest, that under them she would act up to the worst interpretation of the doctrines she now professes; for if the Carlist party cannot triumph, it must soon cease to be a check on them. But it is neither certain nor very probable that the republicans will not become her masters, and render her a pest amidst the nations; at any rate, they will always have her government largely under their control.

The Whigs, no doubt, justify France for favouring rebellion and the overthrow of institutions in other countries, on the ground that she does it for the sake of liberty and the rights of mankind. On what kind of liberty does she deign to bestow her affection? Low democratic, which in its essence consists of the slavery of the better classes. It carries slavery infinitely further. Pretending to give power to the many, it really makes the government for practical purposes as despotic against the many as the few; it sets up a handful of unprincipled tyrants, who care as little for the poor as the rich, without subjecting them to any effective restraint. No government that her Liberals have erected in the last half century has been in practice a limited one, and a source of freedom to the people: her present one has perpetrated more direct tyranny, and that too on the multitude, than its predecessor ever attempted. Her own experience during this long term demonstrates, that the kind of government she wishes to see generally established is, in its fruits, a hateful tyranny to all classes of society. As to the rights of mankind, how are they to be defined according to her example? The French people had a right to dethrone Charles X., but they have none to restore him; they had a right to take up arms against a Polignac ministry, but they have none to oppose a Liberal one, even if it place them under martial law. Nine-tenths of them, from different reasons, wish to change their government — they are to

a far greater extent anxious for such change than any other people in Europe; yet they are so far from having a right to make it, that the attempt would justify their wholesale butchery. The necessary deduction is, that mankind, and especially the portion of it called the people, has no rights save such as the Liberal rulers of France may please to bestow.

Political liberty, however valuable it may be, is not every thing required by the community and individual; if internal freedom be necessary, so is (even that it may exist) protection from external injury. Looking at the great family, or community of nations, which Europe constitutes, it is a grave matter to ascertain what would be the fruits, should each state possess the kind of government France worships. If she do not seek universal republicanism, no one can deny that she wishes to sweep away the aristocracy and the influence of wealth in every quarter; whatever her government may be in other respects, it is to be wholly above the reach of the better classes; and, on her avowal, it is to be in guidance purely democratic. If the rulers of every state, great and small, were but instruments in the hands of popular passion and delusion—if Russia, Austria, &c. were virtually under pure democracy—if national rivalries and antipathies could be brought into extreme action—if popular thirst for natural boundaries, rightful robbery, the destruction of competitors, and the chastisement of enemies, were freed from restraints, how often would Europe enjoy a moment's exemption from rapine and slaughter, how far would freedom be tolerated in the greater states, and how long would the small ones know freedom, right, or being? For a reply we need not refer to the old republics; we have only to look at what the democratic spirit has done and sought in France since the fall of Louis XVI., and at what it utters in England.

It is very evident, that if the revolutionary feelings which France patronises were every where triumphant, it would have the most fatal effect on substantial liberty and the rights of mankind.

In other matters she is much changed, but not for the better. Formerly she had some stability of government, now she has none. Her government of to-

day may be in ruins to-morrow; in this hour Europe contrives to place her rulers under the bonds of treaty and public law; in the next they vanish, and with them all her obligations to be honest and peaceable. The puerile fickleness, wild passion, and intense selfishness of the people, now serve the proverbial insincerity and faithlessness of her rulers, in the twofold character of irresistible stimulant and unimpeachable justification. She must make war on others, that she may be at peace with herself; she must be a public disturber, that she may not tear out her own bowels; and if she become united, she must act in the same manner to remain so. Neither at present, nor in time to come, can she be kept in order, internally and externally, by treaty or public law, or any thing less than the power, moral and physical, of the rest of Europe.

The doctrine which was fashionable at the close of the war, that her retention of her territories was necessary for the good of Europe, contained much more generosity than truth. It is unquestionably true, that France ought to be sufficiently powerful to balance the greater continental states, looked at separately; but it is not true that she ought to outweigh them. It is not true that she ought to be sufficiently powerful to sit like an incubus on almost half the family of nations she belongs to—to contaminate this quarter of the globe with her destructive and godless principles, shake it with her convulsions and evil example, scourge it with her lawless desires, and keep it almost constantly under arms to watch and restrain her. The proofs that, for time out of mind, she has been to Europe the great source of irreligion, licentiousness, and turbulence—the parent of quarrel, war, and devastation—the cause why order cannot exist, quiet cannot be enjoyed, and security cannot be known—are also most conclusive proofs, that if half her power were taken away, it would yield unspeakable benefits to Europe and mankind. I say not that it is practicable to divide her; but if she cannot be divested of her destructive power, at least every thing ought to be done to restrain her from its abuse.

Whatever renegade Whigs may asseverate, a statesman, I imagine, will find it difficult to discover reasons why England ought to be the natural friend

and ally of such a nation. On the contrary, he will see that the changes made by time only render it the more necessary for the weight of England to go into the scale against her. To him it will be very apparent, that, on the score of common good, there never was a moment when it was more essential for her to be bound from gaining the least increase of strength—for maintaining the rest of the nations in their might, independence, and union—for adding to the physical and other checks which restrain her from mischief, and for watching her with all the vigilance of hostility.

Nevertheless, the Whigs have discovered reasons. What are they? In the first place, they are to be found in the power and designs of Russia—the latter is now the bugbear against which Europe is to combine. Wonderful fruit of Whig penetration! Does any one suspect that Russia seeks territorial aggrandisement at the cost of any European nation? No; not even a Whig. Does any one dream that she would venture on armed interference with the affairs of Europe, without the sanction of the other leading powers? No; not even a Whig. Is any one terrified with the supposition that England cannot be protected from her without the friendship and alliance of France? No; not even a sham Whig of the new school. Is Russia the common disturber—the source of evil principles—the enemy on theory of governments in general—the despot over various smaller states—the nation which perpetually convulses Europe with its disorders and revolution? Even counterfeit Whiggism speaks not in the affirmative.

It would be absurd to enter into any detailed comparison between France and Russia, touching danger to other states. The truth is, Europe has as little to fear offensively from the latter as from Austria, or even Prussia. The influence Russia lately possessed, was drawn principally from the personal qualities of the Emperor Alexander, and with him it fell: on his death she returned to her foolish, selfish policy, and lost her place amidst the nations. Retribution has visited her in more ways than one, and most deservedly. Her situation, poverty, and destitution of means for enforcing aid or neutrality, render her impotent for aggression, save as an ally; and such alliance

as would give her undue preponderance is denied her by the nature of things. She has not grown in power more rapidly than France, she has lost none of her relative proportions; and it is not more necessary for France to be powerful on one side, than it is for her to be so on another. If she were not as potent as she is, what would become of the balance of power? It would be comprehended in the will of France.

But these are the principles of Russia, which lead her to oppose every where change of governments. The worst that can be said is, she insists on one extreme, while France insists on another. If the choice be thus limited, which extreme ought Europe to prefer? Considering both means of attainment and end, which would yield more practical freedom, national independence, security of person and property,—human good of every kind,—such governments, with all their defects, as those of Russia and Austria, or the wild democracies France so ardently admires? The question, of course, comprises, not only what the subject would receive from the ruler, but also that vital matter, what one nation would receive from another. No reflecting man can hesitate in deciding for the Russian extreme. The latter assails not the peace of other states; it produces not revolution and anarchy,—it takes the side of religion and order.

Still, England is a free nation, and therefore must act with France against Russia. Which of the extremes is the most in harmony with the institutions of England? That of France is as hostile to an hereditary and effective peerage, a national church, the influence of wealth and learning,—in a word, to the English constitution in both spirit and letter, as to an absolute monarchy. That of Russia is as friendly to these institutions as to the form of government it prefers. The one nation would as readily aid, and the other as sincerely oppose, revolution in England, as in any other state.

According to Whig doctrines, England ought to act with France against Russia, to give success to the general change of government France patronises; in consequence, this grave question presents itself: Would English interests profit more from general democracy than they do from such governments as now exist in Europe?

In amity, trade, influence—the general relations between nation and nation—the change would do these interests incalculable injury. We cannot doubt, that it would bring on us the horrors of democratic revolution, when the influence of France alone has scarcely permitted us to save a nominal king and aristocracy.

Another pressing question, equally important, must be noticed: Which is the most friendly to the integrity of the United Kingdom, Russia or France? The one would defend, and the other assail it. Let rebellion shew itself in Ireland or the Colonies, and French friendship and alliance will render it all possible assistance. Let general democracy be established, and the territories of this empire will be speedily compressed into the island of Great Britain, if even Scotland can be saved.

It does not follow that, if England ought to stand aloof from France, she ought to go regularly with Russia. But if she cannot see constitutions established like her own,—such as will give to rank, property, and intelligence, their full share of power, and, moreover, uphold religion and monarchy,—she is, in the choice of evils, bound, by every thing she owes to herself, Europe, and the human race, to support Russia against France. Hers is the sacred bond, on the ground of self-preservation, as well as every other, to oppose change with all her might, if it be for the worse; and not to commit the suicidal error of supporting something more pernicious than republicanism, because she cannot sanction absolute monarchy.

But Whig ingenuity has brought to light, in these inventive days, another reason inexpressibly overpowering,—to wit, that the friendship and alliance will gain us boundless commercial intercourse with France. It is full time for the wretched snare thus laid for national cupidity to receive due exposure. In bungling folly and impudent deception, it is perfectly unique.

Men like Sir H. Parnell and Dr. Bowring are exported, not, alas! for foreign consumption, but to negotiate a commercial treaty, or something similar, with France. What English interests do such men conceive they have under their protection? None whatever. Stuffed to bursting with the warring dogmas and shallow sophistries of such publications as the

Westminster Review, they are convinced that every demand France can by possibility make, England ought to satisfy for her own benefit. Speak of protecting your silk and glove trades, distilleries, or any thing else! Absurd; they know you ought to protect nothing; theirs is the love of negotiation made easy; they can only comply, and sacrifice. Casting behind them your magnifying, concealing, coquetting, and other old-fashioned means of bargain-making, their ingenious reply to every thing craved by the Frenchman is,—O, yes, kind sir, you ought to have it as a gift, for the sake of enriching the country we act for. How prodigiously have difficult matters been simplified!

Nevertheless, the sage negotiators,—baronet and doctor, book-makers, and political economy tutors, though they be,—find difficulties. They are unhappily shipped without their bale of equivalents. Why? Because their sage masters have given away all beforehand. French silks,—French all things, even down to French verdigris, are already admitted, and no such bale can be manufactured. Anxious to concede every thing, theirs is the cruel fate of having nothing to concede. They knock at Monsieur's gate in the humble character of beggars; and he is not to be mystified by them, even if they ply him with the baronet's ponderous figures, or the doctor's melodious stanzas. Impenetrable as adamant to both arithmetic and rhyme, he gives them the withering answer,—You have nothing to offer in exchange; and I sell, but never give. Beseechd, he thus, with characteristic dexterity, addresses the supplicants,—You have still duties on French brandy and silks, and until they are reduced I shall withhold my alms; then you may possibly taste my bounty.

The mendicants send this home, and of course matters are put in train for compliance. It is gravely announced, that the silk trade will be hugely benefited by a reduction of protecting duty; and that a reduction of the duty on brandy will gain an immense trade with France.

Now, in what is this boasted trade to consist? Will France take our cottons, woollens, and hardware, or our leading colonial productions? Both the negotiators and their masters own that she will not; she is still

confessedly to exclude almost all our principal articles of export. After the most laborious examination of her own interests, she may possibly admit iron and cotton twist, for the improvement of her hardware and cotton trades; but she cannot go beyond this and similar admission. There is to be no sacrifice for sacrifice,—no giving in one commodity to take in another; from beginning to end, all is to be done for her own exclusive profit. On the article or two which she pretends she may admit, the duties are to be in a great measure prohibitory; and the object is to cheapen some of her productions, that she may be the better able to compete with us in others. This she avows; and she avows farther, that in so far as she cannot compete with us, she shall adhere to her system of prohibition.

Fortunate it is for our negotiators, that she displays such candour. Had she put forth her wonted diplomatic skill, they would doubtlessly have negotiated away the West Indies, with Canada as a make-weight, to induce her to put iron under prohibitory duty, instead of direct prohibition. As the matter is, these wonderful diplomatists, charged with the protection of English interests, press her, in perfect sincerity, to relax her system in some points, to improve her manufactures in all. In plain English, which they never understood, they openly urge her to do her utmost to equal us in manufactures, and offer her all possible assistance. Their art of negotiation made easy renders them her representatives against the senseless country which employs them, and makes them press on her acceptance what her craft and avarice may overlook.

The boasted new trade, then, simply amounts to this. If France for once verify her professions,—and no one who remembers her recent shameful evasion of the navigation treaty can expect it,—she is on some price of articles to substitute prohibitory duty for absolute prohibition. Our exports to her are to receive no increase of moment; but every thing is to be done for enabling her to reduce them to other parts, not excepting our own colonies. She does not promise to admit our goods generally, either now or in future; on the contrary, her statesmen declare that her existing system of exclusion must stand, until it can be replaced with one of

price equally effective. What, therefore, do the Whigs deserve for the delusion they are producing? As the price of this trade, we are to surrender, not nominal admission, but a grave part of our manufactures; to a considerable extent, we are to abandon the production of various articles, and take away the trade and profits of our manufacturers, agriculturists, and colonists. Most odd and uncouth is this method of increasing trade, even though it flow from the combined brains of leaden economists and tinsel small poets. What then do the Whigs merit for such scandalous sacrifice of national interests?

This clamour—worthy, no doubt it is, of Whig understanding—for trade with France, is practically one to send coals to Newcastle, or wrought cottons to Manchester. The reason why the two countries do not buy more of each other is, they produce the same articles.

To buy more of France, our only resource was to abandon in a certain degree the production of silks, gloves, &c.; to buy more of us, she must imitate this marvellous exploit, and she refuses; she has cottons and woollens of her own, therefore, she needs not English ones. After nursing her manufactures to this point, she will not sacrifice them. One of the capital points exhibited by the Whigs is, they declare her adoption of free trade would rather serve than injure her manufactures, which is tantamount to declaring, it would rather injure than serve our own. In the nature of things, our trade with her can never be materially increased; and our manufactures must suffer from whatever may cause them to be rivalled by hers.

While the friendship and alliance cannot increase our trade with France, how will they affect it with other countries? Our commercial intercourse must necessarily be the greatest with those which produce such commodities as we want to buy, but not such as we wish to sell; and here, almost every other nation, not excepting the smallest, stands above France. If, therefore, the friendship and alliance produce war—war with a single other state—they can scarcely fail of taking from us far more than the amount of our trade with her. It has commonly been the policy of other nations, when too weak for warring with us in any other way, to attack our

goods with high duty and prohibition ; and this will not now be forgotten, when our own ruinous system forbids retaliation. The friendship and alliance at this moment are plunging us into strife with all the nations on which the chief part of our European trade depends.

Was inconsistency so monstrous and disgraceful as this ever witnessed ! Here is England groaning for a paltry, impossible increase of trade with France, and spontaneously casting away her trade with Holland, Russia, Prussia, and Portugal. Pretending to worship trade, she is, without equivalent, or the hope of one, sacrificing the main part of her trade with Europe. When population is spoken of, is it only to be found in France ? When Russia vies with the latter in millions of souls, why is she overlooked ? Why are the German millions forgotten ? Does not the pound's worth of goods sold to Portugal yield as much profit as that sold to France ? Doubtlessly, Whig wisdom will reply,—Trade is profitable only when carried on with nations possessed of democratic and perpetually-changing government ; with those under arbitrary and settled rule it is ruinous ; therefore it ought to be abandoned with all European nations save with France, with the utmost expedition. At any rate, this forms the grand principle on which the Whigs are acting.

England is thus reaping from the friendship and alliance, not increase of trade with France, but the loss of it with other countries ; let us now inquire, what she is reaping from it in other matters !

Pinning my faith to the sleeve of no man, I never assented to the Duke of Wellington's declaration, that from the first there was no hope of re-uniting Holland and Belgium ; and of course the Whig declarations of the same kind were lost on me. It was a leading principle with all statesmen, that Belgium ought to be kept from France, both as a means of confining the latter within due limits, and protecting from her Dutch independence. On it, Holland and Belgium were united by the regularly-appointed representatives of all Europe ; and an arrangement so essential for general good, and so solemnly made, ought not to have been sacrificed, save on very clear necessity. Such necessity I never saw ; I could

not even discover it in the valorous flight of the Belgic warriors, when they left the existence of their country to be preserved by French armies. This memorable flight abundantly proved, that Holland, without any protracted struggle, could have conquered Belgium ; and, consequently, that the latter, from inability to win and maintain independence, had no claim to it in national law.

The matter in itself presented no difficulty ; there was nothing to do but to enforce sacred treaties, which bound every state, and prevent a handful of knaves and cowards from overturning the system of Europe. But the leading governments were scared out of their reason by the French revolution, and this created difficulties in profusion. The struggle would endanger general peace. How ? It could not possibly do so, if other nations acted with common honesty. But there was France. What right had she to interfere ? None whatever. Nevertheless, in case of a struggle, her people were so fondly attached to the Belgians, that they would force their rulers to join in it. Well, to restrain France from flagrant violation of the law of nations, the King of Holland was persuaded and morally compelled to place his rights in the hands of his pretended "allies." O, foolish, and ill-treated monarch ! never did king and people suffer more foul and crying injustice than he and his have suffered from these "allies."

Gentle reader, overlook it not, that France here was the great and guilty parent of mischief ; and that, to keep her from crime, the other powers bent at her foot-stool, and virtually made it a principle, that her rulers had a right to place her above treaty and public law at the pleasure of her people. By such means, including this practical submission of all Europe to her sovereignty, she upset the system of Europe and balance of power : for the allies were to settle matters on the basis of Belgic independence. It matters not, if she did not establish this independence by open war, every one knows it would never have seen the light, had it not been for her example, intermeddling, and influence.

No one could be ignorant that Belgium, with nominal independence, would be greatly under the influence of France ; and that Holland, through

nakedness and weakness, would also be placed under such influence. The independence was in effect the transfer, more or less, positively or negatively, of both Belgium and Holland to France; and when resolved on, it was the first duty of the allies to make the transfer as small as possible in extent. The rights, security, and engagements of all Europe demanded that nothing should be given to Belgium on doubtful claim, and that she should be bound to the lowest point of feebleness: every thing was in favour of compliance. Belgium had not possessed being as a separate state; passing from one master to another, she still had only been dependent provinces; while she had from inheritance no corporate territorial rights as an independent nation, she had conquered none, and she was incapable of conquering any. Farther, in reality she wished to be, not independent, but a part of France. From her situation, and the feelings of every kind she displayed, it was impossible to make her, as an independent state, useful to Europe, either as make-weight or neutral barrier. All this gave the allies a clear right to draw her boundaries, so far as regarded herself, as the general good prescribed, and especially to withhold any territory she had not conquered, and could not conquer. On the other hand, Holland had her independent national rights defined and guaranteed in every way; and the allies were bound to preserve to her, not only her territory and jurisdictions, but her defences and security. It is idle to say, that if she retain her ancient territory she loses nothing, although she receives for neighbours implacable foes instead of natural protectors, exchanges an impassable frontier for nakedness, and has the key to her given to an irresistible, unprincipled enemy. In effect, this is to take from her every inch of territory,—to destroy her as an independent state. And it is equally idle to say, that when Belgium is undergoing total change in shape and nature—is receiving what in public law she had no right to—and does not possess any territory as a separate state, her provincial figure must not be in the least altered, no matter how essential alteration may be for the rights of her neighbours and the world. Acting solely from choice, the allies were bound by every obligation from injur-

ing Holland in any way, and especially from destroying her independence to create that of Belgium; and they had the clearest right to withhold from the latter all such boundaries and powers as were incompatible with the rights of other states. The question really was between Holland and France,—the Belgians gave every demonstration of it, even to the most incredible,—and in effect it amounted to this: How much shall be given to France of what she has not a title of claim to, and is sure to abuse for general evil; and how much shall be retained for Holland of what is her sacred right, and which she is sure to enjoy for common good?

The allies thus undertook the settlement of the affair, with what seemed to be an impossibility to find obstacle or pretext for delay; but human foresight is proverbial for defective vision. The heroic Belgians, so enthusiastically attached to independence, and so capable of maintaining it, foiled in their anxiety to lose name and country as an integral part of France, would have no other king, as their next resource for getting rid of independence, than a son of the French monarch; and this was not to be endured. They were to possess independence, but not on any account to exercise it in its leading use—the choice of a sovereign; they were to throw themselves into the arms of France, but by no means to have a Frenchman for their king. Mightily angered by this marvellous display of allied consistency and wisdom, they well nigh refused to have a king of any kind. After sufficiently perplexing and confounding the allies with this point, they claimed territory to which they had as much right as they had to the crown of England; in truth, it was a mercy that they did not call Ireland their own. Pretence, even with the aid of Gallic ingenuity, could not be found for allowing the claim; whereupon they blustered, threatened, wailed and railed, until it seemed probable that they would in revenge attack and devastate all the great nations in the same moment. In the midst of the bustle, an opportunity was given them for shewing how well qualified they were by prowess for claiming the property of other people, or forming a separate nation, and lo! they fled from claim and independence so swiftly, that, saying nothing of Dutch bayonets, Dutch shot could not even reach them

in the seat of honour. They made cowardice co-equal with knavery, and king and people actually implored France to save them. Nevertheless, the allies in the upshot—whether from compassion or terror I know not—to appease them, awarded them an important part of the possessions of Holland.

It might almost be imagined that in this business the governments of Europe laboured to draw on themselves as much ridicule, disgust, and indignation as possible. First, they decide, in violation of treaty and public law, that Belgium shall be independent, when she is utterly incapable of achieving and maintaining her independence. Then, the liberators become despots; they insist that she shall remain independent when she manifests a wish to become part of another nation, and refuse her permission to choose her own king. Then, after prohibiting her from selecting a French prince for her king, solely to keep her from the influence of France, they suffer her to choose one who, as if to shew his contempt for the feelings and interests of Europe, immediately takes measures for marrying a French princess; and he thus in effect does what they are so anxious to prevent, in giving her crown to the reigning family of France. Next, after using such strong means to keep her from French connexion and influence, and when she has given them the most indubitable testimony that she is in both king and people devotedly attached to France, and her crown is to be by blood as well as every thing else made an appendage to the French one, they plunder Holland to strengthen her for aggression. As the worthy conclusion, after giving her to France in this unaccountable manner, they do all they can to throw Holland after her.

If I have said enough of the folly and incapacity, the crime must have farther exposure. At the outset, the King of Holland has half his possessions forcibly torn from him by these allies, which they had secured to him for ever by the most solemn obligations, when the only thing which could form a colourable pretext for it is wanting. He acquiesces, and confides the settlement of his differences with his lost subjects to their arbitration. No abuse of interpretation could torture this into an authority for doing more than deciding on matters fairly and demon-

strably within the limits of dispute and opinion; they, however, construe it into one for giving away whatever they may think fit of his possessions. They have as much right to dispose of his throne and whole kingdom as of a single town or jurisdiction of any kind belonging to him. The foul robbery which they thus perpetrate on him by that which is not a whit more respectable than swindling, has for its object the benefit of an irresistible enemy against him.

More remains. This sovereign protests against the exercise of an authority he never gave, and the transfer of his lawful possessions without his consent; whereupon England and France—Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are ashamed of the iniquity—take measures, with all the formality of special treaty, to compel his acquiescence by force of arms. Ye learned in the guilt of nations, search in vain for precedent! A simple power to arbitrate is tortured into one, not only to enable the arbitrator to give away sacred property not in dispute, but also to give effect to his criminal award by brute force, in violation of all law and usage. Whatever powers this unfortunate monarch intrusted the allies with, were intrusted to the whole jointly, and not to any part: the majority of them admit the award to be unjust by proposing reconsideration, yet such an award, which in reason and law can have no validity, is insisted on at the point of the sword by the minority. Thus, without any separate powers, and, consequently, without any whatever, France and England usurp the settlement of the matter by depriving the majority of the arbitrators of voice and authority, and deciding against their judgment. Holland is treated as a conquered nation—for what? because she has been faithful to treaty, peace, and the cause of Europe, and, alas! because she has confided in the honour and justice of her neighbours. Conscientious of her innocence, she resists being stripped of right, independence, and substantial being; on which the conquerors, having got her into their power by fraud, falsehood, and breach of obligation, resort to their last privilege, and cement her slavery with blood and flame. The plea—fitted to perfection for the structure it bears—is, forsooth! the rights and independence of another nation, and such a nation as Belgium!

Be, however, its due given to England's temerity. Dare she, with no other ally than France, attack Holland? Can she, who heretofore only ventured on such petty enterprises as were confided to her Marlboroughs and Wellingtons, Rodneys and Nelsons, have the boldness, when she is only surrounded with the armies of France, to fire a shot at a Dutch fortress, or invade the sanctity of Dutch soil? And far above this, can the trembling nation, which feared to step a hair's breadth from the impregnable holds of national honour, have the hardihood to explore the unfortified wilds of French lawlessness? Amazing!—again amazing! wonder-stricken enemy shall be just, and confess that Whigs alone could have covered her with such glory. Who now may say that a lion need fly from a lap-dog, or that a regiment of soldiers cannot overpower a naked infant? For weeks will the Tower guns thunder, and for months will illuminations blaze, when the news shall arrive that Holland is subdued.

Let not one of the darkest features escape notice. The usurpation and plunder are committed nominally for the gain of Belgium, but really for that of France. The arbitrator puts the property of one of the parties into his own pocket, and assails his life for demurring. France in this wretched affair is really judge in her own cause—she clearly has her brethren under her direction—she naturally decides in her own favour; and on the maxims of the tiger, she as naturally seizes her selected prey. England, of course, receives none of the ill-gotten booty; in knavery, the fool is only the instrument of his more dexterous confederate, and under the Palmerstons and Greys she can merely act as dog to the poacher—as crow-bar to the house-breaker.

What can England here reap from the friendship and alliance? Does Whig wisdom, in its grovelling vagaries, imagine that she is bound by obligation or prospect of profit to act in this manner, because the crown of Belgium was given to Prince Leopold? Those who can discover that this august personage feels himself under any conceivable tie to her, or respects her above the meanest of nations, can distinguish the colour of the sun's inhabitants. While he dwelt with us, he contrived, in spite of the national re-

verence for the memory of his departed consort, and the profuse revenue he drew from the public purse, to make himself unpopular with every class and party. Nothing could melt him down from the icy contempt and dislike of the alien, or cause him, even on policy, to profess any sympathy with English feelings and interests. Almost his first act as the sovereign of Belgium was to cast himself and his kingdom into the arms of France, not only in scorn of England, but to the utter consternation of his Whig friends, and almost to the expulsion of poor Lord Palmerston from office. Set right here by Whig coercion, his next step was to do what the Whigs, as well as England, had been so anxious to prevent, viz. to give his crown to the reigning family of France. He could only have shewn the conduct and feelings he has, if he had been the French king's son; and it makes not the smallest difference whether future Belgic sovereigns flow from this king's son or daughter. Leopold has no country or national impulse of any kind that might operate on his descendants in bar of French influence; and they must be just as much under such influence with a French mother, as they would have been with a French father. His slight connexion with our royal family can have no effect.

Demonstrably, it makes no difference to England whether Leopold or the King of France himself hold the Belgic sceptre. She has acted in this manner to make Belgium practically an integral part of France; and when this is so far accomplished that the defensive and offensive treaty only is lacking which Belgium cannot do without, she makes war on Holland to transfer a part of the latter to France also. The independence of Holland is transferred with the possessions.

France has gained in perpetuity what an hundred victories—what war could never have given her, Belgium and the command of Holland; she has swept away for ever the iron line which limited her, and obtained points of the first value for defence and aggression, naval and military warfare. This is her gain from the friendship and alliance; but where is the gain of England?

France has carried England from the scale of her opponents to her own, and so entangled her with French broils

and interests, that she has in effect made her a dependency. She has thus disabled opposing powers from restraining her, and made herself the despot over Europe. I grant the Whig boasters speak the truth when they aver that France and England now dictate to this quarter of the globe; but who, I ask, dictates the dictation? What single English interest does it attend to, or what French one does it neglect, or what injury to England does it abstain from inflicting? We must believe either that England dictates the violation of national law and right, in order to put aside the balance of power, aggrandise rivals, disarm friends, demolish her defences, lose her trade, and destroy her influence; or that she is innocent of all share in framing the dictation. Such a dilemma forces on us the assurance that she is so innocent, and is only the degraded, polluted, lunatic tool of France. This is the gain of France from the friendship and alliance; but where is the gain of England?

To maintain her tyranny, France has military occupation in Greece, Belgium, Italy, and Algiers; she has enlarged her borders, and overflowed upon or hemmed in the nations, until she has obtained in every quarter favourable points for attack or diversion. By the conquests of peace she has driven her opponents from their possessions, bulwarks, and means of combination, and swelled herself into a leviathan. England is so inextricably bound to her tail, that she must assist in resisting dislodgment, assent to farther encroachment, and tolerate almost any aggression and appropriation. This is the gain of France from the friendship and alliance; but where is the gain of England?

When England is thus, without a single countervailing tota of profit of any description, merging other states in, and conferring the sovereignty of Europe on, France—when, to do this she is casting from her on all hands trade, friends, power, means of protection and independence, and cutting herself down into a French dependency,—it behoves us to inquire what treatment she is likely to receive from the tyranny she is creating and placing herself under.

Has France renounced her wish for maritime power and colonies? She never conceals that it still burns within

her. Has she given evidence that she can at last be bound by her word and bond? She never, according to means, displayed more faithlessness than she has done in this Belgic affair. She has cast off the noose, and raised the quibble whenever practicable. Commencing as an impartial arbitrator, she has acted throughout as the crafty unprincipled partisan: and one of the difficulties her simple confederates have had to contend with has been that of preventing her from opening the oyster with the bayonet, and swallowing it previously to award on its ownership. In one moment, without the consent of these confederates, she poured her troops into Belgium, and virtually declared war against Holland; in another, without even their knowledge, she poured her troops into Italy. She acted with them only while they would administer to her selfishness; when their means for doing this were exhausted, she arrayed herself against them, and the hypocritical arbitrator became an audacious robber. Has she shewn that her feelings have been softened and expanded in favour of England? We search in vain for even hollow profession. She treats the feelings and interests of this country like those of the state she is the most hostile to. Those arrangements on the continent which it has always been deemed the interest of England to maintain, are especially the objects of her animosity. Every engagement to us she evades to the utmost; in every negotiation she strives to overreach us, and in every transaction she looks, even in avowal, solely at her own profit. To her the disaffected of Ireland still look for friendship, and from her they still obtain it. While her creed and the nature of her government impose it on her as a duty, her conduct manifests that nothing would be more grateful to her feelings than an opportunity for tearing the British empire limb from limb.

The effect which the friendship and alliance are calculated to have on the more domestic interests of England deserves serious consideration.

Formerly, intimate connexion with France was thought to be highly dangerous, on two different reasons—the one its influence on the government, and the other its influence on the people. It was urged, especially by the Whigs, that such connexion could

not well do other than imbue government with the spirit of the French one, and give it arbitrary feelings and practice. Is there now, on this point, no danger?

The French government is no longer a despotism in form, but let this mislead no one: change has only reached the objects of its tyranny and its means of dealing with them. Now the victims are the better classes—institution and law, religion and order—the very government, in so far as it has being in right and justice; to them the despotism still survives, altered only to be more fierce and unlimited. Is there, then, no danger that under the change connexion may lead to very baleful imitation?

We need not turn for reply to deduction or opinion—a very terrible one has already been given by experiment. From the first moment of the connexion, the conduct of the Whig government has been a servile copy of that of the French one. I grant that the fac-simile has exhibited such jags and stains as would have insured, while birch was known, the flogging of any schoolboy—that the mimicry has been surpassingly puerile, bungling, and discordant—that the matter has marvellously resembled the essay of a donkey to act the tiger; but still the intense anxiety and laborious plodding of the copyists to be faithful to the original, even to the misplaced dot and supernumerary letter, are above question.

First, we have the old Whig reasons for reform abandoned for French ones. Then, we have a project for a new house of commons, which, regarding powers and uses, is stolen from a French model. Next follow in quick succession these humble imitations of the French,—the whole aristocracy is declared a nuisance—the church is similarly dealt with—the better classes generally are declared unworthy of power—it is proclaimed that government ought, against its own convictions, to obey the democratic multitude—the upper branch of the legislature is virtually suppressed—the peers are indirectly, touching their public characters, made elective for life, at the will of the executive, instead of hereditary, &c. &c.; let the memory of the reader finish the disgusting detail. Looking abroad at the Belgic and other matters, we find the same imitation, equally servile and disgusting.

The man lives not who can be so foolish as to believe that these enormities would have been thought of or perpetrated without French connexion and example. Earl Grey was no doubt profligate enough to trample on any of his solemn pledges, and Lord Brougham and Vaux factious enough to attempt any thing: doing justice to all, I acquit France of making them false and parricidal by nature; but it was in her that their wild passions and propensities found lesson and shelter. Demonstrably we owe to French connexion the destruction of the sacred rights of the peers, the practical suppression of one house of parliament and slavery of the other, and the other guilt Whig tyranny has committed.

As demonstrably the connexion must continue to bear the same fruits. The Whig ministry, on the confession of its friends, stands in no small degree on the connexion; and in other respects it very obviously stands on its hostility to equal rights and freedom, and the less democratic parts of the constitution. With such a foundation, and all the bonds which studied union creates, it must from necessity imitate all the atrocities France may place before it.

Reverting to the second reason against French connexion, it was held by the Whigs that the latter was calculated to debase the character of the people with servility and other bad qualities; better persons than Whigs felt it was of a nature to injure the religion and morals of the general community. Has it lost its tendency to produce such appalling evils?

Change has only given the people close communion with France for antipathy to her, and powerful motives for imitating her in place of contrary ones. We need not waste time in speculation, when a glance at daily fact is sufficient for removing all uncertainty. Any tyranny, however atrocious it may be, which the Whig government may exercise against the most sacred things in the realm, provided it do not reach the multitude, is not only submitted to, but eagerly lauded by both the people and the Whig part of the upper classes,—by the country at large. This is not the less mean and despicable submission to tyranny—loathsome and wicked love of it—because the chain is only rivetted on the better ranks, and the blow is struck at the heart instead of skin of national freedom. The

cry is no longer for the equal rights and liberties of England, for the laws and institutions of England, for the defence of all Englishmen alike against the assaults and encroachments of the government; no, it has degenerated into an outlandish invocation for the suppression of these rights and liberties, the extinction of these laws and institutions,—the government to trample on every obligation and limit, for the purpose of filling the empire with confiscation, oppression, and bondage. Every fraction of this presents evidence of French extraction. Your writers of newspapers and pamphlets for the ministry and people watch and adopt French invention as sedulously as your dress-makers. Your fabricators of political handkerchiefs and farthing tracts for the rabble, cannot bear any thing English, even in name; they must have their two chambers instead of houses of parliament, make the peers nominally as well as virtually elective for life, and be French both within and without in all things. Speak of John Bull! he is defunct and buried, not even excepting the riotous radical parts of him; and a skinny, rickety, grunting, capering, crazy Frenchman has crept into his garments. Peace be to his ashes; and let at least my grief consecrate them, for he was my parent!

The wretched mimicry naturally extends very far beyond mere politics. French democracy wars as much against priests as nobles, therefore, so must the English; French republicanism is engrafted on infidelity and contempt for the leading civil sources of morals, and of course the English must be so likewise. Your English democrat, in his philosophic devotion to French example, can as little endure an established church as an effective peerage; and he feels the slavery of believing in the Scriptures and observing the Sabbath to be as indefensible as that of being restrained from domineering over all constituted authorities: his liberty, alike comprehensive and daring, must place him above his God as well as his earthly ruler. Thus, with the principles and feelings on which the constitution of England stands, those which make society enduring and preserve it from dissolution are swept away.

• The mischief is not confined to domestic matters. Whatever France decides on touching other nations must

be the theme of English admiration. France thinks fit to rob Portugal of her fleet, and attempts to force from her commercial advantages, to the grievous injury of English trade; and your people exult over such honesty and generosity. She threatens to seize Belgium by force of arms, and overthrow every throne on the Continent; and English adulation is lavished on such forbearance and virtue. She appropriates Belgium, and places Holland under her nod; and English blood and treasure are enthusiastically pressed on her service to assist such disinterestedness. Let her lay hold of the peninsula, spread herself over all southern Europe, occupy all the continental coast, and make vassals of the other powers, and your English people will cordially sanction it; nay, let her demand Ireland and the West Indies, and these people will probably deem it a special favour.

If the mimicry displayed any reciprocity, its fruits might not be so baleful; but it shews not a particle. To the extremity of hair and nail, the Frenchman must be French. While your English liberal finds nothing so hateful as his own country, or so false as the lessons she gives, the French one finds nothing lovely but his, and nothing it to be learned save what she teaches. Nothing English must disfigure a French model, or alloy a French opinion, or thwart a French interest: France must invent and lead; and the shame of borrowing, or following, even for her own benefit, she cannot know. The extreme of intercourse and familiarity cannot make the Frenchman even inadvertently adopt a thought from England; if she shed her best blood for him, he cannot be melted, even by the thoughtless heat of triumph, into throwing her a pittance of recompense. Your Whig ministers, and scribes of the broad sheet, and people, lick the dust off him, fill his pockets, gorge him with adulation, and get their bones broken for him; but still he only treats them as beasts of use, without allowing food for labour: they hunt down his prey for him, but he will not spare them the offal,—he takes all, not forgetting skin and entrails.

A reciprocity of a certain kind, however, has large operation. France is the great original; but her originality owes much of its invention, courage,

and success to English assistance, although it is that of an instrument. The wit would slumber, the scheme would be concealed, the experiment would not be hazarded, the robbery would not be attempted; but there is England to applaud, hold the apparatus, stand in the gap, and bear the pommelling. It is very obvious, that if this country had remained attached to the other powers, France would not have departed from the meekness and decency she professed in the first moments of her revolution; there would have been no ruinous precedent established in the extinction of her aristocracy, no spoliation thought of in Belgium and Holland, no invasion of Italy,—none of the evils and dangers she has produced. England thus propels her in error and iniquity, and then is dragged after her. While the reciprocity acts in such manner, its most deadly ills, of course, fall on England. France gains outward protection and spoil towards balancing the internal mischief she does herself; but senseless England only gains the precedent of ruin,—the whip for self-flogging,—the means of adding to her losses and torments within, by squandering away, for French profit, her trade, blood, and treasure without.

It may be very safely predicated, that the friendship and alliance will continue to produce such fruits, until they at last give birth to the greatest of national calamities. The Whig ministry employs all its influence to make the people of this country slavish imitators and instruments of France; and it is ardently supported by their passions and supposed interests. It cannot draw the line where imitation and instrumentality shall cease, either here or in France. The degraded tool of France, it must assist in whatever she may resolve on; and the profligate servant of its supporters, it must only do what will be palatable to their desires. The democratic multitude entertains the belief, which its Liberal newspapers and other teachers, high and low, use every art and crime to strengthen, that the French union is essential alike for enabling it to retain what it has acquired, and grasp what it seeks further. The union is not a mere thing of defence or show, and most of its main objects are still to be attained. Essentially aggressive, in both internals and externals, it has yet

to revolutionise other nations wholly, and both France and England in great part.

France and England are popularly combined to make the former irresistible on the continent, that she may dictate to other states and compass the overthrow of their governments. Another ground of combination is, that she may retain what she calls her “republican institutions,” and perfect them. A third ground is, that England may obtain what her Liberals call for, and reach the last point of democracy and infidelity. And a fourth ground is, that the meditated overthrow of governments in general may lead to the general establishment of democracy and infidelity. The government and people of both nations avow this, directly or otherwise. Such a league cannot, in the nature of things, do other than propel France as the leader and England as the follower, until it bring destruction on all our interests, foreign and domestic: it is a league to produce such destruction, for it is levelled as fiercely against these interests as against any thing it professes to hate. Let no simple person dream that England can apply the reins at pleasure—bound by treaty, cemented by animosity, participation in guilt, party profit, and popular delirium, she must sanction whatever France may choose to perpetrate and appropriate. Let no one be ignorant that the league is not to establish the mixed form of government, the religious and moral form of government: although it may tolerate from necessity, for the moment, nominal kings and aristocrats, its ultimate object, in spirit and guide, is to establish simple and godless democracy. And let every one remember, that our foreign interests and domestic institutions could not stand an hour against France, with the continent under her dictation, and general republicanism acting with our own.

Oh! but who need fear, when Earl Grey, the prime-minister, still enchants enlightened cockney lord-mayors, aldermen, shopkeepers, mechanics, and female dealers in small politics and faded impurity, with professions of attachment to English institutions? His lordship's egotism, battered into blindness and deafness, still warbles, amidst general scorn, eulogies on his perfections. According to his public words and deeds, what English institution enjoys

his favour? The Crown, possessed of its constitutional powers and uses? No; he has done his utmost to make it the bauble of the democratic multitude. The Cabinet, limited on the one hand and invested with discretion on the other, as the constitution prescribes? No; he insists it ought to be the tool of the democracy, and, in the hands of the latter, an unlimited tyranny. The Aristocracy, duly qualified to balance the democracy? No; he maintains it ought not to balance, and he has suppressed it, save as make-weight to the democracy. The House of Commons in constitutional equipoise, touching restraint as well as power, with the other estates of the realm? No; he declares it ought to be in effect the sole estate—a despotic executive: and to make it this he has practically destroyed the other estates. The House of Lords, in its constitutional use of acting as a check and limit to the other house of parliament and the crown? No; he has, in both intention and deed, made it their abject menial. The Church, in her constitutional possessions and ascendancy? No; she has to sustain, respecting both, his regular hostility. The Democracy, armed with power and privilege, but balanced, disabled, and limited, as the constitution directs? No; by doctrine and act he proclaims that it ought to be unbalanced—despotic—the reverse of the democracy established by the constitution. Speaking of the whole, is he friendly to our mixed form of government? No; he is so far from being so, that he has made it what he avers it should be—in operation, a democracy. How, then, can this minister have the hardihood to call himself, even to Cockney auditors, a friend to the institutions of England? The late declaration of Lord J. Russell, regarding the vote by ballot, and the other fuel cast by the Whig ministers from time to time on the revolutionary flange, render it abundantly manifest that these ministers will aid in producing the fatal catastrophe. They may at distant intervals affect resistance, they may even pretend to defend the citadel, but they will first give the garrison, guns, and keys, to the enemy.

But though the friendship and alliance are demonstrably of this destructive character to England, she must cleave to them, or lose her Whig ministry. Their destructive character to her, forms conclusive proof that this

contains the sole reason why they are adhered to. Hated by the aristocracy, laughed at while made use of by the multitude, despised by the wise and upright, derided on this side and kicked on that, the Whig patriots travel abroad for the support they cannot find at home, and make the republicans and infidels of France their great party for keeping them in office. The Whig alien who rules us has his head and hands in this country, but his body, and of course his heart, are in Paris. The French Liberals must be kept in power, or the Whig ministry will fall; England must be their slave, or they cannot be kept in power; therefore, the friendship and alliance are essential, no matter what ruin they may bring of this empire. Here, even on Whig revelations, is the keystone of Whig foreign policy.

The Whigs may find this mighty true and agreeable; they may think office dog-cheap, when they have no more to give for it than all their country possesses:—men who evidently can see nothing but their own filthy, private profit, and understand nothing but the art of acquiring this profit, as the highwayman acquires purses, cannot well do otherwise. But there are other people, who care as little for Whigs as for Tories, and not a jot for either, with whom the case may be different: they will do wisely to ascertain what would flow from foreign policy of an opposite character.

England, shaking from her foreign chains and dependence, would take her place amidst the nations. With the balance of power in her right hand, she would sit in proud majesty the supreme dictator, courted and bowed to by all; restraining the strong and protecting the feeble, she would dispense justice, right, security, and tranquillity to Europe. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

England would close the dreadful volcano which France constitutes in the centre of Europe. By moral power alone she would lay the godless democrats in fetters, put ascendancy into the hands of the intelligent, upright part of the population, and give to France free institutions, beneficial to herself and not hostile to her neighbours. Brulhing alike in every nation the partisans of arbitrary power, and those of democracy, she would make

the desire for change take for its object the mixed form of government, and give to this object a prevailing party. Friendly alone to a just distribution of privilege and power to every class, and the maintenance of the necessary relations between subject and ruler, she would create the harmony and security essential for rendering change a source of good. Thus, she would give real freedom, prosperity, and happiness to Europe. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

England, in giving substantial liberty to other nations, would give them religion, and morals. She would smite the enemy of God as well as of man; instead of using the least of the ruler's duties as a means for causing him to violate the greatest, she would bind him to the faithful discharge of the whole circle; instead of rendering the lowest of human necessities an engine for aggravating the highest, she would choose each to mitigate the other, and make institutions provide duly for all. Basing earthly authority on that of heaven, she would fix liberty on the only foundations which could give it perpetuity and make it the parent of happiness. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

England would bring all Europe to her aid, in banishing her own divisions and distractions, crushing her traitors, defending her throne and altar, and preserving her invaluable institutions and vast dominions. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

England would not only preserve her trade, but possess means for giving it incalculable extension. Living in amity with the nations on which her foreign trade mainly depends, and which, from difference of production, could give it the greatest increase; acting as their ally, protector, and leading source of trade and riches; she would be enabled, both by influence and such coercive measures as peace sanctions, to cause them to free it from obstacle, and yield it the essentials for growth. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

England would obtain a government duly in harmony with her intelligence, wisdom, and virtue, her laws and in-

stitutions — a government free alike from the chains of foreign democrats and domestic traitors, the iron yoke of other nations and the rebellious portion of herself; restrained from establishing itself on the guilty doctrines and desires of faction, and bound to study her true interests, from the least to the greatest. She would relieve her institutions from their destructive derangement, and give to each its due motion and fruit. She would gain a Crown capable of yielding every thing required by her good, but effectually limited from tyranny — an Aristocracy, powerful and magnificent, as the balance to adorn and serve her, but disabled for bringing evil on either her or the democracy — a democracy enjoying liberty, right, privilege, and power in all their fulness, for rendering itself prosperous and happy; but balanced, and bound from injuring itself or her — and a Church, filling her with Scriptural truth and virtue, but incapacitated for doing other than promote her weal. She would give to the most beautiful and finished system of government the sun ever shone on, or erring mortality ever possessed, the connexion of parts, harmony of movement, and comprehensive potency of operation, which alone are wanting to make it produce every thing that can satisfy human needs, or may be enjoyed by human felicity. She would do this, but she would lose her Whig ministry.

Those who value Whigs as little as Tories, and whose party is their country, will have no difficulty in dealing with the balance-sheet. They will see, that after making the most liberal allowance for loss arithmetic will sanction, the balance is still, even on the score of pounds, shillings, and pence, as well as of less ignoble profit, enormously on the side of change. They will be convinced, that if she make the most expensive funeral, scatter around legacies without measure, and overwhelm with pensions and sinecures the Greys and Broughams, Durhams, Russells, and Palmerstons, even down to the Shiels, and meanest newspaper scribes — nay, lower still, if lowness will permit — England yet ought, for the sake of gain of every kind, so did or exalted, to LOSE HER WHIG MINISTRY.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

THE FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, AMULET, BOOK OF BEAUTY,
AND ANNUAL POCKET-BOOKS.*

We from our inmost souls pity the editors of the annual pocket-books. Those who follow more peaceful avocations know little of the kind of life which these ill-fated gentry have to lead. To be harassed by the clamours of rival artists—to be at the beck and call of the portly publisher who doles out his pounds sterling to the literary gentlemen—to be obliged to write begging letters to all and sundry who either actually enjoy any celebrity, or have been puff'd into ephemeral notice by newspaper paragraphs—to have to answer the begging letters of every beardless youth who in a fit of *enthusamussy* has drivelled forth some thin doggrel, which he conceitedly fancies the perfection of poesy—to have to cut, carve, and contrive papers for pictures, and pictures for papers—to wrangle with writers about prices, and with offended authors for presuming to make some sense out of their absurd and wordy nothingness—and, worst of all, to incur the everlasting enmity of those whose offers have been rejected;—these are some few of

the toils, troubles, and obligations imposed upon the editor of an "Annual" publication. Happy he who can contrive with patient courage to steer his course through waters pregnant with so much mischief and danger! The arduousness of the task has not, however, prevented persons from undertaking it. Many are the productions of this kind, each with its assiduous manager. Even ladies have been hardy enough to enter in this respect into competition with men.

Some of the editors of these publications are gentlemen by education—habits—association; and with their courteous behaviour cannot fail to please the most scrupulous of contributors and the public. Among these are conspicuous, Mr. Pringle the poet, and Mr. S. C. Hall. First, let us take the *Friendship's Offering*. Beautiful are the illustrations; of these, *Corfu*, the *Morning Walk*, *Female Pirates*, and *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, rivet the attention. There is a stirring fragment of a ballad, entitled the "Armada," by Thomas Babington Macaulay:

"Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible, against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurignu's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbowed the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalk'd he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

* *Friendship's Offering*, Smith and Elder; *Amulet*, Westley and Davis; *Forget-Me-Not*, Ackermann; *Literary Souvenir*, Longman and Co.; *Comic Offering*, Smith and Elder; *New Year's Gift*, Longman and Co.; *Hall's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, Westley and Davis; *Landscape Annual*, Jennings and Chaplin; *Heath's Book of Beauty*, Longman and Co. 1833.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, air knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft her wide;
 Our glorious *SEMPER PARVUM*—the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
 The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
 For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,—
 The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
 And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
 The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
 At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
 At once the wild alarm clash'd from all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
 And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad stream of flags and pikes dash'd down each roaring street;
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
 All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill.
 Till the proud peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
 Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Mrs. Norton indulges in too much twaddle for our taste: we could, if we dare, advise her to think more and write less. She is extremely good-tempered; but she will not, we are afraid, take our advice. Would that we could always say sweet things of the beautiful daughter of old Tom our friend, not only for the sake of her own pouting and vermilion lips, but for the regard in which we held one of the pleasantest of mortals. Mr. Pringle himself has much graceful poetry in his volume, though we cannot afford room for any specimens. Here are two of Barry Cornwall's short songs:

"SONG OF THE MARINER'S WIFE.

Thy father is far away, child,
 Thy father is on the sea,—
 The mate of the waves and the tempest
 wild:

Ah, boy, dost he think of thee?

He flattered and won my heart, dear,
 And I made him the sire of thee;
 Yet nothing could keep him (nor love
 nor fear)
 Away from the faithless sea.

He was born on the roaring waves, boy,
 Beneath an Atlantic sky,
 And he vowed, whatever happened (or
 grief or joy)
 That he on the sea would die.

Yet, let's still sing a low sad song, child,
A prayer to calm the sea,—
A wish he may escape from the tempest
wild,
And come back to my heart and thee !”

“THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

[For a Birth-day in November.]

Let thy friends of summer sing
All that June or August bring !
Let them love the months of flowers,
Or the golden harvest hours !
I will in my heart remember
Chiefly dim and dark November.

What, though May in beauty blows,—
What, though June doth bear her rose,—
What, though August hath her corn,—
In this winter month was born
One who makes my heart remember,
And e'er love, the dim November.

Month of storms and sullen showers !
Thou hast brought to me bright hours,—
Music sweeter than the spheres,—
Thoughts that shine through happy tears !
Ever then must I remember,
Ever love my Love's November !”

Our own Delta has also contributed to these pages, as well as gentle Allan Cunningham and Mr. T. K. Hervey.

The illustrations to the *Amulet* are felicitously selected and admirably executed. Of the twelve engravings, seven are from the productions of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the others are from Wilkie, Mulready, Boaden, Liversedge, and Newton—beautiful and brilliant productions, and gems of sparkling lustre and the truest water. First we hail the veteran, classical, and philosophic Coleridge—now intermingling things earthly with heavenly, now pointing his tale with a striking moral, now enclothing deepest thoughts in the flowers of poesy.

“LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

LADY.

If Love be dead—

POET.

And I aver it !

LADY.

Tell me, bard, where LOVE lies buried ?

POET.

Love lies buried where 'twas born.
Oh, gentle dame ! think it no scorn,
If, in my fancy, I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb ;
And on that tomb to read the line,
'Here lies a love that once seem'd mine,'
But caught a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline !”

“THE BUTTERFLY.

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem—and its only
name ; *

But of the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life ! For, in this mortal frame,
Ours is the reptile's lot—much toil,
much blame ;

Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon
we feed.”

“A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF
SADDLEBACK, IN CUMBERLAND.

On stern Blencartha's perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong ;
And flashing forth unsteady light,
From stern Blencartha's skiey height,
As loud the torrens throng !

Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,
They bind the earth and sky together.
But oh ! the sky, and all its forms, how
quiet !

The things that seek the earth, how full
of noise and riot !”

The first tale in the volume is by Mrs. Hall, and entitled “Lost Beauty.” It is altogether unworthy of one who has written some admirable stories, and who appears, by practice, to be every day acquiring strength. The sketch in question ends with a commonplace clap-trap about a British woman having something far more to be proud of than personal beauty. We should not have noticed this, had it not been for a bit of “clawing” perpetrated by Mr. Hall, in a note to the first page, which we take the liberty of transcribing. “The first sheet of the *Amulet* was reserved for my friend Mr. Bulwer, who had kindly tendered me his assistance ; but in consequence of various unavoidable circumstances, he has been compelled to postpone his aid till next year.” Hear this, ye readers of annual pocket-books, and let the words sink deeply into your ears ! Yes, ye ragamuffins ! Bulwer—ay, Bulwer *ipsissimus*—postpones his aid till next year. He must have the first sheet, forsooth, else he would not write—his dignity would be impaired by following in the squad. Put by the rance, therefore, into your pockets, that you may have money ready to purchase whatever the gentleman, in his condescension, shall be pleased to give you. The unavoidable circumstances, however, were Bulwer's taking a journey to the Rhine, to write a rival publication on his own

* “Psyche means both butterfly and soul.” This poem, by the way, has been before published,—namely, in the author's *Biographia Literaria*.

account, with which the proprietors of the *Friendship's Offering*—not satisfied with the proprietorship of two books of the kind—have determined to treat the public *this year*. Hall, Hall, we approve of your *Amulet*—but hang such humbug!

The *Amulet* has occasionally contained some excellent papers, very superior to what the other publications of this nature have given.* The present volume has a highly curious account of sneezing, by Dr. Walsh. The gentle and fair L. E. L. is a large contributor. This young lady, so undeservedly neglected by critics, we mean to take under our special protection. Many new and admirable things have we to say of her verse and prose—much advice to offer, whereby she must improve, and take a yet loftier and firmer station among the living authors of England. Jerdan's indiscriminate praise did this young lady much harm, by not only making her shut her eyes to her own faults—thus retarding much improvement—but by nauseating the public with the administration of such frequent tedious and narcotic doses of approbation. Her lines to "The Evening Star" (p. 215) are very poetical.

To make up for her former deficiency, Mrs. Hall has a most exquisite tale, which she calls "The Trials of Grace Huntley." We copy a passage from the conclusion. Grace has married a good-for-nothing scoundrel, who had deluded her power of choice by having a handsome person. Her father, an old schoolmaster, reluctantly consents to the match. By degrees the husband reveals his character: he runs into debt

—on which occasion his wife evinces the fortitude of a heroine—and finally abandons her. Occasionally, however; he returns for a day or so, after months of absence. He forms an acquaintance with two poachers of the name of Smith, and not only teaches his own boy to steal his mother's things, but to lie; and finally makes him a partaker in his nightly exploits.

"Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct. Indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions, that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me," he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph," was her meek but firm reply: whereupon he swore a deep and bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him; and dared her interference.

"As sure as you are a living woman," he continued, with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—"as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this." I see the way to punish your wilfulness: if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain; until (he added, with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the *Newgate Calendar*."

"That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money. The children crowded round their mother's knee to

* In justice to the author, we quote his enumeration:—"An Essay on Ancient Coins and Medals, illustrating the progress of Christianity, by the Rev. Robert Walsh, L.L.D. (Since enlarged into a volume, and considered a standard authority on the subject.)—Some Account of the Armenian Christians at Constantinople, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh.—Some Account of the Chaldaean Christians, also by the Rev. Dr. Walsh.—A Visit to Nicæa, a spot so renowned in ecclesiastical history, by the same learned and accomplished traveller.—An Essay on Poetry and Philosophy, by the late Rev. Robert Hall, republished in his collected works.—The only hitherto published record of Mr. Coleridge's Travels in Germany.—An Essay on French Oaths, by Miss Edgeworth.—The Rev. W. S. Gilly's Narrative of the Albigenses, which appeared in the *Amulet* previous to his work relative to the struggles and persecution of this primitive and extraordinary people.—An Essay on British Colonial Slavery, by the present Bishop of Calcutta. (Subsequently published and extensively circulated by the Anti-Slavery Society.)—Accounts of the Natives of the Austral Islands, by the missionary, Mr. Ellis, afterwards incorporated with his volume of Polynesian Researches.—The Actual State of the Slave-Trade on the Coast of Africa, by a Naval Officer, who commanded the station during three years.—Telesms, from the Arab Moralists, by the late learned Dr. Adam Clarke.—An Account of the now nearly extinct race of Aborigines of Canada, by the late Dr. E. Walsh, physician to the forces.—A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, in the year 1828, by Charles Macfarlane."

repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless heavy kind which yields no refreshment, once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream—or was it indeed reality? and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Geruld was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room—‘Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother’s blessing, speak!’ There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband’s horrid threat indeed fulfilled? and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin? She opened the door, and looked out upon the night—it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature. her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her? would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband’s words rang in her ears—‘One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!’ Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips: like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated, again and again, the emphatic appeal, ‘Lord, save me; I perish;’ until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was now shining upon her

cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its firmness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room—dressed—and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smiths’ dwelling, on Craythorpe Common.

“The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village, the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and, at one particular point, intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream, she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and, upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey, the lurcher, uttered, from the inside, a sharp muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had certainly been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table and two or three dilapidated chairs; there was also a fowling-piece lying across the table, but it was evident none of the inmates were at home; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling, till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather. She climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the look-out ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the sheeling had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form; however, he surveyed the spot without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place; and, crawling along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window,

so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger."

She sees all that the three are about; she is convinced that her son will be irretrievably lost; and she forms her resolution:—

" 'Then there is hope for my poor child!' she thought, 'and I can—I will save him!' With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of pheasant, hare, and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking-song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

"The first gray uncertain light of morning was visible through the old churchyard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

"Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

" 'I will sleep, Grace,' he said, when their meal was finished—'I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast.' He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remember that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

" 'Good morning, Mrs. Huntley,' said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock: 'Have you heard the news? Ah! these are sad times—bad people going—'

" 'True, true!' replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards; 'I know—I heard it all.'

"Mrs. Craddock looked after her, much surprised at her abruptness.

" 'I was coming down to you, Grace,' said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; 'I wished to see if there

was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holyday, I thought—'

" 'Come with me,' interrupted Grace, 'come with me, father, and we will make a rare holyday.'

"She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and as the man spoke, the study-door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

" 'Come back with me, sir!' exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; 'I can tell you all you want to know.'

"The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. 'I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel,' she continued, in a suppressed tremulous voice; 'not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people, and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad!'

"She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him, and at his daughter, with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

" 'Back, back, I say!' she repeated; 'I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott,' she continued, closing the door, 'hear me, while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage, across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—a den; there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed.'

" 'I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think, they call themselves; yet they are but two. Now, we have abundant proof that three men absolutely entered the house—'

" 'There was a third,' murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

" 'Who?'

" 'My—my—my husband!' and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

"The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast

in a sterner mould. 'We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott,' he said, 'and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction.'

"It was to save my children from sin!" exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all: 'God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows, that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread; I neither asked nor received charity, with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie—to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, our child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me—'

"I knew there must have been a fourth," interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly, 'we must have the boy also secured.'

"The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild's danger, or disappearance, he knew not which, took possession of his mind; and, filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated; and, respectfully uncovering his gray hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonised iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate: 'I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour.'

"He repeated this sentence at least half a dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons, assembled for the apprehension, of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last, Sir Thomas

Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and, in his stentorian tone, bawled out, 'And who are you?'

"The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father—and one whose heart is broken!"

"So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

"He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her he started back, saying, 'Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman.'

"Nqr have we," replied Sir Thomas; 'she is your accuser!'

"The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. 'She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!' he answered firmly.

"Grace!" exclaimed her father joyfully, 'here is the child Abel—he is found!' and, seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband, and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner, but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime, the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village; and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

"When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison, Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips, without articulating a single syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children!' was

the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

The conclusion is simple, and exquisitely touching.

"It might be some fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, that an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of 'merrie England,' to some land far over sea. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder one, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, 'You bear the voyage well, dame.'

"Thank God, yes, sir!"

"Ah! you will wish yourself back in old England before you are landed six weeks."

"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but my duty obliged me to do so."

"The gentlemen walked on."

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved notwithstanding his coldness and his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them in prospective, her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded; so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, "whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together." It is only justice to the cri-

minal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of again beholding its white cliffs."

The two following pieces, by the author of the *Corn-Law Rhymes*, must close our notice of this beautiful volume:—

"THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,

Though thou the vale disdain,

Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide

The wonders of the lane.

High o'er the rushy springs of Don

The stormy gloom is rolled;

The moorland hath not yet put on

His purple, green, and gold.

But here the titling * spreads his wing.

Where dewy daisies gleam;

And here the sunflower† of the spring

Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox

Complains that Sol is slow,

O'er headlong steepes and gushing rocks

His royal robe to throw.

But here the lizard seeks the sun,

Here coils, in light, the snake;

And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun

Its beauteous nest to make.

Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee

Where verdure fires the plain,

Walk thou with me, and stoop to see

The glories of the lane!

For, oh! I love these banks of rock,

This roof of sky and tree,

These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,

And wakes the earliest bee!

As spirits from eternal day

Look down on earth, secure,

Look here, and wonder, and survey

A world in miniature:

A world not scorned by Him who made

Even weakness by his might;

But solemn in his depth of shade,

And splendid in his light.

Light!—not alone on clouds afar,

O'er storm-loved mountains spread,

Or widely teaching sun and star,

Thy glorious thoughts are read;

Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,

To sky, and sea, and land—

A page on which the angels look—

Which insects understand!

The hedge-sparrow. † The dandelion. ‡ The golden-crested wren.

And here, O light! minutely fair,
 Divinely plain and clear,
 Like splinters of a crystal hair,
 Thy bright small hand is here!
 Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
 Is Huron, girt with wood;
 This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
 And that Niagara's flood.
 What tidings from the Andes brings
 Yon line of liquid ligly,
 That down from heaven in madness flings
 The blind foam of its might!
 Do I not hear his thunder roll—
 The roar that ne'er is still?
 'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
 It roars, and ever will.
 What forests tall of timiest moss
 Clothe every little stone!—
 What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
 O'er pigmy valleys lone!
 With shade o'er shade, front ledge to ledge,
 Ambitious of the sky,
 They feather o'er the steepest edge
 Of mountains mushroom-high.
 Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
 What myriad living things
 On these gray stones unseen may dwell!
 What nations, with their kings!
 I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
 While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
 Empires on this subverted stone—
 A hundred ruined realms!
 Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
 Impelled by woe or whim,
 May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
 A tiny world to him!
 Lo! while he pauses, and admires
 The works of nature's might,
 Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night!
 Oh, God of terrors! what are we!—
 Poor insects sparked with thought!
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
 Could smite us into nought!
 But should'st thou wreck our father-land,
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of thy hand
 Thy little one will sleep.”

“PRESTON MILLS.”

The day was fair, the cannon roared,
 Cold blew the bracing north,
 And Preston's mills by thousands poured
 Their little captives forth.
 All in their best they paced the street,
 All glad that they were free;
 And sung a song with voices sweet—
 They sung of liberty!
 But from their lips the rose had fled,
 Like ‘death-in-life’ they smiled;

And still, as each passed by, I said,
 Alas! is that a child?
 Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
 Marched with them, side by side;
 While, hand in hand, and two by two,
 They moved—a living tide.
 Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!
 With eyes so glazed and dull!
 Alas! it was indeed a sight
 Too sadly beautiful!
 And, oh, the pang their voices gave
 Refuses to depart!
 ‘This is a waiting for the grave!’
 I whispered to my heart.
 It was as if, where roses blushed,
 A sudden, blasting gale
 O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
 And turned the roses pale.
 It was as if, in glen and grove,
 The wild birds sadly sung,
 And every linnet mourned its love,
 And every thrush its young.
 It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
 Where chained despair reclined,
 A sound came from the living tomb,
 And hymned the passing wind.
 And while they sang, and though they
 smiled,
 My soul groaned heavily—
 Oh, who would be or have a child!
 A mother who would be!”

Next comes the *Forget-Me-Not*, edited by Mr. Frederic Shoberl. Who, or what this gentleman may be, we know not, and have never heard. He must be somewhat of a very simple character, from the specimen of his composition which he has given us in the preface. Mr. Shoberl very coolly sits down to write a critique on his own volume, which he delivers with a piece of arrant self-complacency truly laughable:—

“The revolution of the seasons has again brought round the time when it becomes our agreeable duty to present our annual offering to the public. Grateful for the flattering marks of approbation which it has been pleased thus far to bestow upon our labours, we refer to this volume for evidence of our persevering efforts to deserve the continuance of its liberal patronage.

“The literary department will be found to comprise several valuable contributions from writers new to our pages. Among these we may specify ‘Jack Shaddock,’ a piece of rich sailor humour, which

* “The painful picture which the eloquent author of ‘Corn-Law Rhymes’ has here painted, is ‘taken from the life.’ Those who are acquainted with the state of our manufacturing towns will readily recognise its truth. May it have the effect of directing the attention of the benevolent to the dreadful condition of ‘Slaves at Home!’”

would scarcely be supposed the production of a female pen ; 'The Vacant Chair,' 'Mac Nab's Burying-ground,' 'A Sporting Adventure,' and 'The Wish.' Among the old friends to whose assistance we are indebted, we may mention the author of 'The Departure of the Israelites,' whose splendid genius pervades all his performances too strongly not to be recognised ; Colonel Stone, of New York, who has furnished a sketch admirably characteristic of certain classes of the population of the American States ; the 'Modern Pythagorean,' the fair author of 'The Improvisatrice,' who, in the interesting story of 'Giulietta,' has condescended for once to clothe her poetic ideas in the language of prose ; Miss Mitford, whose rural scene breathes all the freshness and gracefulness of her earliest delineations of that kind ; the author of 'London in the Olden Time,' who has successfully employed her antiquarian lore in a picture of the days of the mis-called good Queen Bess ; the comic Hood, H. F. Chorley, who has very successfully illustrated Buss's admirable painting entitled *Uncle Antony's Blunder* ; and H. D. Inglis, who, as usual, presents a fantastic legend, in which it is impossible to decide whether romance or fact most predominates.

"Among our poetic contributors, it is scarcely necessary to direct attention to our old friend James Montgomery, who delights to render his talents subservient to the cause of humanity ; Mary Howitt, alternately playful and solemn ; and T. H. Bayly, whose 'New Faces,' when supplied with a musical dress, will be sure to find as hearty a welcome in every circle as many of the elder offspring of his popular Muse have already received. To the politeness of W. Sotheby, Esq., who, ever since the appearance of his Oberon, has held the highest place among living English translators, we are indebted for the communication of a passage from his yet unpublished version of the Odyssey, to accompany Barrett's beautiful representation of a scene in that poem. To others individually, we should feel equally bound to express our acknowledgments, were we at liberty to mention their names. We must therefore beg them, in common with all those contributors whom we have not particularly mentioned, to accept our cordial thanks for their co-operation."

The style and the cleverness of this piece of composition are equally to be admired. Its purity of diction seems to point out Mr. Shoberl as a wonderful editor ; the dulcet tones of commendation which this gentleman employs must, no doubt, be most pleasing to his scribes ;

and he must take us and the public for so many sumphs in supposing that we can be gulled by such sweet, pretty compliments. The editor is a man of desperate courage. So satisfied is he of his prolusion in prose, that he must needs treat himself with an excursion in verse. By way of shewing us that he is a sober serious person, he gives us a translation from the German, all in blank verse. Here is a specimen of the sober serious gentleman :

"Humanity, what contrasts meet in thee,
Thy feet yet plunged i' th' depths of
ancient night,
Thy brow all radiant with the light of
God !
In vain hath happiness supreme been
sought
In gold or power, in pleasure or in fame :
The highest knowledge of the wise at
last
Is to be undeceived.—I'm undeceived !
In dust I sought God, and I found but
dust !
And all these thrones, worlds, suns—
what are they ? dust !
No kindred the immortal spirit owns,
But to the Father of immortal things."

Mr. Shoberl is eminent for bathos and fustian in blank verse.

There are other notable specimens of verse in this volume, so neatly bound in red watered silk. Mr. N. Michell begins an effusion to his native village thus :

"Vale of my childhood ! haunt of rap-
tures o'er !
Must I ne'er tread, and ne'er behold
thee more !"

Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly sings in true lyrical frenzy :

"In short 'tis a 'Forget-Me-Not,'
But not the flower we call so,
For 'tis its perishable lot
To be forgotten also.
It is a book we christen thus,
Less fleeting than the flower ;
And 'twill recall the past to us
With talismanic power."

There is a flight for Butterfly Bayly ! Captain Calder Campbell sings :

"Where liveth Freedom ? To the busy
bee
In the balm-incensed gale that bears
him on ?
He hath his task before him, nor is free
To rest at ease until that task be done !
Each thing on earth that is hath in its
core
The stamp of slavery," &c.

The words here are an admirable specimen of sibylline texture, with this small drawback only, that the leaves of old, when brought into collocation, sometimes made sense—here, the words, though in collocation, are irretrievably nonsense.

Some one delighting in the name of Leontine indites the following very gloomy and mystical injunctions to sceptics in general.

"Thou sceptic of the harden'd brow,
Attend to Nature's cry!
Her sacred essence breathes the glow
O'er that thou wouldst deny:
Shake from thy heart the doubts that mock,
Nor in her presence dare
To taunt with scorn the thrilling shock,
Which but forestalls her prayer;
Thy weakness in the stricken hour
Shall pay the penance to her power."

One more specimen of Shoberlian poetry, and we must reluctantly close our extracts of stirring verse. Under the magniloquent title of "England," we have,—

"Be glorious, thou Queen of the Ocean!
O ne'er
May the rose on thy helmet of silver
be pale!
Nor faint be the arm that uplifts thy
proud spear!
Nor thy standard of crimson be rent
on the gale!"

"For ne'er was that standard of crimson
unroll'd,
But for nature insulted or freedom be-
trayed;
And ne'er to the sunbeam was spread its
rich fold,
But to throw round misfortune the
pride of its shade."

Under Mr. Shoberl's fostering patronage, the school of Rosa Matilda, it appears, is about to be revived.

Of the illustrations the most worthy of notice are the frontispiece, entitled *Count Egmont's Jewels*, after one of Leslie's sketches; *The Emigrant's Daughter*, after Wood; and *Giulietta*, after Hart.

With few exceptions, the prose is on a par with the poetry. There is a pretty tale by L. E. L., the style of which is redundant, and would bear pruning with considerable effect, and a kind of phantasy by our worthy friend the Modern Pythagorean.

The next volume before us is the *Literary Souvenir*. Mr. Alaric Attila Watts is the name of the individual

who has ruled the destinies of this publication. As his name imports, he is not only of Hunnish breed, but possesses a pugnacious and Hunnish temperament. His literary career has been one course of wrangling and quarrelling. Had the individual stuck to his book, for which species of work he is better adapted than for any thing else, there is little doubt but the *Souvenir* would have held the first rank among the annual pocket-books. As it is, it is surpassed by the *Amulet* and *Friendship's Offering*. Unfortunately, Mr. Alaric Attila Watts is of a most unsettled disposition. Thus he is perpetually changing his plans, pursuits, and avocations, by which his *Souvenir* gets woefully neglected, while his attention is further drawn off from his work of editorship by the frequent squabbles and vituperations into which his truculent disposition leads him. One paper of doggerel rhymes in last year's volume, for instance, damaged the character of his book, and disgusted the gentlemanly firm that published it. It is a most silly line of conduct for Mr. Alaric Attila Watts to be quarrelling with every one that comes "between the wind and his gentility." This circumstance is the reason why the writers for his *Souvenir* are so few, and for the most part inconsiderable, in point of efficiency. When it is too late, he will repent of the course he has, with the pettishness of an inexperienced child, been so uniformly pursuing. Already has his publication been outstripped in every respect. Mr. Hall now leads the van with his *Amulet*, and Mr. Pringle follows him very closely. Mr. Watts fancies himself too much of a genius. In his own estimation, he can manage two or three kinds of "Annuals," newspapers, and magazines, at the same moment, and with equal felicity. He is deceiving himself; he cannot do so. He is no writer of prose, and but a weak writer of verses, notwithstanding all the assistance he has derived since his marriage. He can edit an annual pocket-book well, if he give it his undivided attention, and do not allow his bile to rise so continually into his throat. We remember he formerly pitted himself in verse-writing with Mr. T. K. Hervey, and was very angry that every one did not acknowledge his superiority to the last-named gentleman. But the world would not do an act of injustice to

satisfy the inflated conceit of any one. Mr. Hervey composes with exceeding sweetness, and has a well-attuned ear. He is, moreover, a scholar, and has had extensive reading. The reading of Mr. Watts has, we believe, been confined to the columns of newspapers which he has edited or sub-edited, or to the perusal of the cramped hand-writing of the sundry contributors to his magazines and pocket-books. His versification is smooth, but hardly ever does it go beyond prose lines put into metre. There was also too frequently a factitious interest attempted to be given to his verses, which was not to our taste—too frequently were verses written to the memory of departed children, and other things of the same kind done. To feel sorrow for children reposing in an untimely grave is natural; to cover that sorrow with a veil of secrecy is the act of a manly and delicate mind. People were shocked to see Mr. Watts parading his grief in pathetic couplets and triplets, and dancing stanzas, before the world. This was an act of indecency which could not be borne, and certainly did him no good in general estimation. It was also supposed that he endeavoured to palm off some verses for Lord Byron's which in fact were his own; and this trick made him more unpopular still. It is a pity to see the *Souvenir*, begun under such good auspices, have so much the appearance of being neglected. If Mr. Watts find himself inadequate to the task of conducting it, he should again request Mr. Hervey and Mr. Emerson to domesticate themselves with his family; so that he may more thoroughly avail himself of their various good services and aid.

The principal prose-writers in this volume are the author of the *Recollections of the Peninsula*, Mrs. Alaric Attila Watts, Leitch Ritchie, the author of *Three Nights in a Lifetime*, William Howitt, the author of *Schwyn*, and Mr. H. F. Chorley. A book of the dimensions of the *Literary Souvenir*, published annually, should have every page filled by some classical hand. There is a sufficiency of men able and willing to contribute to such publications, provided individual efforts are assisted by the hands of a sufficient body of contributors. What encouragement is there for any man of eminence to allow his productions to be choked in the midst of insufferable waddle and mawkish ab-

surdity? But, as the case stands, for every ten pages of readable matter we have at least ninety of frothy nothingness written by no one knows who. This is pretty much the case with all the pocket-books, but especially with the *Literary Souvenir*.

The names, for instance, which we have enumerated may be celebrated; but, for our part, we have never heard of them. The Peninsular gentleman we remember, by certain advertisements in the *Literary Gazette* and the newspapers, did, some years since, write a volume of *Recollections*; but does one man out of five thousand recollect what those *Recollections* were? The book might have been well enough for circulating libraries, but did it manifest pretensions which authorise Mr. Alaric Attila Watts to place the individual foremost in his very small body of contributors? The smaller the number the more select should be the individuals composing it. Of the author of *Three Nights in a Lifetime*, we are entirely ignorant. This confession against one of no doubt such established repute, may operate against ourselves. We cannot help it; truth must be spoken; and we are willing to stand all hazards. William Howitt and the author of *Schwyn* are pleasing writers, and they would do well as aids, but not as principals. Mr. H. F. Chorley is quite unknown to us, although he enjoys some provincial repute; his production is admirably adapted for the *Lady's Magazine*, or as an episode to a Minerva-Press novel. It is common-place, and weakly written. The sketch by Mrs. Alaric Attila Watts is common-place also, and has not any one thing to recommend it. Its prose runs through no less than twenty-two closely printed pages. Its name is, "A Morning in Kensington Gardens," and its burden is a promenade undertaken by the fair authoress herself,

"a young lady, a young child, and a female servant." She continues thus: "That the lady was of gentle birth and gentle feeling, every look and movement denoted; that she was scarcely twenty years of age, I could have fancied; but that she was under twenty-three, I was certain; for her countenance still retained the beautiful transparency of complexion which rarely survives that age. She carried

in her hand that scarecrow of modern invention yeleft an infant's doll." Mrs. Alaric Attila Watts being a literary lady, it is natural that she should have an antipathy to dolls. The paper is of the same thin texture throughout. The next group she encounters consists of three sisters, and a brother, who is an East Indian cadet. He teaches his sisters to fly kites. "There was something very odd in all this," shrewdly observes the lady: "the youth could by no possibility derive amusement from so childish a waste of time; and yet there was an earnestness in his manner which precluded a belief that he was wantonly trifling with the credulity of his sisters." At length the mystery is solved. At some distance, on a bench, sits a solitary lady, whom Mrs. Watts puts down for a Swiss, and towards her the young cadet goes up, makes love "in rapid and eager conversation," which, after a few moments, ends in an "ill-suppressed mirth" with the lady, and "ill-suppressed tears" with the young gentleman. All this is very odd to the writer, who, proceeding further, sees a lady dismount from horseback, enter the garden, and have an assignation with a gentleman. They are each in a towering passion on meeting—all which, by the way, Mrs. Watts deciphers by their action, for she is too far off to hear; then they walk; then they sit down; then they trace lines in the sand with their riding-whips; then they "approximate," then rise up arm in arm; then proceed to their horses; then mount, and then ride away. All this is especially diverting. If the lady has seen all this, she has seen a great deal; and if the seeing such sights constitutes fitness for writing for Mr. Alaric Attila Watts' *Souvenir*, he will never stand in need of "literary aid." The best thing in the volume is a tale by Leitch Ritchie, called the "Marsh-Maiden." This writer improves yearly. There is too great an attempt to be familiar, and this looks like affectation;—the commencement of the story is also diffuse. If he would condense his style, an increased effect would be added to his sketches and tales. He is travelling, and meets a young German, whose mistress had made an appointment for a meeting. Ernest Wald hurries there, and is a little late, from having had to cross a dangerous morass. He cannot find the lady, who he supposes has

retired in a pique. The friends part, and the writer proceeds to a village in the Palatinate, when he is called up to look at a mysterious light on the wide-spreading marsh.

" 'Look, look,' said the boy suddenly, 'there is the Marsh-maiden!' and a small glimmering light did indeed appear flitting in the distance. Sometimes it was seen, sometimes lost; but it never skipped, like the *ignis fatuus*, to a very considerable distance. If it was possible to have believed that it could have been held by any human hand, the zig-zag manner of its progress might have been accounted for by the inequality of the ground. I was startled, I confess, by the peculiarity, and looked round, in growing interest, in search of some other wandering visitors of the night.

" 'Does it always come alone?' demanded I, of the lad.

" 'This one does,' was the reply; 'there are others sometimes seen hop-skip-and-jumping from pool to pool, and from ridge to ridge, but they are smaller, and soon vanish. This one was the queen of the buried cre!' I threw on my coat hastily, and snatched up my hat.

" 'Come with me,' said I, 'and shew me the way across these fields to the brink of the morass.'

" 'I shew you the way! Not if—'

" 'Not if I were to give you a five-franc piece?'

" 'Not if you were to give me five hundred Napoleons.'

" 'Well, good night! and I went out alone.

" It was by this time so dark that I could not discern the boundary of the morass on the nearer side from the shadows that surrounded it; but it seemed to me that the light, which was now stationary, must have approached almost close to the edge. I stood still for a moment—half hoping, half fearing, to see it bound away again towards the interior; but it did not move, it seemed as fixed as a star. The disk of the moon was faintly seen through the dark pall that overshadowed her, and flung a dim sepulchral light over the scene: the night-wind, moaning as it passed, seemed to have borne from the abyss before me the damp exhalations of a charnel-house; my breath at last was impeded by the cold and heavy atmosphere, and my nervous sensations returned with new force.

" Blushing at my folly, and endeavouring to excuse it as well as I could by the consideration that I was still an invalid, I went on. I was now near the brink of the morass—when the light suddenly disappeared.

" 'Blockhead!' cried I, it is an

ignis fatuus!—but the moon, half-raising her spectral face at the moment, disclosed a pile of mossy earth between me and the place where the Marsh-maiden had stood. The morass lay before me in its full extent, and a more frightful scene I think I never beheld. Pools of black water glimmered everywhere along the surface; here yawned a pit, that resembled some gigantic grave, and there rose a pile of earth like a sepulchral monument. Even the more solid eminences were so broken and undermined by the water with which they were saturated, that their general outline gave the idea of the roofs of a city, when seen from one of its towers; and it was probably from this appearance that the tradition already alluded to had derived its origin. At all events, there was no possibility of either man or beast finding a path across; and the light, therefore, notwithstanding the peculiarity I had observed, must either have been one of the phenomena so common in marshy grounds—or a lamp borne by a spirit!

“I had now gained the base of the ridge, or mound, which stood between me and the spot which was to end my speculations. The ground was already soft and muddy, and I had some difficulty in keeping my footing, while coasting round the eminence. At length I passed the last projecting corner, and the mysterious light was close beside me; but the moon having been again enveloped in the drifting clouds, I saw nothing else for some moments. There seemed to me, however, to be something resembling a halo round it.* My heart sickened before I was conscious of any feeling of apprehension; and when the pale planet of the night rose, slow and faint, once more upon the scene, I felt my blood run cold, as I beheld distinctly a female figure standing erect and motionless before me, like a statue of white marble.

“It must not be understood that I saw the Appearance at once. First it came like an impression—a consciousness—strange, fearful, and indefinite, such as we have in dreams; then gradually it emerged, like some spectral form, from the bosom of the darkness; and then its outlines sharpened in the moonlight, till they attained the precision and rigidity of marble. That moment I shall never forget! The pride of manly courage—the stoicism of philosophy—the yearnings of young romance, with all its noble daring and lofty resolutions—whither had they fled? I sprang forward, not in heroism, but in the desperation of astonishment and terror, till I was within grasp of the figure—and yet it did not move.

“The face was like that of a corpse in

the beginning of its sleep, during the moment in which the angel of death lingers to contemplate the beauty which it is his mission to destroy. The eyes were opened and fixed, with a starry tranquillity, upon some object in the distance; a small paper lantern hung by her side, and the hand which held it I could see was as colourless as the white garment on which it lay.

“The Shape, I say, did not move; it seemed unconscious of my presence; and yet as I gazed, my heart grew calm, and my senses returned. There was something so touching in those still meek features, that the fountains of pity in my bosom were opened; there was life in their very paleness, for life is wherever there is suffering and sorrow. ‘Yes,’ cried I, ‘mysterious wanderer though thou be! thou art yet a child of earth—thou art a woman, and a sister!’

“She moved her head at my voice, and her eyes rested on mine for an instant; then putting her finger on her lip, as if enjoining silence, she pointed to the distant object, whatever it might be, on which she gazed. I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. An impenetrable shadow covered the whole country around us, and the glimpses of the moon were now so faint, that if the pools of the marsh had not added to the light by the reflection, or at least afforded points of observation to the eye, I should scarcely have been able to discern the peculiarities of the surface on which I stood. My momentary terror had given way to a vague sympathy, and this was now growing into awe. Her white arm, when extended in the doubtful light, had seemed transparent. The marble-like distinctness of her outline had melted away, and, at length, instead of the speculations with which I had unceasingly employed my thoughts and the organs of my senses, on her form, and character, and history—there only remained an indefinite but oppressive conviction, that I stood at this moment, without knowing how or why, in the darkness of night, on one of the wildest spots of the Palatinate, by the brink of a trackless and desolate morass,—and that a shape was beside me, resembling a girl dressed in white, as pale as death, and as silent as the grave, sometimes growing into distinctness, sometimes fading into gloom!”

She tells him that she is waiting for her lover, who is dead, but has promised to meet her; and then beckons him forward.

“At this moment I heard again the voice of the Marsh-maiden. It was hollow and sepulchral, as if it came from

beneath the surface; and looking onward in a horizontal direction, I saw on a level with myself the faint halo of her lamp above the sod.

" 'He is here!' she cried; 'we are at our journey's end—come on! well done!' and as if compelled by enchantment, I sprang furiously upon my feet and darted forward, feeling the sod on which I had lain, part in fragments as I spurned it from me. The bank on which I now found myself, though tremulous like the rest, felt more secure, and I bounded recklessly towards the light. The next moment, however, the moon escaped providentially from the drifting clouds, and threw a steady gleam upon the scene. A single step more would have plunged me into a gulf in which hope itself could not live for an instant.

" This was a deep pit, about five yards in diameter, and half filled with black thick water. The sides projected towards the top, as if the part more exposed to the poisonous fluid had been eaten away—all except in one spot where the bank had fallen down, and hung shelving several feet over the surface.

" On the edge of this bank stood the Marsh-maiden, holding her lamp down to the water as if looking for some object, and bending forward like a being at once unsusceptible of fear, and unattainable by danger. Closer and closer she neared the brink—further and further she hung over the gulf—muttering without interval, 'He is here! he is here!' he is here!' till at length I could see pieces of the sod detaching themselves beneath her feet, and sinking into the thick and slimy wave. It may be that my human feelings had returned with the increase of light, or on the providential escape I had just had; but at this moment a cry of warning broke, almost unconsciously, from my lips. Dangerous mentor! she looked up at the word; a larger fragment gave way in the motion, and I saw her sinking into the abyss. Without the hesitation of a second, I sprang down upon the bank beside her, caught her in my arms, and dragged her away from the brink. But the additional weight was fatal; for the whole mass on which we stood detached itself from the side of the pit, and plunged slowly and sullenly into the water.

" With a mighty roll, the obscene wave rose almost to the lip, on the opposite side of the chasm; but while I, by clambering up the precipice (the fallen bank having grounded near the side), and digging hands and feet into the soft mud, prepared for the reaction, it was with the utmost difficulty I could retain my slight burthen in my grasp, so intently did she watch for the secrets

which might be disclosed by the motion of the tide. At the second roll, although the fluid in the middle was blacker and thicker, there was no other appearance; at the third I felt the Marsh-maiden sink lifeless in my arms—and looking down in terror, I saw a human hand stretched towards us, out of the now almost calm water, with the fingers curved, either in beckoning or grasping. It was no illusion! It neither came suddenly nor so disappeared: but having remained distinctly visible for upwards of a minute, it descended gradually into the deep from whence it had arisen.

By almost unconscious efforts I gained the summit of the bank, with the lifeless maiden in my arms. The moon, travelling through the gusty sky, was sometimes apparent, and sometimes wholly hidden; and the shadows of the clouds chased one another like spectres along the bosom of the marsh. By and by, one, two, and three small fitting lights appeared and disappeared, glancing from bank to bank, and from pool to pool; and my imagination placed them in fitting hands. unearthly voices then began to call and answer from every point of the desolate morass; and at length a multitudinous sound, as if of sobbing, shook the air.

" I felt that this was disease, and strove to overcome it. I raised the pale, cold, lovely form in my arms; and, looking round as if to threaten the imaginary dangers by which I was environed, prepared to inquire whether escape was possible.

" To leap, however, with such a burthen in my arms, would have been impossible; and a rotting plank therefore, lying near, which had perhaps been formerly used as a bridge over one of the pools, was a most welcome object. I planted it wherever I found it necessary, and when I had passed, drew it after me. If it is remembered that I could only remove one of my burthens at a time, and that this part of the morass is nothing more than a cluster of half-floating islands, it may be understood how difficult and tedious was the task I had undertaken. The poor girl, however, gave signs of returning animation, and I pursued the labour as energetically as the exhaustion consequent on my previous excitement permitted; and at length, I shortened a story already too long, I was fully rewarded for my zeal, on arriving at the brink of the morass, on the opposite side from the village where I lodged, and seeing her open her eyes.

" 'My name is Matilda Liebenstein,' said she, faintly, 'the road that you see close by will lead us to my father's house; conduct me thither, but depart

not till I recover strength enough to converse with you—for the last time.' When we had gained the house, it was with much difficulty I could get the servants to hear me, or hearing, to open the door. But when at length they saw my companion face to face, great and unaffected was their surprise, on recognising their young mistress.

" 'She has been on the marsh again !' I heard one of them remark aside. ' I suspected that all was not right, because she looked so sad and pale ; but who could have thought that so good, and gentle, and civil-spoken a young lady, was stark mad ? ' "

The body in the hole turns out to be that of Wald's servant, and Wald himself shortly comes and is married to the recovered maiden. The choicest piece of verse is a magnificent sonnet by Wordsworth, on Scott's departure from Abbotsford.

" A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight ;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler return
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope !

There are some beautiful lines by Mr. Ilverey, and some stirring ones by Mr. Kennedy. Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., has two aristocratic specimens of the lackadaisicals. Mr. Alaric Attila Watts figures in " A Lyric of the Heart," which is a title we do not quite comprehend ; but that is a trifle when men of such genius write :

" Thou wert joyous as the bird,
When its first wild flight it tries ;
And thy slightest whispered word
[Of vast meaning, no doubt]
Breathed the mirth of summer skies ;
Thou art silent now when glad ;
Serious ever — sometimes sad !"
Tiddle-dum, tiddle-dum, tiddle-dum-di

" If we are not what we were,
We have not endured in vain ;
Since the present hour is fair,
Why evoke the past again ?
Am not I, and art not thou,
Calmer — wiser — happier now ! "

This for thee is very hard,
Wordsworth — here thy thoughts
marred — O. Y.

The illustrations are better far than the " literary matter ; " although even these fall below the excellence of the *Amulet* and *Friendship's Offering*. Newton's picture of the *Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina*, is admirably engraved. This artist has also contributed his *Couchouse Girl*. There are two tawdry things from the French. Their introduction is not complimentary to our English artists, who have uniformly done all in their power for Mr. Alaric Attila Watts and his *Literary Souvenir*.

The *Comic Offering*, by Miss Sheridan, is very droll in its way, and has afforded us several wholesome fits of laughter. Our space will not allow us to tarry over its contents ; the volume, however, will be found a fund of amusement for a winter's evening.

Next comes the *New Year's Gift* and *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*. One is edited by Mrs. Watts, the other by Mrs. Hall. The plates of both are inferior to the works conducted by their respective husbands. Those, however, of the *New Year's Gift* are a little better than its rival's, while the literary portion of Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* is infinitely beyond whatever is contained in the other. They will be found amusing and instructive presents for children.

Next comes *The Landscape Annual*, edited by Mr. Roscoe. The illustrations are admirably executed, after designs by Mr. Harding, while the literary portion has been entrusted and well executed by the sedulous pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

And now for the *Book of Beauty*, edited by the fair Letitia Eliza Landon. We hope the young lady will pardon our familiarity ; for she is a favourite of ours, and we know that she can and will do many better things than those she has already produced, full as those are of the demonstrations of expanding genius. Praise of no ordinary quality is due to this young lady. Her early life was one continuous struggle with

circumstance and fell necessity; and she has come, like a glorious maiden, triumphantly from the conflict. Miss Landon's youthful days, we know, happened to be full of trouble and deep anxiety. She had been cast an orphan upon a cold-hearted world. Her family possessed ample means for supporting her, but did nothing for her. She should have inherited a considerable patrimony, but the reckless conduct of others left her destitute. Her education, moreover, had been woefully neglected. The young creature, however, was nothing daunted. She commenced life's pilgrimage with unshrinking heart: she cast her eyes on the face of nature, and began to note the loveliness of its reposing beauty, and every variation of its changeful form. Tree, and flower, and cloud,—the azure waves, and mighty mountains, impressed her heart with ineradicable images. She lisped in numbers; and as she grew up, song became her familiar language. Her desire for knowledge was insatiable, and she devoted her days and nights to its acquisition. While others of her age and sex were wasting their time in the empty dance, or the ordinary frivolities which are the life-spring of fashion, she was poring over the pages of by-gone days, and holding communion with the masters of olden song and renown. The peculiarity of her style is to be attributed to the process of self-instruction, through which, with unwearied diligence, she has threaded her course. This fact accounts for her mannerism, and the redundancies which have so constantly marred her conceptions and language. But these errors are in the course of amendment. With observation and experience she has corrected much, and no doubt each day will see a manifest improvement in her productions. We intend very shortly to dedicate an article to her poetical works, and take another opportunity of making further mention of this young lady.

As for the *Book of Beauty*, it is a gem of the first water. What prodigality of loveliness, set off by every variety of conception to which the ardent imagination of the limner can give birth! There leans the tall and imperial form of the enchantress, with tresses, surmounted by the cachemire of sparkling red; while her ringlets flow in exuberant waves over the full-formed neck; and barbaric pearls, each

one worth a king's ransom, rest in marvellous contrast with her dark and mysterious beauty. Medora reclines on her bed of death, while her figure is irradiated with the last smiles of the evening sun, deepening into the rich purple of twilight. Lolah, like an eastern queen, attired in royal magnificence, languishingly reposes on a couch, while rays of joy glance like the first sunbeams of a glad some May morning from her large rounded eyes. Laura, Leonora, and the Mask, follow in quick succession,—each figure of the same perfection, but yet how different in beauty! Happy we, who have long passed our grand climacteric of love-making, or, with the spirit and enthusiasm of a modern Quixote, we should be for toiling through the wide world in search of the wondrous and surpassing creatures to whom the skill and imagination of the limner have given existence. O, Donna Julia, Donna Julia! the rays of light that float from thine eyes are soft as the dews of heaven; while thy form, reclining in voluptuous repose, is enough to make our aged bosom, like Don Alonzo's, warm with the bursting fire of love. Were we to gaze too long on thy face, our hearts would ignite, and our throats become a crater, like the mouth of *Ætna*, for our manifold and stormy sighs. Who, to look on thee, would deem thee fickle, when an atmosphere of truth seems to encompass and enshrine thee, as something pure and holy? O that thou shouldst have neglected brisk, high-spirited youth for stumbling, decrepit age! These two lines, however, tell us of thy treachery:

“The bride was young and beautiful, the
bridegroom stern and old,—
But the silken rein was hung with pearls,
the housings bright with gold.”

But Madeline,—the youthful, blue-eyed, laughter-loving Madeline, whose bosom was the seat of innocence, and into whose thoughts no evil or unhalloved thing ever entered,—is now due to the treachery of man, and the victim of silent, gnawing, corroding despair. The sparkle has taken flight from her eye, whilome as radiant as summer skies; laughter no longer resounds from her lips,—the bloom of youth and hope has given place to that pallid hue and sunken cheek, which tell of desertion, and forebode an early

grave. Hark to the soft strains of the despairing maiden :

" Amid the ruins of my heart
I'll sit and weep alone ;
Mourn for the idols that depart,
The altars overthrown,
With faded cheek and weary eyes,
Till life be thy last sacrifice.
Alas for youth, and hope, and bloom !
Alas for my forgotten tomb !"

The Orphan, Belinda, and Gulnare, are the types of village simplicity, townish coquetry, and that determination which in female bosoms is engendered by love, and learns soon to defy the tempest of man's wrath, and die glorying in the act which woman's desperate fondness has forced her to attempt. There is the guileless Theresa, — the fair-browed and dark-eyed Geraldine, — Rebecca, glowing with the splendour of the star of morning, — the Bride, looking amid her blushes like some fair and tender creature of the elements, — the gentle Lucy Ashton, — and the heavenly form of the last of the St. Aubyns. Truly, at so much loveliness our eyes are dazzled, and our souls are faint with admiration and amazement.

Here are fitting themes for the pen and imagination of Miss Landon. She has executed her part well, and the volume is excellent in all its parts. The best tale is *The Enchantress*, who gives the following account of herself :

" ' You see in me,' said his mysterious companion, ' the only living descendant of those Eastern Magi to whom the stars revealed their mysteries, and spirits gave their power. Age after age did sages add to that knowledge which, by bequeathing to their posterity, they trusted would in time combat to conquer their mortality. But the glorious race perished from the earth, till only my father was left, and I his orphan child. Marvels and knowledge paid his life of fasting and study. All the spirits of the elements bowed down before him ; but the future was still hidden from his eyes, and Death was omnipotent. His power of working evil had no bounds, but his power of good was limited ; and yet it was good that he desired. How dared he put in motion those mighty changes, which seemed to promise such happiness on earth, while he was ignorant of what their results might be ! and of what avail was the joy he might pour out on life, over whose next hour the grave might close, and only make the parting

breath more bitter from the blessings which it was leaving behind !

" ' I was no unworthy daughter of such a sire ; I advanced in these divine studies even to his wish, and looked to the future with a hope which many years had deadened in himself, but from which I caught an omen of ultimate success. Alas ! he mastered not his destiny : I have said before, his ashes are in yonder urn. A few unwholesome dews on a summer night were mightier than all his science. For a time I struggled not with despair ; but youth is buoyant, and habit is strong. Again I pored over the mystic scroll — again I called on the spirits with spell and with sign. Many a mystery was revealed, many a wonder grew familiar ; but still Death remained at the end of all things, as before. One night I was on the terrace of my tower. Above me was the deep blue sky, with its stars — worlds filled, perchance, with the intelligence which I sought. On the desert below was the phantasm of a great city. I looked on its small and miserable streets, where hunger and cold reigned paramount, and man was as wretched as if flung but yesterday on the earth, and there had been as yet no time for art to yield its assistance, or labour to bring forth its fruit. I gazed next on scenes of festivity, but they were not glad, for I looked from the wreath into the head it encircled, and from the carcanet of gems to the heart which beat beneath — and I saw envy, and hate, and repining, and remorse. I turned my last glance on the palace within its walls ; but there the purple was spread as a pall, and the voice of sorrow and the cry of pain were loud on the air. I bade the shadows roll away upon the winds, and rose depressed and in sorrow. I was not alone — one of those glorious Spirits, whose sphere was far beyond the power of our science, whose existence we rather surmised than knew, stood beside me.

" ' From that hour a new existence opened before me. I loved, and I was beloved — love, to which imagination gave poetry, and mind gave strength, was the new element added to my being. Alas ! how little do the miserable race to which I belong know of such a feeling ! They blend a moment's vanity, a moment's gratification, into a temporary excitement, and they call it love. Such are the many, and the many make the wretchedness of earth. And yet your own heart, Leoni, and that of my gentle cousin, may witness for my words, there are such things as truth, and tenderness, and devotion in the world ; and such redeem the darkness and degradation of its lot. Nay, more, if ever the mystery of our destiny be unravelled, and happiness

be wrought out of wisdom, it will be the work of Love.

" 'It matters little to tell you of my blessedness; but my very heart was filled with the light of those radiant eyes, which were to me what the sun is to the world. Yet one dark shadow rested on my soul, beyond even their influence. Death had been the awful conqueror with whom my race had so often struggled, and to whom they had so often yielded. A mortal, I loved an immortal, and the fear of separation was ever before me; yet a long and a happy time passed away before my fear found words.

" 'It was one evening we were floating over the earth, and the crimson cloud on which we lay was the one where the sun's last look had rested. Its gleam fell on a small nook, while all around was fast melting into shade. Still it was a sad spot which was thus brightened—it was a new-made grave. Over the others the long grass grew luxuriantly, and speckled, too, by many small and fragrant flowers, but on this, the dark-brown earth had been freshly turned up, and the red worm writhed restlessly about its disturbed habitation. Some roses had been scattered, but they were withered; their sweet leaves were already damp and discoloured. All wore the present and outward signs of our eternal doom—to perish in corruption.

" 'The shadows of the evening fell, deepening the gloom into darkness—the one last bright ray had long been past, when a youth came from the adjacent valley. That grave but yesterday received one who was to have been his bride—his betrothed from childhood, for whose sake he had been to far lands and gathered much wealth, but who had pined in his absence and died. He flung himself on the loathsome place, and the night wind bore around the ravings of his despair. Wo for that selfishness which belonged to my mortality! I felt at that moment more of terror than of pity. I thought of myself. Thus must I, with all my power, my science, and loved by one into whose sphere Death comes not, even thus must I perish! True, the rich spices, the perfumed woods, the fragrant oils, which would feed the sacred fire of my funeral pyre, would save my mortal remains from that corruption which makes the disgust of death even worse than its dread. A few odoriferous ashes alone would be left for my urn. Yet not the less must I share the common doom of my race,—I must die!'

" 'Nay, my beautiful!' said the voice, which was to me as the fiat of life and of death, so utterly did it fill

my existence; 'why should we thus yield to a vague terror? Listen, my beloved! I know where the waters of the fountains of life roll their eternal waves—I know I can bear you thither and bid you drink from their source, and over lips so hallowed Death hath no longer dominion. But, alas! I know not what may be the punishment. Like yourselves, the knowledge of our race goes on increasing, and our experience, like your own, hath its agonies. None have dared what I am about to dare, and the future of my deed is even to me a secret. But what may not be borne for that draught which makes my loved one as immortal as my love!'

" 'I gazed on the glorious hope which lighted up his radiant brow, and I said to him, 'Give me an immortality which must be thine.' Worlds rolling on worlds lay beneath our feet when we stood beside the waters of life. A joyful pride swelled in my heart. I, the last and the weakest of my race, had won that prize which its heroes and its sages had found too mighty for their grasp. A sound, as of a storm rushing over ocean, startled me when I stooped to drink, the troubled waves rose into tumultuous eddies, their fiery billows parted, and from amid them appeared the dark and terrible Spirit of Necessity. The cloud of his awful face grew deeper as it turned on me. 'Child of a sinful and a fallen kind' said he, and he spoke the language most familiar to my ear, which yet sounded like that of another world, 'who have ever measured by their own small wisdom that which is infinite—drink, and be immortal! Be immortal, without the wisdom or the power belonging unto immortality. Drink!'

" 'I shrank from the starry waters as they rose to my lip, but a power stronger than my will compelled me to their taste. The draught ran through my veins like ice. Slowly I turned to where my once-worshipped lover was leaning. The same change had passed over both. Our eyes met, and each looked into the other's heart, and there dwelt hate—bitter, loathing, and eternal hate. I had changed my nature. I was no longer the gentle, up-looking mortal he had loved. I had changed my nature; he was no longer to me the once glorious and adored being. We gazed on each other with fear and abhorrence. The dark power, whose awful brow was fixed upon us like Fate, again was shrouded in the kindling waters. By an impulse neither could control, the Spirit and I flung ourselves down the steep blue air, but apart, and each muttering, 'Never! never!' And that word 'never' told our destiny. Never could either feel

again that sweet deceit of happiness, which, if it be a lie, is worth all truth. Never more could each heart be the world of the other.

“ ‘ Our feelings are as little in our power as the bodily structure they animate. My love had been sudden, uncontrollable, and born not of my own will—and such was my hate. As little could I master the sick shudder his image now called up, as I could the passionate beating of the heart it had once excited. I stood alone in my solitary hall—I gazed on the eternal fire burning over the tomb of my father, and I wished it were burning over mine. For the first time I felt the limitations of humanity. The desire of my race was in me accomplished—I was immortal! and what was this immortality? A dark and measureless future. Alas, we had mistaken life for felicity! What was my knowledge? it only served to shew its own vanity; what was my power, when its exercise only served to work out the decrees of an inexorable necessity? I had parted myself from my kind, but I had not acquired the nature of a spirit. I had lost of humanity but its illusions, and they alone are what render it supportable. The mystic scrolls over which I had once pored with such intensevess, were now flung aside, what could they teach me? Time was to me but one great vacancy, how could I fill it up, who had neither labour nor excitement? I sat me down mournfully, and thought of the past. Why, when love is perished, should its memory re-

main? I had said to myself, So long as I have life, one deep feeling must absorb my existence. A change—and that too of my own earnest seeking—had passed over my being; and the past, which had been so precious, was now as a frightful phantasm. The love which alters, in its inconstancy may set up a new idol, and worship again with a pleasant blindness; but the love which leaves the heart with a full knowledge of its own vanity and nothingness,—which saith, The object of my passion still remains, but it is worthless in my sight—never more can I renew my early feeling—I marvel how I ever could have loved—I loathe, I disdain the weakness of my former self;—ah, the end of such love is indeed despair!

“ ‘ Do you mark yonder black marble slab, which is spread as over a tomb? It covers the most silvery fountain that ever mirrored the golden light of noon, or caught the fall of the evening dew, in an element bright as themselves. The radiant likeness of a spirit rests on those waters. I bade him give duration to the shadow he flung upon the wave, that I might gaze on it during his absence. The first act of my immortality was to shut it from my sight. There must that black marble rest for ever.’ ”

This is a fair specimen of Miss Landon's prose tales in the volume.

We would willingly have included the remainder of the Annual publications in this notice; but we have not yet seen them.

LINES WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.

November.

FAST fall the leaves, and soon shall none
Remain to quiver through the air;
But all my hopes have, one by one,
This heart left lone and bare.

At the dead crowds that rustle by
I start, as at some spectre's feet;
In every leaf my boding eye
Sees my own winding-sheet.

The blast that waves the pines on high,
In hollow murmurs moaning loud,
Rings sad my dirge; this lowering sky
Reminds me of my shroud.

Life's Winter, Death, then spread o'er me
The slumber of the grave; my pall
Shall thus the fittest emblem be
Of the year's funeral.

PHYSICAL EVIDENCES OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ANCIENT RACES
AMONG THE MODERNS.

Dr. EDWARDS of Paris, member of the Institute, has recently suggested a method of tracing the ancient races of mankind among the existing inhabitants of the globe, by the application of physiological science to written history, each being considered by him as corroborating the evidences derived by the other.

M. Thierry has endeavoured to follow up the people of ancient Gaul to the present era; and Dr. Edwards has sought to discover, what there is common to the Gauls of the earliest ages and the inhabitants of those territories formerly their proper abodes, with regard to physical distinctions which are usually admitted to mark the natural families of the earth in a prominent degree.

The great mixture of nations now existing upon the continent of Europe renders it very difficult for historians to procure accurate data; and Dr. Edwards has found his system hitherto of advantage in dispelling much of the confusion encountered. The types of different original races are involved with modern varieties, from the frequent changes which commerce and conquest have effected during many centuries, so that every country contains a variety of types; and it is not perhaps too much to advance, that physiological science may separate these more effectually than the best historical data, if there be any truth in the assumed permanency of varieties among human beings, as we know there is in the other species of animals, and in the vegetable creation.

Blumenbach divided the human races into five distinct original families, adopting the principle of Camper, as to the form of the head, for the purpose of characterising a special type, which is transmitted from the earliest epochs indefinitely. Thus the first variety in his system is the Caucasian, including the inhabitants of Europe and Western Asia, the finest examples of which are met with usually among the Georgians and Circassians. The second variety is the Mongolian, including the inhabitants of Northern Asia, the Kalmucks, Tartar tribes, &c. The third variety is the Æthiopian, or Negro; and these three varieties of

peculiarly marked skulls possess also other physical characters, less permanent indeed, but well understood. The two last varieties are more allied, perhaps, to the former than equally distinct, as the Malay and South Sea Islander resemble the Æthiopian, and the American the Mongolian variety.

The peculiar characters of the Caucasian head lie in its superiority of symmetry and roundness, moderate forehead, narrow cheek-bones without projection, but depending downwards, the alveolar edge well rounded, and the front teeth perpendicular.

The face corresponding with this head is oval and straight; the features are moderately prominent; the forehead is arched; the nose narrow, and slightly arched; the mouth small; the lips turned out, especially the lower one, which in the present Austrian royal family is remarkably so; and the chin is full and rounded. This character constitutes the *beau ideal* of the fair daughters of Caucasus.

The Mongolian head is nearly square; the cheek-bones project out; the nose is flat; the space between the eyebrows is even with the cheek-bones; the superciliary arches are slightly developed; the nostrils are narrow; the alveolar edge is somewhat rounded forwards; and the chin projects slightly.

The face of the Mongol is broad and flat, with the features indistinct; the space between the eyes is flat and broad; the nose is flat; the cheeks are projecting and round; the narrow and linear aperture of the eyelids extends towards the temples; the internal angle of the eye is depressed towards the nose, and the superior eyelid is continued at that part into the inferior by a rounded sweep; and the chin is slightly prominent. The Siamese youths displayed this form of head and features very closely.

The Æthiopian, or Negro, head is narrow, and compressed laterally; the forehead is very convex, and vaulted; the cheek-bones project forwards; the nostrils are wide; the jaws are very long; the alveolar edge is long, narrow, and elliptical; the front upper teeth are turned obliquely forwards; the lower jaw is strong and large; and

the skull generally is thick and heavy. This character will be observed to bear a striking affinity to the head of the ape and monkey tribes.

The face of the Æthiopian is narrow, and projects towards the lower part; the forehead is convex and vaulted; the eyes project; the nose spreads and is confounded with the cheeks; the lips are very thick; the jaws are prominent, and the chin retracted.

The aboriginal American head approaches to that of the Mongolian. The cheek-bones are prominent, but more arched and rounded than in the skull of the Mongol, and less angular and projecting at the sides; the orbits are usually deep; the skull is generally light. The upper part of the head is frequently altered in shape by artificial means in infancy.

The American face is broad, but not flat; the profile is prominent and deep; the forehead is low, and the eyes deep seated; and the nose is rather flat and prominent.

The head of the Malay and South Sea Islanders is slightly narrowed at the top; the forehead is a little arched; the cheek-bones do not project; the upper jaw is a little pushed forwards; and the parietal bones are marked by a strong degree of prominence. The face associated with this head is less narrow than that of the Negro, advancing in profile towards the lower part; the nose is thick, full, and broad, or what is termed a bottle-nose.

This arrangement has not, however, been found to correspond with the great divisions of the world; and others have been adopted, which run into the other extreme, and are too complex for our purposes.

The figure of the skull has been observed to be by no means a constant and invariable sign of a single type; and recourse has been therefore had to the measurement of the facial angle, with reference to the projections of the principal features, in order to establish a regular grade of intellect, connected with the formation of the face. But so many contradictions occur in applying this principle, among many striking coincidences, that little faith can be put in it. It seems more probable, that the faculties both of our own and other species are not definable by such rules, and that nature has adapted the mental powers and perceptions in general to the different

spheres in which the Creator has destined man and animals to move. Nor can we well assume any farther universal adaptation of intellect to structure, than that where the greatest relative preponderance of brain naturally exists, the species possesses the highest order of intellect; while in cases where the nervous development is large, and that of the brain small, the physical powers and animal perceptions are far superior to the intellectual faculties. And however great is the popular bias in favour of physiognomical distinctions, these do not appear to be by any means universally certain indications, any farther than is the altitude of the forehead, or the projection of the hind or fore part of the head, a criterion of talent or the reverse.

Blumenbach himself was aware of the objections to his arrangement, and that it presented too broad an outline, being, in fact, more useful as a general system of character among human beings, than as referable to family relations. On this account, the original arrangement of Camper answers equally well, and is, perhaps, more applicable upon the principle of general character. He takes the measurement of the horizontal section of the vertex as his guide, and according to the breadth of the vertex distinguishes three varieties of the skull.

The first variety is the most common, and assumes a mediate form, expressed by the term *mesobregmate*, in which the horizontal section of the vertex is oval, and the prominence of the cheek-bones moderate when regarded from above. With the probable exception of the Laplanders, all European nations possess this skull. It is also common in Asia, excepting the Mongols, the Chinese, &c., in the northern and eastern divisions. It is traced likewise in Africa, notwithstanding many aberrations towards the second variety.

In the next variety the section of the vertex is narrowed, and expressed by the term *stenobregmate*. The skull is compressed laterally, the forehead is depressed, and the lower parts of the face are long and protruding, with flat features.

The Negroes of Guinea possess this form of skull; and the Africans generally approximate more or less to it. It is found in Madagascar and throughout the South Sea, especially among the in-

habitants of New Holland, the Papuas, and the Mallicolese. The Polynesian tribes also possess it in some degree.

In the third form or variety the section of the vertex widens, and assumes a square figure, and is expressed by the term *platybragmate*, the cheek-bones projecting beyond the outline of this section.

The Mongols, Chinese, and other Asiatics, indicate this form, and also the aboriginal Americans, who differ less from the people of Asia, and bear a more common resemblance to each other.

Of these three essential characters there are some variations in each division, of a subordinate description.

As to other physical distinctions of natural families, there is observed a great correspondence between the hair, the colour of the choroid coat of the eyes, and the skin. In all races among dark nations, the colouring matter of the hair, the choroid coat, and the skin, are each wanting.

The colour of the skin is entirely dependent upon a delicate tissue of mucous substance, interposed between the layers of the skin, the cuticle, and the cutis, but demonstrable only in dark tribes. It is an indelible mark, transmitted indefinitely through every generation possessing it, which neither change of climate nor temperature obliterates. Negro families in Europe continue black, unless they intermarry with whites, when the dark skin becomes ultimately lost, perhaps, by repeated crossings of varieties. And Europeans in tropical climates equally preserve their cast.

That the blackness is not in proportion to the heat of climate, is indicated by the circumstance of there being some nations of a darker shade without, than others within the tropics, and as to forming a universal criterion by which we may distinguish one race or variety from another, this is liable to interruption, from the fact, that perfectly different nations are equally black, or white, or of intermediate fixed shades. The Cingalese and Malabars often appear as jetty as the Negro; and the Malabar colour glides, by imperceptible shades, into the olive tint of the northern Hindoo, without any material alterations of form or structure accompanying these variations.^a The embrowned Spaniards, Portuguese, Arabs, and Persians, however distinct otherwise, exhibit little variety of colour.

The mucous pigment is strongly developed wherever dark-skinned races are original inhabitants of countries exposed to elevated temperatures, without regard to original family distinctions.

As to *form*, as a distinguishing characteristic of separate families, it is assuredly hereditary, when naturally acquired. But some peculiarities of form are produced by art, such as the contracted feet of the Chinese ladies, and the flattened skulls of the Caribbees. Nor are our own more civilised ladies of modern Europe exempt from this barbarous custom of altering the natural form. The distortions occasioned by pressure on the yielding mechanism of the chest, are no uncommon sources of chronic visceral disease.

The hereditary characters of form are those which originally belong to the fetus, and grow with its growth. But of all the peculiarities, the most striking and permanent is that of the head, of which Camper and Blumenbach availed themselves in arranging the natural divisions of the human species.

In the *figure and general proportions* of the body, we find some remarkable variations among different nations. The Negroes, the Australians, (or New Hollanders,) and the Kalmucks, differ more than any others from the Europeans in this respect; and the Negro proportions less resemble those of the Europeans than the results of measurements among the ape and baboon tribes, although there are some exceptions to this general law.

Stature varies among the different races of mankind, and in such a manner as to hold out no probability of our being able to make any arrangement of families by reference to this distinction. The Patagonians are the tallest tribe, measuring from six to seven feet high. We have the tallest and the shortest specimens from America. The people of Terra del Fuego are a puny race, and the Eskimeaux still more so. Africa produces very small persons; and some Europeans have reached eight or nine feet, while others have not exceeded thirty inches or less; in the brute creation the same diversity occurs in distinct families.

Of the physical characters now detailed, that of *colour* offers the least difficulty of explanation; although, in fact, the varieties of mankind are less nearly analogous to other varieties, as to colour, than some other species. There is a more general agreement in the

human form and structure, than among other species, although, as to most physical distinctions, we perceive a greater aberration from one common standard. It is therefore a rational conclusion, that the diversities of the *human* form especially are but deviations from *one primitive type*.

The other distinctions, such as the colour of the skin, the texture of the hair, the stature, and the relations of parts, afford a similar conclusion.

The notion once entertained, that there are distinct species among mankind, is contradicted by every appeal to physiology and zoology; for all the physical as well as the moral characteristics lead us in the end to so close an approximation of individual varieties to each other, as scarcely to admit of any other conclusion than, that the whole human species is referrible to one primary stock, of which several varieties, not yet entirely made out perhaps, have been created from the necessity of the original stock spreading over the earth, and separating into distinct families. And thus a certain number of types probably has been constituted; and where nations have been conquered and exterminated, their types may nevertheless exist to attest their ancient origin; and, from having been scattered abroad, they may transmit physiological evidences thus supported as to their identity and distinctness, although dead in traditional history.

The vegetable kingdom affords a similar example, for we find from geological investigations, that all kinds of plants originated, not in one common centre, but from different points forming so many centres of vegetation. Each province had its peculiar tribes, and these, with few exceptions perhaps, existed not elsewhere at the time of their formation.

The analogy of the animal kingdom furnishes the same conclusion, the various species of which could not have been created all in one province; nor can it be supposed, that the same individual species arose from several distinct countries, and had various origins. It is reasonable to infer that the different tribes of organised beings originated in certain regions adapted to them, each commencing in a single stock, or one pair; nor have we any traditional history which contradicts this supposition.

Many species now existing probably originated in countries distant from

each other, and were created since the Noachian deluge, subsequently to which catastrophe, new regions apparently emerged from the subsiding waters, and the earth became fitted for the propagation of our own and other species. And as the means and opportunities of propagation increased, the original stock spread into distinct varieties of mankind, having certain fixed physical characters and languages; and hence we trace original tongues, through all the various idioms which intercommunication has engendered, and tended to confuse, since man's first appearance upon the earth, from the active and roaming habits peculiar to his species.

Much, however, as this intermixture of varieties has confounded them, distinct families approximate so closely as to indicate less variation than exists among the different species of the brute creation.

Dr. Edwards proposes to avail himself of this approximation in physical signs and language, by referring to the marked characters of the countenance peculiar to existing nations in conjunction with their political history; whence original families may be more easily traced than by mere historical data.

He supposes that many circumstances, hitherto unexplained in history, may thus be cleared up, by a general application of the principle.

A nation now consists of many stocks or families, and their different physical characters are insufficient for the purpose of tracing out their origins; for many evidently distinct exhibit some peculiarities of form, &c. in common. In language and moral and physical attributes, human races seem to possess a greater degree of variety than is expressed in Blumenbach's arrangement. A less broadly extended scale of division is therefore required.

The connexion between ancient and modern nations must be greatly interrupted. We see examples of this in the European colonies of the new world, where the aboriginal inhabitants are disappearing, and giving place to new languages and races. But, however much the ancient formation of languages is corrupted, careful discrimination may detect it amidst modern idioms, notwithstanding the associations of mixed nations.

Europeans take possession of equinoctial territories, and castes are formed

by a medley of interconnexions. Nevertheless, the white population is not lost in its genuine characters, and each nation recognises its proper offspring. People established in foreign climates preserve their types indefinitely, notwithstanding the modifications of temperature and climate, and social intercourse.

Even a mother country of ancient origin may have among its inhabitants many distinct types, distinguished by different physical characters, habits, and languages, of which the Jewish race is an example. The Jews certainly bear some general resemblance to the people among whom they live, but in every country their common character is strongly defined, and they are marked by one universal identity. More than seventeen hundred years have elapsed since the dispersion of the Jews, and their type is upwards of three thousand years old in history.

Some authors appear to think that our species was originally *black*, and became *white* by the influence of civilisation. This opinion does not, however, appear to be substantiated. On the tomb of an ancient Egyptian king figures of dark-brown-complexioned men are drawn, but they have not the *hair* which peculiarly characterises the Negro race of the present age. Other groups of strangers appear also, of the Jewish character, resembling the portraits of our London Jews. Belzoni discovered three distinct groups portrayed upon an ancient tomb, representing Jews, Ethiopians, and Persians, as we now see them.

If we consult the natural and civil history of man, it will appear, that nearly the whole of the ancient families are now represented; and their antiquity is evidently no bar to their continuance indefinitely. Various circumstances of conquest, climate, &c. may cut off some, as the Gaunches and others, which are said to exist no longer; but such influential causes must be very limited, in comparison with the ancient families retained. History goes a great way back to trace these, but physiological distinctions may go farther in developing the origin of nations, especially when conjoined with historical data.

Impressed with the idea now alluded to, Dr. Edwards travelled for the purpose of endeavouring to discover ancient types among the present mixed nations of Europe, taking for his guidance the signs exhibited in the form and pro-

portions of the head and the features of the face, considering that all other modifications of form and figure are too precarious to be depended upon; while, in extreme cases, he thinks that an appeal may be made to the colour of the skin, the texture of the hair, and the general form and figure, where the mere bust is not sufficient to determine the antiquity of a family.

Upon the frontiers of Burgundy was noticed a multitude of forms of one peculiar type, from Auxerre to Châlons. And, on a market-day at Châlons, another variety appeared, quite distinct from any seen elsewhere on this route.

In the Lyonnais the predominant Burgundian type appeared again, accompanied with some change of colour, as it did from Savoy to Mount Cenis, with another shade of colour, and some other physical distinctions. Among so many mixed people, from Auxerre to the Alps, had *colour* been made a leading distinction, there would have been a confusion of types, rather than two strongly contrasted.

History tells us that the ancient Gauls possessed the territories of this route, and were conquered by the Romans, who thus became mingled with the vanquished; and notwithstanding the subsequent conquest of France, the type of the Gauls appears to be that recognised by Dr. Edwards upon their ancient soil.

The ruins of past ages are the chief objects of attraction to travellers in Italy. But this country affords abundant opportunities of studying the ancient authors of Roman monuments, by comparing their descendants with their known types. At Florence great facilities appear to present themselves in this investigation. The busts of the early emperors best indicate the true Roman type, because these personages represent true and ancient families. Their forms and proportions are too strongly marked to be easily neglected or forgotten. The vertical diameter being short, gives them a large visage, and a squareness of the head and face; and any deviation from this character would not resemble the bust of an ancient Roman.

On the route from Florence to Rome were noticed the busts of Augustus, Sextus Pompei, Tiberius, Germanicus, Claudius, Nero, and Titus, mingled, of course, with many other varieties. On entering the Papal territories this cha-

acter is said to be very striking, from Péruges to Rome.

In Rome the mixture of the people is extremely various throughout all ranks; yet probably the Roman type exists among them, both as to bust and the stature, which is moderate.

This type appears in the kingdom of Naples to be almost exclusively confined to the higher territories. It exists, also, north and west of Rome, towards Sienna, &c., where it is described as very distinct.

These observations seem to agree with the political and civil history of Rome; shewing that in the Italian states the people are generally the same as in times past, and bear a very strong resemblance, in numerous instances, to the figures represented in bas-reliefs, and to busts of Roman soldiers and civilians.

Rome itself appears to have been originally peopled by strangers from adjacent countries, the Trojans, the Sabines, and a portion of the Etruscans, &c., among whom separations and divisions into independent communities seem to have deceived historians into an idea of a greater variety of stocks than really existed. Thus original languages may have become corrupted, but physical characters do not yield to such circumstances.

The language, arts, and institutions of the Etruscans render it uncertain whether they are indigenous or strangers. And, although much mixed, there exists a great resemblance among them to a portion of the ancient Etruscans.

Portraits of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, copied from monuments of their days, bear a great degree of common resemblance, in a long head, small high forehead, bent-down nose, and projecting chin.

Dante's portrait appears on the Tuscan frontier very frequently; and the features of the Medici family, as delineated at Florence, together with prototypes of figures of Etruscan bas-reliefs and busts, constitute a perfect type.

On the road to Venice by Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, the Dante head again presented itself, and a *cicerone* drew attention to the resemblance which subsisted between the portrait of a Venetian saint and Dante. The portraits of the Doges also, in the ducal palace of St. Mark's, have the Etruscan character, as seen as far as Milan.

In a village of the Milanese, Dr. Edwards recognised the type which

appeared in the market-place of Châlons, the conformity to which he represents as strongly marked as the general diversity elsewhere, excepting among the Cisalpine Gauls of Switzerland, and in Geneva, where both the Châlons type and that of the Burgundian country generally appeared.

In an immense population on the road to Châlons and Mâcon, two well-marked types, it appears, attracted notice, one characterised by a head more round than oval, with rounded features, and middle stature; and the other by a long head, a large and high forehead, bent nose, prominent chin, and elevated stature.

The first continues along the course of the river to Mâcon, where it disappears; and the second prevails about Châlons. M. Thierry's historical remarks corroborate the observations of Dr. Edwards.

In the remaining part of ancient Gaul two great families existed, very far back in history, at one epoch, differing in language, habits, and social state, and forming the majority of the population. If we now examine the corresponding spread of France, as to its actual population, two distinct types predominate, resembling the ancient Gauls, although, having been conquered by strangers, they have become modified in many respects, yet are still to be recognised. The conquered are represented to have been a more considerable nation than their conquerors; and the Gauls and the Kimri were both anciently very populous tribes; Eastern Gaul, containing the Gauls proper to Caesar, and Belgic or Northern Gaul, including the Kimri, Burgundy, the Lyonnais, the Dauphinois, and Savoy, constituted the first, where the distinguished Gallic type is general, excepting one canton; while the second type occupies the other portions of this region.

Referring to the historical descriptions of these tribes, they approximate closely to Dr. Edwards's accounts of their physical characters.

M. Thierry observes, that central Britain contains people chiefly referable to the Kimri, or northern Belgic Gauls, who, although historically dead as ancient Britons, exist in their well-marked physical character sufficiently to prove their ancient alliance, having a long head, elevated forehead, bent-down nose, with the point low and the alæ elevated, the chin projecting and strongly pronounced, with a high sta-

ture, much as Dr. Edwards observed them in Burgundy, Picardy, and Normandy: existing in England prior to the conquests of the Saxons, historians consider them to be exterminated upon insufficient grounds. They are said to have recovered their rights after the middle ages, and, raised by the progress of industrious habits, became members of all classes of society; and probably in many cases where questions have arisen as to Saxon or Norman descent, the true origin was in these ancient Britons.

History shews that the Gauls predominated in the north of Italy, between the Alps and the Appennines, subsequently mingled with others, but anciently settled there, within the period of early historical glimmerings. Ancient authors depicted the Italian and Belgic Gauls as they now appear in France, England, Switzerland, and Italy, and tall in stature as the Kimri are described.

The two grand divisions of the Gauls occupy more than half of Italy, and a portion of Switzerland, France, and England.

In Venetian Lombardy the emperor's troops consist of Silesians, Bohemians, Moravians, Polonnais, and Hungarians, serfs from eastern Europe. The type of the *Huns* appeared among this medley, who spoke a sort of slave-language in general, and had no distinct physical character. The Hunnish head appears to be rounded, the forehead slight, and the eyes obliquely placed, and bearing altogether such a general resemblance to the Hungarians, that a painter may substitute one of them for an ancient Hun. The ancient language of the Huns is also to be recognised among this portion of the Hungarians.

Part of Europe has been peopled from Asia, and the eastern half of the latter country contains the Mongols, characterised by a round head, small forehead thrown backwards, broad and flat nose, projecting cheek-bones, mouth advancing, thick lips, the chin slightly supplied with hair, and the stature small. The stocks of the other half more nearly resemble those of Europe; many, however, of each family are common to both divisions. Both their language and history tend to confirm these notices.

The Mongolian character extends to Russia and Hungary, where the Finnish language prevails without the physical character, the dialect being ac-

quired before their establishment in Hungary.

Such are the principal points, slightly touched upon, of Dr. Edwards's application of physiological principles to history, in order to fill up the voids of the latter, confirm its data, and supply more than the mere divisions of heads into five types are capable of.

If physiology can thus be made to co-operate with natural and political history, by comparing the physical distinctions which characterise peculiar families with their ancient alliances, the origins of nations may not only be more fully and satisfactorily made out, but separated more readily from the confusion of mixed types around them; while the principle of the investigation opens a new field of inquiry to the traveller, of no ordinary interest, and such as may afford more general gratification than the severer study of searching among the pages of ancient lore for the traces of the original families of mankind, however valuable have been their results and additions to human knowledge.

The correctness of the principle regarding the permanency of types, appears to be one admitted generally by physiologists and naturalists; and it seems to be by no means likely to become a fruitless search, if the general association of the features of the face be taken into conjunction with the form of the head, and other physical distinctions, in cases where language, and shades of colour, &c. fail from their instability of attachment to most races, by which such signs become lost among descendants, or so confused as to furnish no positive evidence of origin or antiquity.

The inquiry to which Dr. Edwards has turned his attention in a recent pamphlet, written in the French language, is one fully worthy the notice of scientific travellers, in conjunction with historical accounts of ancient tribes of people, and their modern distribution and existence. And among the objects of interest to the tourist of this country, few seem to possess more probable sources of intellectual occupation, while passing through populous districts and cities; where, among the busy assemblages of mixed races, it must be curious to recognise comparative relations to different forms and styles of features, known only to the existing inhabitants of the earth by history, painting, or sculpture.

CAPTAIN FORMAN, LORDS BROUGHAM AND JOHN RUSSELL.

IN the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the different professors of the various branches of education differ so excessively in opinion with one another, that the affair terminates in a boxing-match. While the professors of music, dancing, and fencing, are engaged in active combat, the professor of philosophy appears, and uttering many of the most approved moral maxims, explains to them the impropriety of giving way to wrath. Unfortunately, some occasion of offence to his own proper person occurs, and the philosopher concludes his thesis on the duty of governing the passions, by taking the most active part in the fight. In short, of all the contending parties, the moral professor is by far the most furious.

Molière was one of the greatest judges of human nature that ever appeared, and daily experience proves that his picture of the philosopher in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is no caricature. We have Fearn making prodigious fight, because all the world conspired against him in not believing that there is an eye behind an eye,—the world, it appears, being actuated thereto by some strange and corrupt sympathy with Dugald Stewart, who, it seems, holds considerable mastery over all the philosophical coteries on the face of the earth—the said earth not caring one farthing about Dugald, but being very seriously intent on forgetting that such a phantom of a philosopher ever existed. Fearn was angry with us also of *Fraser's Magazine* and Lady Mary Shepherd, lifting (gallantly, we confess,) his spear against her ladyship—though we cannot say that the magazine in which he inserted his lucubrations was so chivalrous as to name the antagonists against which he was contending. The last news we heard of Fearn was his having written a letter to prove that his name was not William, but John—a circumstance in which he said all Europe was deeply concerned. He did not recollect what Shakespeare, or somebody else, has said—

“What's in a name?”

Sure fern will light a fire as well as rubbish.”

Of him hereafter. But we have

been favoured by another philosopher—an astronomer—Forman—who is just as indignant with the world, and as certain that the critical publications of the day or month are bound together in a close conspiracy to smother his fame, as is the metaphysician Fearn. In order to exculpate ourselves from the charge so sweepingly brought against our tribe, we willingly devote three pages to “a letter to Lord John Russell, on Lord Brougham's most extraordinary conduct; and another to Sir John Herschel on the application, &c. &c.; by Captain Forman, R.N.”

A more ill-used gentleman than this said Captain Forman never stepped on a quarter-deck. He has discovered that Kepler, Newton, and a rabble of other fellows, are quite wrong in certain matters respecting the distances of the planets, and he has exposed them accordingly in a work entitled *Treatises on Natural Philosophy*, which it has been our hard lot, dwelling, as we do, so far south of Shepton Mallet, whence he dates, never to have seen. We take it for granted, however, that the captain has not left the old stargazers a leg to stand on; and agree with him, that as my Lord Brougham plays the part of the schoolmaster abroad, he is bound to pay attention to all works of equal practical utility to those which have emanated from his own patriotic and comprehensive mind. But mark the injustice of the said Lord Brougham and Vaux:

“More than seven weeks ago I sent his lordship, by the post, a copy of my *Treatises on Natural Philosophy*, a small treatise on education, and a letter, in which I apologised for the liberty I had taken, and explained my motive for so doing, and as politeness is one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman, I was not a little surprised to find that the high-minded Lord Brougham could condescend to accept my presents, without deigning to acknowledge the receipt of them. Here I must beg your lordship [Lord John Russell, to whom the letter is addressed] not to mistake my meaning. I am not a common beggar; I did not solicit any personal benefit for myself, nor would I accept of any such favour from his lordship, if he were to offer it. All that I required of his lordship, as the president of your society, was to see justice done to my work, by

"How have I mistaken the character of his lordship! He was the *beau idéal* of my imagination, 'in whom the elements were so mixed, that nature might stand up and say, to all the world, This is the man!' 'The friend of the oppressed, the advocate of the people's rights, the patron of science, the encourager of talent, the noble mind, the liberal spirit superior to the prejudices of common minds—alms! where are they? All these glorious attributes, with which my glowing fancy had invested him, have vanished like the morning mist; and this magnificent mind, this demi-god of my own creation, turns out to be a puerile mortal, walking upon stilts, and looking about for admiration,' &c. &c.

The quondam demigod, Brougham, being thus disposed of, the captain falls foul of Lord John Russell, to whom he addresses this letter:

"My Lord," says he, "if I am to form my conclusions from dear-bought experience, I must expect that your lordship, in imitation of Lord Brougham, will treat any application that comes from so insignificant a person as I am with scorn and derision, but it is not because you are the brother of a duke, or one of his majesty's ministers, but because you are the Vice-President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful (that is, *true*) Knowledge, that I address this letter to you, in the hope that I may not find your professions of *disinterested* philanthropy quite so unsubstantial as my Lord Brougham's."

John does not happen to be the brother, but the son of a duke, his illustrious namesake and father being at present, and long may he so continue, the worthy head and appropriate intellectual representative of the house of Russell—a house immortalised in its latter generations in the works of Junius, Burke, Russell Square, and Don Carlos. But, except that slip, all the rest of the sentence is excellent. The captain is determined to bring his broadside to bear on the whole Useful Knowledge Society. "He fears, however, that he will not be attended to.

"Whether, my lord, you may be disposed to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, or whether, in imitation of Lord Brougham, you may take it into your head to fancy that a man of your lordship's high rank is not bound to treat so humble an individual as I am with common civility, I cannot pretend to divine; but I think it right to apprise your lordship, that, whatever may be your determination, as I have been provoked to

write it, I shall most certainly publish it; and, as I said of a former work, I will take care that it shall be republished after my death, so that it shall not be my fault if the *politeness* of my Lord Brougham, and the shuffling and evasive conduct of the present race of the Newtonian philosophers, should not be duly appreciated by posterity.

I now beg leave to subscribe myself,
my Lord,

with very great respect,
your Lordship's
most obedient
and devoted servant,
WALTER FORMAN."

"Pilton, near Shepton-Mallet,
August 9, 1832."

His fears are too true. What says John in reply!

"Whitehall, August 11, 1832.

"SIR,—I have received a parcel from you with two books and a letter. I can only say, that whatever may be the value of your speculations, the society to which I belong is one for the distribution, and not for the discovery of knowledge.

Your obedient servant,
J. RUSSELL."

The sentence would have run just as well, and been far more consistent with truth, if John had said: "The society to which I belong is one neither for the distribution nor the discovery of knowledge, but for the support and extension of the grand cause of humbug.

Your obedient servant,
JOHNNY RUSSELL."

He might have added, "and my dating from Whitehall proves that the cause of humbug has pretty well succeeded in my own case."

Captain Forman, until these late adventures, had far more awful ideas of the peerage, but they are now in a great measure dissipated. Stung by the nonchalance of John Russell, he exclaims:

"A lord, opposed against a man, is but a man!" Whether his lordship means to class himself among the philosophers of the age, or whether he merely wishes to screen them from merited infamy, his refusal to accept my challenge fully justifies all that I have said respecting their duplicity and meanness. His lordship wilfully shuts his eyes against argument, because he is determined not to relinquish error."

So, John Russell, after all, is *but* a man. What a humiliating discovery! John Russell no more than man! Well! it will make us think higher of our general nature, when we know

it to be admitted that we belong to the same species as John Russell! His lordship is, however, clearly bound to accept the captain's challenge—else we must alter the apophthegm, and say that "A Lord John opposed to a Forman is no great shakes of a man." The captain's conclusion is quite pathetic:

"I confess that my disappointment is great; but there is one consolation left me, which his lordship does not seem disposed to take from me. I can still indulge myself in the enjoyment of golden dreams, for as I firmly believe that truth will finally prevail, so I am convinced that posterity will do me justice, though my Lord Brougham and my Lord John Russell are determined to do all in their power to prevent the further advancement of knowledge."

Leaving, then, Brougham, Russell, Forman, and Posterity, to settle the matter as they can, let us turn to the battle with Sir John Herschel. The captain, as we have mentioned already, had defied all the Newtonian philosophers, and put them to rout. But he chose, as his own particular and private antagonist, Sir John Herschel, a Guelphic knight of high class. Sir John, however, with his new knight-hood, had not learned the necessity of taking up every glove cast down; and the following note, which we give with its appropriate comment, was the only notice he took of the captain:

"Sir John Herschel has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of Capt. Forman's work, entitled, *Treatises on several very important Subjects in Natural Philosophy*, containing a personal attack on Sir John Herschel too utterly unprovoked, and too obviously groundless, to excite any feeling of irritation, or the slightest intention on Sir John Herschel's part to reply to it."

"If Sir John Herschel could prove that what I have written about him and his brother philosophers was utterly unprovoked and obviously groundless, he would be glad enough to reply to it, because he would have it in his power of proving to the world that I am a vile calumniator. His determination not to reply to my strictures only proves that they were well founded, and that he feels himself unable to justify his conduct even to his own bosom. But, putting personalities out of the question, does Sir John Herschel mean to maintain that truth ought to be rejected by philosophers, by men of principle, merely because it is delivered in an angry tone? Or if, as he seems to intimate, he should refuse to notice my direct

appeals to him on philosophical, *not personal*, questions, is he weak enough to believe that posterity will allow these shuffling excuses to prove any thing besides his own conviction that my arguments are unanswerable? Sir John has announced his intention to publish a treatise on astronomy; and if, as I suspect, he should not fulfil his promise, or if it should appear without any notice being taken in it of my direct appeals to him upon philosophical questions, his own conduct will fully justify all the charges that I have brought against the Newtonian philosophers, taken as a body, and he may depend upon it that posterity will draw the same inference that I do."

Ay! ay! captain. Hail Posterity whenever you are in a gale. Nobody can tell that she refuses to answer your salute—and that's a comfort.

But Sir John does not get off so easily—a new wager of battle is proposed:

"I am willing to meet any champion that they may choose to appoint, and defend these opinions against his objections, provided your society will afterwards permit his objections and my replies to be printed and published in the same volume, so that the public, and, above all, an impartial posterity, may be enabled to decide on the merits of the arguments on both sides. Your champion shall be allowed to select any subject of which I have treated in the work which I herewith send you; but, by way of preliminary, I wish to have those papers which are now in the hands of Lord Brougham subjected to his criticism, and then printed, along with the criticism, in any one of the philosophical magazines, or in a journal that may be instituted expressly for that purpose."

If Herschel does not meet this, he is done. The whole pamphlet winds up with the following eloquent and energetic address:

"It was very justly observed by the great Lord Chatham, that confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged breast; and, as I have never yet met with any thing like openness and candour on the part of the philosophers and critics, you have only yourselves to blame for the doubt which I cannot help entertaining of your integrity and sincerity. You will pardon me, therefore, for suggesting to you, that integrity in philosophy, as well as honesty in the common dealings of life, will, in the end, turn out to be the best policy. If you can prove that I am mistaken on these points, you will

not sully your reputation by publicly refuting me; and if, child-like, you will persist in holding opinions which you cannot support by argument, the time may come when you will court oblivion as a blessing, and your descendants, if you should leave any, will have to blush for their father's weakness. * *

Impartial and unprejudiced philosophers will occasionally start into existence, who will require stronger evidence in support of your favourite dogma than whining insinuations and unfounded assertions; and before another generation shall have passed away, the motives of those who have made themselves conspicuous in opposing truth will be investigated, and their dulness or duplicity be recognised in the page of history."

After this grave and stinging rebuke, our readers perchance will inquire what the quarrel is about? Why,—it is something of vast importance with respect to the distance of the planets. We extract the two most grievous cases of injustice and oppression that we can find. Jupiter's satellites are especially ill-used. We have a table of their grievances.

"It appears, by the table, that Kepler's rule makes the period of Jupiter's second satellite *one-tenth part too short*, and that mine makes it *one-ninth part too long*."

How scandalous of Kepler! He is clearly abominable in being one-tenth too short, and Forman deserving of the highest praise in being one-ninth too long. We know which measure we should choose. But to come to higher matters:

"Let us apply this principle to the estimated distances of the Georgium Sidus from the sun. Kepler's rule places that planet 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun, while mine reduces the distance to 869,000,000 miles. The difference is 930,000,000 miles, nine-ninetenths of which, or 441,000,000 miles, is the amount of Kepler's error, without making any allowance for the disturbing forces of these satellites, which, as I shall immediately prove, will increase his error very materially, if it does not absolutely double it; while my *apparent*, or real, error must, of course, diminish in the same proportion as his increases."

Here's a villain, this Kepler! Banning us with his 1,800,000,000 of miles, while Forman shews it is not a furlong more than 869,000,000! Kepler never could have thought of the practical

importance of this deception—if he did, he was a knave. Suppose a man were to bet against a trotting-match from this to the Georgium Sidus, how he would be taken in if he were to go by Kepler's computation! Every thing else being even, it would be 1,800 to 869—more than 2 to 1—against him. Scandalous! Again:

"It is evident from this, that the disturbing forces of these satellites must have shortened the period of the second satellite at least 5h. 16m.; and this, properly allowed for, will make the period, found by my rule, *less than one-twentieth part too slow*, and the same period, found by Kepler's rule, *more than one-seventh part too fast*. We are certain that these disturbing forces have shortened the period of Jupiter's second satellite 5h. 16m., but we cannot be sure that they have not shortened it much more, and it is at least possible, and not very improbable, that they may have shortened it so much as 9h. 30m., which would reduce my original error to a cipher, and increase Kepler's, when applied to the Georgium Sidus, to no less a sum than 930,000,000 miles."

We need go no further. The importance of the subject will be at once perceived, and the captain's grievance duly appreciated.

Forman, then, pitches Brougham and John Russell to David Jones. We think he is right. It is so clearly the duty of a Lord Chancellor and a Paymaster of the Forces to control the magazines and philosophical journals, that he has been excessively ill treated in their not immediately ordering from Chancery or the War Office a review of his lucubrations. Yet the captain may see that there is at least one Magazine which, defying the Whig keepers of the king's conscience and the army's purse, breaks that felonious silence which he attributes to the rest of the periodical literature of the country—it is needless for us here to say that the name of that illustrious work is FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

P.S. And let us add, by way of postscript, that the Magazine aforesaid is as ready as Forman himself to expose the humbug, not only of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and its penny trumpery, but also of the leading management of the Royal Society, and the other philosophical and literary bodies of London. A paper on this subject is much wanted.



Alfred Croquis del.

could have thought of the practical wanted.

No. XXXI.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

It is not exactly according to our practice to insert in this gallery of ours eminent persons defunct; but as we happened to have included Roscoe in our original list, we thought it a pity that the accident of his dying before we had time to give him a place, should deprive him of the meditated honour.

He was born in 1753, and died in 1831—so that he had passed the age assigned by Moses to man by some eight years. When the close of his life was approaching, he said that he had reason to be grateful for having passed through the world so calmly, and with so many pleasurable sensations; and we believe that he spoke with perfect sincerity. He began life as an attorney, and was so successful in his profession, that, after some years of exertion, he was enabled to retire to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*; from which he was seduced, in an unlucky hour, to join a banking concern, the end of which was bankruptcy. In good or evil fate his moral fame was untouched; and he displayed himself equal to either fortune. His misfortunes did not depress him; and the only expression of regret that we recollect to have escaped from him, was in the beautiful sonnet on the loss of his books.

He was of a class of politicians who were mischievous enough, but he never had power sufficient to effect mischief. He took what is commonly called the liberal side of politics, and wrote trim and pretty common-places against war, slavery, intolerance, &c. &c. without condescending to consider these things as any thing more than words, without reference to the events of real life. Shocked at war, for instance, when it was waged by England against the iron despotism of Napoleon, he saw nothing to shock him when it was waged by Napoleon against us, or against all mankind. Commiserating the condition of the West Indian peasant because he is called slave, he yet assented to, and to the utmost of his power recommended, the philosophy of the Malthusians and others, who have inflicted the reality of slavery on the peasant or manufacturer of Great Britain. In his *Leo the Tenth*, ready to defend the exertions of the papacy, and its penal enactments, to reduce the spirit of Luther and the other apostles of the Reformation under the bonds of the most grinding ecclesiastical tyranny, he was equally ready elsewhere to denounce as intolerant the laws which curbed the aggressive spirit of popery in Ireland. Such, however, are the ordinary hallucinations, if not something worse, of our Liberals. He was in parliament for one session, but he made no figure. At the next election he was pelted by the populace; and when, in the succeeding one, he stood again for Liverpool, he was beaten on the poll.

His two books, *Leo the Tenth* and *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, are the main props of his fame. His poetry, though occasionally graceful, has no *stamina* to insure it any extended existence. But these volumes are really a present to English—perhaps we might say to European—literature. The Italians themselves were quite enraptured with them, and they have become classical works in Italy. Their faults are numerous and easily pointed out—Sismondi has done so with no very sparing hand; and English critics of a more masculine school than that in which Roscoe was reared, will complain of the nerveless style of wire-drawn elegance in which they are composed. The school of Blair has indeed done much to debase and emasculate the English language. But after making all abatements, they are works which have amply supplied a great desideratum, and did no small service to our literature by turning our attention to the glories of the Italian tongue. To have been the author of such histories is no slight fame, and we do not wonder that Liverpool is proud of having produced Roscoe. Washington Irving's observations, in his *Geoffrey Crayon*, on the occasion of his landing in that city, and his reflections on the sale of Roscoe's library, will be recollected by all who have any feeling for generous writing. He is, we believe, however, somewhat unjust to Roscoe's creditors, for we understand that a most valuable selection of the books was offered to him, but peremptorily declined.

The picture opposite is a very exact likeness.

THE SPERMACE TI CANDLE.

“ The sovereignest thing on earth
Is ‘parmacity——’ ”

SHAKESPEARE.

Ye gods immortal ! in all time
By heavenly zephyrs fanned well,
Inspire my bosom while I climb
Th’ Eolian mount, with steps sublime —
The matchless subject of my rhyme
A Spermaceti Candle

Th’ bard invoceth the aid
Of the immortal gods.

Dim was eich light in days of old,
‘ Mong Saxon, Goth, and V and il,
Compared yith that which now is sold,
(Better than tallow, dip, or mould,)
Whose flame is brighter far than gold —
A Spermaceti Candle

Sheweth the miserable inferiority
Of the ancients in respect of lights.

Place every kind of light in view,
And when you’ve quietly scanned all,
I’ll bet a pipe of wine that you
Will give the preference unto
A Spermaceti Candle

He betteth a pipe of wine
In favour of the Spermaceti
Candle.

If tallow, therefore, you eschew
And are averse to huddle,
The very best thing you can do
Is in its place to substitute
Te a Spermaceti Candle

If you eschew tallow, and
are averse to soiling your
fingers, use spermaceti.

Its colour is as pure as snow,
Or floors screed with white sand all,
It burneth with a peerless glow —
A proof that there is nought below
Like a Spermaceti Candle

Describeth, with much
gusto, the beauty of its complexion,
and superiority of its light.

It needs no snuffing, for the wick,
So beautiful and grand all,
Becomes not cabbaged, faint, or sick —
With tallow lights a common trick —
But never with that shining stick,
A Spermaceti Candle

Sheweth how it needeth
not snuffing, nor becometh
cabbaged.

Tall Etna from his flaming peak,
With fiery arches spanned all,
Exhibits but a lustre weak,
Compared with that bright steady streak,
Which cometh unobscured by *reck*,
From a Spermaceti Candle.

Preferreth its light to that
of Mount Etna ; useth the
Scottish *reck*, which signifies
smoke.

Our old theatric records say,
That Covent Garden band all
Once on a time refused to play
March, hornpipe, dirge, or roundelay,
Save by the pure transparent ray
(Allowed to each musician gay)
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Relateth an ancient legend
concerning the band of Covent
Garden Theatre.

That Hanoverian genius rare,
The organ-loving Handel,
Could not a single stave prepare,
Unless when on his easy chair
He sat, surrounded by the glare
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Great Hannibal, Hamilcar's lad,
Who armies could command well,
(Some say much better than his dad,)
Once saved himself from rout most sad
By means of cows and bullocks mad,
Each monster's horns with flames yclad
From a Spermaceti Candle

Some praise the sun, and some the moon,
In eloquence quite grand all :
A fig for both ! I'll beat them soon —
The last in May, the first in June —
By that incomparable boon,
A Spermaceti Candle.

I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
I've been in Coromandel,
And I can say, without a jest,
That, both in hall and peasant's nest,
'Tis of its race avowed the best —
The Spermaceti Candle.

In Abyssinia, where the heat
Each native's phiz hath tanned well.
They deem their happiness complete
If any friend whom they may meet
Will have the goodness them to treat
To a Spermaceti Candle.

There's nothing in the world so bright,
As you must understand well ;
Suppose you lose your way at night,
What think you on with all your might
Why, to be sure, upon a light-
Ed Spermaceti Candle.

'Tis strange that those who love to sing
The deeds of Cribb and Rindall —
Those potent heroes of the ring —
Should never yet have touched the string
In praise of that most useful thing,
A Spermaceti Candle.

A cock-boat by the lightning smit,
A seventy-four that's manned ill,
Are bad enough, but not a whit
More to be pitied than the cit,
Who has not in his house a bit
Of Spermaceti Candle.

The Grecian maids, so fair and sweet,
Wore on each leg a sandal ;
But all their skill was incomplete
To shew at night their lovely feet,
Without that accessory neat,
A Spermaceti Candle.

Sheweth how Handel could
not compose his Oratorios
save by the light of sperma-
ceti.

How Hannibal bamboozled
Fabius, by means of sperma-
ceti candles tied to the horns
of cows and bulls.

Sheweth the folly of those
who praise the sun and

Spermaceti candles much
sought after in Coromandel.

Eke in Abyssinia.

Sheweth that the belated
traveller thinketh with all
his might on spermaceti.

Expresseth surprise that
frosy = facd fogo, and
other laureates of the ring,
should have neglected to sing
the praises thereof.

The citizen who hath not
a bit of said candle deserveth
much pity.

Shaketh a classical allu-
sion to the maids of Greece,
and their well-turned under-
standings.

Live where he may, or far or near,
 He ought to be trepanned well,
 And made to suffer stripes severe,
 Imprisonment in cell most drear,
 Without tobacco, gin, or beer,
 Who has the heartlessness to sneer
 At a Spermaceti Candle.

May honest men, where'er they be,
 With indignation brand all
 Who sip their toddy, or their tea,
 In wint'ry nights, by land or sea,
 Without the cheerful lustre free
 Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Behold yon taper, shining bright
 'In lamp that is japanned well,
 Although it gives a pleasant light,
 'Twould really seem as dark as night,
 If but contrasted with the might
 Of a Spermaceti Candle.

If you desire to be renowned
 At cards, and play your hand well,
 A clearer help cannot be found,
 (Whether the game be square or round,)
 Than a Spermaceti Candle.

If e'er by chance you sail upon
 The Straits of Babelmandel,
 Where gas-lights are but little known,
 You'll ne'er be dull, nor feel alone,
 If you have for compan-i-on
 A Spermaceti Candle.

To place beside it oil or gas
 Would be a kind of scandal,
 Which none would think of but an ass
 (Of whom there are a few, alas!)
 Who vainly hopes thus to surpass
 The Spermaceti Candle.

In short, this luminary bright,
 Like baby you might dandle,
 For cleanliness and giving light,
 And aspect of a snowy white,
 There's nought — especially at night —
 Like a Spermaceti Candle.

I may as well conclude, for if
 I wrote another bandle,
 I could not add a single whiff
 Which would be further to uplift
 T a Spermaceti Candle.

Direful penalty which
 ought to be inflicted on those
 who are so sinful as to sneer
 at a spermaceti candle.

Adviseth all honest men to
 brand those who sip their tea
 or toddy without the light of
 spermaceti.

Sheweth the inferiority of
 a certain light in a japanned
 lamp to spermaceti.

Sheweth the eminent use of
 spermaceti in sundry games.

Sheweth the social effects
 of a spermaceti in the Straits
 of Babelmandel.

Sheweth the absurdity of
 comparing oil or gas to the
 spermaceti candle.

Concluding stanza, in
 which is sentimentally sum-
 med up the rare qualities of
 a spermaceti candle.

Another conclusion, by
 way of ending.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IDLER.

No. IV.

"Those who inflict must suffer,—for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense."

I LAY until night-fall on the deck, in that state of extreme exhaustion which is neither life nor death, but partakes of the bitterness of both. I was suffering under a species of palsy, alike of mind and body; the power of volition was suspended—I was either in a state of perfect lethargy or dread and weakly convulsion; my thoughts, my sensations, my feelings, were all produced by irregular stimuli, over which I had no control: my limbs were all relaxed; the irritable principle seemed ebbing from the muscles—ebbing and ebbing fast away. My heart was crushed, and my mind had, as it were, swung from its moorings, and was drifting helmless through the realms of dream. My very senses, when they did act, acted only to play me false—every thing seemed cold to my touch, while within I was consuming with a slow fire. The most appalling sounds, the wildest cries, were bellowed in my ears, or borne to me from the distance on the sobbing breeze;—the *μυγμοί* and the *ὤγμοί*,* and the avenging whoop ringing over land and sea, pursuing the devoted under the earth—into the realms of night—and for the eternity of ages! And the burden of the Erynnæan hymn—

Ἦτι δὲ τῶ τιθυμίν
Τόδι μίλος, παραποσά,
Παραφορά, φεινδαλίς,
Ἦτινος ἐξ Ἑριννύων,
Δίσμιος φεινὼν ἀφ' ὀρ-
μικταί, αἰὺνα βροτοῖς.†

Here was the oracle of the searching,

the eternal, the inexorable fate! Already did I fancy myself *ἀναιμάτων βόσκημα*, *δαίμονων σκίον*. And now the very forms were palpable to the visionary eye—the detestable, the disgusting band! Neither women, nor gorgons, nor harpies, but hideous resemblances unto each!—the hags!—the antique virgins!—whom neither god, nor man, nor beast can embrace.

Γραῖαι, παλαιαὶ παῖδες, αἷς οὐ μίγνυται
ἑσίων τις, οὐδ' ἀνθρώπος, οὐδὲ θερ ποτί.

But now they had snuffed up the scent of blood—that blood which would not sink into the earth and be forgotten—*δυσεγκίμστοι παπαί*—and every cliff and rock of the iron-bound coast from which I was departing rendered them forth;—the implacable Furies! And they were gathering on the crest of each high wave that chased our vessel, like a courser in his might; and they danced, and shouted, and flung their snaky locks on the mad wind, and whirled their avenging whips, as they drove me, a God-abandoned exile from my native shores, to some savage, and distant, and inscrutable land. But where? Oh! my brain burned with a sick and smouldering fire, when I thought on the question of the Spirit of Wisdom, and the answer of the ministers of Fate.

ἈΘΗΝΑ—Καὶ τῶ κτάνοντι σοῦ τὸ τίημα
τῆς φυγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ—Ὅσου τὸ χαίρειν μηδαμῶ νομί-
ζεται;‡

* The sounds issuing from the lips of the Furies, when the shade of Clytemnestra is rousing them from the slumber into which they have sunk.

† As none of the translations of the Eumenides of Æschylus, in the most remote degree approach the original, I will attempt a paraphrase of the burden of the tremendous chorus the Furies sing over Orestes, the atrocious strain, *μούσαι στυγερὰν*—as they themselves style it.

O'er the doom'd one this the strain!—
To cloud the mind,—to fire the brain,—
To prostrate all the power of thought,—
The Furies' hymn, thus defily wrought,
To chain the spirit in a spell,—

Strange to the lyre,—man-withering—fell!—H. M.

‡ *Athena*.—And for the slayer where the limit of flight?

Chorus.—Where to rejoice is in no sort permitted!—H. M.

As I lay in my berth, this passive state of loathsome being was succeeded by a wild reaction. The fever-fit ~~was~~ on me—the blood now boiled in my veins—my brain was whirling in flame—I was on the verge of madness! I sprung up; I would not wait till madness clung me;—I went forth. The moon was streaming its cool and gentle light upon the deep: a sinuous scarf, woven of silver rays, heaved softly on old Ocean's bosom, like a gossamer kerchief on the breast of woman. I plunged into the deep, and rising far, far away from the vessel's track, I stretched on and, onwards, enveloped in a glory of that gentle light. Sancta Maria, how delicious! An inexplicable calm was on me and around me. Had I passed through those fabled waters which wash away all earthly stains—the foul traces of grief, and guilt, and passion—I could not have been more free from recollection, more perfectly possessed by a tingling sensation of soft rapture, in the absence of all thought.

Thus did I stretch onwards, rejoicing in the deep and dreamless silence of my heart.

But, alas! alas! humanity is weak, and humanity is mean. My strength began to fail. I was now unwilling to give up my life; I struggled on. But whither? There was not a speck to be seen upon the boundless ocean-floods; there was no hope of relief that justified the least exertion. And yet, with a dogged resolution I *did* struggle on, and on, and on, long after all my muscles felt, as it were, coiled up to prevent my striking out—long, indeed, after every motion had become torture indescribable, and when it would have seemed to me bliss supreme to fold my hands above my head, and sink to everlasting rest.

I was picked up by the boat of a vessel which I had not seen, and which must have been holding the same course with myself. When dragged on board I fainted, and ~~lost~~ copiously from the nostrils.

In a few days I was able to take my place in the cabin of Captain Bardolph.

A strange fellow was Bardolph—an excellent sailor—a brave man, possessing good natural parts, but of the

most extraordinary cast of mind withal. Fortune had dealt with him right scurvily, and yet he had borne himself so oddly in their encounters, that one could have scarcely blamed the capricious goddess, even if she had enjoyed her eyesight.

Although wearing an immense shew of reasoning, a metaphysician might have well pronounced poor Bardolph mad. He always argued right; but he always argued from wrong principles. He had been all his life doing things which would have been extremely wise if the hypotheses whereon he acted had been well founded: but they never were.

He entered the navy in his early youth, and obtained his lieutenancy before the ordinary time, as a reward for extreme gallantry in action. Shortly after his father died, and by returning home to take possession of an ample patrimony, he lost his chance of farther promotion at that stirring period. A law-suit awaited him on the beach, and by suffering it to be decided by arbitration the sailor lost half his estate. It did not leave the family, however; it went to a near relation, who was a lawyer.

To repair his fortunes, he married an heiress. In due course she brought him a number of fine children, but never a foot of land or a sou of money. There were unsettled claims upon the property which descended to her; most of it had been purchased by her father, and certain kinsmen and creditors of the ancient possessors really had claims, and a great many people said they had. In pursuance, however, of the best legal advice, Bardolph resisted them *en masse*, and the lands were by consequence thrown into chancery, where they were sweated for the usual time, and at last sold for one-tenth of their value. Bardolph, of course, got nothing. There was no surplus for him; and, moreover, in the course of the proceedings he had been again and again obliged to raise money, and had heaped mortgage upon mortgage on the remaining moiety of his paternal estate. This was bad enough in all conscience, but it neither soured his temper nor dashed his hopes; his maternal uncle was a nabob, and he had long since been named his heir. But, alas! the old gentleman, to enjoy the attentions of a nurse, took unto himself a wife, and dying he bequeathed to her all his personalities; and, by levying fines

and suffering recoveries, he had contrived to add to them the value of his landed property.

Bardolph, in obedience to the immediate suggestions, as he conceived, of the blue-eyed Athena, like the divine Achilles, smothered his wrath, and lived upon the best possible terms with the widow, until the hour when she too glided under the earth. He was not forgotten in her will; all his uncle's books, and one hundred pounds, to buy a mourning-ring, were bequeathed to him. The rest of her property she left to a host of charitable institutions. For the last few years of her life she had been devout exceedingly.

Bardolph was by no means curious either in books or rings;—so the first he sold, and the emblem of mourning he never bought, but expended the money in again procuring the best legal opinions: they were directly in favour of an attempt to break the will. But clear as the case was, not a sixpence could he raise. When you have no money, you can get no law (to say nothing of justice); so Bardolph was compelled to be quiet. And now the only question that remained for him was how to disembarrass the residue of his patrimonial property of its pestiferous burthen. He addressed himself with infinite energy and diligence to its solution. Many fine woven schemes were devised; many put in execution: but each exertion served only to draw down fresh weights on the object of his solicitude, until at length it was fairly overwhelmed. And thus, after all his labours, poor Bardolph found, that, without being guilty of any crime, or the least extravagance, he had absolutely lost one half of his estate, and placed the other beyond his enjoyment or control.

Meantime—that is, during a period of thirty years—he had been repeatedly at sea, and had seen service in every quarter of the world; but he never rose higher than a lieutenant, although he had promises of patronage from every member that represented his native county, and promises of promotion from every successive administration. * * * He was now in command of the vessel bound to Moose Fort.

Bardolph's appearance, character, manners, and habits, were quite as strange as his story. Great was the

pride that swelled his bosom when he contemplated his person in a glass, or displayed its symmetry in the discharge of his functions upon deck. He was about five feet six in height, clean built, and well turned, with a slight tendency to corpulence. His head was grey, and his nose was, like his immortal namesake's, fiery red; and the red blood was curdled throughout the entire surface of his countenance.

* * * He was one whom few men knew, and most men held in no good odour; while those who knew him well, and liked him much, could not trust him for his waywardness of mind. From a want of fixed principles, an uncertainty of mind, and an intolerance of any thing approximating to present annoyance, he oftentimes did many things, which, albeit no evil was intended, yet bore they a most sinister aspect to the world. He possessed a most forgetive brain; he was perpetually throwing forth some glimpses of discoveries that had been made a thousand years before. His intellectual activity was wonderful, but never could be turned to good account; all his creations were incapable and incomplete.

* * * He was vain of every thing that ever distinguished humanity, excepting that part of knowledge and that personal attribute which he pre-eminently possessed—sailorship, and indomitable courage. He could blow an apocryphal tune through a broken-winded flute, and thence thought himself an accomplished musician. He could string together a queer jumble of rhymes, whereof the sense was occult, the while the aberrations from the received forms of spelling, grammar, and English, were obvious at a glance; and thus rendered him, in his own imagination, a born poet, a poet never to die, save that he had not as yet found leisure to cultivate the Muse. He was a painter, too, because he could make scratches on a paper, and had seen the finest paintings in the world; and he fancied that he spoke a multitude of languages, because he had visited the ports of every nation. And yet something had he really caught from his travels, and something from his dreamy and uninteresting course of existence. He was, in sooth, a good fellow—kind-hearted, generous, and confiding, and a most amusing companion. He had many

and many a tale to tell of adventures, in peace and war, amongst the inhabitants of the classic, the romantic, and the savage lands, and all were good—and, still more strange to say, all were true.

But his most cherished recollections winged their pilgrim-flight to the Mediterranean, to the isles of Greece, and to the Saturnian land. When there he had been buoyant with youth and hope—a jolly midshipman *à bonnes fortunes*. Oh! when he touched upon those halcyon days, the memory of the worser time (which did sometimes make him maudlin) altogether vanished from his view; and fresh and fair before him stood Palermo and Naples, the Elysian city, in all their primal beauty—and Nelson and his comrades—and Lady Hamilton, and all the Italian *bona robas*. He had been, it would seem, an especial favourite with her ladyship; and most quaintly was he wont to tell “as how he had been once obliged to haul his anchor” and be off, on the unexpected arrival of his illustrious commander.

A great authority, too, was he upon the names, history, qualities, and *physique* of all the singers and dancers, and such like, of the two cities, who then fluttered in their little sphere the gaudiest of butterflies, but had long since passed into the state of loathsome worms and were forgotten. In Bardolph's memory, however, they yet lived; and joyously would he dilate on all concerning them, from their triumphs in public to the private furniture of their dwellings,—the image of the Virgin that sanctified, and the ever-burning—the vestal light, that mellowly illuminated their places of repose.

His manners were those of an eccentric gentleman bred upon the seas. There was native courtesy and constitutional daring, and a cynical touch of self-satisfaction withal, which enabled him, in his own phrase, “to shove in his boat” any where, without offence; to make love forthwith to any woman, from a queen to a quean; and to bandy opinions outright with any man, from a king to a cad.

It was a curious peculiarity in Bardolph, that whereay in his narrations he rendered unto you, in most expressive language, and with scrupulous

fidelity, the vivid impressions on his memory of passages in his by-gone life; yet if you asked him a direct question, the odds were a thousand to one that he did not tell the truth, and this, not from any desire to deceive, in the bad sense of the word, but from that insecurity of mind and purpose to which I have before alluded. And most beautiful were his narrations, whether the scene was laid among the Greeks, or Turks, or Arabs, or Niggers, or Yankees, the plains of sunny France, the fairy cities of Italy, or “the vasty deep.” Eheu! eheu! I have listened to them for hours, and Bardolph loved me that I listened; and we were friends.

When Bardolph had once opened, he would never crack cry until “the crack of doom,” unless the ship affairs “did draw him thence,” or I retired to rest. He used to sing, too, occasionally; but this was always an inflection, for he selected the merriest carols, and sung them in the most lugubrious manner. In fine, he had not a perfect note in his voice.

“Ha!” said I to him once, as he was squeaking forth a Bacchanalian lyric, “often and often have you sung that song to the hoarse accompaniment of the Atlantic!”

“Ay!” spoke Bardolph in reply, getting still more into *alt*, to give due weight to the deep tones he would fain have uttered as he sung, “Ay! I have sung it many a league from land!”

He could drink rum and water—rum tinctured with water—*ad infinitum*. It had no more effect upon him than he could have had upon a sand-bag. And he could smoke with the vigour and perseverance of a steam-engine.

It was he who first taught me to smoke tobacco; the effects—the alternate lethargy and wild excitement, each of a peculiar character—were most grateful, perhaps most beneficial to me at the time. The dulness of sensation, the oblivious stupor, was to me above all price; for well did I feel with the wo-stricken blind old man—

Τὸ γὰρ
Τὴν φροντίδ' ἔξω τῶν λαλῶν εἰκίσιν, γλυκύ;

and the excitement was of a nature so unusual, so extrinsic, so unreal, as far

as the thoughts, and passions, and recollections of the individual man we concerned, that it was welcome, and had many charms. For dimly does my memory yet retain the dreamy trace of visions quaint and bright, and beautiful, lofty imaginings, and revelations more than mortal, which were rolled athwart my mind in that strange condition of existence, which was neither sleep nor wake, but a state of conscious repose. Here, steeped in tranquillity, and feeling that I was so, I used to gaze upon my visionary self, at one moment toiling and triumphing in many a high adventure, such as won glory for the conquerors of earth; and at another bearing away the wreaths of Eloquence and Poesy, and launching adown the tide of Time creations which, it seemed, were to float there conspicuous, and adored of all men for all generations; but which, in sooth, were merely as leaves cast on an autumnal stream — fair things, but worthless, passing away on its dark bosom, never to return, never to be united in their homeless wanderings. * * *

These were amongst the effects of the weed on me in its young excitement. But in after days, often and often did I find the pipe a companion in the terrible solitude of the primeval forest, and a solace and a relief in the barricade on the boundless plains of snow, when hunger was tearing my vitals, and the flame of exhausted life was flickering in its socket.

When an afternoon once hung heavy on my hands, at the château of my friend Le Comte de St. Prie, I said to an ancient servant, "Antoine, cherchez-moi un livre." "Hélas! monsieur," replied he, "nous n'avons pas plus de livres."—(They had been sacrificed as a burnt-offering to the Goddess of Reason, or Liberty, I forget which, on the outbreak of the revolution.)—"Eh bien! donc, mon ami; apportez-moi quelque chose à manger. Une tranche de jambon, par exemple." "Et du vin, monsieur! — mais, sans doute." "Va-t-en!"

This conversation took place many years after, but I was now acting on the same principle. I ate, drank, smoked, and listened to Bardolph.

When we arrived at Rupert's Land, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Company were at feud. Their retainers fought almost whenever they met, and much blood was spilt. It was a most disgusting parody on warfare,—there was neither love, honour, nor chivalry in it: they murdered solely from the sordid impulse of gam. Each company supplied the Indians with goods upon credit at the fall of the year,* and each had trading-posts (log huts, in which three or four men principal hunting-grounds of the Indians to receive the skins. *The Hudson's Bay people had, in almost every in-

* It is customary to give each Indian credit, at the fall of the year, for from 50 to 500 skins, according to his ability as a hunter. The rate of exchange, when Sir Reginald was in Rupert's Land, was as follows:—

1 yard of coarse cloth	3 beaver skins.
1 blanket, according to size.	2, 3, or 4
1 lb. of powder	1
3 shot	1
1 foot of tobacco (roll).	1
1 fusil (Birmingham manufacture)	10
1 kettle (copper or tin) from	1 to 4
2 hatchets	1
1 calico shirt	1
1 skein net twine	1
2 ice chisels	1

Take the beaver skin as the standard of value.

1 full-grown beaver skin equals	1
2 cub ditto	1
1 prime otter	2
2 marten, <i>vulgo</i> sable	1
3 ditto female	1
10 musquash (muskrat)	1
4 mink	1
2 lynx	1
1 prime bear	2
1 black fox (exceeding rare).	4—H. M.

stance, the worst of the encounters with their rivals. I determined on taking a turn in their service. I wanted the stimulus of that selfish feeling which in its extremity benumbs, if it do not for the time absorb all others—animal want; and the constant necessity of exertion to provide for it. I was most anxious to see the Indians in their woods and prairies, and to become familiar with savage life: I then proposed to myself to dwell for ever in the forest.

As I was sauntering upon the esplanade in front of Moose Fort, my attention was drawn to a conversation that was going forward between the governor and an Indian. The governor was pressing him eagerly to account for the mode in which he became possessed of a dagger he had stuck in his girdle. He was anxious to convict him of having trafficked with the rival company. The Indian evaded all his questions for a time, but at last, to acquit himself of the imputed infidelity, confessed that he had, when the ship was there last year, purchased a belaying-pin from one of the sailors for a marten's skin; and that he had since, by hammering it between two stones, converted it into the form and fashion of a dagger. A close examination of the instrument proved that the statement was literally true.

Neegonaubée (Ironside) was a great hunter, a great warrior, and, by birth, a great chief. He was adored by the Indians, respected and liked by the people of the factory; he was about twenty-two years old, and certainly one of the finest men I ever saw. Nothing could be more perfect, either for strength or beauty, than the symmetry of his limbs. The colour of his face was a clear olive, and not deeper than I have oftentimes seen in Italy. The features were sufficiently regular, and the expression of his countenance was mild and thoughtful, and intellectual without.

* Black insects which are scarcely perceptible, but of whose presence you are most painfully sensible. They bury themselves in the corner of the eye, near the lachrymal duct, in the nostrils, under the nails, &c. &c., and make you feel as if you were pricked with a red-hot cambric needle. And if you attempt to ease your pain, by rubbing the part affected, inflammation follows immediately.

† Little flies that abound in the sandy districts, and annoy you cursedly by taking up their quarters in your eye-brows, whiskers, the back of the neck, and so forth. Their bite draws blood, and produces great soreness and irritation in the part assailed.

Neegonaubée was an unconnected man—he attached himself to me—he became my immediate follower.

Many fatigues did we undergo, many hardships did we endure together—cold, disease, and, above all, hunger; the effects of which I have never since recovered—fatigues and hardships which few Europeans can conceive, and that no tongue can tell.

Here, then, was the savage existence I had sought—most precarious, most terrible; and yet it had its charms. An intense longing seizes on me ever and anon to resume it. The beast that has once lapped blood will seek it for ever; the man that has once eaten human flesh never can altogether quench his longing for it—a gore-stained demon has possessed him. Hence is it considered by the Indians lawful to slay him. The man that hath lived in the forest never can perfectly, and for aye, reconcile himself to civilisation; his spirit chafes against the systematic falsehood and artificial restraints to which he is perpetually exposed. He pines under the consciousness that he is enmeshed—that a sinuous net is around him, potent to constrain, albeit, like the fabled links from the Lemnian forge, perceptible only when it presses;—and ever and anon he is tempted to break forth.

“And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.”

Yet no where does man feel more completely the vanity of the title he assumes than in the forest. “Lord of the Creation” forsooth! Why, the meanest insects tyrannise over him; the brûlots,* the sand-flies,† and the mosquitos, make him miserable, and sore as Job; the frogs and toads, and paltriest birds—whip-poor-wills, and the like—proclaim to him “Sleep no more;” and the great grizzly bear dashes at him for trespassing on his

domains, with the reckless vindictiveness of a Norman baron.

Ha! ha! Talk of the glorious sports of the chase—a pastime worthy only of gods and heroes! Ha! ha! ha! true, most true! But here the usual order of things is inverted. The sport is all on the side of the stalworth Sir Bruin; the flight, the fear, the deadly efforts, the deadlier struggles of despair, are all on the side of “the lord of the creation.” Sir Bruin whips you in with a few uncouth capers, upon a pack of men and dogs—he cares not one jot how numerous—and straight they all fly before him, in the extremity of pale fright. He follows in a clumsy shuffling trot; his appearance is quite as unfashionable as his gait: but nobody laughs. To them he is *Νεκρή βαῖ ἀπάλατος ὑπὸ πύγαις*. They know full well that he is staunch as a bloodhound, and untiring as the Furies. Like them, indeed, he has no wings; but neither is he to be distanced upon land or water.

You all fire at him in your retreat—crack! crack! crack! crack!—but he continues the charge at double-quick time. You have wounded him!—aye, most true!—But, pshaw! he cares not for you, unless you can hit him smack upon the snout, or dash the lead into his brain. Well! you have fired, and what are you to do now! If there were a hundred of the party, the thought of making a stand never once occurs to you. Sir Bruin would undoubtedly be slain, and fall he would fall knightly; but as surely would he drag some luckless biped with him to the realms of night: and as nobody is certain that he may not be the doomed one, why nobody will chivalrously face Sir Bruin.

But if you have an expanse of forest before you, you make for a tree. Bruin, stupid as you think him—a mere Telamonian Ajax of the forest—is not slow to perceive this; and feeling that the chase is drawing to an end, he redoubles his speed. You climb—and well and rapidly must you climb—for if you be within the long stretch of those tremendous claws, your farther progress is arrested for ever, for

Bruin is ascending with astounding agility in your rear. If you succeed in stunning him with blows on the snout with the butt of your gun, or in splitting his snout with your axe, it is all well; but if not, that which was your dainty person will be speedily paraded in a living sepulchre about the domains of Sir Bruin, the grizzly hunter, the great warden of the forest, by nature's patent.

Or we will suppose that you are not very far from your canoe—that you reach it—launch it—that all are safe, men and dogs and all. You are paddling joyously down the stream, and breathing hard but free after the pleasures of the run. *Wah!* where is that old grizzly scoundrel! you would like to have another shot at him, d—n him! Thus are you cursing him in Attic-English, the while the Indian, in his own tongue, is upbraiding him as a *mecchi anim*—a bad dog.* When, hush! what is that bursting through the willows? Plop! plop! plop! plop! Hurra! hurra! it is Sir Bruin himself! Hurra! Work—work with the paddles! But, hush! he's wounded! he is wounded! his life's blood is flowing!—as he ploughs the waters, he leaves behind him a blood-stained wake. Phlaugh! he is not to be checked by that; he is bearing down fast and faster on you. The only chance is in the paddle. On! on!—away! away! But, like the old avengers of blood, he is neither to be baffled or fatigued, or left behind. Your labours are all in vain—Sir Bruin is alongside! Strike at him! ay, strike at him with paddles, and axes, and guns, and tomahawks! There is yet the fitting shade of a chance left, if you strike boldly and steadily at his snout. But now, even that is gone! One of those immense paws, like the Meechi-Manitou† itself, is amongst you. Down goes the canoe!—jump, you devils! Happy is he who can spring clear, or dive safe. But one unfortunate is received in the strict embrace of Bruin, and his shriek urges the surviving swimmers to their desperate struggle to the land. * * *

Huzza, then, for Sir Bruin! With

* One of the three terms of reproach, or abuse, known to the Indians. The other two are *es-squaw*, an old woman, and *uakei*, meaning much the same thing. It is a part which, by synecdoche, is not unfrequently put for the whole, in many languages.—H. M.

† The Evil-spirit, distinguished in the Indian language from the Spirit of Power and Goodness by a single letter. Keechi-Manitou is the Almighty Spirit.

other animals man may fight for sport, or gain, or glory; but with Lord Grizzle he always combats for his life. Huzza!

The equipment of a man for winter work in the Musacago, or, as we call it, Rupert's Land, consists, first, of the *scute taugen* (fire-bag), which contains articles absolutely essential to your existence from hour to hour—flints, steel, *pissaugen* (natural tinder, taken from the knots of decayed trees, and especially from the birch), matches of cotton-wick steeped in sulphur, tobacco, a pipe, *wauheekoman* (a crooked knife, useful for scooping and cutting, and therefore for making paddles, bowls, the frame-work of snow-shoes, canoe timbers, and a host of other things), needles, deer sinews, even unto threads, answering the purpose of twine and thread, and the like, which would not hold. Then comes your tomahawk, kettle for the party, mocassins, snow-shoes, and a blanket; and, if you so fancy, guns.* The dress is not of that order which would please a London fashionable or a Paris *élégant*. You have a deer-skin shirt—the best thing to resist the nipping wind—bound with a girdle, to which, on either side, is attached a piece of cloth, which, passing between the thighs, answers the purpose of breeches; deer-skin leggings (so to call them), extending

from the ankles nearly to the hip, and fastened through a loop to the girdle; a rough cloth vest, lined with blanket; and a strange species of double-breasted frock, lapping over the chest, fastened under the throat by a button, or skewer of silver or wood, as it may happen, and drawn tight by a belt round the waist. The head-dress is made of cloth, always either white or red; it entirely resembles the ancient hood, or calotte, and is admirably adapted for protecting your neck and back from the heaps of snow that fall from the trees as you move through the forest. On the feet, for warmth and protection against the chafing of the snow-shoe-strap, you have three pieces of blanket, 12 inches by 20 each, wrapped around, and over these the mocassin,† or bag of deer-skin, and, last, the snow-shoes.‡ For the hands you have a pair of mittens, or deer-skin bags, lined with blanket, slung from the shoulders by a strap that passes behind the neck. Each man carries on his back his rations of flour and salt-pork—the best meat for its weight.

In the first week of January I set out from Lake Macobemish, near Moose river, to visit the outposts. I was accompanied by Neegonaubée and two Bois-brûlés.§ In our first day's journey, by crossing the lakes and

* In Rupert's Land, guns are seldom carried in the depth of winter, except as a means of defence against human enemies. There is then little or no game to be met. Buds and beasts are, for the most part, alike buried in the snow, in a state of torpor.

† The mocassin is kept tight to the foot by means of a thong, which is laced through holes in a broad strap of deer skin, stitched to the lower part, and wrapping round the ankle. The large quantity of blanket is useful in preventing the heat of the foot from dissolving the snow on the netting of the *raquet*, under the ball of the toe; and thus giving occasion for the creation of a lump of ice on it every twenty minutes, which you are obliged to knock off with your axe, which impedes and affects you extremely.—H. M.

‡ The "snow-shoe" is not a shoe at all. It is a thing shaped like a paper kite, and consists of a wooden rim, two transverse bars, and some net-work of fine deer thongs. It is about 4½ feet long, 1½ foot broad, and 1½ lb. weight. The net-work resembles that in a racket, that between the bars and either extremity is very fine and close, just open enough to permit the snow to sift through it, that in the centre, between the bars themselves, is strong, for on this does the foot rest. Herein, too, there is a hole, over which the first joint of the foot lies, and works like a hinge; it passes through a thong, which, after going over it, is rolled round the heel. Thus it will be seen, the fore-part of the foot is alone attached to the machine, and it supports the weight of the fore-part of "the snow-shoe," while the latter part trails on the ground. Here there are two objects gained; first, the "snow-shoe" is not borne, but trailed; secondly, the natural action of the foot, as in walking, is sufficient alike to enable you to proceed and to elevate the fore-part of the "snow-shoe," so as to bring it clear of catching and tripping you up. The Canadians more appropriately call the machine "raquet."—H. M.

§ The children of Indian mothers by European fathers, called Bois-brûlés (charred sticks) by the Canadians from the dark colour of their skins, as the British troops were called "red sticks" by the Yankees from the colour of their coats,

following the course of the rivers, we accomplished about five-and-twenty miles. On the open lakes and rivers, where the wind sweeps freely, the snow is closely packed, so that the snow-shoe, excepting immediately after a heavy fall of snow, never sinks more than three or four inches, and you get on gaily. But in the woods it is quite another thing.

At sunset we entered the woods to make our barricade. It is done thus: One of the party, using his snow-shoe as a shovel, clears out a hole in the snow of about eight feet by seven. Having come to the ground, he smooths it by breaking the lumps of ice, frozen moss, and clods, with the back of his axe. Another, descending to the river, procures a kettle of water by cutting a hole in the ice; and, on his return, fells some four or five bushy trees,—preferring the Canada balsam or the spruce, from the closeness of the brush. From these he knocks off the branches, which, being frozen, snap at a blow, and spreads them thickly on the bottom of the barricade, so as to make a soft, fragrant, and elastic couch.

Meantime the two other men have felled a number of dry trees, and one tree with the sap yet within it. All are cut into logs, some six feet long, and piled horizontally at one end of the barricade. You next gather some birch bark or dry moss, splinter some dry wood, and strike a light:—you have then a fire; and, like one of Homer's heroes, begin to cook your victuals. Having set the kettle to boil, each man divests himself of his leggings, socks, and mocassins, and puts on dry things, leaving the others suspended in the smoke. All then lie down, wrapped in their blankets, side by side, enjoying the luxury of their pipes. When the meat is boiled, each man devours his two or three pounds of it, and consigns himself to sleep. Sweet sleep, the filmy-eyed, comes to him speedily,

for he is aweary! Nor does the crackling of the trees, in the crushing and grinding frost, sounding like a straggling fire of musketry, and reverberated by a thousand echoes, disturb him;—nor does he long keep his eye on the glorious heavens, albeit they are stripped bare to the ether—where all the stars are seen, and the frequent meteors are rustling in their fleet career.

When the fire becomes low, the cold awakens him; he throws down more logs, smokes another pipe, and goes to sleep again. But before day-break he is on the alert, to mend his snow-shoes, mocassins, &c. &c., and prepare for his journey. His breakfast is light as his supper was heavy; one or two lumps of baked dough, and, if he have it, a pint of tea.

Like the wild geese, we take turn in leading the file—in beating the track, as it is called—each for about two hours, so as to share the labour and danger amongst us. The labour falls heaviest on the first man, for he sinks deepest in the snow; and he incurs the greatest danger, inasmuch as he has to run the chance of disappearing through those holes in the ice which are occasioned by springs and other causes, but which are as well covered with snow as any other part of the lake or river, and which, while walking on the level plain of snow, it is impossible to detect.

About an hour after sunrise, on the second morning, we arrived at the little river which forms the outlet of the Lake Wahebeestigaun, (the marten's path,) at the opposite extremity of which the trading post was situated. We could now see the house; it was not more than three miles distant. We did not, however, attempt to proceed to it in a right line. The ice on this lake, in the Indian phrase, was

which, being "King George's livery," was scarlet, I guess! In the famous national ode of the New World, we read—

"But the Varmenteese, as thick as bees,
Came down with their long rifles;
And then they thought, as just they ought,
The 'RED-STICKS' were but trifles.

Yankee doodle-doodle-do,
Yankee doodle dandy—
Yankee doodle how-wow,
With the girls be handy."

Vide "American Anthology," edited by JOHN CALFERN CYNICK, M.A. LL.D., &c. vol. i. p. 101. T.H. M.

treacherous; it abounded in holes, into which, when covered with snow, the passenger might well be precipitated unawares. We accordingly followed a tolerably open path along the brink of the lake, and through the skirts of the wood, which descended to the water's edge.

Before plunging into this track, however, we all for a moment gazed intently on the house; but no word was uttered. I led the party; and after advancing some sixty or seventy yards through the underwood, I stopped where a huge pine-tree, the victim of countless winters, lay dead and prostrate in its shroud of snow. It barred our way. The Indian and the others joined me.

I had been instantaneously struck with alarm at not observing any smoke from the cabin, but had abstained from making any remark. To testify surprise or anxiety at the moment would have been unbecoming in a great chief; but now I conceived the etiquette of the forest allowed me to take counsel. Neegonaubée, who, by virtue of his rank, walked next to me in the file, addressed me in a low calm voice, and said, "What has my brother seen?"

"What my eyes have looked for they have not seen."

"My brother's eyes are not shut."

Without farther conversation we advanced, and every succeeding step tended to confirm us in the conjecture that the post had been abandoned, or that some evil had befallen its tenants. There was still no trace of smoke, the slightest curl or feather of which must have been visible in the clear yet sullen sky. We had not more than half a dozen miles to go, but before we neared our destination the day was far spent. Our progress was slow and toilsome to a degree; from the looseness of the snow, at every step we sunk to the knee; and the snow-shoe was constantly getting entangled in the underwood and roots of trees, now tripping you up, and now tearing the netting of the raquet; and, in forcing our way through the trees, we were perpetually drawing down on our heads heaps of snow, in which we were well-nigh overwhelmed.

At length we approached the house, without being able to discover the track of living thing. We reached the door and lifted the latch, its only

fastening upon ordinary occasions, but now it was secured from within. We called aloud. There was no answer, save the dread echo of our own voices. We went round to the back of the house; there for the first time we perceived a track. It was a beaten track—a human track—and evidently led to some clumps of willows and dwarf woods; but it was covered with a sinuous veil of the last night's snow. Neegonaubée stooped down, and deftly brushed away with his mitten the covering from one of the plainest prints of the moccasin. He uttered a low deep "Huh!"—the ordinary exclamation of the Indian; but here it was not simply of savage satisfaction—the death-boding *wégnaw* of an enemy's route—or of mere excitement, or emotion, or horror. It partook of each; and there was an expression of bitter anguish mixed in it withal.

He spoke not, however, but forthwith turned to the house, and burst in a wooden shutter which secured an opening answering alike the purposes of door and window. He sprung into the house—we followed. By the struggling light which broke upon us from the opening behind, we saw two men lying on the floor on their backs, and covered with a blanket. We removed it—stared them;—they were dead and frozen! The flesh from the breasts and limbs had been partly cut away. We broke open the door with a few desperate blows from the butts of our guns, and the whole diabolic scene lay exposed to view. There were ashes on the hearth—we found them fresh and warm; a kettle lay close beside, and from it there protruded a human hand, mangled and torn with the teeth. In a corner lay bones of different descriptions, flung together—the smallest bones of the human body, I would say, such as of the feet and hands, and the like. We turned the men over: one displayed a tomahawk-wound on the back of the head; the other had received a deep wound on the left temple, and a second wound on the face beneath the left eye.

The whole mystery was now explained—the men had been murdered! but wherefore, and by whom? Not by an enemy simply for vengeance; the position in which we found them, the successive removals of masses of flesh, the appearance of the interior, and

every thing that presented itself to the eye about the hut, proved this;—not, by overpowering numbers, whose force rendered resistance useless and paralysed exertion, for the track was that of a single person, who, moreover, could not be far away. This was manifest from the very existence of the track, the freshness of the ashes, and the warmth of the hearth.*

With a common consent, which, in the intensity of our horror and rage, was felt by all, and acted upon without word or sign, we set forth in search of the murderer. I was led forward by the desire to avenge; my followers were goaded onwards by a still higher motive. They sought to drive an evil spirit from the tenement he usurped, and to deliver mankind from the ills to which it was in his power, while clothed in mortal mould, to subject them. More of this hereafter. We returned to the track we had discovered behind the house. Here we had to wait some moments for Neegonaubée. We wished him to take the lead; but, as chief, I of course hesitated to express that wish. He should have volunteered; it was not for me to ask.

At length he came; and, on arriving at the track, let his gun fall heavily, and leaned upon it, wrapt in some emotion which I could not penetrate. The features betrayed little of the workings of the spirit within, whatever they might have been; but the frame appeared as if shaken by a slight convulsion, and then the countenance was calm, and grave, and passionless as ever. He raised his eye slowly from the ground, and fixing it full on me, asked, in his usual low and soft accents,—

"Does my brother see the trail of a bad dog?"

My reply was, "I see it; let us follow!" and I set forth upon the track.

The Indian remained in the rear; his head hung heavily, and he seemed to drag his limbs after him as though they performed their office most unwillingly. He was like a man moving in a dream,—in that passive state of being wherein volition is stagnant, or suspended, and the power of a spell draws you wearily onward in the appointed course. I could not imagine the cause of his dejection. Murder and cannibalism could have been no new things to him; the corpse of the murdered, the relics of the devoured, must have been sights familiar to him from his childhood. Why should they now work upon him after so strange a fashion?

We reached the low woods, and here we found several tracks along the walks of the Alpine hare, wherein snares were set. This proved that some human being was near. We came upon a track; it was well nigh fresh; it was evidently that of an Indian woman. Neegonaubée gazed on it for a moment, wildly and listlessly; but in the next his eye lightened, and he stood once more erect; and removing the covering from his gun, he examined the flint, and renewed the priming.

We proceeded rapidly in the track,—the Indian now leading the way with inclined body and expanded nostril. We had not advanced more than a couple of hundred yards, when he exclaimed, *Scude!* (fire); and soon after we, too, first smelt smoke, and next saw it darkling in the cold thin atmosphere in fantastic feathers. It proceeded from a wigwam, which was entirely concealed from the eye by the drifted snow, presenting, as it did, simply the appearance of a hillock.

We approached the wigwam,—entered it; a woman was seated on the fir-brush which was strewn upon the floor;

* The tracks of the Alpine hare are formed during the first fall of snow, and never afterwards abandoned; chance determines them. One hare makes a path through the snow,—all the others follow in the same; hence they are easily snared. They feed on the bark and young shoots of the willow and alder. The saplings of one of these are used to capture them; it is bent down towards the track, and attached by some cord to another small tree, which is bent across the track, and inserted into the ground on the opposite side. The bent tree is attached to the arch by a slip-knot; but the cord ends in a running noose, which fills up the area of the arch. To prevent the hare from being frightened from his path by the appearance of the arch, a few slight twigs are stuck in the snow at either side; and the animal never fails to hold his old course, and so run his head into the noose. By moving forward, he draws it tight about his neck; his further struggles unloose the slip-knot which kept the tree bent to the arch across the track; the tree springs back into its erect position, and the hare is left dangling from it.—H. M.

the walls were hung round with rabbit skins, and some rabbits were boiling in a kettle on the fire. The woman rose not, but just looked up for an instant at the party, and then cast down her eyes. Cleuster, one of the Boisbrulés, asked her, in her own tongue, what had been the fate of our people! She made no reply. After waiting some time, I addressed her, with the authority which belonged to the *hoogemah* (the great chief); still she answered not. But after a short pause, she muttered some words, without raising her eyes or altering her position, from which we could gather, that the men had died of starvation, soon after the lake was covered with the first ice; that the provisions they had brought with them had failed, and that they caught no fish.

Hitherto, Neegonaubée had remained silent and motionless; but his eye having now caught, among the billets of fire-wood, a parcel, covered with the bark of the birch,* and tied with the delicate fibres of pine-root, he took it up, and found it contained a lump of human flesh, apparently cut from the buttock of a man. He held it in his outstretched hand towards the woman. She spoke not—gazed not—shuddered not; but raised herself slowly from the ground, and stood with her head hanging on her breast, and her blanket gathered close around her.

The Indian let fall the flesh from his hand, placed the muzzle of his gun against her breast, and fired. After a convulsive bound into the air, she fell a corpse. She was his sister,—his only surviving relative!

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

THE World of Dreams —

Of that enchanted and untrodden land,
Where music finds a voice in winds and streams,
And flowers are blooming gay with golden beams,
Whose leaves are fann'd
By breezes wafting odours from their wings —
The home of all bright things.

The visions fair

Of fleeting grandeur, or of ling'ring love;
Of wealth the hidden caves of ocean bear,
And mirror'd gems the waveless waters share
With heaven above;
Of forms familiar, voices loved and known,
And looks once all our own.

Ye realms of sleep,

That cast a shadow o'er the sleepless soul,
Beneath the closed eyelids gently creep,
And o'er their founts, unfathomably deep,
Your clouds unroll,
Whence beautiful delusions have been sent,
Strange—full of wonderment!

Night! whose soft arm

And tender bosom cradle the world's rest,
Whose darkness slumber into light can charm,
Whose eve is lost in day all wild and warm,
Whose aims are blest
Above all human purposes and powers,
With blessings always ours—

* The Indians wrap up all food that they highly prize and consider a delicacy in this way.—H. M.

Whence — what are ye,
That send our shrouded eyes such magic sights —
Now scattering showers of wealth all fast and free,
The treasures of the earth, the sky, and sea,
With such delights,
As never yet to waking thoughts gave sign
Of pleasure so divine ?

The world around
Is full of nature's sweet philosophy ;
There's not a flower that blossoms on the ground,
But in whose leaves some wisdom might be found :
The earth and sky,
To all a knowledge and a beauty bring,
But none such as ye fling.

The sinless child
 Hath dreams of sweetest ecstasy ; they raise
 A light like that with which his mother smiled
 When first she met the glances, bright and wild,
Of his sweet gaze ;
 And there are radiant shapes in seraph guise,
 That peep into his eyes.

The dreaming youth
Hath visions bright as beauty can impart,
Of rosy lips that clothe the pearled tooth,
And eyes whose looks shed worlds of love and truth
Around his heart,
And stir its hidden depths with hopes and fears,
That linger there for years.

The blushing maid
Entwines her fingers in her glossy hair,
While her fond looks the silken lashes shade ;
And there in loving trance, too soon to fade,
Come visions rare :—
Her dazzling breast pants wildly as she sleeps—
She wakes, she sighs, she weeps !

But brighter still,
And fairer than the sunny clouds that roll
Their golden glory over vale and hill,
Are those sweet visions whose deep raptures fill
The poet's soul;
The priceless pleasures, and the sumless gains,
Which his full breast retains.

The fairy light,
That halos like a presence from above
His curtain'd eyes ; each sound, and every sight
That greets his ever-wakeful sense, with bright
And lasting love,
And joy, and rapture, such as none can guess,
Save him whose soul they bless.

The earth and air,
The secret garner of the restless sea,
Heaven's starry mysteries, the rich and rare,
The wild and grand, the beautiful and fair,
 Their largess free,
Upon his eye and ear in gladness rain,
And stir his heart and brain.

And he hath sought
 Sweet converse with immortal Sophocles ;
 Soul-stirring Eschylus his grandeur brought
 And he, divine in poetry and thought,
 Euripides,
 Has open'd in his heart the secret springs,
 And found his spirit wings.

* The good and sage,
 Whose minds imperishable wealth unfold --
 The high and mystic truths of Milton's page,
 The living wisdom for the world's wide stage
 That Shakespeare told ;
 And many more in his sweet sleep rehearse
 Their all-enduring verse.

The heroic dead
 Awake from their deep slumbers to his own,
 And shower on him the glory they had shed
 On bygone ages, fled — ah ! that they have !
 To him are shewn
 Marmoreal wonders, and each swift design
 In beauty's honour'd shine.

And a light then
 Comes flashing every beam that beauty owns,
 From radiant shapes ; fair women and brave men,
 That claim the worship of his heart and pen ; —
 The sculptured stones,
 The lasting record of the wondrous Greek,
 That seem to breathe and speak.

O World of Dreams !
 That on the poet this proud boon confers —
 O flashing Looks, as bright as summer streams !
 O Smiles, that fill the air with sunny gleams ! •
 (Ah, how like hers !)
 O kindling Thoughts with them that wake and throng !
 Find ye a home in song !

WALTER VIVIAN THE SMUGGLER.

THERE is a small village on the coast of Cornwall, which was noted in times long gone by as a rendezvous for smugglers, but the name of which is withheld for reasons which will be given in the sequel.

Sixty years ago, though a place of some importance in this estimation of the daring men who lived by the infraction of the revenue-laws, it was nevertheless scarcely known beyond the limits of the county. Its name even yet has not found a line to honour it in any gazetteer; the beautiful river that glides past it, and the bright blue estuary which it overlooks, being known only to those who have drawn their first breath beyond the Dartmoor, or whom chance, or curiosity, or avarice, or duty, or love, have tempted so far "out of the world."

Beyond the immediate environs of the village (for town it should not be called) the country is wild and mountainous—bleak and sterile; the rugged rock sheltering the furze and fern from the sunbeam as well as from the blast; exhibiting few habitable spots, and these chiefly the sanctuaries of creatures who, like poets, move in higher regions, and on less beaten tracks than ordinary mortals. Seldom do you see either rider or pedestrian; never a mail-coach, or other similar proof of artificial life. All is as still at summer eve and winter noon—the sea-mew as proud, the curlew as wild, at this instant as it was a thousand years ago.

Over these solitudes it is not likely that the traveller would desire to pass at midnight. But should any forlorn or antiquarian tourist, or any other stray person, from any of the motives before enumerated, find himself at the lone hour amid these moors, when perchance there is but a single star in the sky—a sort of Tom-of-Coventry planet watching his motions—when the wind sings to the falling mist, and the clouds kiss the high towers as they are chased by the scarcely perceptible glimpses of the moon—when the way before him is dim, and the road he has come dimmer—let him not take uncourtously our telling him that he is likely to see a sight, and hear a voice, which he will not forget to his dying day.

At these solitary hours, on these lonely wilds, an old man, near ninety years of age, whose gray locks stream from

under a low-crowned and round broad-brimmed hat, and who is dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago, with a stick in one hand, and a small twinkling lantern in the other, may be seen wandering over untrodden paths like a spirit from the grave. The dew may be upon him, the gossamer may have added ringlets to his hair, the hoar frost may have covered him with a robe white as one from Heaven, as he walks out of the mist and meets your eye—for on him the dews and frosts and rains of night fall harmless—but start not, passenger!—across him not—disturb him not—but mark him well—for he is a man "more sinned against than sinning."

Check your horse, or stay your step, that the wanderer may not have reason to surmise the approach or the presence of any human being. Be silent, but look and listen. He slowly ascends the eminence to your right—he winds round the spongy ground before you—his step tottering, his lamp glimmering on the stunted grass, his eye apparently asleep, his gait that of one only half conscious of his own locomotion—he passes the highway a few yards in advance of you—he climbs the rocky ground to your left, towards the base of that tremendous tor which looks like a giant of the early world—his light gleams on its dark sides, rendering its crest more sublime—he kneels—he prays—his voice first feeble, but still solemn, then more clear, more animated, more impassioned, it now rings on the deep solitude, as it pours out the accents of a bereaved and desolate heart. He calls, in a tone that thrills your blood, that swells on the wind, in sounds such as ear never heard—he calls on HIM who created the stars that look down on him, the wind that waves his silver locks, the crags that tower above him, the wave in the far-distant sea—to that almighty and incomprehensible BEING who rules innumerable and immeasurable worlds, who rages in the storm, who rides on the sunbeam, who descends with the dew, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," to absolve his sins, and assuage the lingering agonies, of his past life. His feeble knees are on the cold earth, his wringing hands are stretched towards heaven, the tear of the disconsolate father wets his cheek, washing away the chill dew

of the night; and he invokes the unseen God of his ancestors to measure his sincerity by his sorrow, to compassionate his declining age, and take him to the arms of those beloved objects—that wife, that child—who live in his memory with an ardour of affection that neither years, nor sin, nor misery, can either weaken or obliterate.

Passenger! for mercy's sake!—if you be a father—if you be a Christian—if you have a child—pass on—disturb not the venerable man—pass on—the pulsations of your heart only louder than your step—and we will tell you the history of his life and his misfortunes.

Walter Vivian was the younger of three brothers, of a respectable and comparatively affluent family in the middle rank of society; but who had for many years been engaged in that precarious and afterwards illicit traffic which the excise-laws of the period were enacted to suppress. He was a well-educated young man, of excellent address, brave, spirited, reckless, generous, but, unfortunately, the dupe and the instrument of his elder brothers. The latter had been actively and extensively engaged in the contraband trade; but as their wealth increased, and as the laws were more rigorously enforced, they retired from the more hazardous part of the trade, and became merely the agents of the smugglers, and the purchasers and disposers of the illicit commodities. They were the part owners of a large and beautiful lugger, called the *Belle Amy*, that flew over the channel like a bird, dashed over the breakers and bars where no king's ship dared to follow, and that landed more cargoes on the coast than any six of the fleet of his Majesty's "honest rogues" the free traders of Cornwall.

The three brothers, John, Thomas, and Walter Vivian, were partners in the profits of this trade. Walter commanded the lugger. His generous habits, his daring and enterprising disposition, won him the affections of his crew, who, young as he was, loved him as if he had been their father. His speculations were so eminently successful, that his very success excited the jealousy of his less fortunate competitors. All were active, and fearless enough, but none were so fortunate as Walter Vivian and the *Belle Amy*. The king's cruisers were numerous and vigilant, and many a severe conflict took place, and

many a smuggler was taken, and not a few burned in the offing, in sight of the owners; but the *Belle Amy* had hitherto escaped. She had been chased, but never taken—fired upon, but never injured—and sometimes attacked by cruisers that suffered seriously for their temerity. Vessels had been wrecked that had lain in wait for her; and many an armed flotilla, too adventurous by far, which threatened to board her, has she either blown out of the water with her guns, or cut down, man by man, as they scaled her sides. The revenue board, however, were determined to spare no exertions in order to capture her. A sloop-of-war was sent to hover off that part of the coast where she generally landed her cargoes; and it is said that secret information had been given to its commander as to the time when he might expect the arrival of Vivian.

It was a breezy night, in the end of September, two hours after sunset, the young moon in the sky partly obscured by light clouds, when a firing was heard in the bay, a light blazed on H— head, and anon the *Belle Amy*, under every inch of canvass she could bear, came dashing into H— harbour. Instantly not fewer than three hundred persons—men and women, old and young—were on the beach, some preparing to push off in boats, others carrying rope-slings, all active and preparing to run the goods. Joy, impatience, and the mingling sensations of hope and fear, were in the countenances of all. For about half an hour before the smuggler entered, the firing had ceased. She was scarcely at her mooring, when the cliff-light, already alluded to was quenched, and another, considerably to the westward, and on a peak which overhung a tremendous ridge of rocks, bare at low water, glared upon the heavens and threw its murrey light far over the foam and billows of the sea. But Captain Stanmer was not to be lured to destruction by an artifice so palpable. Just as the broadside of the *Belle Amy* was turned to the beach, and the order given to undo the hatches, four boats, well manned and armed, pulled into the harbour with as much precision as if they had come in the wake of the smuggler. The moment these boats were discovered from the shore, a yell proceeded from the women—so wild—so shrill—so piercing, that, it made the hearts of the

stoutest quake. Not a moment was to be lost. The men on the beach stood in ghastly silence, while their friends aboard the *Belle Amy*—taken by surprise, and awed by the boldness of the measure—had scarcely time to run to their arms, before the boarding-party was under their quarter.

The boats were commanded by Captain Stanmer himself, and a conflict ensued which baffles description. For nearly an hour was the fight maintained—arm to arm, pike to pike, cutlass to cutlass—so close, that after the first discharge no re-loading of fire-arms took place. The pistol was fired, and flung at the head of the assailant; while the eternal clash of steel, the groans, the imprecations, the heavy plunge of the slain in the water, proved that the strife was bloody and desperate. From some unknown cause or other, the vessel at length caught fire. The flames burst out from the fore-castle, amid the still-continued clang of swords. The spectacle was awful. The men were seen engaged at every part of the lugger—each struggling for his life, or bent upon terminating that of his antagonist—their faces lurid and distorted—wild, frantic, and horrible, in the glare of the bursting flames. How the conflict might have ended, it is hard to conjecture—the smugglers apparently had the worst of it—they seemed to be overpowered—their comrades and abettors on shore could lend them no assistance, and at this instant, too, another king's boat was seen coming to the aid of the former.

But at the same important moment, also, Walter Vivian was observed among the few men who still struggled for the mastery of the *Belle Amy's* deck, engaged hand to hand with Captain Stanmer. The flames were spreading with a rapidity which left but small space to fight upon; and a doubly awful interest was excited in the breasts of the spectators by the fear—by the almost certainty—that the lugger would blow up. Captain Stanmer was at length seen to fall—whether accidentally or not, could not be ascertained—and almost at the same moment Walter Vivian sprang from the gunwale into the sea, and swam towards the beach, where he was received, amid mingled screams and cheers, by many hundreds of persons, by some of whom he was instantly conveyed to a place of safety. The fifth boat had little to do. The

flames had nearly finished the *Belle Amy* before it came alongside. To attempt to save the cargo was vain—to land and attack defenceless women, at the hazard of being cut to pieces by the infuriated partisans of the Vivians, would have been fruitless—the boat consequently put to sea; and next morning scarcely a trace of the wreck was to be seen.

When the intelligence of this fatal and disastrous affair reached the government, they offered a large reward for the apprehension of the younger Vivian. The detachment of military along the coast had orders to make a rigid search for him—the number of the cruisers was doubled—the magistrates were called upon, by royal proclamation, to institute an inquiry, and to assist the military in apprehending all persons suspected of being implicated, in order that an example might be made of the lawless men who had been guilty of so sanguinary an outrage. Walter Vivian, however, was placed far beyond the reach of justice. It would have been a dangerous instance of loyalty for any authority in the west of Cornwall to be officiously diligent in hunting forth the outlaw. Even the appearance of being anxious for his apprehension would have been dangerous. The smuggler was universally considered the injured party. Thousands of families depended for their bread upon the traffic—prejudices were strong against the new laws—the passions of the lower orders were in a ferment—murmurs akin to revenge were heard on all sides, and a loyal attachment to the law was very generally considered to be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

In a cave, a few miles from the Land's End, which opened upon a wild and unfrequented sea-beach, Walter Vivian found a hiding-place, till a vessel could be procured to carry him out of the country. But here began his sorrows. Here, love, although it mitigated the privations of the outlaw's cave—although it made softer than down his bed of straw on the damp earth—only darkened the more the vista of his hopes, and rendered doubly painful by anticipation the separation which was unavoidable.

Some few months before the catastrophe which had made him an outcast from his country—which had branded his name as that of a felon—

the unfortunate hero of our tale had been married. His wife was a lovely creature, not yet arrived at her twentieth summer—tender, gentle, confiding, and devotedly attached to her husband. Those who know her story—who have heard of her fame—who, by the winter fire-sides of Cornwall, fill many an aged and young eye with a tear while they tell her fate—can alone do justice to her innocence and beauty. Ask the octogenarian of the West who Tracy Pendril was? He will shake his head, and say with a sigh, "There is no such maiden now-a-days!" She was the very idol of the district. Better whisper suspicion of the purity of your best friend, or worst enemy's genealogy, than speak disparagingly of her! The old men blessed her, the sailors toasted her in a full can on shore, and sung her charms before the mast at sea. Her name was to be seen cut out on many a capstern and handspike, and inscribed on the windows of Dutch taverns and French cabarets. The venerable crones of her native village still mention her as a pattern of beauty and conjugal affection. "She was pure as truth," they say, "and beautiful as an angel—the victim of errors not her own, of machinations foul, cruel, and perfidious, of a love that hurried her to the grave!"

It was requisite that Vivian should leave the country. His means were ample, his share in his brother's business had been profitable; the sum due to him was considerable, and sufficient to render him comparatively independent in any country where he might desire to reside. It was agreed that he should go to America, by himself; and that she, who would have made its wildest woods, its most inhospitable savannahs, a perfect elysium, should follow at the earliest opportunity. The king's steward, however, was on his head, and he could not personally superintend the arrangements necessary for his escape. His wife passed with him, in his cave, the few days that remained for his sojourn in England, and consequently was ignorant of the scheme that was matured, or the fate that awaited him. To his elder brothers, as persons most interested in his happiness, was confided his secret, and the measures so adopted to facilitate his embarkation.

But the elder Vivians were not men formed in the same mould, as to gene-

rosity and nobleness of character, with Walter. Avarice had frozen their hearts, and congealed their blood. The adventurous habits of their youth, now that they had escaped its perils, had not softened their dispositions. Having acquired riches, they now sought security; and conceiving they saw the way to obtain it, they grasped at it, like fiends, at the expense of their younger brother's liberty and happiness. They saw in the death—or what was the same to them—the perpetual expatriation of Walter, a release from the dreaded consequences of his late outrage, in which they were, to a certain extent, implicated as his partners, as well as a favourable opportunity to possess themselves of his property. As an out-law, in a legal sense, he could not recover this property; but, if beyond seas, they calculated that even the moral obligation would be hushed in the roar of the billows of the Atlantic. They laid their plans accordingly.

It will be recollected, that in those days the colonies now called the United States of America were dependencies of the British crown. Maryland and Virginia were slave settlements; and it was customary to transport convicts thither, who, till the expiration of the term of their sentence, or till liberated by the government, were subjected to the hard labour and discipline of the then slave code. It often happened, too, that persons, such as incorrigible debtors, or those guilty of minor offences, who deemed it prudent to banish themselves, were gladly engaged by the planters, upon indentures for a specified number of years, and for a certain description of labour, during which servitude they were entirely under the control of their masters. They were, in fact, little better than slaves. They were treated with extreme rigour, frequently became the victims of the climate, and rarely survived the term of their bondage. When they did so, they were at liberty to go where they might choose, purchase land, or follow any occupation which their former habits or inclinations might direct.

To a Virginia house in London, the elder Vivians made overtures for the deportation of the hapless victim of their cupidity; and, as might be expected, the offer was gladly accepted. A vessel lay in the Thames ready to sail for that quarter of the world, and it was stipulated that she should hover

off a certain head-land on the coast of Cornwall, and take the outlaw on board. Meanwhile, the nature of the contract, the character of the ship, the degrading terms of exile and slavery, were carefully concealed from Walter. It was stated to him that his passage was secured, and that he might make any part of the colonies he should deem proper his abode. He was furnished with fictitious bills, on the vampire house that had bought his blood, and he was consoled in his agony at parting from his wife, by being assured that their separation would be but short, and would depend entirely upon his own settlement in the colonies. He never dreamt that his brothers could be his betrayers, or that that lovely girl who hung round his neck, and fainted in his arms at the sight of the waves that were to bear him from her, was to be left in unprotected penury, in cheerless widowhood, in unrelieved and hopeless misery, by the villany and treachery of those who owed their existence to the same parents.

But so it was. The ship arrived: the parting was a scene of unutterable anguish—and which we shall not profane by attempting to describe; but it was unavoidable; a boat conveyed him on board, and a fresh breeze soon bore him out of sight of land.

Vivian was speedily made acquainted with the conditions on which he was wafted to the western world. But remonstrance was in vain. Money he had none—friends he dared not seek—escape he dared not attempt—complaint he dared not utter, for his employers, or rather his *owners*, had been made acquainted with his name, his conduct, and the transaction which had exposed him to the resentment of the government and the laws. The terrors of outlawry were still held over his head; each emotion of disappointment only provoked new indignities, and riveted more closely his chains. Letter after letter he wrote to his wife and family, but they never found an exit from Virginia. Years rolled on—time silvered his locks—hard and galling labour bent his form—sorrow ploughed deep its furrows on his brow—but of wife, or home, or friends, he had literally heard nothing. His wife alone lived in his heart; but none knew the anguish that corroded and wasted that heart.

We cannot follow him through the

latter part of his eventful life in America. Twelve years he passed, in a state of slavery.* At length an irruption of the Indians opened a new chapter in his history. A band of these red-men of the woods broke in on the repose of his master during the night, and destroyed, in one conflagration, the greater part of his household, all his buildings and wigmans, and nearly all his property. Our hero and his owner's child made their escape, but were re-taken by the Indians, and carried up the country. The interesting incidents of the succeeding seven years would fill a volume; but we must pass them over.

When nearly twenty years in America, and the last seven of the twenty in its deepest forests, where no white man had been seen before, he was permitted to return to the coast, or rather his departure was connived at, by the chief of the tribe. He there obtained permission to work his passage to England.

He was landed in Cornwall, a forlorn man, emaciated with grief, like one who had risen from the dead, to search among the tombs for the remains of those he had left alive at his departure. He bent his way, leaning on an old bamboo walking-stick, towards the beautiful village where he had laughed, and roamed, and been beloved in childhood. He had travelled during the night—a summer's night—from Falmouth. Day had broken long before he reached it. His heart beat with increasing pulsation the nearer he approached it. The sun shone bright in the sky, when he arrived at the high land that overlooks it. It was as still and beautiful as ever, as if, like him, it had just awakened from a sleep of twenty years. The river was as placid—the bay as serene—the smoke, curling up among the trees, as clear and blue—the fishermen preparing their nets as silently—as he had seen them yesterday in his dream. The grass in the churchyard did not seem to have been trodden—the bell in the tower did not appear to have been rung since the day of his marriage. There was a small trim lugger in the harbour, which might have passed for the eldest daughter of his own *Belle Amy*—but he could look no longer—fancy was touching a tender and a painful chord: he wiped the tear from his cheek, and paced on in gloom and silence.

Unhappy man! Unaltered as the vil-
lage externally appeared, it had within,
as regarded him, undergone a melan-

choly change. The house where he first beheld the light, and which was occupied by his elder brother when he last saw it, was now tenantless. The windows were broken, the doors off their hinges, and the roof fallen in. And his wife, too, was dead! For six years she had mourned his absence—day after day had looked for his return, or some tidings of his fate. Her aged grandmother divided with her small annuity—her friends consoled her—the smile of her infant daughter lightened her melancholy—hope flattered her till its monitions had no longer any charm—her own heart, so early desolate, so wedded to her exiled husband, repelled as long as it could the dark misgivings of despair; but it was a broken heart—its chords were all rent—it burst, and she died! The Vivians, if they knew, never disclosed the fate or the destination of their brother. They even attributed to his roving disposition his neglect of his wife and his indifference towards his family.

When the first violent pangs of affliction were over, Walter found in his blooming daughter, born a few weeks after his departure, that charm of life which he expected to find in her mother. Both brothers had died, just as the last remnant of their wealth had begun to melt away; but this remnant had descended to the orphan child. She grew an untended rose, without a sister, beautiful as her mother, unconscious of the sorrow which had deprived her of one parent, or of the love which had restored to her another. Life would have been a burden to the exile, but for this child. He would, ere a few moons, have slept by his Tracy's side, but for this tie on mortality. Her smile gave him new life, her vivacity restored him to convalescence, the lineaments of her face carried him back to earlier days; the tones of her voice, the gentleness of her manners, the intuitive fondness she manifested for the worn-out man, weaned him from his cares. He gazed on her with a pure delight which none but a father—which none but a father such as he—can feel.

The contraband trade had greatly diminished when Vivian returned from exile. His enemies either slept in the churchyard, or at the bottom of the sea, or had, by the process of nature, been divested of their jealousies; for he found that all his neighbours were his friends. The place was indeed secluded, but he

was considered to be old, and frail; and if the government knew of his return, certain it is they did not molest him. No magistrate inquired into his conduct; and in the society of his daughter he was the happiest of beings. On the sea-beach in the morning he was seen straying with that beloved child; in the cool of the evening they were observed walking together; in the pew at church they sat side by side—his heart beat, but for her: her smile, her happiness, were dearer to him than his own life.

But the outlaw was the heir of a dark destiny. It was not fated that the happiness he now experienced should be of long duration. The snatches of impassioned felicity he had enjoyed were but angel visits. They were to his heart like the occasional drop of rain to the parched lip of the Arab in the desert. They but excited hopes which, alas! were not to be realised. He had suffered more than most men, but he had not yet suffered enough. He had drank deeply of the cup of misery, but he had not yet half quaffed its contents; and he was doomed to drain these to the very dregs. The angel's tear, if it had fallen on his early sins, had not yet washed them from the records of heaven. The penitent had not been absolved. He had the blood of his fellow-men on his breast; a dark, lurid, damning spot, which a whole life of anguish could not wipe away.

Tracy Vivian was young and beautiful, full of life and vivacity; her eye the deep luscious blue of ripe youth, her cheek streaked with the rose, her brow pale as the purest Parian, her lip round and ruby, her step light, and her smile soft, tranquil, and lovely as the beam

“of that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman
through the deep.”

But the smile from that full eye bespoke the mandy that was soon to carry her to the grave. Its light was speedily to be quenched, and the girl so doted upon was ere long to sleep far below the lilies of the valley, and her father once more to walk the earth a childless, desolate man.

In the midst of life, Tracy was on the threshold of the tomb. More rapidly and imperceptibly than is usual with that insidious destroyer, she pined away. Her father's prayers availed not. He called on God to take him, and

spare his child; but the lamb only could be accepted as the sacrifice. The bloom lingered on her cheek, her eye beamed more bright, but the tones of her voice daily became more than mortal. The old man gazed upon her as serenely as ever; her smile was returned with undiminished affection; but the dew of the sepulchre was on her brow. Medicine could not arrest the progress of the disorder. For a whole winter she was confined to her room: from the adjoining one, except when with his daughter, Walter never absented himself. The spring came, but it was only autumn to her. The beam of the morning summer sun could not restore the vigour of the past year. She gradually became weaker and weaker, nearer and nearer her dissolution. At length from her bed she could not rise. All that man could do—all that the intercessions of the pious could offer—were done and offered in vain. Her hand was moist and warm, but her frame was attenuated; her eye was increased in lustre, but her cheek was pale; or if otherwise, the suffusion which brightened it was but the hectic intermissions of fever. She felt no pain, but she was dying apace. For three weeks previous to her demise, her father never quitted her chamber. He sat by her bedside, a silent figure, in whose countenance there was no other expression than that of subdued, speechless, unalloyed, consuming sorrow.

One night only did the solitude of the room tempt him to divulge audibly the pangs that wrung his bosom. It was far in the morning, when the patient had fallen into one of those brief slumbers with which she was occasionally visited and relieved at that hour; the nurse had retired for the same purpose. The moon, as it shone over the silver estuary, darted its waning ray into the sick apartment. All around, in heaven and on earth, was still as the grave. The moon itself was an emblem of death. Its ray was feeble; it was in the decline, and it was near the setting. Favoured by the stillness, Vivian left his chair, and approached the window. He knelt on the floor, and by aid of the moonlight opened a large family Bible which lay on the table, and clasping his hands over it, he addressed himself to the Deity, in a strain of humble penitence and fervent supplication. The faint stream of light fell upon his withered features; his tears

dropped on the sacred volume; and his hands were stretched upwards, while he besought forgiveness for his sins. Strange as it may appear, he was uniform in his belief, that the affliction of his daughter was a punishment on him for his yet unpropitiated transgressions. He believed that the intensity of his affection for his child was made the instrument of his punishment. Consequently, while he asked pardon for himself, he believed that its concession would include the suspension of the divine decree passed upon the life of Tracy, and her restoration to health, as an evidence of successful atonement.

Faint and constrained as was his voice, it disturbed the patient, and attracted the attendant; and when he arose in consequence of the interruption, he was so weak and paralysed, that he fell prostrate on the floor. But he speedily recovered himself, and resumed his position by the bedside. Visitor, physician, nurse, he heeded not. From Tracy's bedside he stirred not. His food was that of his daughter, the tepid gruel that tempered her burning thirst. He changed not his raiment, he shaved not his beard, he bathed not his face, he stretched not his limbs; he saw no one, he heard nothing, he spoke not, but he frequently bent his head to his knees, as if in the attitude of deep and overpowering devotion. No groan, no tear, no convulsive throb escaped him. His features were fixed, firm, immovable. Tracy was speechless—he was silent; the daylight was obscured—his mind was dark, strange, and unfathomable. The neighbours wept, the nurse sobbed, the clergyman knelt and prayed, he alone was impervious to the common emotions. At length the gentle spirit of his beloved child fled from its exhausted tenement, and the whisper of the attendants was heard—"she is no more!"

Walter Vivian started up; he drew aside the curtain of the bed, and kissed the scarce cold lips of the departed angel. He then shook hands cordially with the few persons present, and proceeded to another apartment. He washed himself, dressed himself, gave orders for her funeral; and when the day came, followed in her mourning train, apparently the least moved of its many attendants. He listened to the solemn service, as a mere spectator; he saw the cold earth heaped upon the remains of Tracy; he was the last that left

the churchyard; and he walked home, erect, unchanged in feature, and seemingly as one who had been but the official leader in the ceremony.

From that day no human being, except the old nurse, did he permit to enter his house. His door was shut upon the nearest of his relations. He seemed a man of a different race, of a distinct species, from those who dwelt around him. Like a bird that has been robbed of its young, he moved round, but never wandered far from the spot where he had been a happy parent. The youth of the village gazed upon him with a feeling of awe—the old looked on with compassion—the simple maiden wept when she thought of the beautiful Tracy—no one addressed him—to no one did he speak. In the morning he might be seen in the churchyard, at mid-day slowly straying on the beach, at all hours, when in his cottage, he might be heard at his devotions. All seasons were the same to him. In storm, in rain, in sunshine, in summer and winter, he might be found in his accustomed walks, his only companion a pocket Bible, which he discoursed with on the high cliff, and in the sequestered dell—when the rain pelted its leaves, when the sun-beam gleamed on its pages. When night fell, and the village was asleep, the circle of his aberrations was more extended. At the dead hour, when the owl on the turret, the ripple of the water on the beach, or the loud wave on the shore, alone disturbed the silence of the village, he might be seen wandering forth, appalled as we have described, and bearing the small lantern in his hand. He would then ascend the hills, stray over the moors, and here and there, at accustomed spots, kneel down and lift up his voice in prayer on the winds of the night. As if the

grave had sent him forth, he preferred, even at these dark hours, the most lonely and unfrequented places, in order that the Deity alone should hear and witness his adorations. For more than thirty years has he followed this aberrant and melancholy life, his health sustaining no injury from the dews which fall on him, or the bleak winds that chill him. On these wilds, habit has made him acquainted with every step of the way—with every sheep-path—every tor—every glen—every cliff. Day has dawned upon him when seated on the steep far above the sea—the moon has gone down and left him at his devotions at the base of some high rock—the stars alone and his glimmering lantern have lighted him over crags scarcely passable in the broad sun; and when the fisherman, with the first ray of the morning, has been going forth to his toil, he has been met returning to his fireless home, drenched in the rain, sometimes robed in the hoar-frost, often covered with snow, bearing still unquenched the flickering lamp, its gleam scarcely perceptible in the bolder blaze of the dawn. He still lives and still pursues the same wild devotional excursions. Ninety years have passed over his head, and yet Walter Vivian is as hale as when his Tracy died. Her grave he still visits; her humble tombstone is nearly sunk in the earth; the green grass half covers it; yet is it as fresh to the memory of the parent as if it had been placed but yesterday over his child.

We have not coloured a single fact—such a story requires no colouring. Walter Vivian—or rather the person whom we have represented by this name—is still alive to attest the truth of his own wild tale.

THE BOOKS OF APHORISMS.

BY AN ORIENTAL AUTHOR.

With a running Commentary, by SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, Bart.

BOOK I.

(CONTAINING THE FIRST DOZEN DOZEN.)

I.

I HAVE remarked that men who sport tights, either have, or imagine they have, good limbs : this may be received as an incontrovertible fact.

II.

For the same reason, ladies with good ankles (real or supposed) are fond of wearing short petticoats. If you see a woman whose petticoats are invariably long—fashion or no fashion—you may depend upon it that her ankles are thick.

III.

Little fellows generally wear high-crowned hats, tall men low ones : the thing, as regards the former, speaks for itself.

IV.

I cannot understand why short, dumpy women are so fond of sporting wide-

DEAR FRASER,

I have looked over with considerable pleasure and instruction the *Book of Aphorisms* which you have sent me. I look upon them to be one of the most ingenious compositions of the present time. In former days, I recollect that I wrote something of the same kind, which has been since translated into various languages, and which my friend Professor Lee, of Cambridge, whom I knew when he was a tailor, is about to cabbage, and publish in a polyglot. I called them the *Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*.

But let that pass. I admire the ingenuity and the ingeniousness of your correspondent, whom I opine to be a Scotchman. I readily acquit you of breaking faith, being indeed happy to bear testimony that you have a most admirable and tenacious exactitude in keeping secrets of the professional kind ; but there are internal marks and tokens which cannot deceive so sharp an eye as mine—an eye, I flatter myself, as acute in detecting the footsteps of an author through a magazine, as ever was that of *Zadig*, or those from whom *Zadig's* author conveyed the story. In the first place, there is a lot of talk about Scotland—sometimes to its praise, sometimes to its disparagement ; but the reiterated mention of the country, the productions or the natives thereof, is of itself proof sufficient that a Scotchman is the author. Turn to—but there is no use in particularising. Out of thirteen great men in Aphorism CXVII., ten are Scotchmen.

I do not know what you wish me to say about them. They strike me to be all superexcellent. But if a hasty running commentary, while I am waiting for my steak at Tom Wood's, be of any use, it shall be at your service. By the way, why do not you get up some London, real London Aphorisms, by a man who knows London ? I venture to say that more true wisdom lies in any given three miles of ground in this village, than is to be found in any three degrees of latitude in any other part of the world. The Modern Athenians think that they surpass us Londoners in many particulars of wit and wisdom ;—I say us Londoners—for though I was born in Munster, I am domiciled in the kingdom of Cockaigne, that lovely land ; and it is not unamusing to find that the ancient Athenians, in the days of the empire, had the same opinion of themselves in comparison with the Romans. Let anybody who disbelieves me read the jokes or the lamentations of Lucian. But to my business.

Aphorisms I. and II., and many others, regard dress and appearance. I am growing far too old to think of these things. As to tights, &c. you can make a man now-a-days. The Blues, for instance, are all padded and padded into Patagonian proportions—and many of the gentlemen who wish others to fancy they have good limbs, take the surest way of accomplishing their wishes by sporting calf. Ladies, too, can have legs made à la *Vestris* per contract.

* Why does not the Ensign himself do what he proposes ?—O. Y.

shouldered and full-bottomed gowns, to say nothing of inordinate *bustles*; but such is the fact. Dumpies should always wear long petticoats, unless, indeed, they chance to have — which is not uncommon — a small foot, and finely turned ancle.

V.

The fashionable prejudice against eating mustard to lamb and mutton is absurd. If a man be disposed to do so, any person who turns up his nose at the same is an ass.

VI.

It is perfectly possible to make champagne from gooseberries, equal to that yielded by the grape. *Exempli gratia*: Lord Haddington, who is a first-rate judge of wines, had a bottle of mock and one of real champagne set before him, and was requested to say which was which. He mistook the product of the gooseberry for the genuine article; and many persons, reputed good judges, have done the same thing.

VII.

By putting a-piece of lump-sugar, the size of a walnut, into the teapot, you will make the tea infuse in one half the time. This fact is well known to bagmen and stage-coach travellers.

VIII.

Should you meet with a young man who is exceedingly sensible, and neither talks nor can relish nonsense, you may rely upon it he has no genius of any kind. If, in addition to his great load of sense, he is a theatrical critic, and bores the company about acting, actors, and such stuff, you may safely pronounce him a blockhead.

IX.

Members of dilettanti societies are generally especial asses; their eternal talk about the fine arts, drawing, colouring, harmony, composition, chiaro-scuro, fore-shortening, design, and so forth, is enough to turn the stomach of a horse. The thing is the more insufferable, because they absolutely know nothing of the subject, and have about as much real appreciation of works of genius as a pig possesses for the inventions of Watt or Dædalus.

X.

While prigs of the above description are eternally chattering about such topics, men who are really eminent in the fine arts never say a word on the subject. Goldsmith describes this matter well in his account of Sir Joshua Reynolds:

“ To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.”

XI.

When I see a man who affects to doubt every thing he hears, I never hesitate about writing him down an ass. A great doubter is a solemn and self-conceited prig. How amusing is it to see the blockhead shake his empty pate, compress his lips into a sneer, and turn up his absurd unmeaning eyes in dubious disbelief, when he hears aught which he thinks it would imply sagacity to discredit! Such persons imagine, that to be a great doubter implies wisdom, whereas, in their case, it has its origin in constitutional phlegm and stupidity.

XII.

Arguers and spouters are invariably asses.

XIII.

Talking of spouting reminds me of an abominable habit some parents have

VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., and many others, such as CXLII. and CXLIII., on bores, are all excellent. I had rather have a hurdy-gurdy grinder in company, than bores of the classes here denounced.

got of making Tommy or Billy get up and recite some favourite piece of declamation, such as *The Pct Lamb*, *Lochiel's Warning*, or *Lochinvar*. You are obliged to listen to and praise the annoying little devils, while you are heartily wishing them and their rhetoric at the bottom of the Red Sea.

XIV.

If you wish to get into a man's good graces—you yourself being one—never praise his wife, especially her beauty.

XV.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own. People are such downright egotists themselves, that they cannot tolerate egotism in others.

XVI.

A person who cannot relish absurdity and wit, and must, moreover, have a satisfactory reason for whatever is said or done, is a philo-sophical blockhead.

XVII.

The best tooth-powder in the world is Armenian bole, a pennyworth of which will serve a man for six months.

XVIII.

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are *not a liar*; it only shews that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

XIX.

I have a sincere admiration for the above method of fighting duels without bullets, now so generally adopted. The founders of this sagacious system were Thomas Moore and Francis Jeffrey, of whose encounter Lord Byron makes honourable mention, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

“ When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.”

XX.

If you perceive the slightest tendency in your hair to come out, get your head shaved at once, and wear a wig for a few months. Were this precaution more attended to, we should have fewer bald pates.

XXI.

Snuff-taking in a woman is abominable, unless she be very aged—say eighty, or upwards—when it is rather becoming than otherwise.

XVII. I prefer charcoal.

XVIII., XIX. I decline entering here upon the *quæstio vexata* of duelling. I have much—much—to say on that subject. But not here, nor now. By the way, Moore says that he has explained all about that duel with Jeffrey. See John Murray's edition of Lord Byron,—an edition, I am happy to say, selling in tens and twenties of thousands—vols. i. p. 252, note on the lines quoted in the text. “ In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Furn. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and on examination the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.” So far the original note; to which my friend Wright, who is editing John Murray's edition, adds, “[The above note was struck out of the fifth edition, and the following, after being submitted to Mr. Moore, substituted in its place. E.] I (Byron) am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statement in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself; and in justice to him I mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately.—Nov. 4, 1811.” Lord Byron, then, in 1811, and I am pretty sure to the day of his death, had never seen Moore's explanation. I never knew any body who did. May I trouble the next edition of Byron to find it out? Or will Tom reprint it in the *Metropolitan*?

XXII.

Young girls of from fourteen to seventeen are fond of aping the woman in their dress, and are partial to long shawls, which give the young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress and airs of the girl.

XXIII.

If you see a man with broad shoulders and spindle shanks, ten to one he is an Englishman.

XXIV.

A well-made man always looks shorter than he is; ditto a well-made woman.

XXV.

A story-teller, or dealer in anecdote, is an abomination that ought to be expelled from all well-regulated societies. A man of an original and truly powerful mind never deals in anecdotes, unless it be for the purpose of illustrating some general principle. Women and weak men are all addicted to the vice. If a person of this description begins to annoy a company with his or her twaddle, the only cure for it is to affect deafness — a very convenient infirmity at times.

XXVI.

A hint to cooks. — Roasted chestnuts, grated or sliced, make an excellent addition to the stuffing for turkeys or geese.

XXVII.

Another hint. — In boiling salmon, split the fish from head to tail; if you do not do this, but boil it entire, or cut horizontally through the middle, it is impossible to cook it thoroughly, the thickness of the back and shoulders being such, that if the outside be properly done, the inside must needs be little better than parboiled. On the Tweed, and other salmon districts, the latter system is held in abomination.

XXVIII.

A great deal of twaddle has been uttered about the cruelty of crimping fish, as if it made any difference to the animals whether they were bled to death or suffocated *for want of water*.

XXIX.

Skinning eels alive is, however, a most un-Christian custom, which should be abolished by act of Billingsgate.

XXX.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick tempered. The reason is obvious: superior talent is always accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

XXXI.

In these perilous times, when you submit your chin to a barber never talk about politics till you ascertain his principles on these matters. It is dangerous to put one's throat in the mercy of a man armed with a razor, especially if he be a red-hot politician; which all shavers are, without exception.

XXXII.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people, for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

XXVIII. A truly philosophical remark; but it need not be confined to crimping cod. There is a large sect flourishing among us, who, for fear of the all but impossible case, that the blacks in the West Indies should be flogged to death as slaves, are anxious that they should be starved as freemen.

XXXI. Shave thyself.

XXXIII.

Sea-gull eggs, when boiled hard and eaten cold, with pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard, make a delightful breakfast dish. Many persons have an antipathy to such eggs; but it is from eating them in the soft state, when they have always a fishy taste. Try them as above, and they will change their opinions upon the subject.

XXXIV.

If a person has a great knack at finding out feats of legerdemain, you may pronounce him a blockhead. I never knew a clever man who was worth a farthing at detecting such tricks.

XXXV.

There is not a town in the united kingdom where, as a body, the inhabitants speak such pure English as in Inverness. Sam Johnson imputed this to their intercourse in former times with Oliver Cromwell's soldiers. This is all my eye.

XXXVI.

Talking of Johnson, upon what principle, physiological or otherwise, can we account for his detestation of those excellent dishes, hotch-potch and Scotch haggis?

XXXVII.

I have a profound veneration for great liars of a certain class. On this account Baron Munchausen, Major Longbow, and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, are my especial favourites. Men of this description are invariably good-tempered, benevolent, and generous, and will any day treat you to a bottle of wine, provided you do them the favour of listening to their adventures.

XXXVIII.

Important to drunkards.—If an hour before sitting down to drink you take a grain or two of opium, you will be able to withstand a much greater quantity than otherwise of liquor. This fact has escaped the observation of Macnish.

XXXIX.

Some stupid people suppose that imagination and philosophy are incompatible. Blockheads! Was not Bacon, the greatest of philosophers, one of the most imaginative of men? There is more true philosophy in the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott, than in those of all the metaphysicians that ever existed.

XL.

If you see a man extremely and systematically grave, the chances are he is a blockhead, who, conscious of his deficiencies, wishes to make his gravity pass for profound wisdom.

XLI.

Kant, the transcendentalist, was a dull man of genius: the same remark

XXXV. I doubt the fact of the purity of the Invernessian speech. Ask them, what do they call Beaulieu in their own neighbourhood?

XXXVI. I doubt. Hotch-potch—by the by, Blackwood (I mean Blackwood the man, not *Blackwood* the book) always calls it hodge-podge—is a passable vegetable soup; but haggis, as the Doctor might say, is unctuously pinguescent, and unfragrantly odorous. I have eaten an haggis made in a pipkin in London, concocted by Mrs. Cumbræ, which was, I think, better than in the original bag: but I am no judge of such New Zealandish cookery.

XXXVII. This, and some dozen other remarks to the same effect, scattered up and down throughout the *Books of Aphorisms*, are exquisite.

XXXVIII. And yet Macnish on Drunkenness is a good book. I have not the honour of being acquainted with the author, but I am certain that he made many experiments before he ventured on his subject. As we get old, we find that caution in the beginning of the night is the great secret of keeping sober at the end. A man who is sober at eleven o'clock at night, may drink with impunity till six in the morning.

applies to metaphysicians in general. The order, however, in this respect, is unique,—the anomaly extends not to any other of the intellectual professions.

XLII.

According to *Blackwood*, Goethe was an old humbug. This is humbug with a vengeance.

XLIII.

The greatest humbugs of modern times are the political economists; and of these the most enormous is Macculloch.

XLIV.

An accomplished woman, in common parlance, means one who sings and dances well, knows a little French, a little Italian, a little drawing, a little embroidery, and not much of any thing, excepting fashionable novels; in which she is a great adept.

XLV.

Blue-stockings are most infernal bores, especially if ugly; which they generally are.

XLVI.

Still greater bores are ladies who keep albums, and solicit contributions in the shape of picture or poetry. If they chance to be pretty, you must oblige them, poor things; if the reverse, you may refuse: but then you are sure to get into their bad graces, and they become inveterate enemies for life.

XLVII.

A lady's album is generally worth looking at, as a psychological curiosity, indicative, to a considerable extent, of the taste and feelings of its owner.

XLVIII.

If a woman writes in a bold, manly hand, depend upon it she has got a masculine mind, and, in all probability, wears the breeches. There is a much greater analogy between the hand-writing and the character of individuals than people are aware of.

XLIX.

I have a high respect for Mr. Waterton, the traveller; his gambols on the back of the cayman, and the satisfactory manner in which he disposed of the boa constrictor, are truly edifying in these prosaic times. For cause of said respect, see Aphorism XXXII.

L.

If a man borrows a shilling from you, and on being dunned pretends to have forgotten it, you may with considerable safety set him down for a liar.

LI.

An equivocation is a most contemptible vice, and the person who deals in it a poor devil; compared to whom, a liar, especially if an out-and-outer, is a species of hero.

LII.

When a man finds it convenient to tell a lie, he should sport a good thumping one when he is about it. If a great lie serves his purpose better than a little one,

XLV., XLVI., XLVII. I do not know how this is. I am never bored by women—quite the reverse; and I know many women, both ugly and blue-stockings, who give good dinners. As for the album-people, I agree with the author: I am always tempted to write with the great Scotch poet—Lockhart, I believe—

“Tak yer aulbum —”

I forget the rhyme, but I think it was somewhat delicate.

L. And pray, sir, what is the man that duns him? A man so utterly beyond all the rules of civilised life, that he may be treated as a madman, or idiot, and lied to accordingly, to keep down his evil or mischievous propensities.

why hesitate between the two, when the sin is equally great in both cases? The former has this advantage, that, when detected, its enormity may be so great as to enable the person to pass it off as a piece of quizzery, which can never be done with the latter.

LIII.

Heroic liars, such as the Baron or Major, are a godly race; but those who practise the sin in a small way, and keep fibbing about trifles, are a despicable crew, and should be held by the heels, and soused head downmost in a firkin of small beer.

LIV.

Men who are, or who fancy themselves to be good singers, are great bores. The airs which they assume in company are most insufferable. If asked for a song, they affect, with an aspect of the most hypocritical humility, that really they cannot sing — that their voice is out of order — that they are hoarse, and so forth; the fellows all the while being most anxious to shew forth, only wanting to be pressed, in order to enhance their own importance, and stimulate the curiosity of the company. Nor is this the worst of the case; for no sooner do they perpetrate one song, than they volunteer a dozen, interlarding the intervals between their performances with pedantic disquisitions on music, and flooring every man who ventures to hazard an opinion on the subject. These people, whether amateur or professional, must be extinguished; and the best way to accomplish their overthrow, and reduce them to their native insignificance, is, in the first instance, to take them at their word, and not urge them to sing. By so doing, they immediately take the pet, and sport mum for the rest of the evening. The same remarks apply to musical people in general, whether in the shape of fiddlers, fluters, horn-blowers, thumpers on the piano-forte, &c. These individuals can think of nothing else but their favourite pursuit, and imagine all the world to be equally interested in it. Take a musician off music, and he is the most ignorant of animals. A good story in illustration of this is told about Madame Catalani. Being at a large party in Vienna, where Goethe was present, she was much surprised at the great respect with which that illustrious man was treated. On inquiring his name, she was informed it was the celebrated Goethe. "Celebrated!" said the syren; "what music did he ever compose! Why, I never heard of him!"

LV.

An absurd prejudice prevails among many people against the skate. If this fish is hung up and dried for a day or two, then cut in slices, done on the grid-iron, and eaten with butter, it is most delicious.

N.B. The female skate is more delicate than the male.

LVI.

Ask a hundred people, saints or sinners, what relation Mordecai the Jew was to Queen Esther, and ninety-nine of them will answer, *her uncle*.

LVII.

I never could understand the cause of Mr. Theodore Hook's virtuous indignation against steel forks, or of Mr. Cobbett's laudable antipathy to the Scotch.

LVIII.

Persons who indulge in conundrums, charades, &c., are invariably poor

LIV. All these and similar are good. It is a fact that some musical lady, when Rossini was all the rage in London, took his arm, and, leading him to the Duke of Wellington, took his grace's arm also. "My lady," said Rossini, "you lean on the two greatest men in Europe." The Duke did not kick him down stairs — he only laughed.

LV. In my country they will not eat skate, which they call maidenray, at all, at all. They cut a slice off its tail for bait, and hung the rest of the fish in the sails of the boat for luck. For my part, I think that skate should be dressed as lobster. it makes a good curry.

LVIII. *Edipus* must have been an ass — he married his mother. That was decidedly a mistake in chronology.

creatures ; as are those who have a knack at finding out such trifles. The same remark applies to punsters. It is difficult for a man of sterling talent to perpetrate a pun, or to solve an enigma. On the latter account, Œdipus must have been an ass.

LIX.

A fact.—Nine-tenths of the catchup which is sold in the shops is a vile compound of liver and the roan of fish, seasoned with vinegar, pepper, and other condiments. If you wish the article genuine, you must procure mushrooms and make it yourself.

LX.

If you hear a man constantly talking of his indifference to the good things of this life, and how he could dine with as much pleasure on a potato as on turbot and oyster-sauce, you may stamp him as a guzzler of the first magnitude. This affectation of indifference to good feeding is all bam. The most honest gourmands are decidedly the English ; they talk of the subject with profound gusto, and may be said to have studied the philosophy of eating more deeply than any nation in Europe.

LXI.

A man who is for ever *my dearing* his wife may, with great safety, be pronounced hen-pecked.

LXII.

I have always admired the simple perspicuity of Dr. Johnson's definitions of the words *net* and *network*. Here they are :—“NET, any thing made with interstitial vacuities. NETWORK, any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.”

LXIII.

A married pair who shew a huge love and respect for each other before company, invariably fight like dog and cat when alone. I never see such public displays of tenderness without thinking of curtain lectures.

LXIV.

Girls have a naughty custom of caressing and kissing children before young men. I say *naughty*, not for the thing itself, but for the reason which makes the cunning young creatures do it.

LXV.

The study of law has a sad tendency to pervert the intellect, and destroy the capability of distinguishing between right and wrong. A lawyer (unless, indeed, his mind be of a high order, and soars above the enslaving technicalities of his profession) can never try a point upon its absolute merits, but must have recourse to some legal precedent. In fact, the tendency of his studies is to annihilate the sense of natural justice and propriety, and substitute an artificial system in their place. If I wanted an arbitrator to decide on a point where nothing but common sense was required, a lawyer is the very last person I would employ. I should prefer the first country bumpkin I met with.

LXVI.

When a mother is constantly stunning you with praises of her daughter, you may depend upon it that she has a design upon you.

LXVII.

If you wish to annoy a little man, quiz him about his diminutive stature. He will affect to laugh at it himself, but will, for all that, hate you like the devil.

LXVIII.

Women who are fond of splendid, gaudy dresses, are generally drabs. To

LXII. Try to do them better.

LXVII. I am not sure of this ; Moore nicknamed himself Thomas Little, and Croft Croker patronises the fairies. Can this be merely a *ruse de guerre* on their parts ?

prove this, try and get a sight of them *en déshabille*, when they do not expect visitors,—say at breakfast-time.

LXIX.

Lord Byron hated dowdy women. The *Court Journal*, on the authority of a likeness in the Byron gallery, pronounces his wife to be a dowdy.

LXX.

Byron had a curious idiosyncrasy with regard to the sex: he could not bear to see a woman eating. This length I will not go; though, I must confess, that the vision of a pretty woman consuming platesful of roast beef, with the appetite of a Dando, is not one of the most ravishing in the world.

LXXI.

I never yet had the good fortune to encounter an Irishman who was worth less than 2000*l.* a-year.

LXXII.

The greatest patriot in the world, when out of his own country, is a Scotsman. When Sawney comes to London, he is quite grandiloquent in praise of sheep's-head broth, oaten cakes, and haggis, not one of which he will taste in Scotland, if he can get any thing better.

LXXIII.

I can form a pretty shrewd guess as to whether a man is short or tall, by the manner in which he knocks at the door. If the knocker goes *rap, rap, rap, rap*, loud and quickly, I estimate him at five feet six, or downwards, and am seldom mistaken.

LXXIV.

A hint to medical men.—If you wish to succeed in your profession, assume an air of great sanctity; get yourself made an elder, and connect yourself with the saints. This done, your bread is baked for life.

LXXV.

I have been all my life puzzled to account for the fact of men of talent almost invariably fixing upon ignorant and stupidish women for wives.

LXXVI.

Tall men have a most inordinate propensity to marry little women, and *vice versa*. Middle-sized men alone are guided by common sense in this matter, as they generally marry middle-sized women. There is something inexpressibly absurd in a man of six feet six going arm-in-arm with a little body a foot and a-half less than himself; taking two steps for every one of his, and looking up at him as if his face were the ball of the steeple. But the absurdity is still greater, to behold a little dapper fellow, of some four feet ten, yoked to a tall dawdle of a woman, who overtops him by a neck and head. It is quite impossible for a giantess of this description to respect such a mannikin of a husband.

LXXVII.

Never compliment a woman upon her corpulency. If she be really fat, the greatest compliment you can pay her, is to remark, in an indifferent sort of a way, that she is not looking so stout as usual.

LXIX. The Guiccioli for all that—(I met her at Mrs. Best's, on the Marine Parade at Brighton, corner of German Street, where she and I boarded together for some time)—is decidedly dowdy—so that Lord Byron's theory and practice do not agree. I wish, by the way, that Murray would publish Byron's description of the Contessa in certain particulars; it would be highly instructive to young minds. It is only fair to say that he described her as a very open character—nothing narrow or contracted about her.

LXXI. We are a modest race, and we value ourselves at the lowest penny we are worth, if sold by the pound.

LXXV. Has not Talleyrand explained it? "How can you spend your time with so frivolous a woman as your wife?" asked somebody of my friend Charles Maurice. "*Cela me repose*," was the answer.

LXXVIII.

It is death to hint, even to the ugliest woman, that she is not good-looking.

LXXIX.

The "TENTH" proved themselves especial coxcombs,—not to say asses,—when they sent Cornet Battier to Coventry for calling for porter after dinner. This crusade in high circles against malt liquor is absurd, and ought to be blown up.

LXXX.

A connoisseur in wine is a great bore. How learnedly the blockhead discusses the merits of Port, Hock, Vinho Tinto, Barsac, Lachryma Christi, &c.! How sagaciously he applies his carbuncled bottle nose to the liquor! with what awful importance he tastes it, smacks his lugubrious lips, and pronounces oracularly upon its merits! These fellows must be extinguished, as insufferable nuisances.

LXXXI.

There is perhaps not an instance of a man of genius having had a dull woman for his mother, though many have had fathers stupid enough in all conscience. Talent, therefore, is much more communicable to the offspring from the maternal side than from the other. If a man wishes to have clever children, this may perhaps serve him as an apology for marrying a woman of talent, should all other excuses be wanting.

LXXXII.

A physiological aphorism.—The first-born of persons who marry very young are generally far inferior in intellect to those that come after, when the intellects of the parents are in greater vigour and maturity.

LXXXIII.

Another.—Suppose an old man and a young woman marry, and have children, the females are, generally speaking, not only more numerous, but more robust, both in body and mind, than the males.

LXXXIV.

Persons who cut a distinguished figure at school, or college, generally turn out consummate dunces in after-life.

LXXXV.

A boy who was distinguished at school for intense stupidity, either turns out a very clever man or a confirmed ass; there is no medium. Thomson, the poet, Dean Swift, Sam Johnson, Walter Scott, &c., when schoolboys, were reckoned the dullest of the dull, and had the reputation of being incorrigible blockheads; while Gesner, the amiable and accomplished author of the *Death of Abel*, was sent home by his preceptor, as being wanting even in common capacity.

LXXXVI.

Dull stupid people have an instinctive abhorrence to mimicry and wit. The cause is obvious; they are afraid of being made the butts of these pleasant

LXXIX. Poor Battier! He was an ill-used man, and is now hard up. If the Marquis of Londonderry wished to shew himself a good fellow, he ought to think something of Battier. I shall take care to mention the case to him. As to porter, there is a great deal to be said on all sides. If you want to drink much wine, you must not drink much porter.

LXXX. Ay, if he is a blockhead; but if a couple of men ask you to dine, prefer the man who has taken trouble in choosing his wines.

LXXXIV. Trye: consult the late Lord Tenterden, if you can.

LXXXV. Gesner, I must be permitted to think, was an ass to the day of his being sent home by the undertaker; and the *Death of Abel* I consider to be a proof of the great sagacity of his preceptor, in kicking him out of school as an irrecoverable blockhead. This I throw out merely as my opinion, wishing, in expressing it, to avoid any thing like the appearance of harsh language.

qualities. Blockheads are exceedingly afraid of being quizzed, and cannot tolerate the slightest joke at their own expense.

LXXXVII.

There is seldom much love in a romp. If there be any at all, it is not of a very profound or passionate description. Romps are pleasant crack-brained fools, with too much mischief in their pates to be capable of thinking or feeling very deeply on any subject.

LXXXVIII.

Some parents have a great aversion to their children being married. The real cause, I suspect, proceeds from a dislike to becoming grandfathers and grandmothers.

LXXXIX.

If you have any common sense, never write a book. No really clever man ever wrote a book. This I was told by Prince Talleyrand, who gave me some strange instances.

XC.

A curious fact.—Women who rule their husbands are often ruled by their children. We should expect the contrary.

XCI.

Another.—High-couraged dogs have always much width between the ears. This is strictly phrenological, and was known to canine fanciers many generations before Gall existed.

XCII.

Another.—Robert Montgomery's *Omnipresence of the Deity* has supplanted *Paradise Lost* in various academies in England. So much for the march of intellect! The Schoolmaster is, after all, a mere pedagogue.

XCIII.

I have remarked that women generally bear a great dislike to their sons' wives. Can any person explain the why and wherefore of this singular fact?

XCIV.

Important to rats and mice!—It was stated, some years ago, in the public prints, that white cats with green eyes were always deaf.

XCV.

Young women who wish to get married should set off without delay to Van Dieman's Land, where, at the present moment, there is a sad deficiency of the fair sex.

XCVI.

It is a lamentable fact, that in Great Britain and Ireland the sex has long been at a discount, in consequence of the market being overstocked. To remedy this evil, I would suggest, that polygamy, or bigamy at the least, should be legalised by act of parliament.

XCVII.

Great linguists are, for the most part, great blockheads. I say nothing of

LXXXVII. There are various opinions on this matter. Romps may have feeling on certain points; but I admit, that the girl whom you have most chance with is the pale-cheeked, down-eyed, low-spoken, and particularly modest maiden, who sits in the corner. *Experto crede.*

XCI. A book upon dogology is wanting.

XCII. Where is the wonder? Does not Montgomery's nonsense suit the nonsense of the academies? Milton to babes and sucklings, and those who educate them, must be a sealed book. It is evident that Mitford, who has just edited *Paradise Lost*, for Pickering, knows nothing about the poem in any particular.

XCI. Gil Blas's mother made the same remark, my good aphoriser.

XCVII. Don't, my dear fellow; don't except Sir William Jones. Jones was a

Sir William Jones, the Admirable, and other exceptions to the rule ; but, generally speaking, what I state holds true. To master a variety of languages requires only one talent, and that by no means a high one, viz., a good verbal memory, which is sometimes possessed in great perfection by even simpletons and idiots. It is difficult for men of very strong and original minds to become good linguists ; they are so much taken up with substantialities, that they think little about words. *Res non verba, queso* is their motto. The knowledge of a number of languages does not communicate a single new idea ; it only gives the power of expressing the ideas which you already know in a variety of ways. "I would rather," as Spurzheim says, "acquire one new idea than twenty ways of expressing an old one." If men of great genius are occasionally formidable as linguists, they are so in spite of their genius, which rather stands in their way than assists them ; and they would have been still greater linguists if they had possessed their powerful verbal memory accompanied with less original talent.

XCVIII.

If you hear a man affecting to be very stupid, depend upon it he thinks himself an exceedingly clever fellow

XCIX.

A man who practises pistol-shooting for the purpose of making himself formidable as a duellist, is uniformly an arrant coward. No man should answer the challenge of a miscreant of this description. The proper way to treat him, if he sends or provokes a challenge, is to kick him soundly, or tweak his sneezer.

C.

Short dumpty women wear their hair dressed very high, and are partial to lofty combs.

CI.

A person who dislikes cards, backgammon, chess, draughts, &c., should never learn these games. If he is known to be able to take a hand at them, he will often have to do so for the purpose of obliging others, and discommoding himself. On the contrary, by being in a state of blessed ignorance with regard to them, he can always escape this annoyance. For the above reason, I have studiously avoided acquiring a knowledge of whist,—gaming, either for money or amusement, being what I could never tolerate.

CII.

It is a terrible misfortune for a man to have the reputation of being a good carver. The sooner he gets rid of such fame, the better for his own comfort.

CIII.

At a dinner party, always endeavour to seat yourself close by the landlord, as you thus avoid carving. A place alongside of the landlady is dangerous, especially if she have a couple of fowls placed before her.

CIV.

When you cannot manage to ensconce yourself next the landlord, try and fix upon a place opposite to which there is nothing which requires to be carved or helped out. If you are unable altogether to escape scot-free, you may take up a position *vis-à-vis* to a dish of potatoes or cauliflower, the serving of which will not materially interfere with your masticatory operations. P.S. Try, if possible, and avoid being placed between two ladies.

blockhead of the first water : but, being a humbug also, he throve for his day. As to languages, he knew three or four alphabets ; and could not write a sentence in any tongue worth reading.

CII. &c. *On Carving.* I differ. Carve by all means. There is no difficulty in it in reality ; and if you be an epicurean, you secure all that is worth eating in the dish you carve. Then you are sure to be asked out ; and you play a conspicuous part at a table.

CV.

With the exception of Dr. Bowring, I never knew a Utilitarian who was not an ass.

CVI.

I can never forgive Smollett for making Roderick Random red-haired.

CVII

The richest piece of humour in the English language is the entertainment, after the manner of the ancients, as related in *Peregrine Pickle*. Fielding, Swift, Scott, Rabelais, or Cervantes, never produced any thing so exquisitely laughable and ludicrous.

CVIII

Our first-rate works of genius have been almost all produced *currente calamo*. I am often astonished at the excellence of a work, never at the rapidity with which it was written. It is much easier to conceive that *Humphrey Clinker* and *Guy Rimer* were written in three months than in as many years.

CIX

Naturalists have now agreed to post the lion and eagle as cowards. The bravest animals in existence are the bull-dog and game cock.

CX

Never believe a man to be clever on the authority of any of his acquaintances. These reputed geniuses are very often blockheads.

CXI

Persons who are very finical and dainty have invariably gross imaginations. The cleanest man that ever existed was, perhaps, Dean Swift.

CXII

I never knew a person of strong talent who had small nostrils.

CXIII.

The criticism in all the English language capable of inflicting most confusion and dismay upon its luckless author,—next to that which Brougham wrote on Wordsworth's *Excursion*,—is that which either he or Jeffrey penned in the *Edinburgh Review* against Byron's *Hours of Idleness*. The sapient critic counsels him "that he do forthwith *abandon poetry*, and turn his talents to better account." He farther assures him, "that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem,"—meaning, of course, that he who in a short time was to wither the critic into insignificance by the blaze of his fame, and prove himself one of the great poets of modern times, was deficient in these qualities. Poor Jeffrey! how he must nibble his digits with vexation, at the remembrance of his splenetic and most uncalled-for ebullition against the youthful muse of this glorious poet! It was fortunate for English literature that Byron had a good spice of the devil in his composition. Had he been a poor timid creature, like Keats or Kirke White, he would have struck his colours, followed Frank's advice, and the world would thus have been deprived of *Harold*, *Lara*, and other immortal works.

CXIV.

I admire more than any thing I have seen for some time, the following passage from Professor Wilson's speech, at the meeting in Edinburgh, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. "It was right that such a monument should be erected, that men of genius, yet unborn, should kindle into enthusiasm when they see the light of the rising or the setting sun *striking the top of the monument*, and instigating them to similar deeds of immortal fame."

CV. Do not except Bowring. And yet, since the Whig ministry has come in, Bowring has made no bad thing of it, in the way of giving evidence. Bowring's translations should be exposed.

CXV.

Most of the eminent poets of the present day, such as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hogg, Wilson, and Moir, have fair hair; so had Sir Walter Scott, and so, to a considerable extent, had Lord Byron,—his hair being a light auburn.

CXVI.

Some of our greatest poets have been confounded coxcombs. Milton was vain of his ample forehead and fine flowing locks, and Byron of his elegant and aristocratic-looking hand,—to say nothing of his hair, which he cherished as the apple of his eye.

CXVII.

An absurd opinion prevails among many people, that men of genius and learning are *consequently* weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The Admirable Crichton was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with. Cunningham and Galt are as big and as strong as Anak. Smollett was an athletic wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, could use his daddles with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a man of first-rate genius prevented him from sporting the champion's belt, and rivalling the fame of the Game Chicken. Hogg is a strong well-built carle, whom we will back for a fall against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thomson, the Scottish parson, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the church. Johnson was as strong as Hercules; Bruce of Kinnaird, a second Antæus; Belzoni the traveller, a revivification of Sampson. Two of the most athletic men in the kingdom are Sir Morgan O'Doherty and Edward Irving; of the latter, the only faults are those of a man of genius.

CXVIII.

The best sparrer in Great Britain is Mr. Roland, teacher of fencing and gymnastics in Edinburgh. This is not a puff, as Mr. R. does not teach boxing.

CXIX.

An ass is surely a very long-lived animal,—at least I never saw a dead one.—P.S. I am in the daily habit of seeing plenty of living ones.

CXX.

French *mustard* is a misnomer. The mixture so called is a composition of salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper.

CXXI.

The most consummate fops and foppesses are to be found among deformed people. The vanity and self-conceit of these persons are at once painful and ludicrous.

CXXII.

If a person has had famous ancestors, he should never boast thereof, lest people take it into their heads to draw a parallel between them and their descendant, which may not turn out altogether to his advantage. It has well been remarked, that a man who has nothing but his ancestry to boast of, is like a turnip—the best part of him being under ground.

CXXIII.

For the same reason, men may congratulate themselves when they do not bear the names of illustrious characters. It is dangerous for any man to be

CXVIII. I do not disparage Roland. But, my dear aphoriser, I bet you five hundred to one, that I parade you a dozen decent fellows, in any of the metropolitan districts, who would take the shine out of him, before you could say Fred. Robinson, which was the name of my friend Goose Goderich before he rattled.

CXX. Interesting to Lord Durham; especially since he has been made the cat's-paw of Talleyrand. I own, however, that though there is plenty of vinegar, there is very little salt about his lordship.

called William Shakespeare, Isaac Newton, or Walter Scott. "Comparisons are odorous."

CXXIV.

You may form a pretty shrewd guess of a man's character by the dogs he keeps. An admirer of spaniels is generally a fawning creature; of bull-dogs, a blunt honest fellow, rather too fond of quarrelling and fighting; of poodles, a ninny; and so on.

CXXV.

Talking of dogs, it is truly disgusting to see the scandalous manner in which ladies pamper those natty, little, good-for-nothing wretches called lap-dogs. I never see one of these quadrupeds chafing themselves on the rug, without feeling strongly inclined to Burke it upon the spot.

CXXVI.

"Love me, love my dog." I'll be hanged if I do.

CXXVII.

Old maids, and married ladies who are childless, have a most extraordinary *penchant* for dogs, and especially cats.—P.S. A similar *penchant* for the latter is often possessed by old bachelors.

CXXVIII.

Uncles, aunts, and cousins, are most absurd relations. I never acknowledged any affinity nearer than a brother or sister.

CXXIX.

Don't marry your cousin. If you do, your children will be greater block-heads than yourself.

CXXX.

Don't marry a woman who is twin to a brother; for, if you do, you will run every chance of being childless. Remember free-martins.

CXXXI.

I never met with any person who could tell me the difference between a pie and a tart. When they say that a pie is made of meat and a tart of fruit, I always stagger them with an apple-pie. Driven to their shifts, they are obliged to say, that an apple-pie is not a pie at all, but a tart. This subterfuge I knock on the head, by repeating the *Nursery Rhymes*:

"A is an apple-pie;
B baked it,
C cut it,
D divided it."

And so on. If they resist this, I bring *Jack Horner* into the field:

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas-pie;
He put in his thumb,
& And pull'd out a *plumb*,
Then said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

This evidence is irresistible, and compels them to admit, in spite of their conviction to the contrary, that a pie and a tart are identical.

CXXXII.

The most poetical of blacking-makers, and most transparent of poets, is Robert Warren, 30, Strand. A vast deal of talent has been expended—we do

CXXX. Freemartins! Let not a woman trust to this immunity. I have known two or three very awkward mistakes in consequence. Doctor Hammond, of Barnet, tells a good story on the subject.

CXXXII. Yes, Warren is no doubt clever; but, on the whole, there is a sublimity in *Dog* and *Martin's* advertisements which is enchanting. The commence-

not say thrown away—in celebrating the praises of his blacking, which is certainly ipimitable.

CXXXIII.

The best slang poetry we ever read is that which appears in *Bell's Life in London*. It beats Tom Moore's on the same subjects all to sticks. *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress* is a poor, laboured, artificial specimen of slang; and not to be compared to the effusions of Jack Scroggins, Frosty-faced Fogo, and others, in the above paper.

CXXXIV.

In writing for the press, do so in a clear legible hand, and only on one side of the paper.

CXXXV.

Should you send an article to a magazine which is rejected, never on this account think the worse of the article; but always impute its rejection to the stupidity and bad taste of the editor. This aphorism, however, is so universally acted up to, that it is hardly necessary to enforce it.

CXXXVI.

Read few books, lest you should become as foolish as the authors. This I own is an observation of Hobbes, of Malmesbury; but it cannot be too often repeated.

CXXXVII.

Avoid dice, women, and stamped paper.

CXXXVIII.

It is delightful to behold how soon every body is forgotten; in country parts, in twenty-four hours after he ceases to exist. In London, the time is abridged to twenty-four minutes, which is a proof of the superior civilisation of that city. Even in Paris, it has been known that they sometimes extend it to half a day,—in the case of play-actors, one's father, or the like.

CXXXIX.

A man who is good at making explanations and apologies is seldom good for any thing else.

CXL.

It is most difficult to judge of the merits of any composition which is spoken or recited. On this account, some speeches and essays, which, when listened to, seemed most admirable, turn out to be downright trash when put into print and deliberately perused.

CXLI.

The most splendid piece of modern prose composition is, perhaps, the description of the hall of Eblis, in *Vuthek*,—a work which (or at least the author of

ment is splendid:—"TO PREVENT FRAUD." They do not want to sell their blacking—not they; they merely wish to check the course of dishonour and dishonesty. They do not wish to vend their wares—no; their particular desire is solely to prevent fraud. By the way, who is Martin? Is there any such person in *rerum natura*? I doubt it. The question, in my mind, is quite as interesting as the controversy respecting Junius.

CXXXIII. I agree in the panegyric here bestowed on the paper of my friend and countryman, Vincent Dowling, who was, nevertheless, soft enough to be annoyed because I once called him the "Venerable Vincent." Why do they not make Vin. lord-mayor? As Brougham is chancellor, nothing could be better, or more consistent. Tom Moore, who is disparaged in this aphorism, wrote some good slang lines after all. The original,

"Oh, shade of the cheese-monger! you who, alas!
Doubled up by the dozen the mounseers in brass,"

was beautifully alliterative. The word was by no manner of means mounseers.

CXLI. I back Wilson in this controversy. By the way, I see that my young friend, Lord Lincoln, is about to be married to Beckford's granddaughter. I remem-

which) Professor Wilson pronounces to be destitute of genius of any kind ; and which Lord Byron declares to be one of the most magnificent imitations of the eastern romance that ever was written. Who shall decide when *poets* disagree ?

CXII.

If you are asked to dine in a company where a great traveller is to be present, decline the invitation. These fellows are notorious bores. They consider themselves as lions, who are entitled to monopolise all the conversation ; and invariably retard the free course of the wine round the table.

CXIII.

Black-letters are asses. So are all book-collectors. I never knew a person of the latter description who ever had the slightest inclination to read a single *one* of the literary treasures which he had taken the trouble to accumu'ate.

CXIV.

Next to the Bible, the best book in the world is FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

ber a good story about her father, Hamilton — the short-tailed nobleman on the spirited horse ; but I suppose these things are better not talked about.

CXLIV. Nothing can be better. I hope the reading, or, rather, the purchasing public, are alive to the truth of this indubitable aphorism.

I trust you will go on with this series ; but my steak appears in the hands of Mark, and I lay down the pen to assume the fork.

Faithfully yours,

M. O'D.

Corner of Clare Market, just over the tomb of Joe Miller,
Thursday —

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

ON SEPULCHRAL RITLS AND RIGHTS.

" I have no other end in this discourse but that we may be engaged to do our duty to our dead, lest peradventure they should perceive our neglect." " When thou hast wept a little, compose the body to burial ; which that it be done *gravely, decently, and charitably*, we have the example of all nations to engage, and of all ages of the world to warrant. So that it is against common honesty, and public fame, and reputation, not to do this office." — JEREMY TAYLOR'S *Holy Dying*.

" Hinc maxima cura sepulchris impenditur."

PRUDENTIUS, *Hymn in Eleg. Defunct.*

Acheron Marsh, near the Ferry,
October 20.

MISTER EDITOR,

Notwithstanding the extent of your correspondence, and though I must allow that many articles in your highly popular work * merit the title of profound, I must take leave to doubt whether you ever were addressed by a profounder correspondent than myself. From the Antipodes we know you hear by every mail ; but what is the *profundity* of that region, compared to that deeper submundane one whence I date this epistle ! My business with you and your readers is this : your lawgivers have lately been legislating for us dead, and I assure you the news has produced quite a " sensation " among us pale people, not unmindful of your doings above. I allude to the Anatomy Bill. You remember well that this measure (so *vital* to us) passed into a law with little or no argumentation in the senate. Of this we cannot complain, because the same fate has attended every law passed these two years (nearly) ; as all thought and argument bestowed by your honourable house on any other subject would have been so much stolen from the Reform-bill, round which all tongues wagged and all brains revolved, as the proper centre of all botheration.

However, silently as the dead have been consigned to the knife with you, among us the dissection-bill has been completely dissected ; and I thought it

* We request our contributors henceforward to omit this phrase, palatable, no doubt, as it may be elsewhere. — O. Y.

not amiss to supply the lack of arguments above with a few of those I overheard here below—eavesdropping among the ghosts. There have been as hot doings here about this revolutionary blow at our ancient ascendancy and right to reverence from the living, as ever were against that other death-blow aimed at the antique sacredness of the constitution. We have an old-fashioned fancy that a certain veneration is natural, wise, salutary, for men to cherish toward the dead, and that despised august relic also—in spite of the *rottenness* of either—and would preserve that *noli me tangere* awe which our forefathers suffered to invest the one as the ark of freedom, the other as the (sometime) ark of an immortal soul.

That “divinity which doth hedge a king,” we have seen, and would still see hedge the human dead, from at least open legalised abuse and contempt, now in fashion against both, and part and parcel of our system. In fact, we of the mother-country, are a little astonished, stricken both with sorrow and anger at this revolt among you of the living world, who must all so soon come home hither, and account for your actions there in that new-found land. For, however you may start at the term, be assured that you are all but wanderers, life but a languishing colony from our sable eternal kingdom, and “arrivals” here are but “returns,” properly speaking, to native land.

Perhaps you will be surprised to find among these fresh “arrivals,” as recorded in my report of proceedings here, a certain legislator (no relation to a learned bishop of Pope’s time), of whose departure for home you have not heard a word. Should he instantly write, or by wraith for him, that he is still alive and undissected, and legislating as wisely and humanely as ever—and perhaps send you the Hackney-Coach Act in evidence thereof—I can only say that he and I are fairly at issue. I maintain that he is stone-dead. I assure you, Mr. Editor, on the word of an anatomist not unused to the dissection of the human heart, that his was dead cold, and not a spark of humanity left alive in it, before the passing of his bill for *embittering death to the destitute*.

One more word concerning another great defunct, who figures in this my despatch.

Some years ago, there appeared in the *Westminster Review* an essay, entitled either (for my memory fails me) “The Use of the Dead to the Living,” or else “The Abuse of the Dead by the Living”—unluckily we never read sedition here, so I have not the work to refer to. However, I know it advocated the theory now embodied in the Anatomy Act, and further enforced it by the example of an old gentleman supposed to uphold the work, in the recent *post-mortem* disposal of himself by his will. If I have ventured to *untell* the tell-tale, and “prate” to the world he has left of his “whereabout” in ours—if he has there fallen into bad company, and missed that good company which he expected—I entreat his friends to excuse me. I was an inveterate man-gossip all my first life, for I was—a doctor!

This leads to one more *last* word about myself. That the faculty approve, almost without exception, the law in question, is a prevalent belief. As a most unworthy, truant, and heterodox member of that august and fatal body, I enter my protest against such persuasion in my own name, and those of many pompous shadows now at my side, contorting their “airy substances” (like little blue smokes writhed by currents of air on a hill-side) into the shapes of the letters M. D., to the great amusement of Æsculapius. The subject of this article renders it not wholly impertinent to thus declare my calling; albeit my brethren may disdain my claim of brotherhood, inasmuch as my *otium* was *sine dignitate*—that is, without wig, cane, or chariot—and my delight rather to *lie* by a brook-side than a bed-side. *Vale!*

PIONEER TRIPPLETNY, M.D.

DIALOGUE I.

A MARINER. CHARON. MERCURY.

Mariner.—You lie! I am no murderer. ‘Blood!’

Charon.—How? Don’t I know that you have been dissected according to law? And don’t I know that dis-

section is the punishment of murderers, up where you come from? Besides, look along the shore; is there a single spirit stands to accost you? Not one! no more than stood to meet Burke or

Bishop, when I landed the rascals. Out with you! How dare you put your lie upon Charon? Not a soul will own you here below, and you've been made mince-meat of above; and do you tell me all this is for nothing?

Mariner.—You ferrymen are no better than land-lubbers. . You filthy old —, I tell you I've done nothing but served my country in three quarters of the globe; fought men and storms for it almost since I was born; lost a leg and an eye for it; so, becoming helpless, and having lived all my life at sea, I had not a friend on land to claim my body, when I died in the hospital; and that's the way I came to be given to the surgeons,—for no fault in the world but being a poor friendless devil; and that's a rum kind of fault to punish Jack for in t'other world, let alone this here! A murderer! I scorn your lingo! Ha! ye got any pigtail aboard!

Charon.—Mercury! Drive this lying spirit through the blackest boggy ways and foul weeds to the back settlements, where Burke and those hide under the black mountains, and scourge him soundly. You never heard such monstrosity of lying; it's a disgrace to hell!

Mercury.—What's the quarrel between you? You're in a passion, Charon.

Charon.—Hear, and judge. You know what news we have brought us every hour by spirits from that small, foggy place—I forget it's name—in the midst of the moist part of the planet earth, about the natives growing into demigods, so wise, so good of late. Well! here's a fellow come down, who swears that they denied him the common right to his own body, when he died, merely because he was unfortunate! that he led a hard life in their service; by serving them, he was cut off from all the connexions of father, husband, friend; and because he was thus cut off, they refused him burial, used his poor remains of a body as they have used their criminals time out of mind—dissected it! in a word, that because he had no friend on earth, he should neither have mercy nor justice; and wanting a home where to hide his head when alive, he should want a grave also when dead! Would he dare to cram this down the throat of Minos, think you? He fancies you and me no gods.*

Mercury.—Prithee, what is the urgent occasion for dead bodies just now, that your fellow-countrymen made such an inhuman return for your services as you pretend?

Mariner.—To teach lads to cut off limbs, I guess. There are no right doctors at all in England I'm thinking, as there's such a hue and cry after bodies to learn them the art.

Charon.—Mark him again, Mercury.

Mercury.—I do, and find all he says incredible. Sirrah! we know that your countrymen have been of late advancing the science of surgery to the utmost; that surgeons of consummate skill are now practising that art in your island who have acquired all their knowledge there, without any such horrid outrage on the feelings of the living and rights of the dead as you describe. We have heard of great discoveries made again and again in the nature of man's body, under the old system; and although we did not find the effects we expected from such new lights (that our kingdom would have no fresh arrivals but of a very Methuselah now and then).—I say, although we find exactly the same number of you come flocking hither as before you grew so wise in anatomy, still it is incredible that your lawgivers should break the very first law of nature, and the first right—respect for the human frame, and self-disposal—all to advance a science already, by their own shewing, and as proved by the success of its professors, advanced as far as human efforts can extend its benefits, or push its discoveries. Besides, would not the devotion of the human body to science be made equally a duty for the rich and poor, in a country boasting so loudly its equality of rights? Was ever yet "war to the (dissecting) knife" declared openly against homeless want and misfortune in a Christian land? nay, in the land where Nero and Caligula regarded men less than beasts? No, no; some horrid crime cut you off from society, above as well as here; and these enormous slanders upon your country are the effects of your revenge.

Mariner.—A couple of obstinate, bothering, booby gods, howsomever! I don't care much, except that I hate to go along with those Burking villains. But I see a ghost coming among the black flags of the shore. No luck to Jack, though. If I'd one to speak up

for me here, I should have found a friend to save my carcass above.

Enter Ghost of an Ancient Mariner.

Ghost.—I come to thank thee.

Mariner.—To thank me; for what? Did I lend you a quid some time?

Ancient Mariner.—For a grave. He knows me not. Mercury, I entreat a touch of thy wand, that I may stand before that honest rough spirit in the shape he alone ever saw me wear,—that of a long-drowned corpse, embedded in the coral caverns of the ocean.

Mercury.—Stand, spirit, in what shape best pleaseth thee.

Mariner.—A man of scales! a fish-man! shrunk to the size of a child, and the colour of a tanned hide, and all crusted over with shells and barnacles! I remember you now, sure enough. I found you thrown up on the shingles of an island in the Pacific, after an earthquake, by which our ship was thrown there also; I thought you one of those mummies I've seen in Egypt; you had human shape, be't how it would, and so I thought it shame and sin to let you lie there, rolled over and over by the tide coming in, to take you back. You was but the shelly carcass of a corpse, as one may say; so I scratched a bit of a grave for you high up the isle; it was a desert one though. I had small chance then of any one doing the like for me, unless it were a shark, or wild beast, that would find me a grave in his belly. But how came you drowned?

Ancient Mariner.—I was a merchant of the old times. My ship struck on a rock; and as she lay beating, I could not help running below to look once more at my treasure—an inestimable cargo!—gold and silver and precious stones; but as I stood and struck my forehead in agony, I felt that I and they and all were already on our short voyage headlong to eternal peace—that I should never look more on sky or man; for I could feel that we were descending rapidly—and down and down she sunk to the depth of five hundred fathom, our last sounding. But several huge wedges of gold and blocks of silver, rolling over, struck my breast, and spared me the slower agony of drowning. The vessel lay wedged in a cleft of the coral mountain's roots, and I, as in a cage, remained imprisoned among my pre-

cious heaps; and though the ship splitting laid open my rich vault of death, there I lay still—nor did the time of corruption, which floated up my fellows to find some sunny sand and sepulture, release me. So there my soul bound to the spot, watched, through the glass of the green sea-depth, as with the vision of the sea-eagle espying its prey, the slow ruin of its mortal lodging. For slow it was;—the fierce and foul devourers of that element found me so armoured in my beloved metal, that the very worms of earth would have beaten them at the work of destruction.

My gems threw a soft of glory round on the floor of the ocean, and hundreds of unwieldy monsters, lured by the corrupting stench of men and beasts not yet enough decomposed to rise, came tumbling as to a jubilee in that never-seen light; and all the species of sea-dogs, and all those of the hideous crab and snake-like forms, and many strange creatures of that kingdom not known to man, fought over their passive human feast, so that not many of the dead retained enough flesh to buoy them to the surface when that time came, but strewed the floor of the sea with their loosed bones, as earth is covered with bones thrown to the dogs by a hungry army that has long fasted. As for me, a few sea-reptiles reached me, and nestled in my eyes and ears; but before they could far penetrate skin and muscle, lo! I was already of another kingdom!—the secret but swift powers of strange conversion were at work, till the sea almost claimed me as her own. The process of the coral reef's birth was involving me, like a mere shiver of stone, in its cold fret-work, converting flesh to rock, and out of corruption itself creating the incorruptible. Then came all those small-shelled creatures that stud the larger kind of shells, and embossed my human flesh as it had been the mere timber of a ship's keel, till the blue bloated and loathsome polypus lay upon my bosom—(after the lapse of ages had released me by dispersion of my treasures)—lay as on the shells of the sea-shore. Thus panoplied and metamorphosed, I kept my place for ages embedded in the deep, while many empires, then young, grew old and perished, and others rose; and Avarice and Ambition went tilting in their broad-winged chariots over my head,

reckless and ignorant of him who had perished in their path. Nature allowed me a sort of double being. Lost from one of her kingdoms, I did not wholly perish, but entered another, and there preserved form and feature,—a semi-marine relique of man.

At last came the earthquake and the storm, which tore the firm foundations of the sea, and made that boiling sea cast up her dead and swallow the living, among things of other life to die. You, oh my brother! restored me once more to my own mother's peaceful bosom after so long, long a separation. That is my *post-mortem* history. What is your's! You lay unburied on that desert island, I fear, where you buried me—for my imperfect degree of divine knowledge tells me that you have never found a grave; though wherefore your head has not lain back on that breast where God and nature ordained it to be lain when the long sleep came upon you, I know not.

Mariner.—You're right enough. I've never been buried, and never shall be. I'm all in little steaks, chops, and cutlets, already, and God knows when those carrion doctors will have done with me. I expect my ear won't know my head, nor my toe its neighbour-toe, when "all hands aloft" is piped at the last day—hardly, with a plague on 'em!

Ancient Mariner.—I do conceive thee. Thou wert devoured by savages, being left on the wild island.

Mariner.—There you're out! I suffered all this by *not* being left on the wild island. Some very civil savages came in canoes and took me off to another isle, and a ship touched there and took me home. If I had stayed *there*, I should have found decent burial, at least, if not Christian; by *coming home* I found none, and

was cheated out of my grave. A plague of hospitals, I say. It was none of my own will to go there. Thinks I, I'll cheat the butchers! So, when I found myself sick to death, I curls me round like a dog on the step of a door-way in the darkest street I could find, thinking as how the folk within would at least see me buried, as I had not troubled 'em to beg. But some d—d charitable rascal would needs send me to the hospital, where I was very excellently nursed for half an hour, and—dissected. Here's the god—what d'ye call?—come back,—the god what makes a salvation—him who flew away just now. Marcurry! Marcurry!—hark to him! My stars! and holds out his hand to me!

Mercury.—Ascend, good spirit!—Follow me up this vista of the black rocks, to where you see such glorious light shining on a mountain all over flowers, there to put off your lingering mindly drop of mortality, and be one of the blessed. Take this, and this—rue and euphony. Follow!

Mariner.—Ha, ha! you old Thames waterman—you that call yourself one of the gods—what d'ye say *now*, old surly? Humbly thanking your very good godship—something *like* a god *you* be!—if you'll find me flip and pigtail where we are, I'd as lief go no higher up. I've been to the Pole, d'ye see;—those streamers and north lights make just such a twilight as this here—so I'm, as it were, used to it. For my part, I always thought the world looked better without light than with; I am sartain sure grog and pigtail and black Moll were never the worse for dark, so why should I be! But I guess I am to change again yet. Good bye, ancient dead man! and, though you don't deserve it, good bye to you too, old black beard!

DIALOGUE II.

A UTILITARIAN. PHILOSOPHER.

A SURGEON. JOHN THURTELL.

U. Philosopher (soliloquising).—My reception here is most extraordinary! I have philosophised these fifty years. I was a lawgiver in the strictest sense of the word, for I did nothing but frame codes of law, the finest in the world, to give away;—and, what was provoking, though I kept them ready cut and dried for every government that ever was or will be, not one would accept them! However, my

works, to console me, were translated abroad, long before they were read at home; ay, translated faster than any bishop akin to a patriot premier! My discoveries were grand. Witness that wonderful one about what is to be desired. Others have built their fame upon having demonstrated the *attainable*;—shew me one besides myself who has been dubbed a philosopher for pointing out only the *desirable*!

But it was the novelty of the idea, I suppose. "The strongest appetites, and the soundest sleep, in the handsomest body, all prolonged through the years of Methuselah!" This, the *summum bonum*, the all in all, "the consummation devoutly to be wished"—this I first taught the world to wish—and attain—if possible.

Dying full of years, and the blossoming honours of this glorious pearl of an idea, which I had dived so deep for in the well of truth, what less should I expect on my landing here than a mob of all the wise men of all ages waiting to clasp me in their shadowy arms? Yet here I walk by myself—I talk to myself! My predecessor Numa seems not to know me; Solon passes me without even a nod of recognition; Socrates with a smile—an equivocal kind of notice! But what equally astonishes me is, that the very characters against whom I planted my philosophical canons—that is my pen—point-blank, hail me as a friend, instead of shrinking from the terrors of my presence. Here comes one;—I could frown him dead, but that he's dead already.

John Thurtell.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! If we hadn't diddled Death himself here, and fairly cut him for ever, I should surely die of laughing! Alas, old boy! I have vile news for you. Those above have served you as they did me—You're dissected! you're dissected! Knives, and hooks, and little pincers, are at you this moment—the devil knows how many! One's sawing through your organ of philolegislativeity, another cutting his cheese on you, another his jokes; another groping in your knowledge-box, scooping out all the wise marrow, like a baby got at its full pap-boat.

Philosopher (aside).—How? Taken at my word? My will executed without a discretion? Am I dissected?

Thurtell.—Are you dumb? Don't you believe me? Or don't you know me? I am the hero Thurtell, that the wise and sovereign people exalted to the skies, cheered under the gallows—I am he that made gaolers weep—he that—But here comes my authority. Ask this young surgeon that's just stepped out of the boat. He ought to know whether you are dissected or not, for he says he's just now dead of a prick with the knife, in paying that solemn last duty to your remains—of

cutting you up *pro bono publico*—alias, for driving in the utmost possible anatomical knowledge into the thickest possible skull.

Philosopher.—Is it true that I have been anatomised?

Surgeon.—Ay; and I wish you had been anatomised alive before you came under my scalpel.

Philosopher.—How happy I am to learn that my usefulness did not end even with my life! To push the pursuit of knowledge not only to the limits of life, but have it still pushed through one's very entrails after life, is an ecstasy of utility. It must have been an august spectacle,—the dissection of a philosopher! I wish I could have been present myself.

Surgeon.—It's something queer, though, that I couldn't reap from my labours in you the small utility of curing myself of a pricked finger, inoculated with your confounded humours or corruptions.

Philosopher.—Come, come!—don't affect a stupidity unworthy of you, and conceal your secret satisfaction, as a son of science, under a false shew of fretfulness for a little misfortune, incident to all great pursuits. I know you respect, nay, love me—you must do so, for the zeal I proved in making a present of myself to you and your brethren.

Surgeon.—A pretty present, truly! As pretty as Nessus's shirt; and if I were Hercules, by Styx, I would thank you for it as he thanked the centaur for stealing his wife.

Thurtell.—This life in death is as good fun, almost, as life in London. Upon my soul though, I'm sorry that old gentleman came to my end at last. Ha, ha, ha!

Philosopher.—Your end? I was dissected as a philosopher—you as a felon.

Thurtell.—I'm glad to hear you have a voice,—a very fine distinction! Pray, after teaching every body to quake and quail at the thought of being anatomised for a felon, how will you unteach this at once, and make every body eager to be cut up for a philosopher?

Philosopher.—With him I discourse not; but you I really respect for having seen farther into a utilitarian philosopher than he ever saw or could see himself—to say nothing of the little matter of martyrdom.

Surgeon.—You are a vain old cox-

comb! and I have a revenge in store that I'll now enjoy to your mortification. First, your whim of becoming "a subject," and so contributing a single carcass to the cause of science, was no more respected than would have been your choosing to become your own chimney-sweeper, and thus in *propria persona* advancing the cause of humanity. Why should you not? Nay, you ought, to be consistent. Secondly, "the severest stroke of all," you are buried!—almost *decently*!—and quite like other people. So many of your friends came thronging to see you—

Thurtell.—So did mine! I'm told I drew a very full and fashionable—dissecting-room.

Surgeon.—So many came to see you, that any serious study of you was out of the question. Merely for shew, we slashed you a little here and there, sawed through a few of your organs, and so forth; and by the time the novelty of seeing you lie in state (after an odd fashion) died away, you began to be equally stale in a literal and more offensive sense of that word. In fact, we all, operators and spectators, grew confoundedly tired of your generous gift, voted the thing a bore, and got you under ground in the old fashion, pleased to be rid of you.

Philosopher.—That was very proper. You don't think I meant *never* to be buried, do you? Do not you know that the Liberal Warburtonian Act provides Christian rites for all, *after their bodies shall have served the purpose of science*? God forbid that men without a crime should be denied Christian burial in a Christian country, by act of parliament!

Surgeon.—Precious ignorance! Thus it is when vain men will meddle and mend, on superficial views of subjects, despising, in their "fine frenzy" of reforming, those minute details which, though beneath the notice of their "rolling eye," are indispensable to forming a judgment.

To make use of a subject, it is necessary to *actually demolish it as a human form*. Successive layers of muscles

are first to be *cut away*, to reveal those beneath; the branches of the blood-vessels, minute as the extreme musculation of sea-weeds or other plants, are to be laid bare, by tedious pecking away, with pincers and scissors, &c., the flesh *bit by bit*. Absorbents and nerves, in their fine reticular meanders, are also to be followed in like mode by destruction, at least comminution. What, think you, becomes of the brain—that noblest top-turret of the ruined castle of the soul, and palace of immortal mind!—when its melting substance has been all removed *seriatim*, to view a fanciful arrangement of its parts (merely produced by the dissector's own mode of cutting it, as a boy would carve birds or faces on his apple), as well as to inspect the internal floor, as it were, of the skull, through which all the nerves issue?

Besides all this necessary dispersion of "our brother's" or "our sister's" body, remember there is much wanton use of it, as a relaxation to the risible muscles of the young students. One will dab at another an eye, perhaps, left too long to be dissected, from its collapse; the missile will be answered by another, the first at hand— a muscle, or adipose membrane. It is possible the war may become general, the pelting (indeed "pitiless") be carried on by parties, the confusion of mortal particles worse confounded; for what can check the buoyant spirits of many youths gathered together? *I have seen all this*;¹ nay, joined in the sacrilege. Death has taught me decency. I ask, will you command the anatomical school-boys, on pain of the rod, to *decently* deposit every pinch of human flesh, every dab of brain-marrow, they *must* remove in the soberest exercise of their task? The idea is ridiculous. I should have added, that the very bones are sawed in all ways, to exhibit the cancelli and marrow, all severed. Why, you might as rationally order that a bank-note, which has been washed and frittered into its original rag-paste, shall be properly repositied in your note-case, and carefully read over and preserved *quasi* a bank-note. It is

* I appeal, as a surgeon, to every candid surgeon for a confirmation of this fact of wanton waste of subjects, not only by these outbreaks in the absence of the demonstrator, whose daily visit is but of an hour, but through the non-attendance of young men to study each his quarter of a body which he has bought, or rather his friends have. Ought not the legislature to prevent at least the waste of the human material of instruction, which is to be acquired at the cost, it is to be feared, of much hardening and debasing of the best feelings?

not a whit greater absurdity than to enact that a human body shall be decently deposited in a vault or grave, after having been thus frittered away, the fragments scattered, the contexture destroyed, every thing that goes to the

composition of a distinctive form utterly lost, confounded, and irrecoverable! Yet, quoth the Act, "Be it enacted!" &c. And this is legislation in the nineteenth century!

DIALOGUE III.

A MODERN LEGISLATOR. BURKE THE BURKER.

[The legislator, on stepping out of Charon's boat, is surrounded and hugged in a transport by several deformed ghosts, headed by Burke, all bearing such affinity to winged spirits as bats do to birds; that is, retaining strong marks of the beast. Bishop, Williams, and several never-discovered Burkers who "died without their fame," made up the group, gathered together by the patriarch Burke, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings.]

Modern Legislator.—Help! off! off! Charon! put back and take me in again, for the love of God! Oh, how hideously they grin their love at me! Are these my expecting friends?

Burke.—Welcome! welcome, my son, my pupil! Welcome him, my children! Disciples! embrace your brother disciple. Behold the man who looks at human flesh with the same eyes of wisdom that I did, and no more regards it than dog's-meat!

Modern Legislator.—Most deformed vampire! for such surely thou art, and no human ghost; why do you gloat on me? What manner of man did you inhabit above, that your horrible dwelling has cramped and deformed your soul eternally in that manner? Avaunt! whatever you are, and your cursed crew!

Burke.—Oh, how pleasant it is to meet a congenial mind at last! Not a ghost—no, not even a murderer's—has spoken to or looked at us before. Old Utility himself, as we of the fancy call him, pretends not to know us, forsooth!—us, his brother-philosophers, who learned of him himself how to look at a human body, alive or dead; that is, with a view to its usefulness, as *stuff* to be turned to account. The old turncoat! To cut us, of all people! But I expected more sense from you.

Modern Legislator.—How should I know you, that have little likeness to any thing on earth but the great vampire, or Indian bat, that sucks men's blood in their sleep till they wake no more?

Burke.—Restrain your tenderness,

my sons, till your brother recovers from his surprise. It is my belief he thinks he is going to be Burked—he is expecting the plaster. Alas! he forgets that here our "occupation's gone." Not know *me*, the father of the Burking system? *me*, whose name has struck root in your language? *me*, who am become already an immortal, for inventing a new crime?

Modern Legislator.—What! have I spoken then to the monster Burke? Know *me*, then: I am he who has legislated on purpose against you and your execrable crime; my act has cut it off in its newness, and spoiled your eternity. The crime, with your name, will perish for want of an heir from the black register of earth, and be found no where but in that of hell, penal hell, your ultimate home.

Burke.—These are fine airs; but "two of a trade," I remember our old proverb says. A profound legislator, truly! To lessen the number—not prevent it—of one certain sort of murderers, which must be always more rare than others, and nearly confined to metropolises, you make every body liable to be treated as you have always treated murderers! Yes; every body! for who can foresee, in the vicissitudes of twenty, thirty, or forty years, how poor they may become, or how friendless they may die?

Modern Legislator.—Why, you impudent rascal! what can you mean by your two of a trade? Are we birds of a feather that we should flock together—I and your brood!

Burke.—If you hadn't flown into a passion, I was going to have shewn how easily you might have done what you only pretend to have done against my system's perpetuity.

Modern Legislator.—*Fas est ab hoste doceri*! What, pray, might be your wise scheme?

Burke.—As wise as yours, I'm sure. In countries of my religion (Catholic), I've heard from a priest in Ireland, that a sort of certificate is buried with every corpse whatever, setting forth

the belief and conduct of the deceased. This is meant for the eye of St. Peter, some say; but it would do equally for the eye of the purchasing surgeon, in our sort of resurrection. Let such a little paper be printed with the age, marks, stature, every thing to identify the corpse—the printer's abode subjoined—and enclose it *with every buried person*. The expense would not exceed that of a common coffin-plate. *Hang or transport* any surgeon, or his agent, who shall buy a *subject* without this testimonial of such body's having been buried: forbid them to pay the resurrection-man, till time shall have elapsed for this paper to be certified as genuine at the printing-office it professes to issue from. Perhaps even that precaution would hardly be requisite, for I fear it will be long ere my Burkites grow strong enough as a sect to mount printing-press and printers for their own use. But as body-snatchers rarely prey beyond the purlieus of a great city, the printer could never reside at a very troublesome distance. This would by no means legalise body-stealing, but prevent the sale of bodies never buried. Surely as surgery has so advanced under the old stealthy mode of obtaining subjects, the mode by which Hunter and Harvey, and all the great surgeons of recent date, *became great, reform* can never be so desperately wanted of a sudden. So there's "Burke's Act against Burking," worth ten of yours, or I'm not Burke.

Modern Legislator.—Pooh! pooh! It is—it is the suggestion of——not an M. P., so it would never answer.

Burke.—My act against yours, for any odds! But, first, let me answer your denial of relationship to me. Disowning the *feeling* which prompted my crime, nay, *constituted* its only peculiarity, you deny your own principle—the basis of *your* act as it was of *my* act—a *callousness of feeling for the dead*. Feeling is a prejudice, you maintain; and it is all the drift of your legislation to harden men's minds against it. ~~Have~~ not you altered a law, on purpose to prove that all regard to the dead body is an error, merely because it sanctioned the contrary sentiment, and made the being "given to the surgeons" an aggravation of the penalty even of death?

Modern Legislator.—Absurd! What though I do sanction indifference to

the fate of the dead body, is that countenancing your crime, the *making* it dead? Does that sanction "breaking into the bloody house of life?"

Burke.—No, no; it only just led me to the door, and set me *picking at the lock*, and will set others. What! are you to set us reasoning about every thing we used to *feel*, without asking a word *why*, and think we'll reason just as far as you please? You would "put our beggarly minds a-horseback," and then, instead of our "riding to the devil," as the proverb warns you we should do, you bid us stop at *your* door, and take our leading-strings again to toddle, toddle!

Now, though I am still Burke, I can tell you that it is the first taste of my punishment to see a little of my own deformity, and much of the causes that led to it. As an instance of your conceit in swaying men's minds what way you please, and just so far as you please, look at your humane revival of gibbeting! You say to the poor, "Good poor people, *you were wanted*; science has need of you. It is the merest folly to regard what becomes of your body after death: you *must think so*; for we have ordered, and do hereby order you for dissection." Very well! But why blow hot and cold in a breath! When you are casting about for some extra-dreadful punishment for murder, you hit upon a very mild modification of that disposal which just now you forced upon the poor as a mere matter of course—a nothing! That is, you hit upon hanging unburied. Surely this is meant for a punishment to the man gibbeted, not the passers-by; so there comes something very like a self-betrayal of your own lie, for *now* it seems that the mere being unburied—not cut piecemeal, but left above ground to "take mine ease in my cage"—is something to strike terror; that it is an aggravation of death itself, a horror to deter from or to punish the foulest crime. O consistent lawgivers!

Modern Legislator.—So you would make our just principle answer for the length to which you have carried it, in your own interpretation of it, and your acts?

Burke.—Ay, ay, when you've pushed us poor devils into action, you fall back on your principles, and leave us to the consequences of our faith in you and them. There was once a ministry so

mad—a vast many years back—as to tell the people that they were most wise in returning to the law of wild men and brute beasts—that is, *force*. They let a rabble, bigger than the standing army of England, occupy London a whole day, intrusting its citizens to their mercy, and the mercy of a thousand accidents which might have made them furious. They even were Bedlamite enough to *thank* another mob, as large, for threatening their very selves, and their existence as a government. Well, all this was mighty flattering to the majesty of the mob, especially in my mobbing country, little Ireland. To find rebellion in such favour at head-quarters was just what they liked, but never dreamed of hoping for; so to it they went. But just by that time their bullying had served their masters' purpose: they were firm in their seats for a time, so rebellion was no longer patriotism; treason, instead of being *thanked*, was to be hanged and quartered again as usual. My poor countrymen were rewarded by bullet and broad-sword, for acting on the very principle laid down as a duty and rule of action by those who thus butchered them.

Modern Legislator.—Burke a politician! And what has that to do with your charging your villany on my doctrine?

Burke.—A great deal in the way of parallel. I say that there is not one of my countrymen who has died (however justly) by soldier's sword, or hangman's rope, but might have said to the minister of that day, "*Brother rebel! this is your work.*" Just so I say to you, the father of my principle, "*Brother Barker, this is your work!*" How can you deny that your doctrine and mine is the very same? And if you, a poor "bit by bit" half philosopher and reformer of old errors, *dared* not push your own discoveries into action, that only shewed me the greater of the two. I *reasoned* as well as you. That "*life*" you suffered to keep possession of your "*house,*" when you and philosophy wanted it, I *dared* to *eject*. But I took care to select for this process mostly such life as was better out of it than in. My *reason* told me (and I defy you to deny her truth), *that* life was but a curse and burden to a decrepit starving woman, or an over-

worked idiot, who could not enjoy it otherwise than a beast of burden can his. Such sort of poor devils we looked out for. Now, pray let me ask you, what was it in my new crime which so shocked all the world? My object? No; that was money. Every London assize shews you a murderer for the sake of money. My *mode of practice*? That was absolutely humane (no merit of mine). The stupidified victim suffered neither foresight nor pains of death. Those murderers of the old school did their work bloodily and cruelly; yet they have been allowed to die without a hiss, while I was in danger of being torn to pieces,—was viewed as a wild beast,—I was the "*monster Burke!*" I defy you, senator as you are, to assign any cause for all this, but that I stood the first example of that utter contempt of man's form, as distinguished from the brutal, which you yourself and your party inculcate by act of parliament. I looked at a fine muscular frame with the calculating eyes of a true Utilitarian. I surveyed a healthy young woman, not—as the pretty fool might fancy, smirking to the eager notice,—as a fine girl, but as a fine *subject*. It made no difference in the crime, or its cruelty, whether the ten pound, which was my temptation, was to be taken from the pocket of my prey, or procured by sale of the flesh. The extravagant horror of my crime was, after all; then, you see, a mere matter of *sentiment*; which you declare to be a thing mattering nothing at all, in this wise age! Yet it was strong enough to make men's blood run cold at the bare thought of my deed,—made murder and robbery shrink into petty crimes before the enormity of mine.

And as to your legislating against *my* acts, faith! I think a really piteous fellow in St. Stephen's had need get up to legislate against *yours*. To deny a man, who has not where to lay his head alive, any resting-place even when he's dead,—to enhance, by his horror, or fear, or disgust of his after-treatment, the bitterness of a friendless and homeless death,—that is your humanity! When a man hereafter wants terms to stigmatise the barbarity of *my* act, let him think of *your's*, and say, as "*bad as the Anatomy Act!*"

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DIALOGUE IV.

UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHER. SHAKESPEARE.

"Tu manes ne læde meos."

Utilitarian Philosopher.—And you confess to writing that epitaph for yourself, which I read at Stratford-on-Avon, where I went on purpose to see your house —

"Good friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare.—I know nothing in the lines to be ashamed of. I wrote them to express a natural sentiment, which I hope was not outraged by any indecencies after my death. How kind of my brother-townsfolds to preserve my name in their little place so long! Had I been buried in London, where I earned my bread by writing plays, my doggerel epitaph would have been no more respected or remembered than they. Yet I was known about the theatres, and even among the wits of that day. But there's nothing like a man's birth-place for preserving his memory.

Philosopher.—How? You astonish me! I have found all the spirits here in this valley well acquainted with the doings of our world. As for poets, when I sought for you among great mobs of them, and could no where find you, I thought they were all mad. They came flocking down to meet Charon, with every new comer, in actual shoals; and every one bawled to him the same question, which was, What the world was saying about himself? The most pigmy ghost among them would inquire with a sort of fury, which set even the grim ferryman laughing till he held his sides. But as for you, you seem to retain nothing of anxiety but that humble sort of ambition, that tender desire of surviving in the *heart*, rather than the mind of those who were round your cradle, or followed you to the grave. And pray how came it, that when I gave up seeking you among the poets (where almost every one told me an unaccountable lie, that, by a metempsychosis sublime, your soul had been transferred into his little self), I found you at last by looking up, as for the sun, through this eclipse of light? and there you sat, near the brow of that mountain shining with asphodel, under an ama-

ranth-tree, at the right hand of Aristotle. I could just recognise your mild features through the amber cloud, that was like a golden-filmed gossamer.

Shakespeare.—My being chiefly there was the reason you could not find me below, as well as the cause of my ignorance of earth's doings; which I never have asked about yet. But as to how I came among all the ancient sages, instead of harping about in the thick air below (here, where I came down at your call), you must please to ask that of Plato. It was he who came to fetch me when I landed.

Philosopher.—And you are actually admitted by them as a philosopher, while I — but I will learn modesty of you. I am hale-fellowed and well met by the very scum of hell! Now I'll rest our several claims to the title on our very opposite feeling about sepulture. That rest and respect which you pathetically, solemnly implore for your dead body, I expressly forbade by will for mine. And though you could not be expected to entertain that zeal for anatomical knowledge which influenced me, yet was there nothing narrow-minded in that great anxiety about a dead carcass! To imprecate, curse, and conjure about mere perishing clay, because it once belonged to us, — is that like a philosopher?

Shakespeare.—I never pretended to philosophy. As a proof of it, I was hunting for a friendly sheep-breeder of Avon-side, who came to see me on my death-bed, when Plato called me by name, and I held out my hand, thinking it was the shepherd — so little thought had I about such high company. But I utterly fail to comprehend you, when you seem to say that when we are to take leave of the sun and elements — when a long farewell, with tears and tremblings, is to be acted between those fond twin-beings, the mortal and the eternal, which have so long and lovingly dwelt together — then that mortal is to be deemed as nought — as earthly already — as no more entitled to decency, to one thought (what had engrossed all thoughts), by this immortal, which had never been but through its being! Such barbarous faithlessness and desertion of its long-cherished half and beautiful partner in

its fall; this leaguings with death to dishonour it more; this, added to trampling of even our brothers on its mournful rum—added, I say, to the trampling of that enemy's pale horse to speed its annihilation,—seems to me more worthy of a beast than a philosopher. How could I dream of such monstrous self-rebellion? I no more dreamed of irreverently daring to ask Nature *why* she implanted in me a double creature, a fleshly spirit, some tender reverence for that half-creature, that spiritualised flesh (though grass it be),—than I should of asking her why she made me man instead of beast; why a thinking parent, cherishing my helpless young, instead of a loathsome hog that I see devouring hers alive, and quite at ease after the repast!

Philosopher.—Let me tell you that herein you launch into that tumid eloquence, that obscure bombast, remarked in your writings. I allow the strength of the tie betwixt mind and body—it constitutes the triumph I claim for my last moments. To regard, while yet warm, yet vital, this beloved old accustomed form, as the mere cold obstructing matter, the “kneaded clod” you have talked of—this focus of identity—this only visible, tangible self!—to antedate the frightful wrench that must soon be, and say, “Take, and destroy, even before its appointed time of destruction!”—to dare this, I say—to reason ourselves into this daring, is a great victory over nature.

Shakespeare.—The triumph of rebellion is disgrace. Reason herself, if she revolt against nature, is no more to be trusted than is a vicegerent of a province, though appointed by its legitimate king, to be obeyed if he turn rebel: his commands thenceforth become dangerously wicked, and obedience to them is death. And you believe that you overcame in the struggle, and died callous to pity for all the pleadings of the flesh?

Philosopher.—Certainly. I gave myself to the surgeons to be anatomised.

Shakespeare.—Then where was the glory you seem to claim, and which (pardon me)? by favour of my mistress Nature, who intrusts me with many secrets, I come to know was the secret end (perhaps unknown to yourself) of the magnanimous self-assault? To spurn as a clod of the valley what you have convinced yourself is nothing more than a clod—to let carrion be

cut up as carrion, ~~is~~ not any stretch of intellect, methinks. If, on the other hand, human nature held out part of your dying mind, and you gave up your shrinking flesh with secret reluctance, then you died in revolt equally against reason and nature. If you persuaded yourself into unconcern, there was no honour; if you did not, there was no merit.

Philosopher.—Yes. The merit of revolting myself, and perhaps others, for the sake of science, and its benefits to my fellow-creatures. No! I protest against the imputation of vanity and love of posthumous respect having influenced me! That would be inconsistency indeed, while expressly disclaiming all posthumous regards on earth! I looked to the great national benefit of my example, in rising above the weaknesses of nature by the aid of reason.

Shakespeare.—Truly, this Nature seems to have fallen into strange disgrace on earth since I left her there sovereign. For my part, I revered Nature as my very good, gracious, benevolent, and beautiful mistress; and I used Reason as a lamp she put into my hand, that, when I missed her, in the fogs and foul exhalations of the land she placed me in, I might find my way again to her sweet presence, out of which to wander by myself, and, with all my anchorless thoughts adrift, was to walk in the shadow of the valley of death. Now, you seem to have exalted the lamp she gave for mere use, into a star to be worshipped. You pay it more respect, but it does not do you so much service; besides that, gazing at it eternally, you stumble into the mire, yea, often blood. A whole nation rushed into a sea of blood, we hear, like an army of lemmings into the sea, by this abuse and idolatry.

You envy me, I perceive, my place among philosophers. Do you know that the respect they pay me is not really to me, but Nature? just as mortals treat an ambassador, with reverence proportioned to the favour he stands in at his own court. They will have it that I was her domestic secretary. I officiated rarely in her grander correspondence, in which she employed Lucretius, Newton, and a few others; but I was the favourite confidant of her less awful retirements, when she threw off the pomps of almightiness,

and half disrobed (to me a mortal. Judge, then, my astonishment to hear of the great virtue of resisting, of vanquishing *her*!—of the little light she gave, to prevent our straying from her, being used to lead your glimmering way as far from her as possible! So widely astray, so foully floundering in dangerous ways, dark and among beasts, methinks that intellect is wandering which believes that the warm fair body of a dear child, or wife, or sister, five minutes dead, is no more to be regarded than the dead rat rotting in the common sewer, by him whose eyes are yet wet with the parting tears—him who, a few minutes before, held it to his heart as precious as its life's blood! This is the principle you advocate—this the feeling you would make *national* by your example; would God so abandon to blind brutality the hearts and minds demented by such example? You claim the alliance of Reason, too, in vain. Even man's "reasoning pride" is on the side of humanity. Reason—right—religion—morality—antiquity—analogy—which of these does not eloquently plead for the dead? Which of these does not demand, in mercy and in justice, the poor tribute of a veil—a veil of earth for fallen mortality, undergoing the shames and dishonours of the penalty of Adam, and transfigured under the heavy hand of Death?

Philosopher.—Does not Reason assure me that the worms will speedily execute, in a still fouler manner, that sentence of dissolution gone forth at the moment of parting, which the knife of Science will execute with benefit to the living?

"*Tabesne cadavera solvat,
An rogus haud refert?*"

says Lucan.

Shakespeare.—Granted. But in inferring thence the blamelessness of apathy towards our friends' remains, you reason as if nothing but matter had place in the system of the world—as if there were no such thing as affections, antipathies, ideas, associations of ideas—nothing of all that fine inner system of springs which indeed may be called the soul of the world, and wields this vast machine of sentient being, and gives it all its character distinctive from the mass of stone, earth, trees, minerals, with which it is whirled round in the revolutions of

their common abode. All instincts that impel us to the noblest, or deter from the most hideous actions, are to us pure *prejudices*; that is, they baffle human judgment to assign a *wherefore*. We take them upon trust, but our trust is in Him who cannot deceive. True it is, that, by the utmost outrage you or a wild beast could inflict on the dead, you or he would but antedate the work of Corruption. And he who burned the temple of Ephesus did but anticipate the work of Time, which would surely lay those walls as low in the dust, as his firebrand did in ashes. Yet the destroyer stands cursed in the register of Fame, though his destruction was thus impotent of injury. And may we not say, that he who timelessly demolisheth a human body, albeit the hand of Corruption be upon it, hath equally destroyed a temple—not made with hands—a more glorious temple? where not a hollow idol—not a blood-stained Diana, but a living Deity, but God the Father and God the Son—the one hath built, the other tenanted during his sojourn with us on earth! the lodging of a Saviour! the forsaken palace of the Holy Ghost!

But let us return to lowlier topics—to my birth-place, and your visit thereto. And you indeed made a journey thither on my account! Why? Did you expect to find me in my old elbow-chair, or under my mulberry-tree, after two hundred years' burial?

Philosopher.—Why? You are facetious. You might as well ask, did Tully, who tells us that he could not refrain, when in Greece, from frequenting the shades and porticos of the Academy, the ruinous haunts of sages, expect to be in at supper-time with Plato and his friends, dead so long before? I made my pilgrimage to your town (as thousands do yearly) on the same principle which attracted the Roman orator to the long-forsaken seats of Eloquence and Philosophy.

Shakespeare.—Yet the trees and porticos of those seats were *never* more than timber and stone. The walls of my house of birth were never aught but earth—but burned clay. Notwithstanding this, Cicero venerated the one, you the other, after so long a desertion of them. Then, methinks, man's soul should, after its departure, throw somewhat of awe, of sacredness round its deserted dwelling-place—not of earth baked in fire, but, for a long time, part

of its immortal self!—that delicate crimson gem of matter and quintessence of clay, through which it lived and thrilled with joy or agony to its utmost outskirts. This you deny.

Philosopher.—You have stolen a brick of rhetoric from your new-found brother Socrates, I suspect. I did not see the drift, before, of your sudden flight to Stratford-on-Avon. Analogy there, I confess, is on your side. But a right and laudable feeling often operates to our injury. Then it is to be fought against. I give up my sister's remains, which feel nothing; and by so doing, I spare suffering to my child, which feels acutely, through the new lights thrown by anatomical research on the art of healing.

Shakespeare.—That art, like all others, has its limits, and they have been reached. The proportion of deaths to births varies according to climate, modes of life, war or peace, plenty or want; but is not at all affected by the extremes of anatomical ignorance or discovery—a pretty clear proof that the real saving of life is insignificant, in a broad view of the question. The kingdom of Death is not to be curtailed of its proportions. Virtue and Temperance can indeed do much to prevent its unnatural overgrowth, but these require rarely the aid of Art. Luxury, the arch traitor to Life, with Disease his offspring, is perpetually at work against the lord he seems to pamper, and pioneering on the side of the pale Enemy, extending his realm till it encroaches on that of the living; just as the fouler passions, which are the mind's riot,

with Sin their son, are ever increasing the mortality among souls, and enlarging the kingdom of Satan. But Luxury works by mine and sap—the stealthy *chronic*, not the flying *acute* (the dart from God's own quiver), is the species of arms ~~he~~ *we* wield, and against these art is impotent. The handicraft of operative surgery is the main good to be promoted by dissection, therefore; and this can be preserved without new regulations. Discoveries made in the occult recesses of man's body are, for any useful purpose, like the discovery of a new star in the dusk abysses of space—splendid vanities—no more. There is a mystery of fraud, and a superstition in the cure of bodies as well as souls, practised by pretenders to the secret of the salvation of both. Those rake in dead carcasses, expose the sad secrets of mortality, sickening the very sun with the sight of Death at his work—crying out from time to time, “I have found it!” as if thenceforth man should never die, till he should be at the end of his line as measured by Nature—meanwhile, these tragic abominations cease not, and he dies at every age as before, and Death finds no famine. These, again, torment minds with imposition of strange, impossible tasks of belief, with pains and penances, to avert the death of souls. Both these sorts of empirics, and their victims also, overlook the only true and natural preventive—ready, obvious, easy, and delightful—in every man's reach, in every man's power—in the one case *Temperance*, in the other *Morality*.

DIALOGUE V.

THE MODERN LEGISLATOR. PLATO.

Omnia incertà ratione, et natura majestate abdita.—*PLIN. lib. ii. cap. 37.*

Plato.—Minos wants you.

M. Legislator (still surrounded by Burke, Bishop, and the rest).—Thank Heaven, then, I shall get rid of these loving rascals at last, and find proper society. “Divine Plato!” let me embrace you. Where is Solon? How is Draco?

Plato.—You deceive yourself. You are accused as a criminal, and must plead your cause before Minos. You have disturbed the peace of this famous metropolis of the terrestrial empire, never before broken, setting variance betwixt dead and dead. Here, where Cæsar and Pompey renew their alliance, and Anthony and Augustus laugh

to think how small a matter they disputed for—all is strife among the ghosts of your paltry island. Here a wife haunts a husband, who has survived her awhile, like a fury. Instead of the white-marbled, sweet body, and the sleepy smile of natural death which she left with him, and ought to reappear in to him on their meeting, she presents a shape only of man, composed of bloody fragments of many bodies, more hideous than one trodden into a battle-field by a thousand hoofs, gory, and mury, and corrupting withal. There a child pursues a parent that knows it not—not with love, but impish

revenge—in the form of a brown and shrivelled mummy, spread open from head to toe, with all the blood-vessels laid naked, branching down in red and yellow meanders, as injected with wax. A sister appears in her bones pursuing a brother every where, and demanding their robes of flesh untimely stripped away by knife or by boiling; while the pursued very often is himself pursuing his nearest kin, for having reduced him to the same shivering odious condition among us. Their confused cross charges, and wrath, and wail, have reached the ears of Minos. All the accused accuse you and some would-be philosophers, of having excited, by your doctrine and examples, this general violation of the dead. Minos has acquitted all as under influence, and calls you to his bar as sole defendant against those ten thousand ghostly plaintiffs. Come along, they are all waiting; come, and defend yourself. Meanwhile, tell me your grounds of defence.

M. Legislator.—I hope Draco or Lycurgus, some lawgiver who was superior to Nature's weaknesses, will be my counsel.

Plato.—Draco was ferocious against even minor crime, but not against innocence: he never punished poverty. As to Lycurgus, do you not know that even he, stern as he was,—he with his iron heart and money—he allowed olive-boughs and myrtle as trophies for the dead?

M. Legislator.—The schoolmaster and the march of mind are on their career to small purpose, if a false feeling is to stand in the way, and not be put aside. Such is awe and tenderness for what cannot feel the one, and ought not to inspire the other. Though Nature herself deceive us, our reason should hold fast eternal truth, and vindicate the unshackled intellect's right to shake off the soft imposture. The time is come when only stern reality is deemed worthy of the regard of philosophers. The reign of imagination is past, and the feeling we have exterminated (if we have succeeded as those ghosts tell) belonged to that past poetic era.

Plato.—I have heard much of this pompous jargon among those of late returned from that little province of ours, whence you come. Vain man! And if you could reduce your world, which God (more benignant to you,

than you to yourselves) has so pleasantly beautified for you beyond mere utility, into a great laboratory, and humankind into machinery,—are you sure that you would be producing the greatest quantity of happiness to the greatest number? Methinks all the flush and painting and music around you, which make this open volume of nature not a vile prose index only of its Author's work and powers elsewhere, but is itself a fine poem, fit for angel eyes, ought to instruct you better. Should God have commissioned a Utilitarian (I think that's the word) to make man, he would have omitted nerves and heart—if a world, he would have denied it the blessing of the invisible dew, and watered it with the hail-storm. Nature deceives us hourly into true substantial bliss. Error is but a softer and greener byway to Truth, by which Mercy leads us dorkling; and Imagination, to the realities of our tossed being, is as the oil with which the bird smoothes his wing against the storm he must ride, to let the heavy tears of heaven glide off, that would else weigh him down to the earth. Love of fame is the dream of a dream; for fame itself is but a wondrous accident in human lot, a miracle of escape from the great doom, a chance loophole in the curtain of oblivion, the peeping forth of one human relic through the wide green of the old battle-field of myriads dead. Yet has not that dream of a prodigy beyond hope blest the world with great and good men and actions? Do you not find Nature (which is God laying aside his glory to allow our approach) hourly putting on our senses the greatest deceptions?

You walk in a fine autumn midnight under a young moon and all the stars. You see a dome triumphal of azure diamond, or some such wondrous stone; yet you look on empty nothing. You see sparks of fire, but they are real worlds. Then you see a ruined world rustling down heaven—for one of them is falling! but that is no world, but such an ignited earthy sweat as you shall see in the next fen. In one thing alone you are not deceived, that is, the reality of blessed calm imposed by the whole on a humble mind. You may admire and feel, without distrust, the soft, solemn, silent spinning of so many orbs that do not wake the watchful bird at roost in the forest; may marvel at the nightly miracle of worlds careering

with all their continents and oceans, with all their freight of millions of beings, their works and wrecks, becoming also at one and the same time little golden lamps peeping through that forest, to light a lover or a shepherd home! Your own bosom-calm is the only reality; *within* is truth alone, *without* all is fallacy. Yet would not he be a vain man who would wish to innovate, and to disturb that peace which may truly be called the peace of God?

M. Legislator. — Doubtless; for there nothing is wanting.

Plato. — Yes: Truth is wanting. Truth, which you pretend is the *summum bonum*—the end and aim of Philosophy; whereas true Wisdom must imitate Nature, and often disguise it for man's good.

But now I shall imagine a reasoning magician to start up at your side amidst that beauty of night, and assert the right of your cheated senses to the naked reality. First, he sets Reason to work to demonstrate to you that there is no yellow, red, or green in that autumn forest, no blue in that sky, no colour, no calm, no silence, no scintillating lamps of gold—that all is delusion—that, in fact, the whole is a system of tremendous machinery working in the sable desert of illimitable space. Straightway he tears from your eyes that lucid veil the atmosphere, and (saving you alive by his art magical) Truth—grand eternal Truth is before you! First, all colour flies the face of the earth, as the blood from the face of a human being dead suddenly of joy, in the very height of its mantling, glorifying the countenance, as colour does all nature. The insufferable fixed glaring of so many suns, though beamless; the flying across each other's path of so many orbs, thick as hail on a whirlwind,—a storm of worlds! the thunder of their mere motion more fatal than the bolts of our thunder; the hanging ruin of the moon; the ghastliness of those dead suns shorn of their beams, yet blasting to human eyes; the horrible, though obedient uproar of elements at work (God's tamed tornado flying eternally!)—I say, could man survive, how would he curse his purified extended vision, his acquaintance with Truth, his friendly disenchanter,—and pray for his solemn night again, its silent heaven, and that heaven's

winking or steadfast lights, gentle as gazing eyes?

M. Legislator. — I have always heard you were a poetical kind of philosopher. This is agreeable to your doctrine in your Republic, that men may and must be deceived to their own good; but how does this laboured imagery (so far tolerable as it beguiles our way) apply to me?

Plato. — You are that disenchanting magician. You have stripped the presence of death of its salutary awe—its grand melancholy, so ameliorating to minds, so congenial to hearts; and by so doing, have introduced something of that hideous, mournful, terrific change into the moral world (far as your influence extended), which my magician would work in the physical, by thus shewing the beauty of night naked, thus exposing the grim realities of the elements.

M. Legislator. — A truce with flights and metaphor. Can you deny, that in my zeal for perfecting anatomists, I proved my zeal for the good of my species—my desire to spare suffering and death to mankind?

Plato. — I might have allowed you this merit of a mistaken zeal, had I not chanced to know, that lately you stood up in the senate-house (*there*, where you were placed as the guardian of public peace!) to sanction the people in its breach, to chafe their madness, which you were bound to assuage; that you, by doing so, risked a civil war, with all its homicides, parricides, fratricides, burnings, and blood, for a factious purpose; that you would rush to war abroad also, excite Europe to arms in a Quixotic crusade in the cause of revolt against rule the world over; and did I not know that this fact cannot be unknown to you,—a *single active week of such a war, civil or continental, must sacrifice more human life than the utmost perfection of surgery, bought by the utmost violation of justice and mercy, could save in a millennium!*

M. Legislator. — I stood up in the sacred cause of Freedom, not Faction.

Plato. — Then, why did you invade the right of a freeman to his own flesh? Whose person was not free and safe in Britain, except indeed the wretches aimed at by your Act? How! Do you religiously dispose of the least of personal goods, agreeably to the *will* of the deceased, and refuse to his last prayer

and disposal his *person itself*? "Science has need of it," you tell me; so has the want and nakedness of thousands need, more bitter need, of his land, gold, clothes; yet you have not dared to demand them. A robber of the friendless man—to his very bones, lashing himself into a fury for the *rights* of the

people that none invades! The senatorial philanthropist, trembling lest a life be lost under an unskilled surgeon, raising the war-whoop which is the knell of tens of thousands! The world, I find, is not a whit wiser or better for its age, since my days!

DIALOGUE VI.

LEGISLATOR. PLATO. MINOS.

Minos.—As the accused is, you say, labouring under an infatuation, take him aside, and impress on him, if possible, a sense of the rights of the dead, by shewing him, as it were in a phantasmagoria, the usages of the living towards them, in all times. Let him observe the contrast with the modern. Bring him then before me, to plead guilty or, otherwise to the shrieking charges of this horrible crowd.

Plato.—Accused, give reins to your imagination, and mount with me a cloud overhanging your earth. Time and space are here no more. Ourselves are but pictures, and our existence thought; and where and what we imagine ourselves, there we stand, and such we exist. The world, you see, is beneath us, revolving, and presenting successively its checkered surface in habitable patches amidst the vast waters to our eyes, downcast as from a watch-tower. But let us confine our regard to human obsequies, as befits those who have concern with that alone of human affairs; and thus, as it were, watch the great funeral procession of man round the globe. Elevate your thoughts to the height of this solemnity. Cease to view it, as you have viewed, as the removal of offal; but see the inaugural pomp of Heaven's heir entering on his majority, his part to be acted above the sun! putting off the childishness, the nouage of human life, and assuming the winding-sheet, the toga of immortality.

Back beyond conjecture the mighty train begins, yet its vestiges are visible. I see vast sands, and sphinxes half buried, white and solitary ruins gleaming across them, and pillared wrecks of gigantic temples shadowing the huts of the wild herdsmen that roam those lifeless vales of the drifted hills. But in the midst are mountains, rising like peaked islands in the dead sea of desert. Those are "built with hands,"

yet rival the Almighty's own, and built but for the dead! They are *graves*!

I see the bones of a patriarch being conveyed with tenderest reverence to the place of his fathers, four hundred years after his burial and embalming. It is Joseph.

There are the Persians in flowing robes, and spreading beard, and gaudy turbans, busied in enveloping their dead in wax; the dusky Egyptians in precious spices and gums, and building a palace for a charnel-house. We look now on an elegant Grecian mourner; she is washing half-burned bones in milk and wine, and more plentifully with her tears, they fall so fast; and now she folds them in finest linen, and dries them in her bosom. But this other mourner, of the same bright land indented with blue sea, has not entrusted her dead to the fierce salvation of fire, but buried it; for it is a child, and the soft bones of infancy they fear will perish utterly in that element, which but sets free from moist and clogging parts that imperishable part in adult bodies, which, though the leavings of death and fire, defies future fate, and stays with the mourner—his eternal treasure, safe in that urn which he himself shall enter in like form. Those we see strewn myrtle and amaranth over such a fair tomb, with a grove planted to weep over it, are Grecians; and those others, over another as beautiful, are Romans, for they are planting roses.

But what sight is coming? Here are great groups of weary, long-travelled people, each bearing in his arms, with the care of a mother towards the child she carries, a putrid corpse, or mouldy skeleton, or heap of bones, that has been a father or brother, each in various stages of decay, proportioned to the dates of its interment. They are bringing them from all parts, to what they call their Feast of the Dead; and

all are disinterred that have died since the former festival, of years ago. Those, you perceive, are only savages, who evince all that tenderness for their dead friends by their faces and breasts painted red, their bodies with various figures drawn on them, their bracelets, bells, and elongated ears drawn down to the shoulders. Now they sit round, and all those human ruins are honoured as guests alive. Behold now with what solemnity they reinter them, practising all the sepulchral forms by games and festival, which, at the same time, the refined Greeks and Romans are practising, of whose existence and names these poor people are ignorant; they ranging the wild shores of the Mexican Gulf, and along the Mississippi, and the Oronoko,—so wide is this custom spread among the aborigines of America. A queen appears sitting in ashes, ashes on her head, ashes in the cup she is about to drink with many tears. The husband she mourns is in that cup, herself the white sepulchre to which she is committing him, at once his priest, mourner, and grave.

Look now in yonder distant region—you may see the Indo-Chinese savage giving the same strange burial of love to his old life-weary parents, which that queen, divided from him by ages and by oceans, thought fitting for her husband.

That white-headed man, who has mounted a tree, has invited those his friends who crowd beneath, to yield him the grave he desires, by partaking of his body for a feast. They shake the tree, and in a mournful shrill voice all sing a dirge, saying, "The season is come—the fruit is ripe, and it must descend."*

He descends, and the funeral rite is performed. In those spots, cut off from all we have just looked down on by the widest waters of the planet, the Pacific, and which are now directly under, you see the lone islander in his savageness, with his body stained blue and black, his bracelets of shells, and ruff of feathers, sitting sorrowful by his Morai, the burial-place of his kindred. His spear, and his pursuits, and his fierceness, are all laid by, and mournful music only is heard, mourners only are seen—a piteous moaning, unceasing from rise to set of sun—for a dead friend has been recently deposited, as

a rich treasure in safety, in that place of skulls.

Look once again—that poor Chinese has sold himself for a slave. Yet he walks away happy, for he has now the means of buying a coffin for his father.* Admirable piety! Have we not seen enough?

Philosopher.—The spirit of a man, even divested of mortality, cannot see unmoved so much of human death and affection. I await the moral of this sepulchral phantasma.

Plato.—Remark, I conjure you, the wondrous diversity in garb—in countenance—in character, of the groups we have seen; from the pale beauty, through the olive, the dusky red, the bronze, the copper tint, to the dark jaundice-hue of the Hottentot and shining jet of the Guinea negro; from extreme refinement to barbarity—from the soul itself, eloquent in every look, to the almost bestial nature, lowering or grinning in the ferocious, grim, or apish features. Add to this, the dis-severed ages of the world which they have appeared in to us—yet see *all mourners*—*all* tender protectors of the dead! *all* assimilated in that one fine feeling, though thus cut off from each other, from any common source for that feeling,—such as tradition or borrowed contemporary custom,—by oceans and by ages, as proved by those diverse features they present! To what other—what less sacred fount, shall we trace up this unity in the midst of such variety, but in the bosom of God!—but His will, conveyed thence straight to the bosom of his creature, which we call instinct? It cannot be but that something like unity in the *mode* of indulging it would also have been preserved, had it any human origin. But there we see all is wild opposition and mere option. One nation devours its own species in the fury of war, another in pure love. While one gives the human body to dogs mercilessly, another devotes to these animals those they love, as the most merciful burial, believing that they shall possess every dog into which they thus enter as food, to hunt their prey for them in the savage Elysium of their world to come. Nothing is in common among them but the *feeling*—what shall be said to its immutable unity, ubiquity, eternity? For whither shall we turn for an in-

* Dr. Leyden.

stance of sage or savage maltreating a dead relative?

Yet let us poise ourselves on our cloud once more, to finish our view of sepulchral rites, for I behold a spot approaching familiar to your eyes. A scene sad and tender! A young wife in the arms of her husband and—of Death. The faint eye—the deadly white beauty with the cheek's rose—the blue exposure of veins through the attenuated skin—all tell us her malady and fate. That he touches her fragile frame with a sort of sacred softness of tender fear—that he tries every posture by which she may more easily lay back her head on his bosom to her last sleep—that he will not permit a hand but his own to grasp the thinness of hers—that is natural—that we see. And now, now—a horror comes dark into her eye, it dilates—she gasps—it remains fixed *towards*, not *on* his face. She has bequeathed her soul to Him who gave it—her body to him who had it.

Look once more, if you have the heart. That body, so tremblingly alive once to modesty, lies naked among strangers, exposed to the eyes, and all mutilated under the hands, of many

lewd young fellows, hardened by habit into utter recklessness of the presence of death. And thus it will lie, till—not mercy, but the poisoned air warn them to let the earth hide at last what little can be collected of its relics!

Behold the sepulchral rites of *England*, as adopted by that husband!—and he has, in yielding up that body, so confided to him, to that fate, that shamle, and that shame, fulfilled the part of a good and wise citizen, according to the theory of modern philosophy! Impious presumption!

If, seeing light shining all over the world, we infer infallibly that God said “Let there be light!”—if we also see, from pole to pole, from age to age, the dead respected,—shall we not thence equally infer that God spoke—“Respect your dead?”—We are arrived—behold Minos! How do you plead? *Philosopher*.—I plead guilty.

Minos.—Let him suffer what he would have made others suffer by our old law, who, wanting funeral rites, wandered Acheron's foul shore—a hundred years' transportation.

Ghosts of the Dissected.—A righteous judge!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

No. II.

A Memorial from Joseph Buonaparte, at one time King of Spain, and afterwards Count of Survilliers, now of Park Crescent, London, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, begging hard the honour of being knighted as one of the descendants from a Tuscan family.

Altezza Reale,

Giuseppe Buonaparte, di Corsica, e figlio di Carlo Buonaparte, umilissimo servo di V. A. R. con la più profonda venerazione la rappresenta come la di lui famiglia, di presente domiciliata in Corsica, ha avuta la sua antica origine dalla Toscana, e segnatamente da Firenze, dove, fino dai tempi della Repubblica Fiorentina, godè i primi onori, e si trovò alleata di sangue con le prime famiglie, come Albizi, Alberti, Tornabuoni, Attavanti, ed altre simili; e come per diverse combinazioni politiche che successeo ne' bassi secoli alle repubbliche d'Italia, fu costretta la famiglia Buonaparte, divisa allora in più rami, e seguace dal partito Ghibellino, ad abbandonare la città di Firenze e rifugiarsi in diversi Stati: e segnatamente il ramo del supplicante si trasportò in Sarzana, allora picciola repubblica, dove fu ammesso ai primi onori e decorato dei primi impieghi, avendo per ciò contratti i più decorosi matrimonj ed alleanze con la famiglia Malaspina, ed altri illustri famiglie. Rappresenta inoltre il supplicante come avendo le tante vicende e rivoluzioni politiche successe in que' tempi per l'Italia tutta, trasportata la sua famiglia in Corsica, fissò la sua residenza nella città di Ajaccio, nella quale fu sempre la famiglia Buonaparte distinta e riguardata come nobile, come costa dalle lettere della stessa repubblica di Genova, che dichiarano Gerónimo Buonaparte capo de' nobili anziani di detta città, in cui i Buonaparte di Corsica si trovano alleati con la famiglia Colonna, de' Bozzi, d'Ornano, Durazzo, e Lomellino di Genova, e si trovano godere dei diritti signorili del feudo di Bozi. Rappresenta inoltre come, passata la Corsica sotto il dominio del Re di Francia, il genitore del supplicante fu riconosciuto nobile, e di una nobiltà antica, e provata al di sopra dei 200 anni; e più volte ammesso nel numero dei dodici gentiluomini rappresentati l'intera nazione, e nominato dall'Assemblea Generale deputato della nobiltà presso sua

May it please your Royal Highness,

Joseph Buonaparte, of Corsica, son of Charles Buonaparte, a most humble servant of your R. H., with the deepest respect sheweth, that his family, now settled in Corsica, has had its origin from Tuscany, and precisely from Florence, where, even as far back as the times of the Florentine republic, it enjoyed the most distinguished honours, and was related with the first families, as Albizzi, Alberti, Tornabuoni, Attavanti, and the like; and that, by various political circumstances which took place during the middle ages in the Italian republics, the Buonaparte family, then divided into many branches, and belonging to the Ghibelline party, were compelled to leave Florence, and take refuge in different states; when the branch from which the memorialist is descended went to Sarzana, then a small republic, where his ancestors were admitted to the highest honours and offices in the state, having in consequence formed very noble connexions by marriages with the Malaspina and other illustrious families. Your memorialist farther represents, that on account of the many revolutions which in those days took place in Italy, his family retired to Corsica, and took up its residence at Ajaccio, where the Buonapartes were always considered a distinguished and noble house, as appears from letters even of the republic of Genoa, which declare Gerónimo Buonaparte the head of the noble aldermen of Ajaccio, the Buonapartes of Corsica being connected with the families Colonna, de' Bozzi, d'Ornano, Durazzo, and Lomellino of Genoa, and in the possession of feudal rights in the Lordship of Bozi. Your memorialist represents, also, that the island of Corsica having passed under the dominion of the French monarch, the father of the memorialist was acknowledged of a noble extraction of ancient date, traced more than 200 years back; that he was many times admitted as one of the twelve gentlemen representing the whole nation,

Maestà il Re Cristianissimo, il quale si compiacque con lettera del 1779 autenticare la nobiltà di detta famiglia; e, dopo le pruove fatte, Napoleone, fratello minore del supplicante, fu nominato da Sua Maestà fra gli alunni della scuola reale e militare di Brienne, da dove passò a quella di Parigi, e da questa al grado d'uffiziale nel corpo reale d'artiglieria. Rappresenta finalmente, come in conseguenza della qualità di sua famiglia, Marianna Buonaparte, sorella dell'oratore, ebbe l'onore di essere nominata dallo stesso Re di Francia a un posto d'alunna nel Convento di S. Luigi a S. Cyr, stabilito da Luigi XIV. per l'educazione delle giovani dame; quali posti e grazie non si possono ottenere senza aver fatte prima le debite pruove almeno di quattro generazioni di nobiltà.

Su tali riflessi, essendo stata sempre la famiglia Buonaparte considerata come originaria della Toscana, e discendente da quel Giovanni Buonaparte che fu garante per la repubblica Fiorentina nella celebre pace stipulata dal Cardinal Latino, e per tale sempre riconosciuta dagli stessi Buonaparte dimoranti in Toscana; mosso però l'oratore dal desiderio di riconoscere l'antica sua patria, non ha dubitato di ricorrere al clementissimo trono di V. A. R., supplicandola umilmente a degnarsi d'accordargli la grazia di poter prendere per giustizia l'abito dell'insigne ordine di S. Stefano, perchè con questa nuova decorazione il supplicante abbia sempre più luogo ed occasione di dimostrare a V. A. R. quella profonda venerazione e quella più fedele ubbidienza che è ben dovuta alla rispettabilissima persona di V. A. R. e a tutta la sua augustissima famiglia. Che della grazia, &c.

Io, GIUSEPPE BUONAPARTE, suplico come sopra, mano propria.

Sua Altezza Reale ha rescritto: — “Si ricavino dal supplicante le pruove d'esser Toscano d'origine, e si riponga l'affare.”

Li 10 Settembre, 1789.

V. MARTINI.
R. GALLUZZI.

and was appointed by the General Assembly deputy of the nobility to the most Christian King, who with letters of the year 1779 was pleased to authenticate the nobility of the family; and, after due proofs of it, Napoleon, a younger brother of the memorialist, was nominated by his Majesty one of the scholars of the royal and military college of Brienne, whence he went to that of Paris; and from this place was raised to the rank of officer in the royal corps of artillery. Your memorialist finally represents, that, in consequence of the rank of the family, Marianna Buonaparte, his sister, obtained from the King of France a place in the Convent of St. Louis, at St. Cyr, established by Louis XIV. for the education of young ladies; which places and favours cannot be obtained without having first proved a noble descent for at least four generations.

For these reasons, the Buonaparte family having always been considered of Tuscan origin, and descendant from that John Buonaparte who stood security (bail) for the republic of Florence in the famous peace signed by Cardinal Latino, and having always been owned as such even by the Buonapartes of Tuscany, the memorialist, being anxious to acknowledge his ancient country, has not hesitated to have recourse to the most clement throne of your R. II., humbly craving him to condescend to grant to the memorialist the right of taking the insignia of the noble order of St. Stephen, that with this new decoration the memorialist may have more and more opportunities of shewing to your R. II. that deep veneration and most faithful obedience which is due to the exalted person of your R. II., and to all your most august family. And he will ever pray, &c.

(Signed) I, JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, crave as above, with my own hand.

His Royal Highness has returned the following answer:—“Let the affair be brought forward again when the memorialist has proved his Tuscan origin.”

10th Sept. 1789.

V. MARTINI, } [Secretaries to the
R. GALLUZZI, } Grand Duke.]

APPEAL OF THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS TO HEAVEN.

We consider it almost a sacred duty to assist in transmitting to posterity one of the most important documents relative to the eventful times in which we live. The attitude which the King of the Netherlands has assumed, and the heart-thrilling and overawing spectacle of his united people—of a whole nation, with one heart and one mind

—prostrating themselves at the altar of Divine mercy, and supplicating the God of their fathers to judge between them and their enemies, before they make their last appeal to the sword, are well calculated to excite the sympathy and the admiration of all Europe. The following is his majesty's proclamation:—

"We, William, by the Grace of God, King of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange-Nassau, Grand Duke of Luxemburg, &c. &c.

"Last year, when the interests of our dear country, in the critical circumstances in which it was placed, obliged us to support by arms the negotiations relative to the condition of the separation between Holland and Belgium, we were at the same time deeply impressed with the duty of not having recourse to them, till we had invoked the Almighty solemnly, prostrating ourselves, together with our faithful people, before his throne, on an appointed day, to implore on our arms the blessing of Divine Providence, which, in the sequel, gave us such just cause humbly to return thanks.

"After our victorious legions were recalled to their own country, in order to preserve the general peace, we constantly indulged the hope that uninterrupted negotiations would at length terminate in an equitable treaty. For this purpose we have not hesitated to offer the sacrifice of our personal rights, and of the private interests of our families. The constantly increasing pretensions of the Belgian authorities and their patrons have brought us to the utmost limits of concession compatible with the dignity and evident interest of the country.

"The desired end has not, however, been thereby attained. Two of the powers who came forward as mediators have replied to our last proposals by a summons to deliver up the fortresses, which courage and perseverance have hitherto preserved to Holland, as securities for an equitable arrangement; and our remonstrances against the injustice of such a demand, have been followed by measures of aggression against our navigation, and by the entrance of a French army into Belgium, to support by violence their iniquitous demands.

"In these circumstances, we have no alternative left but to defend the safety, the right, and the independence of Holland, by all the means which Providence has placed in our hands, and which are seconded by the patriotism, union, and firmness of a people, which have been for ages respected by the most powerful states. But, however, from relying on our own strength, we are humbly sensible of our dependence on the supreme Sovereign of the world, whose mighty arm has so often delivered us and our ancestors from the greatest perils.

"Desiring, therefore, in union with our faithful people, solemnly to approach the throne of the Lord of Hosts, our God, and the God of our fathers, and to implore his aid, we determine to fix Sunday, the 2d December next, the day upon which, nineteen years ago, we, in our ancient capital, *1820*, by the most solemn ties, bound our fate, and the fate of our family, to that of the country. We, by these presents, order our minister of state charged with the affairs of the reformed and other not Catholic churches, as well as the director-general of the affairs of the Catholic church, immediately to make, in our name, each so far as he is concerned, the ministers of religion regulate, conformably to the rites and usages of each church, for the said Sunday, 2d December next, the religious summonses, so as especially to awake serious and patriotic sentiments suitable

to the present circumstances, to implore the Divine blessing in the struggle to which we may be compelled in our own defence.

"The above-mentioned minister of state and director-general are charged with the execution of the present decree.

(Signed)

WILLIAM.

By the King.

(Signed)

J. S. DE MAY VAN STREEFFKIRK.

The Hague, Nov. 20, 1832.

What a contrast does this exhibit to the heartless and unjust measures of the ministers of England! They have rushed into this war without even a pretext. So far from relying upon Providence, they have not even deigned to consult the representatives of the nation or public opinion. They have leagued with France, in opposition to the other powers of Europe, for purposes which are foreign to our national policy, and which avowedly have no other object than the aggrandisement of France, the gratification of a restless ambition, and the infamous *glory* of once more dyeing the tricoloured banner of revolution in the blood of the Protestants of Holland.

The time was, when the ministers of England felt and acted otherwise. The time was when a sense of true religion inspired our national counsels, and when truth and justice prevailed over the meaner and baser objects of faction. That time, however, we fear, is gone by. It is our misfortune to be ruled by men who evince a total disregard of the precepts of religion, and treat with something like scorn all respect for national honour. The Whigs have allied themselves with the Jacobins of France, in order to carry into practice those doctrines of propagandism which they have inculcated for the last forty years, which led to the late war with France, and in the suppression of which millions of lives were sacrificed, and millions of money expended. They have availed themselves of the first pretext—the paltriest and most unworthy pretext upon record—to plunge their country into war, in order to extend these pernicious principles. Europe is to be *LIBERALISED*—for that is the accursed word—Holland is to be invaded and trampled upon by an army of infidels and revolutionists, merely to give currency to the odious doctrines of a certain school, by which vice in the name of knowledge is disseminated, by the worst of men thrust

forward into the most conspicuous stations.

Well would it have been for England had she been at the present moment ruled by such men as the ministers of Holland. Well would it have been for England, if she had had a father-king who could have joined his subjects in an appeal to Heaven, upon the measures of life, and death, and judgment, in which his servants had proposed to embark. The general sentiments of a nation are always just, in a moral question of this nature. A faction may thirst for war for its own selfish ends; but a nation of Christians, never. A king may drag his subjects into war, but he cannot be a constitutional king; he must be a despot, and his subjects slaves. No nation, as a nation, ever entered upon a war except in a just cause.

The people of Holland prove the rule. They are a sober, industrious, and peace-loving people. They are the most moral and religious people, and the most exemplary community of Protestants, in Europe. This alone would justify us in believing that they do not resist the demands of France and England, but upon the grounds of justice. They complain that their voluntary mediators have become their enemies; that their most ancient and faithful ally has entered the lists against them; has, without cause, blockaded their coasts, interrupted their commerce, despoiled their merchants, and even descended to the unspeakable meanness of plundering their poor fishermen. In order to resist these aggressions, the people of Holland have been compelled to draw their swords; but in doing so, they lift their voices to the King of kings, and the Lord of Hosts, beseeching him to govern their minds and direct their energies. It is a grand, an imposing, and heart-subduing spectacle, worthy of a brave and moral people.

The Departed of XXXII.

A COUPLE of years ago we concluded a volume, in a tone perhaps too trivial for the importance of the occasion, with some pages of remarks on the wondrous decadence of thrones and dominations which had marked the year 1830. In all quarters of Europe change had been at work; and the haughtiest monarchies, the most ancient powers, the best-fenced principalities, were either shaken down to the dust, or rocked with imperfect assurance of being finally able to remain fixed.

The year 1832 has been marked by a series of extinctions of another kind. It has swept off more distinguished names than any year in human memory, and its obituary is green with a garland of prouder fame than ever before blossomed simultaneously in the grave. The year 1830 will be what we may call a greater landmark in history—for kings serve in chronology as the mile-stones by which we mark the lapse of time; but, without jalking treason against the majesty which environs the crown, we think that what has happened in the year 1832, will be considered as of more importance, of deeper interest to the human race.

The great names of the first quarter of our century are fast passing away, and few now remain. The number has been deeply diminished by the deaths of this year. The great heroes of the war have fallen, with only one exception: the Duke remains. Napoleon, and the most famous of his school, Massena, Ney, Beaulainois, Murat, are long since gone. Blücher and Gneisenau are with Frederic and Keith. Of the second in rank, Soult, Bernadotte, the Archduke Charles, and Marshal Beresford, are the sole survivors. When they and the Duke of Wellington depart, there is an end of the thunderbolts of war, whose names filled the world, while the contest excited by the French revolution agitated the earth. The great naval heroes are confined to our own country, and even the captains of Nelson are passing away. The statesmen who gave impulse to their movements, with one remarkable exception, have departed. Pitt and his disciples are wholly gone; and of those who opposed or supported his principles on the continent, that strange old man, who may be seen hobbling to the Traveller's Club, Talleyrand, lingers alone. This year has taken off Gentz, whose influence in European politics was greater than posterity will be inclined to think from his writings. He revived the national enthusiasm which kept the princes of Germany on their thrones, and, finally, after a hard but heart-ennobling struggle, expelled the godless invaders from his father-land. He will, however, share the usual fate of writers on ephemeral politics—such writers, we mean, as treat them in an ephemeral style—and be forgotten. The blast of the trumpet stirs the heart at the moment; but that past, the trumpeter is known no more. Some soldiers and statesmen will be included in the obituary of 1832; but Casimir Perrier, or Lamarque, will leave no more trace behind than Lord Hutchinson, or Balfesters, both of whom have descended to the grave in the present year, and though somewhat conspicuous in their small spheres for their hour, are already consigned to oblivion.

Of master minds in other departments of genius, two have gone. Needless is it to say that we mean Goethe and Scott. These were indeed the topmost men of their generation; and that their place will be in our days filled, may safely be pronounced to be impossible. But of them we have already spoken as much as perhaps it is in our power adequately to speak. We may, by a slight misapplication of the original meaning of the famous phrase, "*Si monumentum quaris, circumspice*," indicate the extent of our loss. If you want to know what a vacuum their departure has made in the intellectual world, look round at those whom they have left behind: the *effete*, the weary, the retired, the idle; or the fribble, the pretender, the feeble driveller, or the impudent fool.

Crabbe, a great name in any literature, though not attaining to the highest praise of genius, is among the deaths of the year. He had outlived, not indeed his fame, for talent never dies, but the class of poets to which he had originally belonged. Let Lord Byron pretend what he may, the didactic of Pope is dead among us, and Crabbe's adherence to its form, if not its essence, rendered it impossible that he could command the deep-seated admiration of his contemporaries. The pathos of some of his pieces will make them live for ever; but what may be called the conventional part of his poetry is gone already. Even in

his pathetic he made a mistake. He drew the crimes and vices of the poor, sympathising little, if at all, with the privations and misery from which their misfortunes proceed. He wrote verse—and touching and pathetic verse it often was—in the spirit of Malthus, not of Sadler; and the better nature of the world could not avoid being somewhat revolted, in spite of the powerful writing and the harrowing emotion of Crabbe's poems, by the cruel fidelity with which vice of low degree, and all its miserable consequences, were painted, without a word of palliation or excuse. How differently do we feel while reading Goldsmith from the manner in which we are affected by Crabbe. Yet will he ever preserve a high name among us, and in his own school of poetry must be pronounced a magnate; one who infused into ornate and artificial forms of versification, a depth of feeling of which it had been deemed incapable, and a power which, except in satire, it had scarcely ever exhibited. *The Village Workhouse*—some of the *Tales of the Hall*—must remain as long as our literature endures;—and where are we to look for the equal of *Sir Eustace Grey*!

Butler—Bentham—Mackintosh—each had his admirers. The Benthamites will, of course, be shocked with us for not placing their idol far above all chance of competition with his brother-lawyers. They claim for him the merit of having laid the foundation for new codes, and establishing a system of principles which is at last to be the guide and example of all legislature, political or forensic. Others see in him nothing more than a crack-brained and crotchety old man, dreadfully spoiled by the perpetual flattery of surrounding sycophants, incapable of giving utterance to a rational sentence, dogmatic, self-opinionated, and impertinent. It is beyond question, that the 'ducking subserviency of those who in his old age surrounded Bentham, was carried to the most ludicrous extent; and it worked its effects. He became the oracle of his own circle, and all the others who composed it were no more than the tinkling pots of Dodona, moved about by his *afflatus*. It is equally true, that all the books he ever wrote since his hangers-on began to exalt his fame, (and really, his first book, the *Essay on Usury*, is too trifling in itself, and too questionable in its principles, if ever an attempt should be made to reduce them to practice, to allow its author any great modicum of renown), are composed in a chimerical motley jargon, to which the euphuisms of Lily and his admirers are clear and intelligible English; and that he never was readable unless when Dumont expounded him in French; he thereby doing for Dumont,—i. e. supplying him with ideas on which to work,—which Dumont (falsely, we believe) asserts he had done for Mirabeau. (Certain also is it, that in practical affairs Bentham never did any thing of the slightest value: and, by the leave of the *Examiner*, which is, we believe, the only clever production in which he is panegyrised, (we put the *Westminster* out of the question, because that Review was, in a great measure, if not entirely, his own property), he has not exerted any influence on the master-minds of the world. We venture to say, that there is more legal philosophy in any given title of the Pandects—more sound sense in any of the ordinary recognised principles of the common law of England, than is to be found in all the works of the philosopher of Queen's Square. The antediluvian lawyer, as Cobbett rather happily nicknamed him, would never have drawn up a code which could have operated for five years, without entailing upon it a commentary as bulky as the statutes at large. Heretical as the assertion may appear to his followers, he had little *philosophy*, in the true sense of the word, about him; he was more at home in regulating the details of a panopticon or a balloting-box, than in gauging or measuring the motives of human actions. He looked at mankind from the wrong side. In old institutions, he saw only objects to be changed; in old matters of belief, nothing but what should be scoffed at. From a mind so constituted nothing great could come. The praise of Bentham must terminate with cleverness, shrewdness, whimsicality—nothing more. To compare him to Bacon, as some of his more enthusiastic devotees have ventured to do, strikes us as being nothing short of literary blasphemy. But he was a remarkable man, after all. How magnificent was his hoary head! It was a perfect triumph of old age.

Butler, in his own profession—conveyancing, a queer and intricate science—by far the first, was, in other respects, a man worthy of attention, though we cannot call to mind any of his works which are likely to live, except on the shelves of the collectors of curious things. His position among the Roman

Catholics had made him the depository of many a strange secret, and we imagine that many a paper of his lurks unpublished, calculated to throw strange light on the obscurer portion of the history of the last century—of the history of those who appeared not in public, but who yet moved, and made others move. We understand that considerable mystery prevails concerning the fate of his property and his papers; and it is conjectured by those most concerned, that much of what is most valuable of both has disappeared. He is, at all events, the last of his race. A literary Roman Catholic gentleman cannot exist any longer among us. Those of that persuasion who henceforward desire to distinguish themselves, must do so by abandoning all pretensions whatsoever to the character of gentlemen, or the fair pursuits of literary fame. They must be prepared to howl with the Irish rabble for the prostration of the aristocracy under worse than swinish hoof, and to believe, with the bloated priest, in all the ignorant legends of their creed, polemic or historical, without daring to dispute the authenticity of a single point of either.

And Sir James Mackintosh! another of the temporary reputations of a perpetually writing age. Last year, five hundred voices—and some of no mean name—would have pronounced Sir James to be one of the leading lights of the age: he is scarcely remembered now—by this day twelve months he will be forgotten, unless, what we do not believe to be very probable, his posthumous work may do more for his permanent renown than any thing which he effected in his life. We have never been admirers of Sir James, but we hope that what we have heard about the intentions of Longman's house respecting the unfinished *History of England*, which Mackintosh has left behind, will not be carried into effect. We have been assured that the book is to be completed, and revised by some "eminent hand;"—that is to say, by some rascally hack, who will totally destroy the distinctive character of the work. If we are to have Mackintosh, let it be Mackintosh—not some dirty-shirted doer of all-work, at a farthing a line.

The three lawyers, then, we have just mentioned will be forgotten, or, at least, not remembered in any thing like the manner which their several friends prognosticate. Another, too, higher in professional rank than they, has descended in the same year to the tomb—Lord Tenterden—of whom the memory, except in Reports, or such reminiscences as those with which our agreeable correspondent supplies us, will be equally transient. In offering such an opinion, we escape the imputation of being swayed by politics—for his lordship was a Tory of our own school. As a judge, upright, honourable, intelligent—master of law, in principle and practice—impartial and inflexible—he was the perfection of the judicial character. In almost all the qualities which we have here enumerated, except in honesty, we think that the learned personage who now fills his place will be found a woful contrast.

Rémusat, the Oriental scholar—clever, but petulant, and sadly given to traducing the exertions of others; Rask, in many departments of Eastern literature of high renown; Chaptal, a respectable person in chemistry; Say, the economist, and the great name of Cuvier, must complete our list. But there are many more of smaller note, and in literature less known. Scarpa the anatomist, Zach the astronomer, for instance—Anna-Maria Porter, whose novels we loved in the days of our youth—old Bishop Huntingford, once, more renowned for Greek than Hallam—fifty beside, of whom many a fond tongue would wish to speak, on whom we cannot afford to anger. Their names must suffice. Something, however, may be said.

It is impossible to look over the list just enumerated so hastily, with ordinary feelings—without being impelled to the reflection, that we are about to open a new era, in which the ideas and aspirations of the days of old are to pass away. Sure we are, that the temper which is afloat is inconsistent with the permanency of any institutions, or the durability of any principles. Can it be, that the spirits of the great are taking their flight before ancient order is destroyed, and the anarchy which the greatest among them dreaded, deplored, and opposed, shall have become the rule of the world and its works;—that, as the gods of the ancients were fabled to have departed, with rustling noise through the sky, before

the advent of the true religion, so, the brightest defenders and the most shining ornaments of pure and honourable faith, are now in truth winging their departure from among us, before the coming

“of the day of doom,
Smoky shade, and lowering gloom?”

Other rules and standards of opinion are now set up; and they who stood by those which formerly prevailed, may depart in peace. Some of the names upon the list which we have gathered, were not, in any sense of the word, great; but those who are infinitely smaller than the smallest among them, are now setting up, without fear or hesitation, unprepared, untaught, and unthinking, boldly to pronounce on questions which the greatest approached with caution and reverence. What to the mind of Scott or Goethe appeared matter of difficulty or discussion, we see now every day decided, with the most rattling dogmatism, by every one to whom is intrusted the task of filling up a column of a newspaper. The Schoolmaster is indeed abroad; but of what school is he the teacher? what is the doctrine which he communicates to his millions of disciples? In the earliest history which we read, we know that then too he was abroad, and that he communicated the fruit from the tree of knowledge with liberal hand. Deeply are we deceived, if the schoolmaster now let loose among us is not of the same academy as he

“who first

“Brought death into the world, and all our wo;”

and that the power which is offspring of the knowledge attained by his means, will be so exercised as to do him acceptable service. This, of course, will be scoffed at; but nothing is more easy than scoffing, or more symptomatic of the school to which we have been referring. It will be allowed, however, by all, that a change is at hand—change deep and sweeping; and none but those who are strong in that ignorance, which, as it knows nothing, fears nothing, will venture to predict what are to be its results. To us the voyage on which we are bound, seems

——— dark, dark, dark,
And still fiercer runs the stream,
The longer floats our bark;
We know not whence we come,
And we know not whither we go—
A starless sky above us,
A fathomless deep below.

So be it: we cannot arrest the flood.

Let every one philosophise as he pleases—if any one have leisure to philosophise amid the roaring and tumult, which now, in all departments where intellect used to be cultivated, where talent was displayed, where genius triumphed, fills the earth with a blatant and deafening clamour. We recur to our theme. It is undeniable, at all events, that this year has thinned the brilliant phalanx of the great minds in whom we rejoiced; and that, while those who still remain, fatigued or overborne, melancholy or disgusted, are retiring from the arena, no one is arising to fill the place of the mighty. We are fallen upon times when the dwarf struts where once towered the giant. The “*infiniment petits*” of Béranger are coming indeed; and if the theory of the Turks be true, that the approach of Gog and Magog, to destroy the world, will happen in the days when the human race is shrunk to the most contemptible dimensions, the shrinking of mind and soul which we see around us, would justify us in expecting every moment the apparition of the demon precursors of the conflagration of the earth.

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